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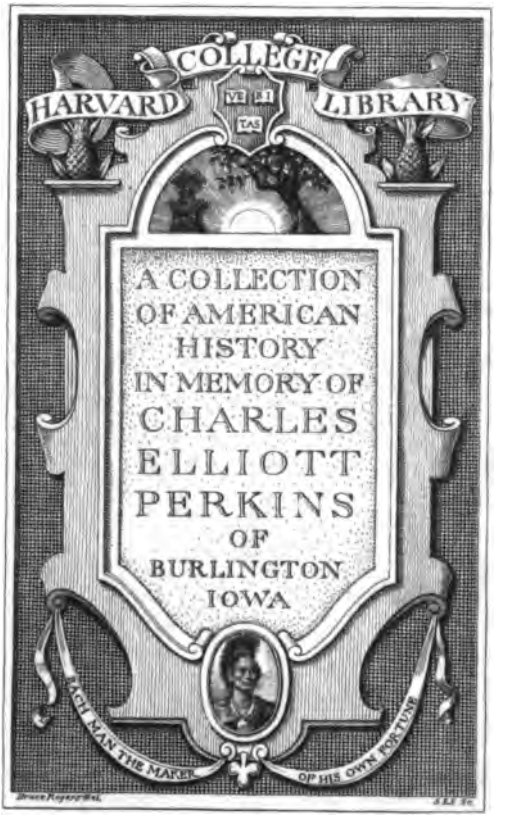
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ELIZA COOK'S

JOURNAL.

VOLUME III.

OCTOBER, 1850.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN CLARKE, 3, RAQUET COURT, FLEET STREET.

P 168.1

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 53.] SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE OCCUPATIONS AND HEALTH OF YOUNG LADIES.

THE revolution in our social system which has taken out of the hands of our women the various branches of domestic manufacture, is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Women had to work harder, in all ways, in olden times, than they do now, except perhaps among the poorest classes. Shops were rare then; even large towns were badly supplied with articles of consumption; and in the provincial towns and the rural districts, wares were chiefly carried from door to door by travelling merchants, who made their appearance only at long intervals. The assortment of goods which they carried about was chiefly of a fanciful kind, mainly consisting of articles of luxury. In those days, therefore, women were under the necessity of themselves providing for the wants of their own households. The qualifications requisite to form a "good housewife" then were of a high order. In these modern days, when household articles of every kind are obtainable in any country town throughout the whole year, we can know little of the judgment, the forcsight, and the nice calculations which were formerly required in the manager of a large household, who every autumn had to lay in almost a whole year's stores. There was the firewood, the rushes to strew the rooms—for the luxury of carpets is of comparatively modern date; there was the malt, the oatmeal, and the honey, then the substitute for sugar; there was the salt, only sold in large quantities, and, if in the country, the wheat and barley for the bread, all to be provided and stored away for the year's supply. The greater part of the meat used for the winter's provision was killed and salted down at Martinmas; and the mistress had to provide the necessary stock for the winter and spring consumption, together with the stock-fish and "baconed herrings" for Lent. The annual fair was looked forward to with great interest, for there it was that the housewife took care to lay in those special articles which give a relish to life—the ginger, nutmegs, and cinnamon for the Christmas posset and Sheer Monday Furmety, the currants and almonds for the twelfth-night cakes; the figs, with which our forefathers always celebrated Palm Sunday, and the pepper, saffron, and cinnamon, so highly prized in the ancient cookery.

But the chief work of the housewife was the preparation of the clothing for the whole family. Women were then the only spinners, dyers, weavers, dressmakers, and tailors. Fabrics, manufactured of wool, were those in general use; silk and cotton were scarcely known. The wool was the produce of the flock, or was purchased in a raw state; and was carded, spun, and in most instances, woven at home. The spinning occupied the housewife and her daughters during nearly the entire winter—occasionally alternated with knitting, embroidery and tapestry work. Many of our old country houses, at this day, bear witness to the steady winter's industry of even the noble ladies of England, in the many walls which they have covered with fine tapestry, the work of their own fingers. But the women of the middle classes had quite enough to do with the preparation of clothing for themselves and their families. The husband's coarse woollen dress, was the wife's work; all her own raiment, was spun, woven, and made up by herself and daughters; and the family linen, in like manner, was prepared from the raw flax, and worked up into all manner of domestic fabrics. Thus, the mistress of a household, in former times, had very important duties to fulfil, and much hard work to do; and on her wise and prudent management depended, not merely the comfort, but the actual well-being of her entire household.

It is very different now. The work of women has been taken out of their hands. All our clothing is now worked up into fabrics from the raw state, by means of machinery. The domestic manufactures, which were wont to be carried on in every household, are now entirely extinguished. Our linen is woven by factory power-looms at Belfast, Barnsley, and Dunfermline; our cloth is manufactured at Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, and Devizes; our stockings are woven at Leicester and our laces at Nottingham; our hats are made at Oldham, and our gloves at Limerick; our brewing is done in huge manufactories; our wines are manufactured and imported from abroad; shops, for the sale of every imaginable article required for family use, abound in every town, almost in every village; and there is little work left for woman to do at home except in the way of fancy knitting, netting, and crotchet. Instead of spinning a store of sheets and linen for a "providing," young ladies in the middle classes now enter upon life with a stock of red and yellow kettle-holders, cows laid down in water colours and ducks in black-lead,

fancy fire-screens, sundry anti-macassars, a few knitted bead-purses and hand-bags, and other kindred productions. Though factory women now have more work to do, nearly all classes of women, and especially the women of the middle and upper classes, have much less labour to undergo than they had in former times. The chief part of their time has been entirely disengaged, and young women especially have had a great deal of leisure thrown upon their hands, which they do not yet know how to employ. Hence we find so many young women pressing into all the avenues of female employment, seemingly becoming narrower from day to day, inasmuch as the factories continue to engross what was wont to be women's peculiar work. The next step will probably be, that even our shirts and dresses will be manufactured by machines, so extraordinary is the perfection to which our mechanical contrivances have now arrived.

This state of things will ultimately, we believe, lead to a greater enlargement of the sphere of female intelligence; for, when the use of time is better understood, it will be ascertained that the most beneficial use to which the leisure so produced can be applied is, the acquisition of useful knowledge, the development of the mental powers, and the culture of the heart and understanding. But, in the meantime, with some good, some evil is the product; the latter displaying itself too often in insipidity and ennui, frivolous and useless pursuits, and a morbid and hysterical state of female health. The minds of most young ladies are not yet accustomed to healthy, mental food. To seek knowledge for its own sake, or for the sake of the advantages which it brings, may be very well for those who have to live by it; but to apply the mind to solid subjects is considered by many women as monstrously ungenteel, and altogether subversive of that apathetic elegance which is the envy of the numerous aspirants for consideration in fashionable life. All kinds of reading, excepting the most frivolous, is regarded, to say the least of it, as "singular;" the display of genuine and unsophisticated sentiment is very apt to excite feelings of pity, akin to contempt; the beauties of nature, the triumphs of science, the miracles of art, excite no more than a languid expression of wonder; youth grows into middle age; middle age advances into declining years; and the mind, having no resources to retreat upon, the frivolity of early life is too frequently exchanged for a feverish devotion, and a chronic, hysteric sensibility. It were surely better that women had their old domestic work thrown back upon their hands, than that they should lead this life of listless uselessness, of miserable ennui, and moping discontent. Every medical man of experience knows well enough how rapidly the class of diseases called "nervous" has increased during the last half century, among the women of the middle class. "The nerves" has become a popular disease, and many are the quack medicines advertised to cure it. There is only one way of doing that, which is, to give the physical frame the active exercise and occupation that it needs, to occupy the mind with sober and improving thoughts, and to cease to feed it upon mere amusement and excitement. The nervous suffering produced by frivolity is far greater than the physical suffering produced by hard work; and far more tears are shed, and low spirits, mental discontent, vapours, and bewailings are displayed, by those who do nothing, than by that large and hard-working class who feed, clothe, and lodge the entire population.

One of the first objects of a parent in the education of a child, ought to be to implant active habits of body, with the view of developing the physical health of the system. Health is the basis of all after-growth; the moral and intellectual are alike founded on the physical. Girls should be taught the claims of duty, as being far above those of pleasure; and parents would do well to consider, that pleasures of the higher sort cannot be enjoyed unless through the medium of a healthy physical system. Nor ought the claims of the next generation upon the proper education of this, to be altogether disregarded. Girls ought to be taught to get early to-bed, and get up betimes in the morning. There is always household work to do in a family, which they would not demean themselves by taking part in. Every girl should make her own bed, toss the bedding and mattress about, leaving all to the free influence of the atmosphere for some hours, before tidying up. There are rooms to dust, and clean, and put in order; meals to prepare, and to know how to do this properly is the duty of every woman. At least, let exercise be taken freely out of doors; get out into the fields, not in a listless, melancholy walk, but with a spirit full of cheerfulness and love of life. A cultivated mind will extract pleasure from nature of the highest kind. And when books are read, let them be of an improving and instructive kind. There is no need for sitting for hours together on a music-stool, drumming at a piano-forte. This is another fertile source of nervousness among young women. Female children are too ordinarily set to music whether they have an ear for it or not, because, forsooth, it is a fashionable branch of education; and so they drum away for years, occupying a great deal of time that might have been infinitely better employed, and laying in a stock of "nerves," sick head-aches, and morbid irritability. Much of the time now spent by growing girls on a music stool, in the futile attempt to cultivate a taste and acquire an art, for which nature has not qualified them—to laboriously learn the fingering of a piano or a harp, which they at once give up and think no more about, so soon as they are free to take their own course—much of the time so wasted, would be much better employed in children's games, in a good hearty romp, in battledore and shuttlecock, in skipping-rope, or in any kind of play or exercise out of doors, in the open air and the sunshine. And if girls go out to take an airing, see that it be not in the dull, boarding-school procession—pale-faced creatures walking two and two along a high-road at a stated hour—often a melancholy sight enough; but let it be a cheerful walk; let them run, ride, dance if they like in the open air. Let them under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley: let them plant and cultivate the garden—one of the most healthy and delightful of all employments,—make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and above all, let them take no medicine, except when the doctor orders. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up, but they would not find one of them on whom they could exercise any power.

"The gymnastics of life and labour," says J. P. Richter, in his *Levana*, "are the third commandment of female education. But these do not consist of so-called lady-like occupations. Sewing, knitting, or spinning, with a Parisian pocket spinning-wheel, are recreation and repose from labour, not labour and exercise. Worsted work, this female mosaic work, more suitable for the higher classes, who must refresh themselves from doing nothing by doing little, easily converts the pattern into a covering for indisposition or ill-humour. Most employments of the fingers, by which you attempt to fix the female quicksilver, have this injurious effect—that the mind left to idleness rusts away, or is entirely given up to the waves of circle-after-circle spreading fancy. A change of occupation is especially adapted to the female character, as the steady pursuit of one is to that of the man. Distraction, forgetfulness, want of consideration, and presence of mind, are the first and worst consequences of this secret internal and external *far niente*; and a woman needs nothing more to poison the holy trinity of wedlock, child, husband, and self. Now, how can this be obviated? Just as it is obviated among the humble

classes. Let a girl, instead of her dreamy, monotonous, finger-work, manage the business of the household, which, every moment, restrains dreaminess and absence of mind, by new duties and calls on their attention; in early years, let her be employed in everything, from cooking to gardening, from the management of the servants to keeping the accounts. Let no more flighty than intellectual woman declare that housekeeping, as a mechanical affair, is beneath the dignity of her mind, and she would rather be as mentally happy as a man. Is there any mental work without hand work? Do accountants' offices, secretaries' rooms, the military parade, places of the state, set the hands less in motion than the kitchen and household affairs, or is it merely that they do so in a different way? Can the mind show itself earlier, or otherwise, than behind the mask of the laborious body: for instance, the ideal of the sculptor, otherwise than after millions of blows and chisel-strokes, on the marble? The mystic Guyon, who, in an hospital, took on himself, and fulfilled, the duties of a loathing maid-servant, has a higher throne among glorified souls than the general who, with the arms of others, makes wounds which he does not heal."

Another practice, most ruinous to young women's health, is that, still too prevalent, of encasing the chest, and confining it tightly within a wall of jean, coutil, whalebone, and what not. The organ which, of all others, should have the freest possible play, to enable the air to come into full contact with the venous blood circulating in the lungs, is that which fashion fixes upon, and cribs, cabins, and confines by means of stays. The Chinese custom of cramming the feet into small shoes, and the Indian fashion of flattening, by sheer force, the foreheads of their children, seems positively rational and humane, when compared with the European practice of tight-lacing. It can have no other effect than to diminish the vital power of the system, and lay it open to the inroads of nervous and dyspeptic disease. Every practice which restricts the free action of the physical system must have such an effect. Besides, it has a direct tendency to produce deformity. Were boys laced up as girls are, we should have as many deformed boys as girls, which happily is not the case, the practice having been long abandoned as regards the former. It is a gross mistake also to suppose that a wasp-waist is handsome, or anything but a deformity. Look at the Venus de Medici, the perfection of the female form—excepting, perhaps, the head, which is too small; but, the other physical proportions are exquisitely true to nature. Let young ladies think then, when about to tighten up their chests, that in every pull which they make at the lace, and in every degree of compression which they thus practice on their persons, they are departing from the standard of female beauty, as exemplified in the "statue that enchants the world." Above all, the practice is fruitful in nervous affections, low spirits, palpitations, hypochondria, and such like; and therefore we would say seriously to young ladies, as Hamlet to the players—"Pray you avoid it!"

THE TWO SISTERS OF CHARITY.

"Put on your bonnet, Ernestine, and come with me," said Madame de la Vallée to her daughter, one bright spring morning, "I am going to see the poor woman whose husband was killed in a quarry."

"Dear Mamma, pray excuse me, I am so very delicate; we staid too late at Madame de Falonard's, and I danced so much, that, literally, I cannot stir a step."

"Oh! but it is not far, and the fresh air will revive you for the redoubt to-night."

"Then I suppose we *must* go! after all, Mamma, these parties are very tiresome; one sees the same people, who say the same sort of things, and wear the same dresses; the very music is scarcely varied in a country town; I hate sameness."

"But, at Paris last year, you were lounging and yawning all the morning in the same way," cried the more vivacious mother.

"Perhaps it is my health, I always feel tired; my head aches; I have ever a pain in my side; my back, and ——"

"Oh nonsense! a walk will do you good, 'tis not far, just try."

"I can't now, for there is Mademoiselle Flore with my gown. I *must* try it on! Such an exertion for nothing; for it is *sure* not to fit, and then I shall be vexed and angry."

"Now pray my dear child do not give way to such indolence and fretfulness; you enjoy nothing."

"Because everybody and everything is more or less tiresome and stupid; the day is always so long; I have no patience with Madame Caradon's affectation, when she will persist that she finds it too short.

"Madame Caradon," answered Madame de la Vallée, "with a sick husband, five children, and a small income, has enough to employ her time."

"I wish I could employ mine; I find it so heavy, I don't know what to do," rejoined the lovely, listless young lady, twisting the curls of her beautiful hair, and half shutting her soft blue eyes as she spoke.

"Well," answered the mother, "I am sure it is not my fault nor your father's; we have done all that *we* could. You have been taught music, drawing, languages, and pretty works; you have horses and carriages at your command, are introduced to the gayest and most agreeable society in the place, you purchase whatever you please, employ the best dressmaker, and if you are ill, can have the best medical advice; to finish the list, I may add, that you are universally admired, have kind friends, and adoring parents. What *can* you wish for more? for you have all this world can give, and yet you are always discontented—but Flore waits, go and fit on your gown, whilst I walk to the quarry;" so saying, the poor mother left the room with a sigh, which was echoed by her daughter, repeating the words, "this world—there *is* another, I hope it is a happier world than this."

But Mademoiselle Flore and the new dress soon put the next world out of the young lady's thoughts; it fitted *à merveille*, and the flattery of the maker, the maid, and the mirror together, restored animation for awhile to the *ci-devant* invalid, who quickly forgot her headache, and began to build castles in the air for that evening at least. It was a brilliant scene, and, for a short hour or two, Ernestine enjoyed, in the flow of youthful spirits, the gaiety with which she was surrounded; and the flattering speeches which told her of her grace, her beauty, and the happiness her smiles alone diffused. She was not naturally envious, and, indeed, there was little to excite that hateful passion in *her* breast: for, although fragile-looking, and pale, she was an extremely pretty girl; well born, well educated, and an only child, with the prospect of a large fortune. She felt "*bored*," however, as she expressed it, and unamused, after a short time, as usual; and yet, every day, and every night, she continued the same round of insipid amusement: dressing and dancing, boating and pic-nicing, yawning, and feeling wearied; seldom amused, always tired—never employed.

One day, whilst lolling on the sofa, with a pain in her head and a novel in her hand, she heard that her nurse was ill, and had expressed a wish to see her; naturally kind-hearted, and warmly attached to her old attendant, she immediately forgot herself, jumped up with alacrity, and, in ten minutes, was walking actively towards the little lane, in the outskirts of the town, where old Martha resided. The poor woman was lying gasping on her un-

made bed, looking very red, and groaning now and then as if in pain, whilst the three grandchildren, who lived with her, stood around crying with fright; all looked uncomfortable, the floor was unswept, the fire unlighted, the plates unwashed, and a stifling smell from want of air, added to the wretchedness of everything. The poor woman, at the sound of Ernestine's voice, opened her eyes and tried to speak, but, with a difficulty, that rendered it impossible to understand what she said. However, the words "*Sœur Marie! Sœur Marie!*" suggested to the terrified young lady the idea of sending her maid for a sister of charity; on whose appearance, and observation that the patient must be bled, Ernestine immediately returned home. Unable to rest, however, and anxious to know the opinion of the Doctor, Ernestine, not long after, proposed going back to see how her poor nurse went on.

"Going out again, Tine," said her mother, "and so far as Beech Lane, when you complained of being ill, and tired this morning—it is quite unnecessary my dear, for I shall send to inquire, and you have to dress, recollect, for Madame Albert's dinner."

"I would rather not go, I am too anxious about Martha."

"But, consider, Ernestine, that the illness of a servant will scarcely be accepted as an excuse, and Madame A. will be disappointed, for she counts upon you to sing 'Mira Norma' with her."

But, Ernestine was obstinate—if not allowed to see her nurse, she would not go to the dinner: there was plenty of time for both, she said; and the mother, who, generally gave way to the daughter, did so in this instance, sending her to the end of the lane in the carriage.

What a contrast did the chamber present now, to what it had done only a few hours ago. Martha relieved by bleeding, lay quiet, breathing freely on a neatly arranged bed—the room was perfectly tidy—a window opening to the garden, and letting in air over a bouquet of bright flowers, gave a freshness to everything—the children's bed, and all the things that had littered the back room, to be out of sight (for the front that looked to the street was show-room and kitchen,) were removed to that more noisy apartment, where the children warmed the sufferer's drink, boiled their own soup, kept quiet, or sent away, all the kindly-intentioned gossips who came to lament and talk. The three little girls, combed and washed, amused themselves without noise, seemed now without apprehension—and Sœur Marie, who had done all this, and in so short a time, sat reading a prayer by the bedside, in a low voice, looking as clean, as calm, as pure, as if she had not done anything else but sit still.

"The fever is abated, said she suddenly, "the Doctor is sanguine, and through the mercy of God, we hope your nurse will not be taken from these poor little children."

The mild look, pure complexion, and low voice of the gentle nun, were like a freshening breeze, upon a sultry day, to the agitated mind of Ernestine; and she was able with more comfortable feelings to accompany her mother to the dinner; where, however, the fadaises uttered at it seemed more distasteful to Mademoiselle de la Vallée than usual, and it was remarked by all that she was *distraite* Amid the lights, and the laughter, and the glitter of the gay scene, she thought of the cool quiet room, where she had been so relieved by the unobtrusive activity of the mild-voiced nun. Next day she visited the cottage again—all was as neat, as calm, as fresh as the day before. The children were weeding the little garden, and their childish prattle, in a subdued voice, joined with the carol of the birds in the hedges, and was as little disturbing. The garden though small was full of flowers, for Martha sold bouquets. There was a broken moss-grown sundial, shaded by a pear-tree, so old and so fruitful, that it had to be propped up, and on a seat under it, almost all the family stockings were knitted; a large orchard bounded it to the west and north, and a nest of little cottage gardens succeeded each other on the east; all you saw there was the blush of fruit trees full of bloom as a background, while immediately in front—under the window, round which a sweet briar, and a honeysuckle disputed the mastery with a sturdy old jasmine—was a wilderness of sweets where the bees kept hovering, and ever humming through the sultry summer's day. Sœur Marie sat by the bed-side reading, with the same look, the same low voice, the same dress as yesterday, but, the sameness here did not annoy Ernestine, it soothed her. After making inquiries concerning the sick person, she added,

"Do you not tire here, alone?"

"We should never weary in well doing, and it is a Christian duty to attend the sick and helpless."

"A duty! yes! but, not a pleasure, unless one is very fond of the sufferer, and even then ——"

"Indeed," answered the good sister, not noticing her hesitation, "I think there is great pleasure, and great interest in administering to the wants of our fellow creatures, whether they are particularly known to, and loved by us or not."

Ernestine said nothing.

"There is a pleasure also in active exertion, and a pleasure in the repose that follows it."

"But," observed the young lady, "how do you know how to do all these things, *you* were not born to work I am sure."

"We are all born to work in the Lord's vineyard, but such work as you immediately allude to is easily learnt, and after a little practice quickly dispatched, and whilst attending the sick, we have often much time for reading and sewing likewise; here, now I employ my leisure moments in teaching the children, and also instructing them how to keep the house clean, which duty their grandmother always performing herself, they had never before attempted; Madeleine swept and dusted the rooms this morning, and Sabine washed the plates, and Mormite like a first rate scullion," said Sœur Marie, laughing, "only breaking one, and cracking two. When they have weeded the portion of the garden I have set them to do, I have promised each a story. You see then with these varied occupations, my day cannot pass otherwise than quickly. I must endeavour to sleep also this afternoon, to enable me to pass the night awake again."

"But, are you really, Ma sœur, really *happy?*"

"I am."

"What! happy! you a lady, teaching peasant children, tending peevish sick people, dusting dirty rooms, sewing plain work, and reading grave books?"

"Indeed, ma chere demoiselle, I never knew real happiness until I did so, and did so from the right motive,—the love of God!"

The conversation of sœur Marie made a great impression upon Ernestine, and she saw how happy doing good from a right motive made that benevolent being, who, all the time that she worked out her salvation so laboriously, never trusted to her own righteousness for a reward, but, to her humble hope in her Saviour. Often in the midst of the gayest entertainments, Ernestine's thoughts reverted to the quiet room looking into the sunny garden, and the gentle voice, and earnest look of that good religieuse, who, living in the midst of the turmoil and sin of a busy and jarring world, kept on the noiseless tenor of her way without heeding or hearing what shook all Europe; all within seemed so peaceful, that angry, envious, and proud feelings were hushed for the time, under the benign influence of her presence. Martha also, an honest bustling woman, who went through her stated religious and moral duties without much thought, was by the good sister awakened to more reflection; she too contributed in her small way to turn the thoughts of her nursling from the pomps and vanities of the world, without in the least intending

it; for *she* looked to her chère Tine's marrying a grand Seigneur, and giving more splendid balls, and wearing more magnificent dresses than other ladies, as a matter of course. By degrees Ernestine retired more and more within herself, began to read, draw, and employ her time; and, whenever she felt ailing and unhappy, longed to be a sister of charity. In time the wish became an anxiety — in the end, the anxiety a determination; and she at length summoned courage to break her resolution to her startled parents. Of course every argument was urged—the curé even joined all his efforts to dissuade her from a life, he feared neither her health nor her natural disposition fitted her to embrace, but all in vain. She refused several unexceptionable offers of marriage, and although in obedience to her parents, she accompanied them into the world, her disgust to it became more and more intense and apparent. They took her to Paris, they travelled with her into various countries, they never opposed her wishes, and for two years no means were left untried to induce her to alter or modify her determination, but without success. Some one says, somewhere, that "we have all our vocation," and the passion for the cloister, like that for the sea, is not to be conquered, the privations of the one, the perils of the other are as nothing in the eyes of their votaries, and the result was that, in the end, Ernestine became a Sister of Charity, under the name of Sœur Agathe.

Some years after she had fulfilled this whim, as I feared it might prove, finding myself near the Convent, where she then was, I went to visit her. Scarcely could I credit what I saw! there stood the once brilliantly attired Ernestine in the coarse garb of a sister, her luxuriant hair no longer visible, before a number of tin candlesticks, to the last of which she was giving a finishing touch, with an air of satisfaction at the brightness into which she had rubbed it, that gave an animated expression I had never before observed in her countenance, formerly so listless; her skin was clear, and in spite of the increased days of abstinence and fasting, both her face and hands (for her figure of course I could not see) seemed better clothed with flesh than formerly. After expressing our mutual pleasure at the meeting, I asked her if she did not regret the world.

"Regret the world! Ah, no! Can I regret *ennui* and vanity?"

"I remember that your health used to be very delicate, are you quite well now?"

"Perfectly so, my health is as good as I could wish it, I sleep like a dormouse, and do not know what it is to feel wearied."

"And the headaches and—"

"Oh, I never have an ache or a pain of any kind, either of body or mind."

"And pray what cosmetic do you use?" said I, smiling, "for the lilies and roses in your cheeks are brighter than formerly."

"Are they? I don't know, for I never look in a glass; early hours, simple food, and a happy contented mind, I suppose, have wrought the change; for I remember my complexion used to be always pale, and sometimes muddy."

"But is not this monotonous life of constant obedience and self-denial very tiresome, to you especially, who always had your own way?"

"I do not find it so, humble prayer for pardon for my former *vain* life, to use the mildest term, and active usefulness in visiting the poor, and teaching the young the accomplishments I formerly cultivated merely to be admired, make the time pass peacefully and pleasantly here on earth, and the bright future in perspective cheers me on, but I must now leave you, for it is my hour for the school-room duties. May God Almighty bless you and guide you aright amid the rocks and quicksands of that world, which is now to me as nothing." So saying, Sister Agathe withdrew, and I never saw her again. She died of a fever, caught whilst attending a poor woman who was ill of it, but lived ten years after this interview, in the same happy frame of mind with which she departed to a better life, lamented by the poor and the sick, and unnoticed by the world.

A Protestant lady to whom was related the above anecdote, and whose situation and feelings were in some degree similar to those of Ernestine de la Vallée, animated by her example, resolved to imitate it. She also left the world and retired, not to a convent, but to a country village, where she purchased a roomy house and large garden, which she increased by taking in two fields. Under an experienced gardener, she employed six of the poorest men of the parish, as yearly labourers, and the produce of this immense piece of well cultivated ground, gave food to many poor starving families. She had a school where sewing, cleaning, reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, were taught to both boys and girls; and she spent her ample fortune in doing good, not only to the *very* poor, but to a class whose wants are as great, and whose powers of supporting those wants much less. All governesses out of situations, who could bring good testimonials, were received at her house for six months, and she could accommodate *eight*; none of her rooms were, as may be believed, ever empty, and many a cheerful evening have I spent, seated with her and these eight grateful beings round a large table, all working for the poor, except she who read or enlivened us with music. It was astonishing the quantity of work done in these evenings! Old women's petticoats and cloaks; old men's coarse trowsers were made, sheets were hemmed, stockings knitted, and all afterwards disposed of at very low prices. This most excellent lady actively superintended the arrangement of the cottages, both with a view to their comfort and ornament. She gave away seeds and plants, and sometimes a swarm of bees, with ample instructions for managing and making by them; encouraging the industrious, and reprehending the lazy. The young persons who were staying with her, during the time they remained, assisted her in carrying messes to the sick, reading to the blind and the aged, instructing the young, and comforting the afflicted. She went about continually trying to do good, and all this without altering her dress, or changing her religion. In a very few years, by the exertions of one generous, humble-minded woman, the poverty-struck village became a thriving community, where not one beggar belonging to it was to be seen. The lady I allude to is still alive, and a healthier, happier, more benevolent, cheerful being breathes not.

Surely both Ernestine and Miss —— are *true* Sisters of Charity, and will meet in Heaven.

WOMEN'S LOVE OF FLOWERS.

In all countries women love flowers—in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all the feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened. Man then understands that there is in the gifts of nature a something more than is necessary for existence; colours, forms, odours, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at least spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify, that a rose-tree under the window a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, are always a good omen to the tired traveller. The hand which cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, or the wants of the stranger.

THE LOST ISLE;

A LEGEND OF LAKE SUNAPEE.

In the interior of New Hampshire—the Scotland of America—lies a blue expanse of water, which the Indians call Sunapee. It is little, if at all, inferior to its north-eastern sister, Lake Winnepissiogee, "the smile of the Great Spirit," or, perhaps, to old Scotia's proud lochs of Lomond and Katrine, in picturesque beauty. Here, where Nature reigns in loveliness and grandeur surpassing Art, lies the scene of the Legend of the Lost Isle.

About a century had passed away since the Puritan's pilgrim-foot first pressed the Rock of Plymouth. The sickly smoke of civilization had never yet stained the blue above or withered the green below. Art had not laid the axe at the foot of the oak-king, which mirrored its tall form in the translucent water each revolving season. As I stand upon its shores, looking into its clear, gently-heaving bosom, I am carried back, as though I looked into an enchanter's glass, to the old wood's primeval grandeur—days when Solitude's reign was unbroken save by the din of the sylvan cascade, or the rich, varied, and mellow notes of the wild birds. The tall trees again cast their lengthened shade upon the waters, and the birds build their nests in their branches unharmed—the streamlet comes singing down from Kearsarge, and leaps into the lake like a panting spaniel—the graceful, lithe-limbed deer drinks the blue waters unscared—and the "cloud-cleaving geese" forsake the upper air, and rest calmly in the lake's thousand miniature harbours. But as I look up to the white farm house on yonder declivity, the dream fades away for ever. Let the half-degenerate woods make a sylvan requiem for the oak-kings of Eld!

Aluakeag's wigwam was pitched upon the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee. A few of his tribe were leaving the margin of the islet, with their light birchen canoes upon their shoulders, having just finished an hour's piscatory labour. The wigwam and the habits of the tribe presented a motley mingling of savage with refined art; but Aluakeag himself despised the tawdry dress of the white man, and wore habiliments such as his forefathers wore.

He was the last Sachem of the Penacook—the chieftain of a noble, though fallen race, who still sadly clung to "a legendary virtue carved upon their fathers' graves." That morning he had left the Merrimack—he had stood upon its shores, yet had seen no trace of his father's wigwam, for the noisy town of the white man stood upon its ruins. And the old lightning-seamed oak, which told the red man where lay the ashes of the virtuous, peace-loving Passaconaway, had been hewn down to make way for the flying iron horse of the railroad. The bones of his forefathers had been dug up and removed by the white man; but a tall tree, whose hollow trunk made it of little worth, told where lay his father's ashes. As he sat upon the grassy mound, it seemed to him he

> "Could not tear his heart away
> From graves wherein his fathers lay."

But whence are the decrees of fate? He had left he beautiful Merrimack, never again to look upon its placid waters. It was loveliest of rivers to him; it came from the "Smile of the Great Spirit."

The sun was just dipping down behind Kearsarge, when Aluakeag's revery was disturbed by the approach of a white hunter. With the Indian and the hunter the recognition was mutual, for Aluakeag had often been at his house on the eastern shore of the Falls of Amoskeag.

"My red brother," said the hunter, "has not yet gone to the St. Francis? He is welcome still on the shores of the Sunapee."

The chieftain's heart seemed too big for utterance. But the white hunter's voice was kind, and at length he replied, although not without betraying the secret passion that swayed him—

"My white brother is kind to welcome me back to the home of my fathers!"

The young hunter's heart was touched with compunction and sympathy, for he knew full well the injustice of his white brethren towards the red men of the New World. He continued, however, to speak kindly to the chief, whose gloomy passions, as they conversed, gradually sunk back to their wakeful retreat. Anger and hate were allayed by the voice of kindness, but sorrow unutterable rested on every lineament of his dusky face. He was a brave and noble, yet broken-hearted child of forest freedom.

They conversed for some time, when the conversation lagged, and the hunter and the chief were alike silent and thoughtful. The thought of the former recurred to the sunken island he had that day, owing to the stillness of the waves, examined more minutely than ever before. He had often speculated as to the cause of its disappearance from the surface. He recollected a half-told, wondrous Indian legend, which pretended to account for it. Turning to his companion, who was also looking out upon the broad expanse of water, gently rippled by the evening breeze, he said—

"Beneath the surface of this lake I have marked to-day, as often before, what apparently was once an island. I have distinctly seen the rocks, the decayed, upright trees, and traced the extent of the whole. I have heard that there is a fearful tradition connected with its disappearance. Is it so?"

"My white brother speaks truly," said the chief. "It is a dark and fearful tale."

"Will my red brother tell the story?" asked the hunter.

"Aluakeag," said the chief, and his eye again shone with the waked passions of his heart, "Aluakeag is a stranger in the land of his fathers. His people are few. Their tomahawks have rusted away in their places where they buried them when they smoked the calumet. Their white brothers took their hunting grounds. A little while, and Aluakeag will be like yon decaying oak. His heart is rotten already. He is no longer strong. He is the slave of his white brothers. He will do what his white brother commands."

This simple, yet passionate recital of his wrongs awoke in the breast of Aluakeag many gloomy recollections. He thought of the manifold injuries inflicted upon his race by the white man—injuries yet unavenged. But, oh! how bitterly he remembered the weakness of his people.

"Does not the Great Spirit do all things well? Is the white hunter's tongue forked? Is he not the friend of Aluakeag?" said the hunter, in an earnest, yet kind, voice.

Aluakeag recounted the tradition current among his own tribe,—the Penacooks,—and also notorious from the Coos to the Narraganset. Divested of the peculiar sententiousness and metaphor of the Indian style, the narrative of Aluakeag ran much as follows:—

Years immemorial past, there dwelt on the Lost Isle an Indian in unbroken solitude. None ever greeted him when it was possible to turn aside from the path of the Mysterious; he was tall and slim as the mountain pine; and his countenance was stern, yet not malignant. He was not strong in the strength of manhood, for the hairs upon his head were grizzled with many sorrows. The Penacooks called him Caosopee, or the Mysterious. But none knew him well, or whence he came. The Penacooks knew him not, nor the Norwichwanock, nor the Ossipee, nor the Coos. He was a being alone.

A Penacook brave, who boasted to have been on the island, said he was a prophet or seer. He said he learned also, that he was from beyond the mountains of the dis-

tant West, and that he was the last of his tribe, which had been hunted down and massacred by their more powerful foes. Dwelling alone, he had escaped the fate of the people. Afterwards, sick at heart, he had journeyed hitherward, and made the beautiful isle his home. Such was the generally received history of the Mysterious.

* * * * * *

Caosopee had been in his little kingdom hardly twenty summers, when some white men from Massachusetts Bay visited the lake. They hunted many days in its vicinity, and caught fish from its clear waters. One night, when the heavens were black with lowering clouds, when the deluges of rain as suddenly fell as the clouds arose, the white man sought shelter in his wigwam—a place sacred to all but the Puritans. Caosopee had heard of the white men who had lately come across the "big waters," but he now saw them for the first time. He had gathered tales of many wrongs done the red men of Massachusetts by the new comers, and hence he looked upon his visitors with a jealous eye.

When the hunters entered, Caosopee rose; but when they addressed him, he shook his head in token that he did not understand them. Paying little attention farther to him, they piled wood upon the fire, and moved about the spacious wigwam as if in search of food or something else. Caosopee sunk back upon his couch of skins in the corner, eyeing the intruders askance the while.

"Hang the Indian dog!" exclaimed Jonathan Phelps, a tall, cadaverous hunter, "hasn't he got anything at all to eat?"

"Can't smell anything," replied another; "'spose we make him stir his stumps, just to see what he *can* bring out?"

"'Greed!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.—"Phelps, see if you can't make him understand."

The individual called upon turned round towards Caosopee, and made motions with his hands and jaws as though he would eat something. Caosopee, thinking he was derided and mocked at, perhaps, hastily lifted a tomahawk; but the practised eye of the hunter was quick to catch the motion, and with a quicker movement still, he shot the Indian through the breast, while the hatchet fell harmless at his feet. Caosopee fell back without a groan. At that moment a terrific thunderbolt, accompanied with a blinding flash of lightning, struck a tree before the wigwam, and the fragments rained against it, and many pieces even entered. It was a tall hemlock, which being spiral-grained, was consequently left without limb or branch.

Caosopee was mortally wounded. Yet, he had strength enough to raise himself upon his elbow. In the coarse guttural of his native tongue, he cursed his murderers:—

"A curse upon ye, white men! A curse upon ye all! May the Great Spirit curse ye with words of fire, even as yonder tree! May the catamount jump upon ye from his lair! May the green things wither before ye, and the waters dry up! May your dwellings lie in the war-path of the Narraganset, and your scalps dangle at his belt! Caosopee is weak, but his words are strong. He goes to the Spirit-Land, but his curse shall follow ye. May the Great Spirit hear the prayer of Caosopee!"

Faint from loss of blood, the prophet sunk back and expired.

The white hunters were filled with terror. The deeds of useless murder, and the deep curse of the prophet, conspired to fill their stout hearts with nameless fear. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heaven's blackness was made more horrid by the incessant and vivid flashes of lightning that forked the firmament. They felt a rumbling of the earth beneath them, which still increased their alarm. They resolved at once to seek their boat, and take to the mainland. The spot where their boat had been left was some seven or eight rods from the wigwam; but they had proceeded scarcely half that distance, when suddenly they came to the edge of the water, now boiling and flashing in the almost constant lightning. The appalling truth flashed upon their minds in an instant—the island was sinking! Terror and despair seized upon the energies of their souls. A flash of lightning so vivid as to make the whole like a mass of lambent flame, showed their boat floating upon the water at a considerable distance. Down—down—the island sunk! * * * It were useless to prolong the story. Of the eight hunters, only one escaped to the boat, and then to the mainland. The bones of the others lie white beside those of Caosopee—the prophet of the Lost Isle.

So ran the tale of Aluakeag, a tale remembered by villagers round Lake Sunapee even to this day.

THOMAS HOOD.

Among those to whom posterity will assign a glorious niche in the Temple of Fame is Thomas Hood. We are almost too near him; have too much of the blindness of the present about us, to estimate aright his high qualities, or, separating the mere man from the poet, to put a true value on that immortal spirit which flowed out from the point of the pen of the almost inspired writer; and which will survive in the eternity of the mind, long after the flesh has returned to its parent dust, and the mound over his grave has crumbled under wandering feet. Those, at a greater distance, will gaze upon the rays gushing from the star of genius, and revel in their genial warmth and golden brightness, when the personal individuality of the source from whence they proceeded has been forgotten, and the memory of the man has been numbered among the things which have been.

It is curious to observe the pertinacity with which the world refuses to recognise its really great men, and how they, apparently indifferent to what the world may think or say about them, enveloped in a sphere of their own, created by their own enthusiasm and earnestness, and peopled by the gorgeous creations of their teeming souls; go about their work of preparation for futurity, with all the simplicity, and seeming unconsciousness, with which a child pursues its studies or its pastimes, as an involuntary preparation for the period of maturity. The men who stand out in high relief, gilded by the splendour of fame, from the background of littleness or obscurity, into which their contemporaries have sunk, giants, as they are now, were but pigmies in their own time. Men knew little, and perhaps cared less about them; or, if they gave them any prominence, did so for qualities which have been long since forgotten. It is seldom that any personal traits or characteristics of such men are preserved beyond the age in which they lived. They seem as though they had been in their lives destitute of the egotism of individualism, and to have silently carried with them their individuality to their graves, where it was quietly interred with their bones, and forgotten with their personal appearance. It is as if they had consented to abdicate the individuality of self, for the possession of the universality of nature, and that their own hearts had mingled with, been absorbed by, and lost amid, the hearts of those, into whose deepest recesses they looked, by virtue of that magic sympathy with the feelings of all, which was the highest element of their real greatness.

One would be almost justified in saying that the men, who are to become great in the estimation of futurity, are the children of the present; and, like children, pass unnoticed among the crowd of men by whom they are surrounded; but, that in after years, when the full-

grown have sunk into the grave, the former children attain the plenitude of power, and the full bloom and vigour of manhood.

What an instance of the truth of this is our own all-glorious Shakspere. When the Blackfriars Theatre was standing in the midst of fields now covered with bricks and mortar, and Shakspere was an actor there, how little those with whom he associated supposed that his fame, long surviving their generation, would spread over the world as that of the greatest mind the Anglo-Saxon race ever produced; and how few dreamed that, long after the old theatre had been levelled with the ground, the dramas there represented, and which they, no doubt, thought mere bubbles of the hour, would form the most valuable and imperishable volume in the realm of literature.

"Will Shakspere" was, no doubt, to the men of the then present, a boon companion, no better nor worse than scores of others they met every day; with less learning than many, and less brilliance than others. We can almost fancy ourselves peeping into a hostelry of that day, with its quaint old gables, and curious nooks and corners, and oaken settles, and seeing a group of gay roisterers—young nobles, and the choice spirits of the time. We think we can see all eyes turned upon some handsome presence, tricked out in all the fopperies of the period, at whose jest the ready laugh circled the board—the observed of all observers; while, towards the bottom, sits a cheerfully grave man, clad in a sombre suit, but with "fair high broad brow," and bright blue eye, observant of all; who seldom opens his mouth, but now and then lets fall a pearl or two, which is not half so much regarded as the sparkling crystals of the lord of the feast. After centuries have passed away, where is the gay and the witty noble who stood so high there? dead, body and memory alike—his name unknown, his place forgotten. Where the thoughtful, silent, sombre-clad man?—elevated into a world's idol, and his mental remains the "household words" of the learned and ignorant, the rich and poor alike.

This is the history of genius in the present and the future. Now unrecognised, or admired for some comparatively unimportant qualities, then worshipped by all who see the eternal time-penetrating beams of thought, rushing out from the transient star, which has long descended below the horizon of the tomb. How strongly we recognise in all this the truth of that sentence, that, "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first;" and how, too, we see eternal justice asserting itself through time, and giving "honour to whom honour is due."

How true is all this, too, as applied to poor Hood! "Poor Hood!" the words escaped from our pen, as they have from the pens of many others—almost involuntarily. Why *poor* Hood? If thought, wit, tenderness, power to thrill into the hearts of his fellow-men be riches, then was "poor Hood" as rich, if not richer than any man of his time. In his own world, his own cherished dream-land, where the sun was brighter, and the air purer and more odoriferous, the flowers more gorgeous, and the birds more melodious, than in any land which we, poor prose mortals, know of; in that world poor Hood's riches were unbounded. He was the sole monarch of the place, and all things did him homage. To use the words of another poet of the present, Charles Mackay:—

> "For him were the oceans rolled,
> For him did the rivers run,
> For him did the year unfold
> Its glories to the sun."

Aye, and for him, too, did the winds strike their forest Æolian harps, in unison with the gushing, overflowing, fount of deep, soft music, murmuring in the recesses of his heart.

Why then "poor Hood?" The words flow from an instinctive, self-accusing knowledge, that it is the world which needs pity rather than Thomas Hood. They are the result of our almost unconscious feeling, that his contemporaries were too "poor" in appreciation, to discern the depth and richness of that mine of mental wealth which was in the midst of them.

Hood was known and appreciated, it is true, to some extent during his life, but for the very qualities which posterity will forget. His powers of humour, in an age always more ready to laugh than to think, made him known, not as a man of deep poetic power, of high aspirations, of burning feeling, of self-devoting enthusiasm, but as a word-master, a language-juggler; a writer who used syllables as a conjurer does his cards, and cups and balls, making them occupy strange corners, and assume grotesque aspects, and change like the tricks of a pantomime, to gratify the laughter-loving million, for whom he catered. We do not know where we could find a more striking proof of the want of earnestness of the time, than is to be found in the fact, that Hood (poor Hood!), in order to earn his bread, was obliged to write puns, and twist jokes into miraculous rhyme, while he was capable of such poems as The Song of the Shirt, The Bridge of Sighs, The Haunted House, and others, which are published among his serious poems.

We do not doubt that Thomas Hood himself felt this deeply and acutely, and, notwithstanding his fine perception of the ludicrous, and the ready wit which clothed it in verse the best suited to its enunciation, he accounted it a task of mental degradation that he must, so that he and his family might live, be a sort of intellectual buffoon, a clown of literature, coming out as regularly in comic annuals, as stage managers produced Christmas pantomimes. Indeed, the boards of a theatre would furnish an apt comparison for Hood's mental life. There, on the very self-same spot where Richard crouched to the "shadows" which troubled his guilty soul; or, Lady Macbeth plotted for royal power; or Hamlet soliloquized and philosophized; there, where the Moor acted out the jealousy of a noble nature, and Shylock insisted on his bond, and Juliet stood in all the dignity of loveliness, all the rapture of joy, all the despondency of woe, but a short night ago—there the clown grins, the pantaloon tumbles, and the harlequin jumps through magic clocks. So, poor Hood, with the tenderest poetry overflowing his heart, was compelled, by the verdict of the same world which crowds a pantomime and deserts Shakspere, to write comic doggerel for the laughing philosophers of his day.

We would not discourage innocent mirth nor disparage laughter-loving wit, but we are afraid the extravagant fondness of the times for mere humour, the constant yearning for something to laugh at, is far from being a sign of healthy merriment; but that it is a morbid hysterical tendency arising from overstrained excitement, and that, to the want of deep, true, earnest, serious, enthusiastic feeling which accompanies it, and is indeed a part of it, may be, to some extent, attributed the continuance of no small portion of those public and social evils, the revelations of which ever and anon come upon us like a thunder-clap, and almost extinguish our faith in humanity.

The public who only read, shaking their sides meanwhile, the infusions of the comic writer, know nothing of the heart-ache and head-ache, the fears, hopes and perplexities which attend their production. They can scarcely estimate poor Hood, their witty favourite, coughing out his soul, and spitting up his life-blood; surrounded by domestic cares, and worried by narrow means, while he was writing jokes by the bushel. They imagine a sort of laughing-philosopher, fat with mirth, and living in an atmosphere of revelry, instead of an earnest, thoughtful man, with care-worn brow, languid eye, and pale thin cheek, and such sentiments as these—

"Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!"

This is the dark, cold, sorrowful side of such a literary life as Thomas Hood's; the shade of the picture; it doubtless had its joys and sun-lights, and bright dreams, too; and, while we can imagine him, with the printer's boy waiting for "copy" of a comic annual and making a fresh demand for jokes, thinking such a stanza as that above, we can imagine him, too, when the word-spinning was over, feeling such a stanza as that which follows:—

"Welcome Life! The Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!"

Leaving "poor Hood" for awhile, we will give a few words to his works, confining ourselves to the posthumous volumes upon which his true fame hereafter is to rest. The chief portion of these is made up of serious poetry; but there is one serio-comic poem, of vivid fancy and startling power, full of fun, and quiet, deep, but benevolent satire, with here and there a touch of deep, pure, earnest feeling, flashing like a gem of sympathy in the golden setting of wit by which it is surrounded. This poem is one which shows, strikingly, the nature of Hood's powers: graceful, versatile, well-read, and thoughtful, he was not a great poetic egotist, nor a powerful spiteful satirist, like Byron; not a dream-painter, like Wordsworth; not a constructor and plot maker, like the wizard Scott (no disparagement to those great names). It is easier to say what he was not than what he was; but one essential character of his writings, as shown here is, that he takes a simple circumstance, and without any touch of dramatic power, without any striking use of "incident" or "situation," uses it as a peg, whereon to hang a drapery of poetry. He uses a lay-figure of mere sticks, and clothes it in abundant folds of thought and imagery, bright with the rainbow hues. He is like a man walking along a straight piece of common road—many would see in their walk nothing but the hedges and footpaths, and the ruts and furrows—but he gets a clear view of the distant blue hills, mingling with the horizon; there, a peep at a river, glistening in the sun; and somewhere else a glance up a verdant avenue, with its velvet turf, and cathedral roof of interlaced boughs, and its choir of twittering songsters, and, without forgetting his journey's end, he dwells amid all these beauties, and thinks nothing of the bare road along which he travels. This poem, to which we refer, "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," might be summed up in plain prose in a dozen lines. A girl is born into a rich family, cradled in splendour, brought up in luxury, and taught to love wealth as the *summum bonum* of existence. She is thrown from her horse, breaks her leg, has it amputated, and will, and does; have a golden, not a wooden, proxy-limb. She makes an unfortunate matrimonial choice, marries a foreign swindler, who spends her money, and then wants her leg; for the sake of, and by a blow with which, he at last murders her. Yet, on this slender foundation, we have about 130 pages of rich verse, every line of which is worth reading; full of reflections, sometimes grave and earnest, and always wise and just. Here, in the christening of the heiress, is a touch at that vanity which mingles the pomps of the world with the simple, humble rites of Christianity:—

"It would fill a Court Gazette to name
What East and West End people came
To the rite of Christianity:
The lofty lord and the titled dame,
All diamonds, plumes, and urbanity;
His lordship the Mayor, with his golden chain
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain;
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men
With their orders and stars, to help M. or N.
To renounce all pomp and vanity."

Here is a description of the mere money-grubbing father, for which picture, it may be, that some of our readers can find an original:—

"He had rolled in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seemed to have entered into his blood
By some occult projection;
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew;
Making the common phrase seem true
About a *rich* complexion."

And as she was born and bred amid gold, so she was taught to love it; for

"Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,
The true golden lore for our golden age,
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health;
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth
Provided by vulgar, nursery stealth,
With a Book of Leaf-Gold for a Primer.

Of course, such a golden young lady had plenty of flatterers, who, of course, praised her faults, too.

"They praised her spirit, and now and then
The Nurse brought her own little 'nevy' Ben
To play with the future May'ress;
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,
Scratches and pinches, snips and snaps,
As if from a Tigress or Bearess,
They told him how Lords would court that hand,
And always gave him to understand
When he rubbed, poor soul,
His carroty poll,
That his hair had been pulled by 'a *Hairess!*'"

No wonder that with such an education she grew up self-willed and gold-loving—that, when her leg was broken and amputated, she would not hear of a wooden or cork leg; things

"For your common Jockeys and Jennies,"

but

"Would have a Golden Leg
If it cost ten thousand guineas!"

For, as she argued,

"Wood, indeed, in forest or park,
With its sylvan honours and frugal bark,
Is an aristocratical article!"

But it alters the case when

"Trod on! staggered on! Wood cut down
Is vulgar—fibre and particle!"

So, too, of cork—

"When the noble cork-tree shades
A lovely group of Castilian maids,
'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet!
But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,
Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,"

was unendurable to her golden imagination, and so a leg of gold was made—

"All sterling metal—not half-and-half:
The goldsmith's mark was stamped on the calf."

And the heiress appears with it at a "fancy ball," where, although a "few" of the women thought that the freely exhibited golden leg "looked like brazen," the men, both old and young, were more tolerant; for

"Age, sordid Age, admired the whim
And its indecorum pardoned;
While half of the young—aye, more than half—
Bow'd down and worshipped the Golden Calf,
Like the Jews when their hearts were hardened."

And those who have their share of worldly wisdom will not be surprised at it, for they well understand with Hood

"That the precious metal, by thick and thin,
Will cover square acres of land or sin."

We have no space for her marriage or her married misery, but must come to the finale, when she wakes from the midst of a golden dream, and finds the count abstracting her golden leg from beneath her pillow.

> "'Twas the Golden Leg! she knew its gleam!
> And up she started and tried to scream,—
> But, ev'n in the moment she started—
> Down came the limb with a frightful smash;
> And lost, in the universal flash
> That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
> The Spark, called Vital, departed!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Gold still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
> For gold she had lived and she died for gold—
> By a golden weapon—not oaken;
> In the morning they found her all alone,
> Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone;
> But her Leg—the Golden Leg—was gone,
> And the 'Golden Bowl was broken!'"

The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" is a poem full of graceful thought, and quaintly beautiful imagery. Titania (the fairy queen) and all her realm plead to hoary, "all-devouring Time," who threatens them with his scythe, for a longer term of existence. They tell how they minister to man, and tend all nature; but Time is inexorable, for they conserve that which he seeks to destroy, and he is on the point of annihilating the pigmy race, when the presence of our own great Shakspere comes, and rescues them from the oblivion of forgetfulness. We know him by the picture Titania draws, when she evokes his potent aid.

> "Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
> And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
> Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
> And by thy cheek, thus passionately wan,
> I know the signs of an immortal man,—
> Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
> Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
> And shine untarnished, by the fogs of Fate,
> Time's famous rival till the final date!"

And this glorious shade saves the fairies he so loved, and would not let "oblivious death" harm them. "For," he says,

> "These are kindly ministers of nature
> To soothe all covert hurts, and dumb distress
> Pretty they be, and very small of stature,
> For mercy still consorts with littleness;
> Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
> And mischief grossest in this world of wrong.
> So do these charitable dwarfs redress
> The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
> To whom great malice and great might belong."

We would willingly go on quoting, but must draw to a conclusion. There is one image of silence and solitude, however, in his "Haunted House," (a poem, beautiful and yet Crabbe-like in its quaint power,) so simple and eloquent, that we must extract it.

> "The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
> That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
> Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
> To guard the water-lily."

None of these productions, however, beautiful as they are, brought Hood so much into notice as "The Song of the Shirt," a composition of which, for power, it would be difficult to find a parallel in the language. It is not so much in the construction or thought that its strength lies, as in its deep human feeling and its divine tenderness. It was like a cry of wailing repeated by an angel "trumpet-tongued," and like a trumpet-call it thrilled through the hearts of all who heard it, and did more to wake a spirit of benevolent inquiry and philanthropic effort, than a mountain of Blue-books or a library of sermons. All honour to Thomas Hood for arousing, prompting, and calling into action feelings, which are all we have to trust to for changing this world of ours from the purgatory it is, into the paradise it may be! All glory to him for that cry of—

> "Work, work, work,
> Till the brain begins to swim;
> Work, work, work,
> Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
> Seam, and gusset, and band,
> Band, and gusset, and seam,
> Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
> And sew them on in a dream!"

All honour to him for that appeal—

> "O! Men, with Sisters dear!
> Oh, Men! with Mothers and Wives!
> It is not linen you're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives!"

All honour to him for giving to the dumb-hidden misery of Needledom a tongue to moan out—

> "It's O! to be a slave
> Along with the barbarous Turk,
> Where woman has never a soul to save,
> If this is Christian work!"

And all peace to his soul for directing attention to

> "That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
> A table—a broken chair—
> And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
> For sometimes falling there!"

and to similar dens where, as now,

> "With fingers weary and worn,
> With eyelids heavy and red,
> A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
> Plying her needle and thread"

All praise to him, too, for that companion piece, "The Bridge of Sighs," where he sees, in one of these outcasts

> "One more unfortunate,
> Weary of breath,
> Rashly importunate,
> Gone to her death!"

And with all the kindliness of his child-like nature, tells us to

> "Take her up tenderly,"

and to

> "Make no deep scrutiny
> Into her mutiny
> Rash and undutiful;
> Past all dishonour,
> Death has left on her
> Only the beautiful."

While he shouts so that all may hear—

> "Alas! for the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the sun!
> Oh! it was pitiful!
> Near a whole city full,
> Home she had none!"

If Hood had written nothing but these two poems, he would have done a worthy work for a life-time, and deserved a time-long remembrance, and a high present reward; but it is sad, sad as one of his own sweet lyrics, to know that

> "While men praise the *gifts*,
> They let the *gifted* die,"

and that, after death, neither world nor friend could be found loving enough to raise over him a better monument than the mound which marks a pauper's grave.

We conclude with a hope, first, that the world will do itself justice by doing justice to the dead, and that a subscription will place a simple monument over the grave of him who subscribed so bountifully for the welfare of all humanity; and secondly, that these beautiful poems may be published at such a price as will open every cottage home in England to their elevating and ennobling influence.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING LETTER.

In this letter, which concludes my correspondence with you, in this form at least, for some time to come, I shall deal more seriously with my subject than I have hitherto

done, and sum up in as succinct a statement as I can, my views upon the Condition of the Ladies' question.

My first and most important position, then, in reference to the matter, is, that every lady, by which I mean, every one of our daughters, wives, and mothers of the middle classes, should have some regular occupation—should be engaged in some determinate employment. I have a great idea that work, if only for working's sake, is infinitely valuable as a moral agent, and social reformer; and I could wish that the ladies of the present day both held the same opinion, and themselves afforded instances of its justness.

I know that it will be objected, ere I have well said this, that every female member of a family, either in the character of head of a household, or in the subordinate capacity of assistant director in its management, cannot fail of finding in domestic concerns the fullest occupation for her time, and employment for her energies. But this I must take leave emphatically to deny. I am entirely disposed to admit that, as housewifery goes now-a-days, these same domestic concerns, (I have always thought the phrase far more impressive in name, than expressive in fact,) are in numerous instances, borne like so many worlds of petty anxieties by our Atlas-like housekeepers of modern times. But, by this, I am in no way convinced either of their arduousness or extent. What I am convinced of is, that ladies for the most part form a mistaken conception, and, upon that, base a faulty execution of house affairs. They have no notion of methodizing their labour, and economizing their time. They are too prone, like Mrs. Peerybingle, to do things in "little bits of bustle;" a very costly process, when the time spent over them comes to be reckoned; and, although in glorious little Dot this was a very pleasing and poetical trait, because so perfectly in keeping with the impetuous, and womanly nature depicted; yet, it is not in itself a commendable characteristic. I submit, therefore, that two hours a-day would suffice every lady for the discharge of her household concerns, if a little tact and judgment were but brought to bear on the matter: I would point in evidence of my assertion to the fact, that young ladies of attainments and refinement, reduced gentlewomen in fact, who, by the pressure of circumstances, are forced to earn their living by serving in shops, or working for warehouses; and to whom, in consequence, time stands for money, and work represents wages, despatch their domestic duties with the greatest ease and celerity; and this simply, because they give their minds to the performance of them, and go through with it in a business-like manner. But, it may be urged, house affairs are not like business, that can be transacted and done with: they are continually drawing us off. This is a mistake too. If there is only present the inclination to improve yourself in any one thing in leisure time, be sure you will be enabled to prove my allowance of two hours for domestic duties an ample one.

Next: I have to speak of how I propose for you to employ and occupy the time thus made vacant. It appears to me then of little moment to what work it is given, so it is given to work. What I wish chiefly to inculcate is, the duty of achieving distinction in some branch of study, or department of manual skill; the necessity for *excelling* as an artist, a musician, say, even a chess-player, or a florist; or, for accomplishing yourself to *superiority* in the acquisition of languages, or the obtaining thorough mastery of some science. But, after all, the great thing is to *do something*: to open your mind, to enlarge your ideas and understanding; to gain exact knowledge and conclusive information.

Do not be afraid, in prosecuting this scheme of action, of having it charged upon you that you are a "masculine" woman. Better a thousand times be a masculine than a weak one. Brave the stigma *manfully*. Discard *boudoir*-table books; in the stead of crimson morocco annuals and keepsakes, clasp William Shakspere and John Milton; and read them every line. The sentiment is old enough, and is being continually revived, that woman is the poetry of life. Be you so. But, be Poetry; not silly jingling rhyme—a Baviad or a Mæviad; but, heartfelt nervous poetry; such lessons as the greatest poet-preachers of our day, teach us in song. A thought comes into my mind, which I will set down here. In the early days of the drama, it was the custom for the young men and youths of the company to personate the female characters. May I not point a moral from this, and say, that the female character should be represented, or personified in some degree by the young man's, the youth's; that it should have the vigour, the unrest, (how I like that word!) belonging to man—the simplicity and freshness of youth?

Finally, my closing words to you are: be earnest, be thoughtful; trifle no time, lead no listless life. Think what a deal of sin and suffering there is in the world; how, in that foulest of cisterns, a great city, misery and crime lie knotting and gendering everywhere. Think of the sorrowing girls and wretched women, the "hands" employed at those warehouses, whose masters' modern heraldry is truly "hands," not hearts: think of the slop-hands, the shirt-hands, the tambour-hands, the dressmakers. Think too, sometimes, of the governesses: a class who, if their wrongs have been at any time overstated, yet, deserve your consideration and sympathy. And if, having thought of these things, you can be frivolous in your speech, effeminate in your acts; if you can have any heart for frippery and foppery, ever afterwards cease to ascribe your errors to want of thought; set them down to their true cause—want of feeling.

Lessons for Little Ones.

IDLE WISHES; OR, CHANGE NOT ALWAYS IMPROVEMENT.

"WHAT a pity," said William, a little boy of eight years old, "that Papa has taken it into his head to hang up the parrot's cage so high! Though I stand on tip-toe on the chair, I cannot get within arm's length of it."

"Let me try," said his brother, Charles, who was about two years older, "I think I am somewhat taller than you."

"You may try," said William, "though I don't think there is much difference between us. But you see you are not tall enough, for you cannot reach the cage after all."

At this moment their Papa came into the room, and Charles exclaimed, "Oh! Papa, how I should like to be as tall as you!"

PAPA.—Believe me, my boy, you would not be at all better satisfied if you were.

CHARLES.—Indeed, Papa, I believe you are quite right; for I should much rather be as tall as the giant that was exhibiting some time ago in the town.

WILLIAM.—Well, as wishes cost nothing, you might as well say something that would be worth wishing for. Now, I should like to be as tall as our tallest cherry tree.

PAPA.—In the first place, wishes cost a great deal; idle wishes, such as yours, waste both your time and powers of mind; and, in the next place, I should be glad to know why you wish to be as tall as the cherry tree?

CHARLES.—Oh! because I should then want neither pole nor ladder when the cherries were ripe. Just think, William, how nice it would be to have our heads higher than the trees in the orchard, and to be able to gather

the pears and apples, as if we were picking gooseberries. Would not that be something worth wishing for?

WILLIAM.—And then we could look in at the top windows of our neighbours' houses. What a fine fright we should give them?

CHARLES,—And I should never be afraid of the carriages running over me then. I need only keep my legs out wide apart, and under might pass horses, coach, coachman, and footman.

WILLIAM.—And, brother, you know the little river at the bottom of the garden, I must have a boat to get across it now, or else run a mile round to the bridge—but, then, with one stride, I should be at the other side.

PAPA.—All this is very fine; but, after all, I must say you are a pair of little fools.

CHARLES.—Fools! Papa?

PAPA.—Yes; to think that you would be, in the least, better off than you are.

CHARLES.—But, Papa, if we were able to do more than we can do now, would not this be a great point?

WILLIAM.—For instance, would it not be very convenient to be able to reach up very high, and to go very far in one step?

PAPA.—Before I answer, you must tell me whether, while giving yourself this immense height, you intend that everything around you should remain the same size it is now.

WILLIAM.—Certainly, Papa.

CHARLES.—Oh! yes. Only we three are to be giants.

PAPA.—Many thanks to you; but I am quite satisfied with my present size, and choose to remain as I am. But, now, William, if you were as tall as our tallest cherry tree, as you just now wished to be, tell me, how could you get on in the orchard, thickly planted as it is? You should walk on all-fours, and even then you would have some difficulty in making your way.

WILLIAM.—Difficulty! Surely, Papa, I need only put my foot to the first tree I found in my way, and knock it to pieces.

PAPA.—A most rational arrangement, truly. So, then, just in proportion to the greater quantity of fruit necessary to satisfy your giant appetite, would be the destruction of the trees producing it. But, if we leave the precincts of our own domain, and get upon the roads, some are like so many shaded avenues, with the trees on each side, intertwined overhead, which you could not walk under, so that you must give up all hope of ever enjoying the cool shade that others feel so delightful. But what would become of you if you encountered a thick wood? You should lay about you at a great rate to make a free passage.

WILLIAM.—It would not be more trouble to me than it is now to make a hole in the hedge.

CHARLES.—I would tear up the oaks by the roots, like the Orlando Furioso, in the story you told me.

PAPA.—The men condemned to live in the same age with you would be very much to be pitied. However, let us go on. With the long legs you would have then, you, doubtless, would take it into your head to travel?

WILLIAM.—To be sure, Papa! For my part, I would go to the world's end.

PAPA.—It must be then without stopping; for where could you find on the way a house, a room, or bed large enough for you? You must be content to sleep in the open air on a hay-cock, be the night as stormy as it may. Would that be very pleasant, think you, William?

WILLIAM.—Alas! I should be like poor Gulliver at Lilliput!

CHARLES.—Well! I see we did not arrange the matter properly. I believe we must allow other people to be as tall as ourselves.

PAPA.—Come, that is being a little less selfish. But, would the earth suffice to feed so many colossal monsters? A country in which a thousand persons are able to subsist now, could not afford sufficient for twenty of your giants. We should each devour an ox in two days; and half a ton of milk would not be enough for our breakfast.

CHARLES.—But, then you know, Papa, I intend that the oxen should grow bigger too.

PAPA.—And how many of such oxen think you could be pastured in our fields?

CHARLES.—Not very many, indeed, Papa.

PAPA.—So that for want of room, we should soon have no cattle.

CHARLES.—There is nothing for it, but to enlarge the world at the same time.

PAPA.—It seems that nothing stands in your way. To give yourselves a few inches more in height, you think little of changing all nature. It is doubtless a fine stretch of imagination, nevertheless I am inclined to believe you would derive very little advantage from it.

CHARLES.—But why, Papa?

PAPA.—Do you know what is meant by proportion?

CHARLES.—No, Papa.

PAPA.—Stand close to William. Which is the taller of the two?

CHARLES.—It is easily seen. I am a head taller than he is.

PAPA.—Now stand beside me. Which is the shorter?

CHARLES.—I am sorry to say I am.

PAPA.—Then you are at once both tall and short?

CHARLES.—No. I am tall compared with William, and short compared with you.

PAPA.—And were we all three to become ten times taller than we are, would you be shorter, compared with me, or taller compared with your brother, than you are at present?

CHARLES.—No, papa, there would be still the same difference between us.

PAPA.—Now you know what is meant by proportion, a proportional gradation. Now, to go back to your idea; if everything in nature became proportionately larger, you would still find yourself at the very point from which you set out. You would not be tall enough to frighten people by looking in at their windows; nor to cross rivers in one stride. If you were as tall as our cherry-tree, the cherry-tree in its turn would have grown in the very same proportion that it now bears to you.

WILLIAM.—It is quite true, you have made it quite clear. I see papa, that I should have to take to my pole or my ladder; and they too must be larger; just as I do now, when I want to pick cherries.

PAPA.—What possible advantage then could you derive from such a total reversal of the present order of things?

CHARLES.—Indeed, papa, I do not see any, I must own.

PAPA.—You perceive, then, how absurd it is to indulge in wishes, the gratification of which would not render you one degree more happy.

CHARLES.—You are quite right, papa. It would have been much better to have wished to be little, very little, quite little.

PAPA.—This is but exchanging one foolish fancy for another. I should be glad to hear your reasons for this reduction in size?

CHARLES.—One reason is—and now papa I am sure you will say this is a good reason—we need never then have any fear of famine. A handful of corn would feed a whole family for the twenty-four hours.

PAPA.—This indeed would be a great saving.

CHARLES.—And then there would be no occasion for war. A space like our garden would be sufficient for building a whole city And men, having more than enough of room to be quite at their ease, would no longer seek to slaughter each other for some inches of ground.

PAPA.—Knowing the folly, the madness of men, I am

not quite so sure as you are. But I will not disturb, by fears or evil forebodings, such an admirable arrangement. I see peace and plenty flourishing, and thanks to your wise provision, the age of gold once more returning.

WILLIAM.—But this is not all. Our tutor says that the lesser animals have a more delicate and perfect organization than the larger, that their sight is more penetrating, their hearing more acute, and their sense of smell more refined.

PAPA.—Yes, generally speaking.

CHARLES.—So that men, very little men, would see, hear, and smell a number of things of which our coarser senses know nothing at present.

PAPA.—These would be advantages, but I must own their acquisition would be to me more than counterbalanced, by the loss of the universal dominion we exercise over every living creature.

CHARLES.—But why must it be lost, Papa? Have you not often told me that man rules more by his intelligence than by his strength?

PAPA.—True, but this would be no longer the case, if his strength were so utterly disproportioned to his intelligence. Give a Lilliputian the boldest, the most expansive genius, give him even our arts and inventions at their present high degree of perfection, do you think that he would be able to make use of our most pliant instruments, or give to our lightest machine its motion? How could he defend himself from wild beasts, when his own dog might unintentionally trample him to death?

CHARLES.—But you know everything around is to be smaller in proportion. Oh, papa! I have caught you there.

PAPA.—Only to the upsetting of your whole scheme, for in that case, he loses all the advantages you thought to procure for him by the change. His small crops would be no security against famine; his wars would be as frequent and as cruel. The inferior animals would still have finer organs and more delicate perception, and perhaps, notwithstanding his insignificance, we should have him like some little gentleman of my acquaintance, setting about reforming the universe.

CHARLES.—Well, indeed, papa, you are very hard to be pleased. You let none of our arrangements stand.

WILLIAM.—It is your fault, Charles, for you do not know how to manage matters. I have a plan in my head that would settle everything.

PAPA.—Pray let us hear it. I own I am not a little curious.

WILLIAM.—All would be right if we had only harder bodies, as hard as iron.

PAPA.—How so?

WILLIAM.—Look at this scratch on my finger. It seems a mere trifle, and yet I cannot tell you how it pains me.

PAPA.—(Taking an orange from his pocket.) Here, William, smell this orange.

WILLIAM.—What a beautiful orange, and such a nice scent. I am sure it must have a delicious flavour. May I take it, papa, and share it with Charles?

PAPA.—No, indeed. I intend it for the little black figure on the chimney-piece.

WILLIAM.—Oh, now you are laughing at us, papa. It can neither see, nor smell, nor eat.

PAPA.—And yet it is bronze.

WILLIAM.—That is the very reason.

PAPA.—It seems then, that you were ready to sacrifice the pleasure of sight, smell and taste, to insure that should you fall off the chimney-piece your head would not be broken. For you would be good for nothing but to figure there.

WILLIAM.—Oh, I never meant that. I intended to be alive, with this difference only that my body should be made of iron.

PAPA.—And how could the nerves of an iron body have that flexibility and sensibility which render the use of our limbs so easy and the exercise of our senses so delightful?

WILLIAM.—It is too bad. I see that my arrangement is not in the least better than that of my brother.

CHARLES.—But, Papa, tell us your plan now, for I am sure you would make a nice one, as you know so well how to overthrow all ours.

PAPA.—I make no plans on this subject, for the simple reason, that I am fully convinced that I should not succeed one degree better than you have done. You have, yourselves, seen, and every day's experience will prove to you, that you could not make any change in man's conformation, that could better adapt him to the circumstances by which he is surrounded; nor is it otherwise with the powers of mind which he has been given. You will yet learn, I trust, by the use and development of them in yourselves, the wondrous resources of the human mind. How marvellous are the discoveries which the exercise of the noble faculty of thought has enabled man to make; how admirable the inventions, rendering all nature tributary to him; and, not only making it minister to the daily wants of ordinary life, but, at one time, giving him, in the aid of instruments, the greater acuteness of vision, of which you spoke just now as belonging to the inferior animals; and, at another, giving him, by machinery, set in motion by the elements, a swiftness almost bearing comparison with the wing of the bird, for which, I dare say, you have often wished. But man is even still greater as a social being.

CHARLES.—Papa, what do you mean by man as a social being?

PAPA.—I mean man's connection with, his influence, his power over his fellow-men; the way in which men are dependent one upon another. To use this power for mutual benefit, is to comply with the injunction to "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" for mutual dependence, mutual benefit, is a law of our nature, and a privilege of it—I mean, it is good, and not less good for one person than it is for all. Even just now, in your first plan of being the only giant in the world, you found this isolation, this standing alone and high above all others, had its inconveniences; and you seemed, too, I am sorry to say, inclined to use the power you fancied it would give you, solely for selfish ends; everything was to be cleared out of your way, and for trifling objects. Man is placed here to do good and to get good, and this he does by communication and kind intercourse with his fellow-men, by gentle courtesy, pity, humanity, kindly sympathy, and regardful consideration in his several relations as master, servant, employer, employed, friend, in short, as *good neighbours*.

CHARLES.—But, Papa, you say he is greater as a social being, than in those wonderful discoveries and inventions, and the exercise of his mind and powers of thought. It would seem so easy a thing to be what you call a good neighbour.

PAPA.—I will tell you why he is greater as a social being. First, because the feelings, or moral powers, are the highest part of our nature: and, in society, with his fellows, man's affections are developed and exercised, and not merely his understanding and intellect. I think you always feel happier, and I am sure you are better, when you have shown from your heart, some kindness to another, than when you have worked the most difficult sum your tutor ever gave you to calculate. He is a nobler being who can say, "I am a man, and nothing is foreign, nothing far from me that is human," than he who, in his delight at knowledge acquired, said, "I have found it—I have found it." Besides, all the wonderful discoveries and inventions of man's intellect have always, as their object, social benefit; and are valuable just in proportion as they minister to this object. Now, if the object be a good one, it must always be of more import-

ance than the means used to attain it. And I cannot but think, my dear boys, that this would be a good rule for you through life, by which to test any pursuit. Set a just value upon the time, the powers God has given you, and then let your object be greater than the means. I must now leave you for some business out of doors, but I hope you do not feel so ready to believe in the superiority of your mode of arrangement.

NOTES ON THE MONTHS.

MAY.

"The Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm."

How beautiful are the rosy footsteps of May! Less showery and changeful than April, and not so heated and burdensome as June, she stands like a gentle mediator between the two, gradually leading us onward to the season when all is sunshine. With her soft blue eye, and her mild but radiant countenance, she comes like an angel of light among men. Verdure and fruition start into new life at her approach. She scatters in her path the sweetest flowers of nature, and everywhere breathes fragrance and joyousness. The hawthorn blossom covers the hedges, and daisies and cowslips still deck the upland and the valley. The birds of the air are carolling her welcome, and even the mute beasts of the field seem happier at her coming.

The Spring is past; but it has left traces of its footsteps on vale, and wood, and stream. 'Tis past! But we imagine we can yet hear its voice dying away in the distance, like a song of heaven, or like the voices we have heard in a dream, singing of hope, and peace, and love; telling of the Summer which draws near, less fresh and buoyant perhaps, but more sedately beautiful. Who can look on the land where Spring hath been, and where Summer is, without feeling his heart expanding, and pouring out its streams of gentleness "on all things round, and clasping all above?" "Rise up," said the wise Solomon, "rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land."

May-day! the heart leaps up at the word, and is thrilled with feelings of the purest delight. In times of yore, the first morning of May was ushered in with music, and songs, and merry-makings. What loving and cheerful hearts our brave forefathers must have had, and how keen a relish for the beautiful in nature! The young maidens rose with the first dawning of the May-day morn, and went forth to bathe their rosy cheeks with the early May-dew, and the men and boys to gather green boughs and wild flowers, wherewith to deck their homes for the summer festival; and the tallest tree on the lord's estate was reared as a Maypole on the village green, around which lads and lasses danced and sang till the sinking sun tipped the distant hills with his gold. It was the veritable Summer's saturnalia; then the hobby-horse jumped, and the dragon rolled, and many uncouth capers were cut,—the lord of the soil with his wife and daughters, from the old Hall, not disdaining to take their share in the sports. This May-day celebration, they say, was but a relic of an old Pagan Festival. It matters not, the fact makes us even feel kindly towards the Pagans, who invented this form of worship to the sovereign month of flowers. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Nature is now in her youth again, and the full life-stream is bounding hot, and mantling through all her veins. How warm the sun is! You cannot now look in his eye, as he sails through the great blue ocean along the path he has lighted from everlasting. Under his glowing eye, all things spring into renewed life. In the meadows you walk ankle-deep among the thick grass—the richest carpet of nature's weaving. In the woods, which are now bright green, you are delighted by the sunshine streaming down through the branches of the tall trees, finding a broken passage to the ground, as if to seek out and kiss some loved though lonely flower, that blushes unseen beneath the shadow of yonder huge oak. Then hearken! It is the song of the sky-lark as it fans the milk-white cloud—singing a song of love, sweet as is the melody of a happy thought in its transit through the soul. You may not see it, and yet the welkin rings with its jubilant music. Not without a wise purpose does nature thus yearly renew her youth for us, and clothe every succeeding summer with verdure and with flowers. The summer of the heart is thus preserved and prolonged in all its freshness, by this glorious procession of the seasons in nature. We look upon all this to little purpose, if we look not up, and see the great and loving God above all. Hearken to the booming of the bee as it wings its joyous way, laden with the sweets of a thousand flowers. Or, it is evening; the golden sun is sinking beneath a cloud, and "day goes blushing like a bride to rest," then uprises from some sheltered grove the clear, mellifluous, ravishing song of the nightingale pouring her strains into the ear of night, till the east becomes gilded with the first rays of the advancing god, when the lark springs from her nest and takes up the beautiful strain of melody. You are seated in a bosky green dell, and your ear catches the murmuring ripple of the streamlet as it winds its tortuous way, now concealed by the brushwood and briars, and now laughing in the full gaze of the meridian sun. The very wind is now musical, as it wanders over the hills and valleys, and sweeps the bright meadows with its soft and gentle wing; curling the bosom of the lake and fanning the crisp foliage of the trees; creeping through open lattices, and bringing a refreshing coolness to the fevered brow, bearing on its wings a delicious fragrance to the spent frame of the drooping invalid. All these voices of May-nature are but a small part of the vast choir of melodious tongues, which are ever pouring forth a ceaseless song of tributary praise to the Creator.

Among the beautiful features of this lovely month, the following are to be noted. The hawthorn hedges covered with their May blossom, over thousands of miles of country—exhaling a perfume more delicious than ever floated in the marble palaces of cities. The woods are bright with foliage, though many young leaves are still bursting from their buds into the light of day. The pines now look dark and gloomy amid the gay livery of the surrounding trees. The tracery of each tree is still to be remarked, the wiry twigs and the feathery branches, though in a few weeks more they will be clothed with leafy darkness. The lilac is in flower, the chestnut-flowers are just appearing; the guelder-rose and laburnum are also in bloom. The heaths now wear a gorgeous livery; red ferns are bursting forth, and the yellow gorse is hung with flowers of gold. There is no end of flowers, from the violet, which has not yet departed; the crocus, buttercup, and daisy; the field hyacinth, meadow lychnis, blue-bell, pile-wort, and crowsfoot,—to the gay flowers of the garden and parterre—the brilliant tulip, the rich crimson peony, the bright red monkey poppy, with a thousand other beautiful flowering plants and roots.

The woods are now alive with the singing of birds. The song of the cuckoo is fullest in May, though towards the end of the month he begins to grow hoarse. The ringdove's melancholy "coo" is often heard, with the *weet-weet*, and *pink-pink*, of the chaffinch, and the

the *winkle-winkle* of the blackbird, in the intervals of their melody. There is also the shriek of the jay, the shrill shout of the wood-pecker, the tinkling voice of the titmouse; and the whitethroat may be seen hopping from tree to tree, to allure you from his nest. The voices and cries of these birds are almost as interesting as their songs.

The insects of the season now make their appearance, and there are certain fine days in which thousands of species make their first début together. The early sulphur butterfly is now seen every fine day, and is followed by the tortoiseshell, the peacock, and lastly, by the white cabbage butterflies. The air is full of winged insects, and the bees are humming over the flowers, sucking from them their honey.

Now is the time to go out and enjoy the mild summer sun, the green weather, and the beauties of earth, and air, and sky. How we, who are busily occupied in the pent-up towns, long to get out into the May scenery! Hurrying along the crowded streets, we hear with a thrill, the voice of the caged blackbird, hung out where a patch of sunshine comes cheeringly on the brown brick wall; and we look out with interest upon the budding greenness of a solitary tree, donning its summer livery in some black city garden. The amateur gardener busies himself among his pinks, roses, and tulips; and the little cottage garden is now a little paradise, gay with flowers. The roses and woodbines trailed along the porch are now putting forth their beauties, making the sunshine more glad. Out in the country, what pictures of beauty await us—in the green lanes, along the wayside hedges, and among the "green-robed senators of the mighty woods." And as the quiet stillness of evening falls over the landscape, you can almost fancy that you hear the grass growing, and the pulse of nature beating.

The month of May should be full of holidays. May-day in especial should be consecrated to its old uses—to the holding of the great summer festival. We ought then to renew our cordial acquaintance with nature, so that a life of toil may be sweetened, and many glad thoughts be treasured up in the heart for future remembrance. "The world is too much with us—getting and spending we lay waste our powers." Let us have a May-day for the people, and inundate the green fields with the pale faces from the towns, where shrunken spirits may be invigorated by a contact with nature, and the breath of a new life may be freely inhaled. Every railroad should bear its burden of human beings countrywards on that day—none without its monster train, and fares should be brought sufficiently low to induce all classes to travel. Let us use our great power of steam locomotion, so as to civilize and humanize the masses, and promote their full health and vigour. Let them see the clear sky, and the green grass and trees, hear the waters murmur, and the birds sing; and they will learn to love nature, and appreciate her lessons; drawing from thence the best materials for their moral and spiritual well-being.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

From the maggot that leaps from a nut as we crack it on our plate after dinner, and the caterpillar that eats up the leaves of our favourite convolvulus in the garden—from the fish that cleaves the green, translucent wave, and the bird that wings the breeze of incense-breathing morn—from the lion that roams the desert wild, and the horse that tramps the battle-field, or prances before the lady's equipage—up to Man, the master of them all, there is one all-pervading nervous system, progressively diminishing in a downward scale of analytic exhaustion, till it ends in a mere microscopic globule of a brain, by which they all communicate and hold their relative and inter-dependent existences, according to their various forms and needs, and types of organization, function, growth, location, and pursuits.—*Dr. Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

NACOOCHEE.

With the valley of Nacoochee is connected a beautiful Indian legend. It runs substantially as follows:—

"Long before the Anglo Saxon had made his first foot-prints on these western shores—long before even the Genoese visionary had dreamed of a New World beyond the Columns of Hercules, there dwelt in this lovely valley a young maiden of wonderful and almost celestial beauty. She was the daughter of a chieftain—a princess. In doing homage to her, the people of her tribe almost forgot the Great Spirit who made her, and endowed her with such strange beauty. Her name was Nacoochee—"The Evening Star." A son of the chieftain of a neighbouring and hostile tribe saw the beautiful Nacoochee and loved her. He stole her young heart. She loved *him* with an intensity of passion that only the noblest souls know. They met beneath the holy stars, and sealed their simple vows with kisses. In the valley, where, from the interlocked branches overhead, hung with festoons, in which the white flowers of the climate, and the purple blossoms of the magnificent wild passion-flower, mingled with the dark foliage of the muscadine, they found a fitting place. The song of the mocking-bird, and the murmur of the Chattahoochee's hurrying waters were marriage-hymn and anthem to them. They vowed eternal love. They vowed to live and die with each other. Intelligence of these secret meetings reached the ear of the old chief, Nacoochee's father, and his anger was terrible. But love for Laceola was stronger in the heart of Nacoochee than even reverence to her father's commands. One night the maiden was missed from her tent. The old chieftain commanded his warriors to pursue the fugitive. They found her with Laceola, the son of a hated race. In an instant an arrow was aimed at his breast. Nacoochee sprang before him and received the barbed shaft in her own heart. Her lover was stupified! He made no resistance, and his blood mingled with hers! The lovers were buried in the same grave, and a lofty mound was raised to mark the spot. Deep grief seized the old chief and all his people, and the valley was ever after called Nacoochee. The mound which marks the trysting-place, and the grave of the maiden and her betrothed, surmounted by a solitary pine, is still to be seen, and forms one of the most interesting features of the landscape of this lovely vale."

TRUTH IN CONVERSATION.

The love of truth is the stimulus to all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquiry—willing to communicate, and more willing to receive—contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge. Speech without it is but babble. Rhetoric more noisy, but less useful than the tinman's trade. When the love of truth fires up the passions, puts its lightning in the brain, then men may know that a prophet is among them. This is the spring of all heroism, and clothes the martyr with a flame that outshines the flame that kills him. Compared with this, the emulations of argument—the pungencies of sarcasm—the pride of logic—the pomp of declamation—are as the sounds of an automation to the voice of a man.

NATURAL BEAUTY.

The impression of human beauty either in marble, or on canvas, is, to those who can feel it, a great delight,—but the living and the actual is a rapture which admits of no defining. All adventitious distinctions are nothing in its presence. The youth barefooted on the mountains, clad in the goodliness of nature, is a true prince and peer of earth. The girl, by the spring, robed in home-spun cotton, with the light of loveliness around her, is a queen with a right divine from heaven.

MY MISSION.

They speak in stately, sounding words,
About our "mission" here,
And while they speak, my quivering lids,
Can scarce retain the tear.
They talk of noble destinies,
Of grand and god-like deeds;
Such souls must surely bear the flowers,
Mine only beareth weeds!

I am not called to distant scenes
To sacrifice my life,
To preach the gospel-words of peace
To savages in strife.
I am not called to prison cells
To soothe the souls of woe;
No Howard mission is for me,
My destiny is low

God knows all hero-acts and thoughts
Find echoes in my heart,
And with a steady fervency
I too would do my part;
But 'tis not given me to write
Upon the world my name,
Or send up to its giddy height
The glory of my fame.

I am a pebble, gently cast
Into this ocean-tide;
The wavelets, as they circle past,
Seem neither deep nor wide;
Yet calm and noiseless ride they on
Far out unto the sea,
And are assuredly a force
In Life's Infinity.

There is a "mission" then for me,
Though humble, yet divine;
A faint, soft light may stream from me,
Though not a star to shine.
What work lies nearest to my hand
That may I nobly do;
And midst our homely, household band,
Be simple, loving, true.

Beside my hearth, and at my door,
Kind words may sweetly fall;
And he is sure not very poor,
Who gladly blesseth all!
O'er common things and common ways
A holy halo sheds:
For all unknown, the gentle tone
A merry sunlight spreads!

I may not sway the multitude
With witchery, wild and strong;
But here, amidst my solitude,
I weave a hopeful song.
I am content with these my powers,
With these my lowly deeds,
Rememb'ring, He who formed the flowers
Hath also made the weeds!

(Manchester Inspector.) MARIE.

THE LOVE OF MAN.

The love of man in his maturer years, is not so much a new emotion, as a revival and concentration of all his departed affections to others. Who, when he returns to recall his first and fondest associations—when he throws off one by one, the layers of earth and stone which have grown and hardened over the records of the past—who has not been surprised to discover how fresh and unimpaired those buried treasures rise again upon his heart? They have been laid up in the store-house of time; their very concealment has preserved them. We remove the lava, and the world of a gone day is before us.

DIAMOND DUST.

LIBERTY is the child of education.

THE authors of one generation are the spiritual parents of the next, which invariably reaps the full harvest of its thoughts and aspirations.

WHEN clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men.

GOUT—sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but more often the child of our own sins visiting its father.

THERE is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building, which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

WHEN the heart prompts us to listen, how fine is the ear.

Do the likeliest and hope the best.

THE mystery of sympathy links us with kindred minds, and bids us feel, long before the lights and shadows of character can be distinguished, that we have met with the rich blessing of a heart which can understand us, and on which our own can lean.

TARDY recognition insults the genius which it starves and then crowns.

VICE can never know itself and virtue, but virtue knows both itself and vice.

MANNERS are the hypocrisy of nature, the hypocrisy being more or less perfect.

HAPPINESS—a blessing often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer pleasure to run after them.

A GENTLEMAN is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

EVERYTHING great is not always good, but all good things are great.

MEN who regard money merely as a means to some particular end seldom grow rich.

WANT of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

IT is better to *do* something than to *project* many things.

DARE to be good, though the world laugh at you.

THE true poet produces his greatest effects not by outraging the sympathies, but by vindicating them.

TRUST not the world, for it never payeth what it promiseth.

DRAM—a small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

To conciliate is so infinitely more agreeable than to offend, that it is worth some sacrifice of individual will.

ECONOMY—a pauper without a parish, whom no one will own or adopt, unless compelled by necessity.

HE who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

MISFORTUNE is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to any one, in short, but ourselves. Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse and make responsible for all our calamities.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, so esteem without love is languid and cold.

WE should let our likings ripen before we love.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 8, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, May 4, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 54.] SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

TRIPPING over the stile, one Sabbath summer morning, came a village girl, her sunburnt face half-shaded by a knitted bonnet, dimples showing upon her cheeks and chin, lips rosy and full, eyes sparkling with life and health, her whole frame radiant with rural beauty and vigour. After her came a little, pale boy, who limped over the stile, aided by her tender hand, and who seemed to breathe heavily and painfully, as he plodded after her along the field-path which led to church. Through the green meadow they walked, along the tall waving corn, by the skirt of the coppice, and then up the green lane which brought them to the church door, the humble spire of which had been for some time in sight, the bell chiming louder and louder as they neared it.

"Haste thee, Jacky, haste thee, else I fear we shall be too late," said the girl.

The boy, wearied and panting, dragged himself along, holding by his sister's arm. "Oh, Rosie, how tired I am, you do not know," he said; "here, let us sit down upon this gravestone for a minute or two, for we are in good time; the last bell has not rung in yet."

"Poor Jacky, lad, I wish I had left you at home; you look quite ill. But, you know you *would* come, and I couldn't say No!"

"It was your last Sunday with us, Rosie; and my heart longed to be with you here again, before you left us for the great city. You may never see me again, Rosie, but you may sit upon my grave and think of me, kindly and lovingly."

Rosie sighed, and with kind words tried to cheer the drooping boy. "Faint-hearted as ever, Jacky, I see! why will you thus give way to sorrowful thoughts? Surely, life is fresh and young to both of us, and merry joys are yet in store for us all. I go to London for your sake—I wish to send you to school, and make you learned and wise, like our own good curate, and then how proud and happy we shall all be!"

The boy's eyes sparkled with pleasure now, for it was his thought by day, and his dream by night—that he should be a scholar, and live with the great dead in their works, breathe their thoughtful breath, and drink in their glorious spirit. His precocious aspirations were already formed, and he panted eagerly after learning, boy though he was.

"Thank you kindly, Rosie," was his answer, as he warmly pressed her hand. "I trust it will be all as you say, and now let us go into church."

Across the churchyard they went, hand in hand, striding over the pigmy hunches of sward, on one of which sat a child playing with the shadows cast by itself upon a newly-chiselled gravestone; then near the porch, with greetings on each side, they passed through a group of old men gossiping over their staves; while up the centre walk came a bridal party in gay attire, following whom came a bowed-down widow, in her weeds, amid a mourning family of sons and daughters. And thus, converging towards the old ivy-covered porch, its Norman scroll half-hid beneath the leaves,—the joys and sorrows, the hopes and regrets, the aspirations and fears of this quiet country district, passed commingling together into the church.

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Six months have passed, and the scene is changed. The summer's sun has gone, harvest is past, and autumn has paled into winter, which whitens the ground with his rime. About a dozen girls sit sewing in a small close room, behind the millinery and dressmaking establishment of Mrs. Jones, situated in a narrow street, in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. The only window looks into a close yard, on the other side of which rise up the blackened brick walls of the line of houses forming the next parallel street. Sometimes the sun throws a slanting ray into that narrow rift of brick, but, into this little room itself its glad light never plays. There is nothing cheerful to view without, and there is still less that is cheerful to behold within.

The sewers are dressed, some neatly, some gaudily, some tastefully, some plainly and humbly as poor girls can be. Among them is seated our Rosie, whom we last saw entering the village church. Her cheeks have lost their fresh hue, and a pasty paleness has taken its place. Her eyes are red and swelled, her lips are shrunken, and her form seems shrivelled up. Can this be the girl whom we found so bright and glowing with hope only six months ago? It is! For poor Rosie now leads the familiar life of a London seamstress, and she has already stamped upon her features the accustomed miseries of her class.

There is no want of talk in this little back-room, stifling and cheerless though it be. One tells of her visit to the theatre last night, and how she had been charmed

by that "delicious little Wright." It is a puzzle to poor Rosie to make out how her fellow-worker can afford the luxury of a theatre,—while she herself can barely keep soul and body together by means of her daily gains, eked out though they be by working extra-hours at her own lodging overnight. She tries to comprehend how it is, but, shuddering, gives up in despair, nor is she even yet so familiar in her new sphere as to venture to ask. And there is something in the conversation and bearing of some of the girls that she does not like—a loud voice and flaunting air; and she feels no companionship for them. Others there are, quiet and demure, with eyes bent over their work till they grow giddy and faint, to whom she would unbosom herself if she could; for she feels the need of some warm loving heart, on which to throw herself for sympathy. But, ah! there is no time, no opportunity for such sweet intercourse, and she sits and sews incessantly, feeling that she is becoming a mere machine, a mutilated being, with a palsied head and heart, her whole sensations concentrated in her eyes and fingers.

Occasionally her thoughts wander to home—to the sweet scent of the bean-fields and the meadows, when the hay has been new-mown—to the field-lanes, the village-stile, and the road to church, with loving little Jacky's hand in hers—to the realization of her anxious wish, that he should be sent to school when she has made sufficient money of her own for the purpose; but, she is rudely roused from such thoughts by the voice of Miss Simpson, the forewoman.

"Good gracious, girl, see how you are staining that satin—tears I declare! Well, if ever! But, Mrs. Jones shall know about it! She is not one to submit to such childishness as this! I hope girl," she continued, "you have not done that on purpose?"

"Oh, no! ma'am; no! no!" exclaimed Rosie, the full blush now struggling to her cheek. Some of the girls titter, and whisper to each other, looking at her the while, and she becomes more confused than before.

"I wonder, girl," continued Miss Simpson, "what makes you look so sheepish—such a broad country stare you have—and those great wide sleeves of yours—who ever saw such a scarecrow?"

"I'm very sorry, ma'am, so I am," she replied, "but, what am I to do? I can't help it. I dress me in what clothes I have, and when I can afford better, I shall perhaps improve."

"And much need there is of that, I think."

"But, if I were you," observed Miss Williams, a pale, but gay looking girl, and sitting near her, "I would alter my frock-sleeves after I got home at night."

"Only it is so late, and I have then other work to do."

"Other work!" observed Miss Simpson, "and what other work, I should like to know?"

"Why, the landlady and neighbours ask me to do work for them, and I am so anxious to save a little money to put our little Jacky to school, that I take it in, and work a few hours before sleep every night, when I can."

"Here's pretty doings!" ejaculated Miss Simpson—"a private business of your own you are carrying on, and while our house is so busy that we do not know how to turn ourselves. We must see how we can cure that!"

And she flounced out of the room to speak with the head of the establishment.

Some of the girls cast fierce looks at poor Rosie, who, was quite unconscious of any wrong she had done, and assailing her with epithets, they declared that they were already worked long hours enough, and would not stay a minute longer than they had done, though they "knew that Mrs. Jones would be for keeping them an hour or two later, after what "that creature" had said to Miss Simpson.

Here, taking advantage of the forewoman's absence, one of the girls took from her pocket a little stout bottle, and holding it up, asked, "Now, then, who'll have some Dantzic?"

"I will," cried one, and another, and another.

The bottle was sent round, with the word, "make haste!" And each filled her thimble once or twice, and drunk it off. It passed Rosie, for this was one of the practices of the shop, with which she could never reconcile herself. Stimulus indeed she needed, of pure air, and exercise, and sunshine; but, against the deceptive stimulus of the Dantzic, her whole heart and soul revolted. Her pure country tastes yet clung about her.

The sound of approaching footsteps was now heard on the stairs, and the bottle was hastily handed back to the owner, and thrust into her pocket out of sight.

Miss Simpson said nothing on her entrance, but, at the customary hour of closing at night, the girls were told that their mistress had need of them for an hour or two longer, to finish some very particular work; and stay they must, and stay they did. What could the girls do? Others were ready to rush into their places at wages no better than theirs, perhaps lower; and they did not dare to risk the chances of change in so precarious a vocation.

Pale, exhausted, feeble, and shivering at the sudden chill of the night air, the girls passed into the street at a late hour, and each pursued her own way.

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A candle throws a flickering light round a miserable attic chamber, at a table near the centre of which a girl is seated, sewing at a dress. There is no fire in the apartment, and her features are pinched with the cold. Her feet she has wrapped in an old cloak, to keep them warm. A teapot, with cup and saucer, are on the table beside her, from which she has snatched a hasty meal. Her neck aches with stooping, her eyes with gazing, her fingers with stitching. Still she sews on. The work must be finished to order, before she can lay her head on her pillow. Were toil and suffering measured by money, the price paid for this work were high; but, it is only an extra shilling she is thus eager to earn, and to her it is absolutely necessary, as enabling her to live. By her daily labour she can earn from four to five shillings a week; but, she cannot lodge, feed, and clothe herself under an average of seven shillings a week, or a shilling a day; and to earn the requisite little sum, she sits up and toils at her seam through the dreary night hours. She has long given up the thought of saving money. Alas, her struggle now is to live.

The night passes. The candle burns slowly down towards the socket, and the bare room feels as cold as a vault. But, the dress is at last finished, and she hastily extinguishes the light, and extends herself on the bed—but not to sleep. The seam is still in her fingers, and the needle still passing before her eyes. She feels as if her brain were too large for her head, and her eyes balls of fire. Bright lights flash before her—and opening her eyelids she discerns the stars shining through the attic window. "Oh, would I were there," she thought, "for of all this life I am now grown weary!"

The poor girl felt she was sinking, and that she had nothing to cling to; her relatives far away in that village home, little thinking of the misery to which she had wedded herself. The dismal monotony of her daily toil, the stitch after stitch in everlasting repetition, and nothing more—was *this* life? was *this* the end of her being—her destiny? Her head reeled—a noise as of waters rushed in her ears—an acute pain darted through her forehead. Some noise stirred below; she opened her heavy eyelids, and it was daylight. She tried to rise, but could not, and fell back in a faint. She was ill!

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Now we are in a long and wide white-washed chamber, with a line of unscreened pallets placed in row on each side—one of those receptacles of the diseased and death-stricken, which an active charity is always found ready to

provide for the aid of the suffering poor. The charity may be short-sighted; indifferent to the causes, dealing only with the results—overlooking the long torture which is the history of the life, and becoming active only when the Destroyer is closing the dismal tragedy; still, the active charity, incomplete though it be, is there, and we would do honour to it.

Along that range of beds, each tenanted by pain, what spectacles of sorrow and suffering there are. One tenant is grey and shrivelled, though almost a youth: another, a mere girl, lies moaning in her disturbed sleep—her arm laid under her hectic cheek, and she mutters of green fields; perhaps the lark's song is in her ears, and in spirit she rambles among the dear scenes of her youth. Two men move silently along the apartment, with a burden outstretched: a spirit has ceased from struggling, and gone to rest: a pallet is empty!

Half-reclining in one of these beds, we discern a feeble remnant of womanhood—pale, wasted, almost ghastly: and in her we recognise our poor seamstress. The Destroyer has passed by her this once, but left her, oh, how wasted! She has been pronounced convalescent; the brain fever has left her now; and her young constitution has enabled her to struggle through. But the return to consciousness is only a return to misery. Rising up before her, she sees again the life of care, and toil, and agony, she had so nearly escaped for ever; and she shudders inwardly, and, but for the sinful thought, would long to be laid in the rest of death.

A shadow darkens the doorway, towards which her eyes are turned; and she sees before her some familiar form. She shuts her eyes, fearing that it is but one of her mocking dreams come back—another herald of delirious pain. She opens her eyes, and looks again. Two forms have silently approached her bed. Can it be that this which already clasps her in her arms is *real*? But she looks, and it is—it is her own mother! Little Jacky is with her too, clad in his best, and looking healthful and happy, even though his eyes are sorrowfully bent upon her. Her heart rises, and a gush of sweet tears comes to her relief.

"Dear, dear mother! to have come so far to look after your poor girl."

"I have indeed; and a long and weary road it has been, a-thinking of you, whom we all thought lost. But you will come back, and all will be well again."

"Yes," cried Jacky, "and I have gone to school now; and uncle, that has been so long away, has come home, and sent me there. Oh! you will see such a scholar as I shall yet be. And we shall go out into the green lanes again, and hear the birds sing, and the village bells chiming to church."

"Oh, Jacky, such joy!"

"And father, and sisters, and all, will be so happy to have dear Rosie once more at home!"

"Dearest Jacky!" The girl's heart was too full to say more, and holding her mother's hand in hers, she lay down and wept.

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The village bells were pealing again to church one fresh morning in spring, when the little buds were already putting forth their tender green, and the sun was hanging a pearl on every leaf—birds were gaily chaunting their morning song, and the wood-pigeons cooing in the thicket hard by, when a girl, still young, though her face was stamped with deep marks of care, came over the stile, tripping though not so gaily as of old; but a presence of joy and of love seemed to hover about her, that made her heart happy, and her step glad. Jacky went on before, and mother and sister followed behind. And they crossed the meadow, and skirted the coppice, and then went up the green lane towards the church, whose spire still pointed heavenwards as before—the bells inviting all to come in to church, and be glad. And there were many greetings of old friends exchanged at the porch; and, with a heart more full of the sense of blessing and thankfulness than she had ever known before, Rosie passed into the old place, there to render up her sincere thanks unto God for rescuing her "from the deep pit, and from the miry clay."

And Rosie was happy again.

Biographic Sketch.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

The life of scientific men, it has been frequently remarked, can only be well written by a philosopher, by one equally learned and devoted to science. The latter is in a condition to detect and illustrate the discoveries of his predecessor, and the best qualified to explain their value to the world. Points which would be overlooked by the mere literary writer are seized upon by the *savant*, to give power and clearness to his descriptions. Under this view, we avail ourselves of a recent memoir by the celebrated French astronomer, Arago, to lay before our readers some account of the life and labours of the illustrious individual whose name is prefixed to this article.

A natural desire always exists to inquire into the origin of a great man. Herschel's great-grandfather lived in Moravia, which province he was obliged to quit in consequence of his attachment to the Protestant faith. His son Isaac settled as a farmer in the environs of Leipsic, and Jacob, eldest son of the latter, unwilling to devote himself to the occupation of agriculture, left his home and embraced the profession of musician at Hanover, where he rose to some eminence in the art, and was distinguished by the high qualities of his heart and understanding. His family consisted of six sons and four daughters, to whom he gave the best education his limited fortune would permit. They all became excellent musicians; but the third son, William, the subject of the present sketch, born 15th November, 1738, while attending to his artistic duties, applied himself diligently to the study of the French language, and of metaphysics—for the latter he entertained a decided inclination to the end of his days.

In 1759, William Herschel, then at the age of twenty-one, visited England, in company with his eldest brother, Jacob, with the view of establishing himself as a musician; but, notwithstanding his efforts, both in London and the provinces, the first two or three years of his expatriation were attended by severe privations, which he bore with great fortitude. A fortunate accident, however, placed him in a better position. Lord Durham engaged him as instructor to the band of a regiment then stationed in the north. Such was the reputation he acquired in his new position that, in 1765, he was engaged as organist at Halifax. The emoluments of this situation, and private lessons, procured him a degree of ease and comfort with which he had long been unacquainted. And now the native bias of his mind again manifesting itself, he took advantage of his improved circumstances to complete his unfinished education, and acquired a knowledge of Latin and Italian, with no other aid than that of a grammar and an old dictionary, and at the same time formed a slight acquaintance with Greek. So great was the desire for knowledge by which he was animated during his residence at Halifax, that he found means to combine the study of a learned and obscure work on the mathematical theory of music with his ordinary avocations and linguistic pursuits. For the proper understanding of this work it was necessary to be acquainted with algebra and geometry, and in a short time he made himself completely master of these two sciences.

In 1766, Herschel obtained a more lucrative appoint-

ment, as organist at the Octagon Chapel at Bath; but his altered position involved a change of duties which interfered greatly with his studies. His talent as a musician was in continual request at the frequent concerts and oratorios of the fashionable watering-place, and his school was attended by numerous pupils. It is difficult to imagine how, amid so many distracting circumstances, he found time to pursue the scientific studies which, already at Halifax, demanded a determination, and force of intelligence rarely to be met with. As we have seen, music formed his stepping-stone to mathematics, the latter in turn led him to optics. The hour had come when theoretical knowledge was to guide the young musician to practical applications, completely out of the circle of his ordinary pursuits, whose extraordinary boldness and success may justly excite our wonder and admiration.

During Herschel's residence at Bath, a telescope of the ordinary construction fell into his hands. This instrument, although imperfect, showed him a multitude of objects in the heavens, invisible to the naked eye, and many of the known stars in their true proportions—a sight that greatly excited his ardent imagination. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he determined to possess a similar instrument, but of larger dimensions. He waited several days for an answer from the manufacturer in London; the price demanded, however, was greatly beyond his means. This circumstance, which might have effectually checked the pursuit of a less persevering individual, served but as an additional stimulus for Herschel. Unable to purchase a telescope, he resolved on constructing one with his own hands, and immediately commenced a number of experiments on the metallic alloys which reflect light with the greatest intensity, together with the means of giving a parabolic form to mirrors, and the causes which alter the regularity of the curve during the process of polishing. His perseverance did not go unrewarded: so successful were his attempts that, in 1774, he had the satisfaction of exploring the heavens with a Newtonian telescope of 5 ft. focus, produced entirely by his own labour. But he was not content to stop here; this success excited him to more difficult attempts, in the course of which he gradually constructed telescopes of 7, 8, 10, and even 20 ft. of focal length. On the 13th March, 1781, as though to reward him for his scientific efforts, and to rebuke those who ridiculed the unassuming appearance of his instruments, he had the supreme pleasure of discovering a planet, situated beyond the confines of the then known solar system. Dating from this period Herschel's reputation, no longer as musician, but as constructor of astronomical telescopes, spread over the whole of the civilized world. George III., always inclined to protect whatever was of Hanoverian origin, settled a pension of 300 guineas annually on the modest discoverer, and assigned him a house for his residence, at Slough, near London. It is not too much to say, that in the garden of this place, more discoveries were made for the science of astronomy than in any other place in the world.

Here the anecdotic life of Herschel comes to a close; from this time the great astronomer seldom quitted his observatory, except to communicate the sublime results of his laborious watchings to the Royal Society. He presented to that body 69 papers, on subjects connected with his important pursuits. Their interest and variety show him to have possessed a most fertile genius, and to have been one of those great men who, like certain monuments of art, are not known until they have been studied from different points of view.

One of the chief services rendered by Herschel to the science of astronomy was the improvement he effected in telescopes. In his earliest attempts, before he had discovered direct and certain means of giving the proper curve to mirrors, he was obliged, like his predecessors, to grope his way to his object. So well combined, however, were his plans, that he was never compelled to retrace his steps; neither in his methods did he content himself with *letting well alone*. When he undertook the construction of the telescope he cast and worked several mirrors at once; that one of the number, which careful observation showed to be the most perfect, was laid aside while he polished the remainder. When one of these in turn became superior to the former, it was also laid aside, while he went on successively with the others to perfection. An idea of the large scale on which his operations were conducted at Bath may be inferred from the fact, that he made 200 mirrors of 7 ft. focus, 150 of 10 ft., and about 80 of 20 ft. While engaged in polishing, he continued from ten to fourteen hours without cessation, never pausing an instant even to eat, but took the food required to enable him to support the fatigue from his sister's hand; to leave off he said would spoil his work.

Finding so much advantage from the use of his 20 ft. telescopes, he determined on the construction of another of still larger dimensions. The expenses, necessarily great, were defrayed by the king. The instrument was commenced in 1785, and completed in 1789. The tube was of iron, 39 ft. 4 inches long, and 4 ft. 10 inches diameter. Enormous as these dimensions may appear, they have been far exceeded in the gigantic instrument recently erected by Lord Rosse in Ireland. It has often been said that Herschel's telescope was of no use to the cause of science. But the chief reason why it was less frequently employed than might generally be supposed, was the necessity which its unwieldiness involved for the assistance of three additional persons in its management, and the slowness with which its temperature changed with that of the surrounding atmosphere. He found further, that in the course of a year there are not more than 100 days on which a telescope, magnifying over a thousand times, can be used with advantage. Herschel availed himself of its great powers, when desirous of economizing every ray of light in the observation of dim and remote stars; and it was with the large instrument that he discovered the sixth and seventh satellites of Jupiter.

The telescopes with which Galileo had discovered the most of Jupiter's satellites, and observed the phases of Venus and spots on the sun, magnified successively 4, 7, and 32 times. Huygens, who discovered the first satellite of Saturn, and determined the true form of its ring, had instruments varying in power from 48 to 92. Six hundred times appears to be the highest power that had been reached, and it was a great surprise for astronomers when, in 1782, Herschel, with his 7 ft. telescope, gained an increase of power up to 6000 times. So startling was the announcement that, not until he published the method of determining the prodigious increase was he fully believed. Some excuse may be found for this incredulity when we consider, that he spoke of seeing the mountains in the moon as plainly as the Cheviots are seen from Edinburgh, or the Wicklow mountains from the top of Snowdon. The reflective power of the instrument was indeed extraordinary:—"I remember," says the great astronomer, in one of his papers, written in 1800, "that after a considerable sweep with the 40 ft. instrument, the appearance of Sirius announced itself, at a great distance, like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, increasing in brightness, till this brilliant star at last entered the field of view of the telescope, with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced me to take my eye from the beautiful sight."

Enlarging considerably on the field of optics, Herschel endeavoured to show the difference between the laws of light and ocular demonstration, how much depended on distance, and on the amount of light sent from the object to the eye. He supposed the stars to be, generally speaking, of equal magnitude, their apparent difference in size depending on their more or less remote distance from the spectator. Sirius, for instance, the brightest

star of the firmament, if pushed back to twice its present distance, would appear to be but half its present dimensions; and in the same proportion for any others of the stellar bodies.

With his 20 ft. telescope, Herschel found that he could penetrate 75 times farther into space than with the naked eye, and 192 times farther with his largest telescope, at which distance stars of the 1344 degree of magnitude might be seen; but if in a group or cluster, they would then be visible at a point 150 times beyond that last-mentioned. From this immense distance, light, although travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, would require half a million of years to reach the earth. Consequently, whatever changes such clusters of stars may have undergone, they are already 500,000 years old when we first see them; in which point of view, it may be said, that telescopes penetrate time as well as space.

The circumstances under which astronomical observations may be most favourably made, also occupied the attention of the diligent astronomer, and numerous essays on the subject appeared at intervals from his pen. Strata of air of different temperatures render the image indistinct, for which reason, observations made from the inside of a house, or in windy weather, are never so good as those made under other circumstances. Even in the open air it is desirable to avoid the neighbourhood of trees, or any other object which may cause a mixture of currents of air, unequally heated. Contrary to the popular notion, a dry atmosphere is unfavourable for astronomical observation: the stars are never better defined than when the air is charged with moisture. Foggy weather is the most favourable of all, provided it be not so dense as effectually to exclude all view of the heavens. Sudden changes of temperature are also unpropitious, because if the mirror of the telescope be not of the same temperature as the surrounding atmosphere, the view will be imperfect. While the mass of metal either becomes cooler or warmer according to circumstances, it is not of the same temperature in every part of its substance; and the necessary consequence of this unequal distribution of heat is, an alteration of the polished surface and derangement of the focus. It is worthy of remark that, during solar observations with a metallic mirror, the focal length is increased, and shortened if the mirror be of glass,—an anomaly, the cause of which is not yet known.

Before the time of Herschel the physical constitution of stars, now the most interesting part of the science, had but slightly occupied the attention of astronomers. It is a question whether the stars always shine with the same or a variable brightness: whether the sun, in past ages, diffused greater light and heat than at present. Observations on the nebulæ—on the motion of stars about each other, are now among the noblest pursuits of astronomers. For all these Herschel paved the way, by the sagacity of his views and the fertility of his genius. By his own labours he contributed 2,500 to the catalogue of nebulous bodies, which, 50 years earlier, did not contain one hundred.

Herschel made an important series of observations on the remarkable phenomena connected with the increase or diminution of individual stars—their appearance and disappearance—some which were visible in past ages are now no longer to be seen, others seem to go away and reappear at periodical intervals. Some of the older theorists attempted to show that the new stars had existed, in common with the others, from the very commencement of creation, and became suddenly visible in consequence of having left their original position, and approached within sight of the earth, where they shone for a time, and then retired to their former station. Others thought that Providence had created stars with one bright and one dark side, and that when it was necessary to give some important sign to mankind—the bright side was suddenly turned to the earth. Some believed the missing stars to be hidden by the passage of some opaque body between them and the earth. Others again supposed certain stars to be flat like a grindstone, and that their decrease of light was the natural consequence of the edge being turned towards the observer. It is now generally considered, that these are stars moving at vast distances in different orbits, which require many centuries to complete. They are made the subject of daily observation; their appearances are noted, and their rays tested with the photometer; and, with our present knowledge of the laws of light and its polarization, it is not impossible but that we may arrive at some certainty as regards their physical constitution. All these phenomena possessed the highest interest for an inquirer such as Herschel: he never abandoned a subject of research until he had examined it from every point of view, pushing his investigations to the extremest limit permitted by the state of science in his day. It was while engaged in this branch of observation that he established the fact of the motion of our whole solar system, which he showed to be slowly changing its position, and moving almost imperceptibly towards a star in the constellation Hercules. This movement has been still more completely demonstrated in recent times, and to the displacement of our system the perturbations in some of the stars are now attributed.

The discovery of Uranus will always occupy a prominent place in the history of modern astronomy. On the 13th March, 1781, between 10 and 11 at night, Herschel was examining the small stars near the constellation Twins with his 7 ft. telescope. One of the stars appeared to present an unusual diameter. Thinking it to be a comet, the astronomer, to verify his conjecture, augmented the magnifying powers of his instrument, when he found the star in question increased in much more rapid proportion than those by which it was surrounded. By further observation he detected the motion of the strange luminary, and notwithstanding the absence of a tail, he still considered it to be a comet, and as such described it in a communication to the Royal Society. The telescopes of all the astronomers of Europe were immediately directed towards the new star; its motions were watched and recorded, but for a long time resisted all attempts to reduce them to calculation; and lengthened discussions took place before it was taken from among the comets and proved to be a planet. Herschel took no part in the controversies, but, when the fact was determined, claimed the privilege of naming his discovery, and called it *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of his patron, George III.

Many foreign and British institutions recognised Herschel's merits, by electing him a fellow of their various bodies: in 1816 he was knighted. He owed much to the talent and devotion of his brother and sister; the former, possessing an extraordinary aptitude for mechanics, was a most efficient co-operator, and always ready to attempt the realization of his brother's views; the latter was appointed assistant-astronomer, at a moderate salary, and, as soon as the astronomer was installed at Slough, devoted herself day and night to the cause. She shared all the night-watches with her brother, taking notes, with her eye on the clock and pencil in hand; she invariably made all the calculations; she also copied all the observations three or four times over in special registers; co-ordinated, classed, and analyzed them. To this cause is owing the rapidity with which the astronomer's publications succeeded each other. To the labours of Caroline Herschel we also are indebted for the discovery of several comets.

Herschel died, without pain, 23rd August, 1822, at the age of 83. Neither fortune nor fame disturbed the fund of childlike candour, inexhaustible benevolence, and mildness of character with which nature had endowed him. He preserved to the last all his lucidity of mind and vigour of intelligence. He had already enjoyed the happiness of witnessing the distinguished success of his

son, and closed his eyes in the assurance, that the great name inherited by his successor would not be suffered to perish, he would surround it with new lustre, and honour his own career by grand discoveries. None of the illustrious astronomer's predictions have been more completely realized.

I NEVER WEEP.

I never weep;
For why should sorrowing tears beguile
The bonny bloom and joyous smile
Which dwells so gladly on my cheek?
And if in trouble's stormy hour
A cloud upon my brow should lower,
'Twill never shed in tears its shower,
For I never, never weep.

Why should I weep?
When every gem, and star, and flower,
And each bright bud in forest bower,
So teach my heart to bound and leap;
When every golden gleam of morn,
And each bright blossom on the thorn,
To cheer my merry soul were born,
Then why, why should I weep?

I cannot weep;
For when I learn from each green leaf
The lesson of my life,—how brief!
I should not, surely, wish to steep
My soul in darkness and in gloom,
Or seek to read my future doom,
While life and gladness round me loom,
Oh, no! I cannot, cannot weep.

I will not weep:
Though each fond voice were like the bell
Which tolls for death its solemn knell;
If misery round my path should creep,
Still would I lend a helping hand,
And join in Mercy's gentle band;
But though my service all should strand,
I never will be seen to weep.

J. S. Hibberd.

THE GOLDEN SACRIFICE.

In a village, situated in the midst of the beautiful scenery of Provence, dwelt an old man, who had survived father, mother, brother, sister, wife, and child,—all had swept past him to the narrow and last resting-place,—but there he lived still. The storm of many winters had poured over his head, and domestic shocks had made sad havoc in his heart, where still lingered the memory of links which had once bound him to the earth, and made his life sweet. He had known most of the emotions which agitate the human heart; he had rejoiced and he had grieved, he had smiled and wept, he had tasted the sweet and the bitter; and now, in the stillness of old age, he waited calmly for the summons which he hoped would carry him to a home, where many sojourned who had loved him here below. One tie still bound him to earth. The child of his favourite Janette survived, and, by his labour supported him entirely, now that he was too old himself to work.

Their home was small, for they were poor; but it was not that grinding poverty which sunk and depressed their spirits; they felt no pangs; they only knew that certain indulgences and privileges were denied them, and that economy would alone make the two ends meet. The old Pierre would sometimes sigh over his feebleness, when he saw his grandson come in late, after an hour or two extra-work, in order to procure him some winter comfort, and regret that he could not assist him.

But André was a fine, noble-hearted fellow, incapable of a thought of self; and as he was strong, young, and healthy, he saw no reason why he should not labour for him who had supported his mother until her death. So time passed on peacefully, and in the calm serenity of the present no fears of change came upon them.

André loved his grandfather, but there was a still stronger feeling in his heart, which nerved and inspired him to exertion. From his childhood he had learnt to look on Pauline Duprey as his future wife. They had played, they had worked, they had grown up together. Side by side they went to mass, and he was ever the first to claim her hand in the village dance, which was held on the green upon a wooden platform, raised about a foot from the ground, and standing in the midst of the village, itself only a small cluster of cottages at the foot of a wood-clad hill.

Pauline was an only child, tenderly nurtured, as far as the rough habits of the villager would permit—for she was exquisitely beautiful, and all who ever visited the little hamlet would gaze with something of wonder on the fair and innocent face of the slightly-formed girl, who, though full of health and spirits, seemed so fragile and delicate that you scarce would warrant for her more than a few summers of life. The peculiar beauty of Pauline consisted in her fairness, and a mass of rich hair, that, when suffered to float freely, seemed to envelope her whole figure in a cloud of gold. Long ringlets, like sunbeams, wandered far below her waist, and though the rest of the girls of the village, as was customary, wore the piquant Provençal cap, she found it impossible to confine hers within any limits, and generally suffered it to float freely where it listed. No one ever thought of attributing vanity to Pauline. She was guileless, so loving, and so beautiful, that all her companions unhesitatingly yielded to her the preference, and looked upon her with affection and admiration. The young men, though many of them gazed at her with a sort of anxiety to call her his own, had now long ceded her to André, who had won her, and it was known would marry her as soon as his position permitted him. His pride in the rich golden gift Nature had bestowed on his Pauline made her promise him to preserve it under all circumstances. Her mother, and her father too, looked on it as a treasure, and when, on the yearly visits of the hair-collectors, they beheld the heads of the village maidens shorn of their best ornament, for the sake of a few paltry francs, they turned complacently to their own child, and resolved that nothing should tempt them to part with what constituted a great part of her beauty. It is a common practice for the hair-dressers of the country to send, at certain periods of the year, a number of men, who distribute themselves through the south of France in order to collect the hair of the maidens, which attains to a luxuriance in that soft climate, seldom equalled in any other country. From childhood, parents cultivate it for this purpose, and even when a beautiful heap of gold, auburn, or jet-black hair has been cut off, in a few years it again attains an extraordinary length. Pauline had many times been offered a considerable sum to part with her ringlets, but again and again she resisted, although the price of her treasure would almost have twice bought the trousseau she was so anxious to obtain, before becoming the wife of André. Although the period was indefinitely deferred, she was labouring with her needle to earn a certain sum, which should form a dependence and support when they were at last married.

Time passed on, and the events of the village were the same as had diversified it for many years past. The fêtes and holidays came, the dances in the village arrived as usual, and Pauline and André grew older, and loved with a still deeper love. In the security of youth they

hoped with a fervent hope, that the future would bring them only the accomplishment of their desires, and no obstacle seemed to oppose itself to their union. How much better would it be if human nature learnt ever to cherish a secret consciousness of the instability of earthly hopes, that it might not, with too confident a joy, reckon upon the certain accomplishment of its desires.

One morning in the autumn, Pauline and André stood talking as they leaned over the little railings fronting his mother's cottage, and the old people looked complacently on the smile that answered smile upon the faces of their child and future son-in-law. There were no desponding doubts or fears in the bosom of either. Each trusted with simple confidence in the affections of the other, and discoursed only of the happiness which would be theirs when, in a little home of their own, they should labour together and for each other.

"Ah, ma Pauline," said André, "I do not see why we should tarry thus, year after year. Would not our labours united make us a happy and comfortable home?"

"Hush!" said Pauline, laying her finger upon her lips. "Tais toi—donc. What would become of the old people then—now we work for them, and then we should work only for ourselves! No, let us wait a little while?"

"We could work better together, Pauline," pleaded the young man. "I should work more, for I should be at peace; for then I should not fear the conscription, which, while I am unmarried—"

"Oh, don't let us distress ourselves with such fears, mon cher ami; but look yonder, who are those men in such gay colours?"

André turned pale; the realization of his hastily uttered fears stood before him.

"Pauline! let us go in; they are the officers of the conscription. I may not be called."

The little village, which had just been the scene of so much peace, was now in a state of commotion; and it seemed as if all the first-born, the pride and hope of mother and father were to be carried away. Many a little circle that night said their good-night with streaming eyes, who had not shed a tear for many a day. It seemed as if a blight had come upon the whole community. Those that were called the first day wished they had been spared, while the rest looked anxiously forward unto the morrow, hoping and fearing. The hearts of many a village maiden received a severe shock, as they saw their lovers carried away as soldiers.

Old Pierre sat in his cottage alone the next morning, waiting with a trembling heart for the event of the day. His mind wandered back far into the past, and conjured up many a bright scene of his youth; and how his own beloved Marie, in years long removed, had trembled lest the chosen of her heart should be carried away in the conscription. And he looked back, and he looked forward to a coming winter, desolate and solitary, if André should be taken away; when alone he must sit and watch the flickering flame; alone listen to the moaning of the wind among the pines on the hill-side; alone hear the beating of hail, rain, and snow against the frail tenement. No merry voice would yield him comfort when long reveries and associations of the past would bring a tear to his eye; he should have no one gently to reproach him when the impatient desire to be at rest should escape his lips. Whenever worldly misfortune awaited him, his mind reverted to a little spot in the cemetery on the hill, where a black cross, hung with *immortels*, and surrounded with flowers, marked the resting-place of her who had been in reality his second self, and had loved him so well, and his hope was then to creep noiselessly to her side, and slumber with her in the silence of the last sleep, until both should wake again at the last. There is something beautiful in the love of two aged heads, who have throbbed pulse for pulse, true to one another through long years. They have been young, and in their youth the same golden light illumined each breast; and in each with coming years, as experience and wisdom darkens something of the brightness of this world, that golden light has faded gradually, and mellowed into the twilight which should precede the glory of a future state. The love that once roused and inspired them, and fired their imagination into eager demonstration of mutual affection, now teaches them to know that in the other heart, which has so long been a receptacle for all their joys, its smiles, its tears; its confidences, hopes and fears, there is a spirit watching, loving, praying for them still; that an undying hope for that eternal peace hereafter reigns within; that let the shocks and earthquakes of the world come and shatter all outward supports, there is still a haven of rest and love in the bosom of the wife or husband. The hoping, yearning desire to pass hand-in-hand through the portals of death, from the world where so strongly they have been linked together, to another world, is a feeling of tenderness which the aged often experience.

As Pierre sat revolving these thoughts in his mind, a light hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning he beheld Pauline, pale and trembling, who inquired—

"Monsieur Pierre, where is André? I have sought him through the village and I cannot find him."

"I know not," said Pierre, his aged voice trembling with emotion; "perhaps he has been called——"

"I fear it," said Pauline; "something kept me awake last night; something told me there was sorrow for to-day; and it is come, father—it is come——"

"If André goes, I am alone for ever," said Pierre.

"I will take care of you, if God takes him from us; but there is hope—still hope;" and Pauline clasped her hands downwards, and the stream of golden hair floated down, as she stood a moment or two lost in thought.

The latch of the door was lifted, and admitted André, whose face was pale, and his lips firmly set. He faintly smiled on Pauline, and silently took her hand.

"Help me to console him," he whispered, "I am called, and I have but one day more to remain with him. To you, Pauline, I say nothing. The love wherewith you love me will nerve and support you. Pauline, my own—speak to me—comfort me!"

For a moment the girl's face was agitated by some inward emotion, the lip trembled, and large tears struggled from beneath her eye-lashes, and rolled silently over cheeks which had scarcely before known a tear. No start or shriek expressed her emotion. It was too deep, and the tumultuous feeling struggling in her breast spoke only in the sudden flush appearing in her cheek and mounting to her brow.

"I will come to you again, André. Tell him when I am gone! Is there no hope—cannot you find a substitute?"

"If I were rich I might, Pauline; but I have no power now. It is only money could induce another to take willingly the post I fill."

André turned round to his grandfather, and told him what had happened. The old man had quietly surveyed them while they conversed, and suspected the truth, though he feared its confirmation. The scene of the parting with all he loved the next day was one of wild sorrow, which, for a time, seemed to prostrate the energies even of André; but Pauline spoke even to the last of comfort and hope, which were unintelligible words to Pierre and André, at that last moment when he was quitting the village, perhaps for ever. For, how many in these days of warfare ever returned to their native homes?

Pauline that morning, after bidding farewell to André, slipped away from her home, and did not return till

evening, when she only kindly spoke to her mother through the window, that she should soon return.

The evening was deepening rapidly into night, when the young girl quitted the village, and turned her steps towards the slope of the hill. Soon she reached the entrance to the wood, where tall, dark pines threw long shadows over the ground, and hid creeping brutes in the fading light, seemed like stooping figures ready to start at each moment upon her. The new moon, with its silver crescent, partially illumined the scene, and made bright silvery patches on the ground. The way was steep, and led, at every moment, into thicker wood. An ordinary girl would have been appalled at the voiceless stillness of the shades, undisturbed, save by the scream of some bird, or the babbling of a tiny streamlet as it tossed down diminutive cascades, and then rippled over a pebbly bed. As darkness increased, the silence of the spot seemed to become deeper, and the solitude more alarming. But Pauline had something in her heart which forbade all thought of self. A spirit led her on, which scorned the danger of her lonely pilgrimage. The name, the love of André surrounded her as with a shield, and was a talisman against all evil spirits and fear. At length a bright light shone out amidst the trees, and Pauline knew that her journey was nearly ended. A small hut speedily came in view, and voices, loudly singing, roused the echoes of the woods.

Peeping in through the low casement, a smile of satisfaction crossed the pretty face of the girl as she beheld a group seated round the fire, composed of children, two young men, and an old woman. They were roasting chestnuts in the ashes; some on the floor were watching the operation, while the eldest superintended the cooling of the fruit. The room was very destitute. A pile of logs of wood stood in one corner, near a door, opening into an inner apartment, where, on either side, stood the beds of the whole family. A churn, a table, two or three chairs, a small old-fashioned chest of drawers, on which stood the crucifix, some maps, books, and a wreath of everlasting flowers completed the furniture of the room in which the family were seated, save that, over the fireplace hung the picture of the Virgin, which they regarded as the protectress of their dwelling.

A low tap at the door made them all start to their feet, and one of the young men rushed to open it, and a smile of kindly greeting crossed his rough, sunburnt face, as he saw the Provence Rose stand without, with a shawl thrown over her head.

"Entrez, ma bonne fille," said the old mother, for all knew Pauline.

She, however, hesitatingly and nervously refused, saying, that she should come again in a day or two. She only wanted to speak to Guillaume, and she had brought a basket for the children, which she knew they would like, and she asked after the father who had gone, for a day or two, to the other side of the wood on business. The old dame knew what her basket for the children contained, for it was a frequent practice of Pauline to assist the family: there were warm socks for them all, and coffee, and sugar, and little pats of butter, and tobacco, and various little luxuries which they could not otherwise have hoped to obtain by wood cutting, which was their occupation.

Guillaume came and stood without the porch. He was a tall, and rather fine young man, being good to his parents, but rather ambitious. Hence he disdained a little the wood-calling, and would have given anything to be delivered from its arduous labour.

Pauline with some hesitation opened her errand.

"You are very poor, Guillaume, this autumn."

"Aye, Pauline! work is scarce."

"You dislike this life ——."

"It is too grovelling. I shall never get rich. I shall never save money. Look at my father—forty years a wood cutter, and here we are. See what a position we are in."

"The children too. There are so many of them," suggested Pauline.

"Pauvres enfans—this will be a hard winter for them."

"Would you assist them if you could Guillaume?"

"Ah, would I not. I would do anything to assist my father."

"A soldier's life," said Pauline, "is full of activity; there is bustle and novelty," she continued, while her heart smote her, when she reflected how coldly she was urging the cause of that which had been to her the greatest sorrow.

"The soldier has no home, Pauline, I care not much for it."

"And would you not go as a soldier even to preserve much comfort for your mother?"

"How would it—my pay would be but a mere ——"

"Look here Guillaume," said Pauline, drawing forth a purse, which seemed full of sparkling silver; "here is a sum would bring comfort to this little home, no fear of starvation would haunt your dreams. Guillaume will you become a substitute if I give you this?"

"For whom?"

"André is chosen; you know Guillaume he is the only support of his aged grandfather. He has not brothers like you have, to help to keep the hearth warm. If he goes, the home of old Pierre is desolate! If you go Guillaume you will leave behind you the consciousness of comfort—the little ones will have bread, your old father will be able to rest a little—and you will come back, some day, to tell them of the wonders you have seen."

"And this money, Pauline! am I taking it from you?"

"My savings are almost untouched. Do not ask how I obtained it. I am honest. I would not steal."

"I will go," said Guillaume; "I shall be helping my poor old mother, and I have no love behind me. There is not a girl in the village will miss me ——"

"May the holy virgin bless you, and protect you for ever—may she guard this little home—may they that dwell in it live long and happily," exclaimed Pauline, as she raised her streaming eyes, in the moonlight, to Heaven, and poured forth her hymn of thanksgiving and prayer.

"You must come to night. Your mother will reproach me perhaps in her heart. Will you follow to our cottage when you are ready. I must return. Go and make your adieus."

Pauline ran, rather than walked down the mountain path; her heart was light, but, she had still something to undergo. At the door of her own cottage stood her father and mother, watching for her with anxiety and fear. Another form, with folded arms, stood near. She came, and was clasped to her aged parent's breast.

"André, you are here?"

"But for an hour, my Pauline—where have you been?"

"Let us go in," she said, unheeding their questionings. A slight flame danced up from the wooden fire, dimly illumining the room. She stood for a moment irresolute, then, throwing off her shawl, threw herself into her lover's arms.

"André, you are free!"

A start of astonishment paralyzed for a moment the utterance of the tongues of all. Pauline was there, but, no golden hair floated over her shoulder. A little close cap concealed her head, and the pale sweet face peeped forth unshrouded in curls. André could not speak, tears forced themselves from his eyes, as he pressed her to his bosom, and listened to her simple story. Now she had treasure to purchase his freedom. The golden sacrifice was complete, and no reproachful voice was raised against her. In a few months André inhabited the cottage, with a bride whom all the village loved the more for her

devotion to her affianced. The substitute never regretted the position he had gained, and old Pierre lived many winters in peace with his grandchildren. When any spoke to Pauline of her loss, she would say, "What to me would have been the beauty of an angel if André's eyes could not behold it?

A GLANCE AT MALTA.

MALTA is one of three islands in the Mediterranean, situate about 60 miles from the Sicilian coast, and about 200 miles from the shores of Africa. These islands lie in a N.W. and a S.E. direction, and are called Malta, Gozo, and Comino. Malta is the principal one, and lies to the S.E.; Gozo is to the N.W.; and Comino is a very small island in the intermediate channel. Malta, which is the subject of our present sketch, is 17 miles in length, 9 in its greatest breadth, and about 60 miles in circumference.

The aspect of the island, as seen at a distance, is not at all striking or picturesque. We had been examining the land, through the ship's glass, all the afternoon, as we approached it in the early part of September. It has the appearance of a long flat rock, with steep and rugged coasts, and seemingly destitute of vegetation. On approaching nearer, the prospect becomes more interesting; clusters of low, flat-roofed houses are visible along the sandy fields; the numerous bays and inlets of the island are commanded by forts, and on the higher ground we have a number of quaint-looking windmills. Presently the prospect improves; white villas are seen glittering in the sun along the coast; we descry the towers and domes of Valetta rising above her ramparts, and the lighthouse standing out in clear relief at the extreme point. After weathering this point, we come at once in full view of the white city rising up from its magnificent harbour. Here we see vessels of all sizes and of various nations. At the upper part of the harbour are "England's wooden walls" floating on the smooth waters; the quays are flanked by numerous storehouses and magazines. We hear the sound of the anvil, and the voices of active porters and boatmen, at their occupations, indeed everything speaks of industry and enterprise, and the visitor is agreably struck with the beauty of the city, the extent of the defences, and the animation of the whole scene.

The anchor dropped—numbers of picturesque boats came alongside, carrying a host of shouting, sunburnt fellows, all eager to take one on shore. After visiting the health-office, we cross a drawbridge, and by a passage tunnelled through the rock, we enter Valetta, travelling along some streets of stairs to reach the upper part of the city. Valetta, the capital of the island, is a handsome, airy, well-built city, and is highly picturesque from the sea. It is built on a peninsula, projecting into an extensive bay, and which it divides into two commodious harbours. The one to the west, called the "Marsa Muschetta," is allotted to vessels riding quarantine, and the other forms the grand harbour, which is one of the finest in the world. This harbour is about a mile and a half in length, and three-quarters in its greatest breadth, and also contains several convenient creeks, where vessels of the largest class may ride with security. As we enter the port, Valetta lies to the right hand, and on the opposite side of the harbour are the suburb-cities of Senglea, Burmola, and Vittoriosa. These are distinct boroughs; and here are situated the arsenal, and principal magazines and stores belonging to the navy; but as they are enclosed by the same wall, and defended by the same fortifications, they may be considered as parts of the same city. Two strong forts, called St. Elmo and Riccasoli, protect the mouth of the harbour, and about midway along it rises fort St. Angelo, a formidable battery of four tiers, mounting upwards of 50 heavy guns, and completely sweeping the port.

Valetta contains several good hotels, and is one of the cleanest cities in Europe. The principal street, called "Strada Reale," extends the full length of the city. In this we find the Governor's Palace, the guard-house, and the principal shops. Other streets run parallel to this, and communicate with each other by cross-streets, which are chiefly steps. The long flight from the harbour to the upper town is well known to the visitor as the "Nix Mangiase" stairs, from the swarm of beggars that greet his arrival in a singular medley of languages.

Malta has passed through numerous hands since it was first colonized by the Phœnicians. In the year 1530, the full sovereignty of the island was ceded by Charles V. to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, after their expulsion from Rhodes, and under whose sway it continued until 1798, when it was taken by Napoleon on his way to Egypt. In 1800 the French evacuated it, after two years blockade by the British, who became possessed of it, and to whom it was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna. On the guard-house there is a rather pompous record of the last part of this business, as follows:—

"Magnæ et invictæ Britanniæ
Militensium amor et Europæ vox
Has insulas confirmat. A. D. 1814."

Valetta takes its name from the Grand Master La Valette, one of the most illustrious of the order, who founded it in 1566. This order was composed of persons from the different European nations, distributed according to the language, each having a separate palace or auberge.

These auberges are the most striking ornaments of Malta, and remarkable for their magnificence and architectural beauty. At the present day, many of them are occupied as Government offices and military barracks. The houses in general are three stories high, have flat roofs, and are built of the native limestone. This stone is nearly white, and so soft, that after it is broken into convenient sized blocks, they dress it with an axe. Most of the houses have also projecting bay-windows, which afford the fair inmates, during the heat of the day, an agreeable pastime, in overlooking the street.

Among the public buildings may be named the Cathedral, dedicated to St. John, which contains a beautiful mosaic pavement, and some handsome monuments of the knights.

The Governor's palace, formerly that of the Grand Master, has several fine halls, and an armoury, containing some curious trophies and arms of the middle ages; besides a very considerable stand of arms for immediate service. There are also the university, the noble military and naval hospitals, the public and garrison libraries, and a good theatre.

The city is surrounded by high fortifications, chiefly formed out of the native rock, and which are upwards of two miles in circumference. There is also a ditch one hundred and twenty feet deep, which runs between the harbours, cutting off all communication with the city. Beyond the counterscarp, towards the country, several additional outworks have been thrown up; these are massively built, and well manned with cannon, rendering the place a most formidable stronghold.

Leaving the town, let us take a glance at the aspect of the country—but the sun is so powerful, and the reflection from the white ground so intense, that straw hats and umbrellas are indispensable. The island is little better than a barren rock, but, its natural sterility has in a great measure been removed by the industry of its inhabitants, who have imported large quantities of soil from Sicily. There is little variation in the surface of the country, which is truly African in its climate and character. Under a glorious sky, and a clear and unbounded atmosphere, the eye travels over the white sandy fields,

enclosed by stone fences, forming a series of terraces, and which are necessary to prevent the heavy rains from washing away the sprinkling of soil they possess. The country in general has a very bleak and bare appearance; here and there we see a clump of fig trees, a solitary palm, or a great cactus with its large spiked leaves hanging over the white wall.

We feel sensible of being baked as we travel along the white and stony roads, between glaring, hot walls, with nothing but the wayside cottage as a refuge from the fierce glances of the sun. We meet with the aloe and the plantain, the palma christi and scarlet geranium,—also a variety of plants familiar to us as tenants of the hot-house. In the fields we see the little plants of buff cotton, rather sickly in appearance, but which forms the staple production of the island. Besides cotton, Malta produces corn, figs, grapes, melons, peaches, and a description of orange called the "mandarin," which is highly prized for its flavour.

The climate of the island appears to be subject to periodical changes. Formerly, a considerable quantity of rain fell in the winter season, but it sometimes occurs that little or no rain will fall for two or three years.

In the month of September the "Sirocco" prevails. This is a damp southerly wind, which deposits a fine dust, and affects both natives and foreigners with considerable lassitude. Malta contains two cities, and numerous "casals" or villages. It is densely populated, numbering about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom probably one half are contained within the walls of Valetta and her suburbs. Nearly in the centre of the island stands "Città Vecchia," once the principal city. It contains some handsome palaces, and a fine cathedral, said to occupy the site of the dwelling of the courteous Publius, the Roman governor who entertained St. Paul, after his shipwreck on the island. With St. Luke's graphic narrative before us, and taking into account the numerous traditions of the island, there is little doubt that the bay, called after him, was the scene of the Apostle's shipwreck. Under this impression, we visited the place with some interest. The harbour lies exposed, and has many shoals; but there is a convenient shore for landing. A small chapel stands near the shore, which, they tell you, is the spot where the "barbarians" kindled the fire, and the principal features of the bay answer to the description of the inspired writer.

Closing our sketch-book, we entered a fisherman's cottage, close at hand, to get a little refreshment.

Bread and cheese, hard-boiled eggs and a jug of Sicilian wine, were set before us, which we enjoyed exceedingly.

The salt was like a handful of hailstones, but the good dame kindly ground it for us between the palms of her hands. Hunger is excellent sauce, and a Maltese carriage is an admirable machine for creating an appetite. We may describe it as a chaise, having only the two hind wheels, with a mule supporting the shafts; and as the animal ambles along these stony roads, the saltatory motion it communicates to one's digestive region, should be felt, to be rightly appreciated. The driver runs by the side of the vehicle, occasionally leaping to the shaft with the agility of a monkey, and breaking out into some wild, discordant song.

Amongst the interesting objects of Malta are the catacombs—a subterranean city of tombs, formed out of the rock, and though but partially open to the visitor, are said to be very extensive. At a little distance from [illegible] Vecchia is "Boschetto," formerly a country resi- of the Grand Master. This is a charming valley, the only place in the island where the trees grow size. It is laid out in gardens, and refreshed ings of fine water, and on certain festivals is a ful retreat for the Maltese. Returning to Valetta, we pass through the large suburb, called Floriana, which contains extensive barracks, a botanical garden, and the Protestant burial-ground.

Malta, from its geographical position and natural character, is an island of singular interest and importance, and exerts no slight influence on the march of civilization. Under the flag of Great Britain its inhabitants have enjoyed all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

The administration of affairs is vested in the hands of the governor, appointed by the Crown, and who is also assisted by a council of six persons, duly representing the political and commercial interest of the colony. A very efficient police force is established in the city, and the utmost cleanliness, security, and order is maintained. Several newspapers are published during the week—subject to a slight censorship—but which do not hesitate to give their opinions pretty freely on all subjects, particularly with regard to the state of affairs on the Italian peninsular.

From its central situation, and the constant arrival of vessels and steamers from various parts, there is always a good deal of news stirring,—indeed it may be called the general post-office for the Mediterranean. One day we have the Indian Mail,—on another, a ship of war is telegraphed in the offing, and half the city is on the *qui vive*, and moving along the ramparts to watch the noble vessel make the port.

The religion of the island is Roman Catholic, and in many of the streets we see shrines to the Madonna, as in Italy; but, as regards the ringing of bells, the clatter at Malta puts Italian cities completely in the shade.

The upper classes speak Italian, and follow in many respects the habits of Italy, but the lower orders have a language of their own, which much resembles the Arabic. They are said to be peaceable and contented, and in their habits and personal features, partake much of the character of the Arab.

The "Monte de Pietà"—an admirable institution, in the hands of the Crown, affords them pecuniary assistance on deposit, at a moderate rate of interest, and all the necessaries of life are abundant, and exceedingly cheap.

The sea around them teems with fish,—and in the midst of "fantastic summer's heat," the sides of Mount Etna furnish the Cafès with abundance of ice and snow. Corn, wine, and oil are supplied by Sicily, and numbers of their white-sailed "Sparonaros" arrive daily, bringing the fruitful exuberance of that island to the markets of Valetta.

Let us walk out to our favourite seat on the ramparts, to find a little air. The sun has gone down some time, but the air is still oppressively hot. With such a spangled canopy above us, the night is not dark. Behind us the sentry walks to and fro, and beneath us reposes the city, with its harbour and numerous ships. Those lights are from the stern windows of the men-of-war floating, like leviathans, on the surface of the wave. Across the harbour we mark the dim outline of the suburbs. How the city is sprinkled with lights, throwing their rocket-like reflections on the water! The distant lightning is playing along the horizon. Hardly a breath of air is abroad, but we hear the voices of some on the water chiming their evening hymn. A few lights are moving across the harbour, and we hear the plash of the oar. But hark! the bugle—ringing its notes around. A tongue of fire leaps out from St. Angelo—bang goes the gun, startling the echoes, and reverberating along the ramparts like a thunder-clap. 'Tis ten o'clock, and we must retire.

THE purest of human beings must needs live in the world as it is; and education is dangerously imperfect which does not instruct purity as to what it must openly meet, what it may purely receive, and what it should turn from and repel.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER.

IN A LETTER TO HER GODCHILD.

My dear Godchild,—You have often urged me to tell you some adventure of my youth, and I now sit down to recount to you one, in which I felt my life to be in most imminent danger. In my early days, legendary lore was held in higher reverence than it is now—there were few spots unhallowed by some associations dear to the lover of romance—the fairy ring was then the scene of midnight revelry—pale spectres took their nightly rounds through lone churchyards, and the unwary traveller was often lured from his path; by "midnight hag," and "goblin grim;" but a great change has come—the ush-sh-sh ush-sh-sh of the ponderous locomotive is heard in every sequestered nook, to announce its approach, as it rushes along at a speed that falls little short of the supernatural—the tiny elves have hid their diminished heads—the gentle shadows who love silence and solitude avoid the din and dash. Witches have dismounted from the broomstick which once bore them through the air, as they can pursue their way with as much expedition and a great deal more comfort per railroad. In my early days I listened with delight to such traditions as were connected with the country where I lived, but not to the exclusion of such well authenticated tales as "Red Riding Hood," and the "Man with the Silver Nose and Gold Mouth," and others equally interesting and instructive; the way in which I enjoyed such narratives would appear quite inexplicable to our juvenile geologists and chemists. By the time I had reached my teens, I enlarged my studies more suitably to my time of life, and the expansion of my mind. My mother was a confirmed novel reader, so that I never was without books of the description which I liked best. A circulating library furnished me with Mrs. Radcliffe's romances as they came out, and with many others which were the fashion of the day; to describe the hold which they took of my imagination would not be easy; they indeed wrought so successfully with me, that I turned all the common occurrences of life into romance, and it was only when they were fully developed that I condescended to see them in their true vulgar light; the every-day business of life was in my estimation of too little importance to deserve a thought, in fact, the world of fiction had become *my real world*. I believe I was naturally of a very timid disposition—for I often worked myself up to a degree of nervous terror, of which only those, who have experienced something of the same kind, can form a conception. I had great aspirings about modelling myself after the fashion of the heroines I so much admired. The shame of falling short of the undaunted boldness with which they rushed into dangers, ghostly and bodily, made me take myself to task, after some fright which had made my blood run cold and my limbs shake under me, but when I remembered that though these exemplary young women courted perils of every description, they were in the constant habit of fainting away, (and indeed often lay in a state of insensibility for hours,) it restored my self-respect; my feelings may appear inconsistent to you, but to the romance readers of my own day, they would appear to be in wonderful accordance with those of the heroic girls of whom we read—a passion for encountering dangers, and an overwhelming terror when involved in them. If, as it has been said, terror is a sublime sensation, then was I in a sublime mood for most part of my time. I dearly loved a mystery; I delighted in ghosts; I liked to dream strange dreams; I had a particular fancy for banditti, and a leaning towards the accomplished villain, so essential to all well-arranged tales. The startling adventures recorded by Mrs. Radcliffe appeared as every-day events, all that puzzled me at the time was, to make out how the heroines were preserved in life, with no nutriment but an occasional glass of water—but scanty diet for those, whose total want of sleep might have been supposed to make a more generous style of living necessary; but I conclude that they must have been blessed with wonderful strength of constitution, or that they were the first to benefit by the hydropathic system, it may have been unconsciously; the accounts given of the manner in which it was tested in their case may have suggested the idea of introducing it into medical practice. Strange suspicions often lurked in my mind, Schedonis and Montonis I fancied were among some of our visitors. I detected a peculiar scowl (well known to the novel-reader) which could only belong to the thorough-going villain; if a widower chanced to have this distinguishing mark, fancy supplied a touching picture of the victim of cruelty or inconstancy, reported to the world as dead, but wasting her youth and beauty in some remote tower, whose massive bolts and rusty locks were in charge of a surly keeper, who was ready to do his master's bidding at a moment's notice, even to the imbruing his hands in the blood of his innocent prisoner.

Notwithstanding the quiet which prevailed in our neighbourhood, I seldom went out without expecting to encounter a horde of banditti, armed cap-a-pie, bent upon confining me and my companions in some stronghold, unless indeed a youth, richly caparisoned, should emerge from a neighbouring wood, or sweep down from an adjacent hill, on a snow-white steed, and put the desperadoes to flight, and all of *us* under an obligation that could only be requited by the bestowal of a heart on the noble-looking champion. The country about us furnished none of that grand, savage scenery absolutely necessary to the comfort of a heroine; there were no inaccessible mountains, no impenetrable forests, no disastrous-looking lakes, no fatal ravines, in fact nothing for which I longed; gentle slopes and lawns, and pleasant groves there were, and grounds tastefully laid out, and modern dwelling houses— but, oh! what would I not have given for some half-dilapidated castle—how I should have loved to wander in its damp-stained apartments, and along its solitary galleries, with no other light but what a dim lamp could afford; and to find, perchance, in its archives some half-worm-eaten narrative of a bloody deed which had been perpetrated within its gloomy walls, and then, having carefully perused it, to have lain me down to sleep beneath the black pall which covered the bed, and which had probably not been made for considerably more than a hundred years; stretched here to have seen, by the flickering light of my lamp, the bats flitting about me, and to have heard ever and anon the ominous cry of the screech-owl, serenading me from the ivy which mantled about the unglazed casement; but I could not indulge the hope of ever passing such a night. In the distance were no châteaux, no monasteries, in very truth, though it had been called the garden of England, it was to me utterly uninteresting.

I think I was but a little past seventeen, when I received a pressing invitation from my Aunt, (who had married an Irish gentleman,) to pay her a visit at the Castle of Glenmalour, in Ireland; my heart jumped at the thought of its imposing mountains and dark lakes, and chances of Irish rapparees, and wild smugglers at least, if nothing better were to be met with; and I anticipated hair-breadth 'scapes, and delicious towers in the remote region. With the approbation of my father and mother, I accepted the invitation. I was given in care to a lady going to Ireland—my uncle was to meet me in Dublin, to escort me down to the country; it was the first time I had ever seen him—he had coal-black hair, a hooked nose, and dark eyes; he was not unlike the mortal foe of the heroine of whom I had been last reading. Would it be quite safe to trust myself with such a man? I had read of rapacious uncles, eager to possess

themselves of nieces' fortunes; indeed, ever since the affair of the babes in the wood, uncles have been suspicious characters, or was he indeed my *very* uncle; the note he handed to me was certainly in the handwriting of my aunt; but, letters have been surreptitiously got at—handwriting has been closely imitated. I, however, ventured with him, and I must acknowledge that, though his conversation did not savour in the slightest degree of the romantic, it was extremely agreeable; he could tell of the owners of the beautiful demesnes which we passed on our way, and he pointed out the fine views which every moment assumed a new aspect; the bold outline of the mountains, the wooded glens, the rich pasture lands, the pleasant slopes and cheerful glades, the rippling streams and placid lakes united to form a landscape that can scarcely be rivalled; but, we left this delightful region after some hours travelling—the civilized lands were soon out of sight, and we entered on a scene marked by a wild and melancholy desolation, unlike anything I had ever seen. "This is Glenmalour," said my uncle, "one of our finest glens—we shall reach home in about an hour and a half." I trembled as I looked around—here all my wishes for savage scenery were realized; but, it was inexpressibly gloomy and dismal, the grandeur of the mountains, in which we were embosomed, was so awful, that I felt overpowered—the very rocks were shapen in such fantastic forms, that they appeared as the wild freaks of nature—the rugged tracks which we followed afforded occasional glimpses of deep and intricate ravines, which to my fancy appeared secret hiding places for Banditti; a cold thrill ran through my veins, as I thought we could never emerge from this solitary waste without some dreadful catastrophe. I looked at my uncle to see if he were frightened—a dread of him—vague fears of dangers—undefined feelings of sadness which the wide and cheerless extent of uncultivated wastes inspired—made me for a moment forget Emily St. Aubert's journey across the Alps, and heartily wish myself at home, where everything gave the idea of a snug retreat—the porch covered with its clusters of roses and jasmine—the rich pastures of various tinted flowers—the sound of the mill, and the cheerful hum of voices—the cultivated lands wherever the eye could turn, and the appearance of happy industry were in affecting contrast with the dreary solemn gloom by which I was surrounded. At length we entered what my uncle called the avenue, a rough winding way, through heath and furze; by the time we reached the door I had recovered myself sufficiently to be able to return the kind greetings of my aunt and cousins with equal warmth. As I had approached the house, I had looked in vain for the moat and drawbridge, and could nowhere see the rampart where I supposed the vassals kept guard at night; to my utter disappointment I found there was but a small portion of the castle remaining, but one tower, and that it formed no part of the dwelling of the family, which though adjoining it, was nothing more than a very good modern house. Where was the tapestry that I had hoped to have seen waving in the wind? Where the long corridors and the deep dungeons? A modern house forsooth, instead of the pile of Gothic buildings which I had expected; still, I hoped some relics of the ancient castle might yet be in existence, and serve to throw some light on the foul deeds which had taken place within its walls—there was probably some venerable housekeeper who knew the secret drawers, or could point out some closet concealed in the walls, where the astounding records might be found.

I expressed a great wish to see her to my youngest cousin. She was called: while I waited in expectation of seeing a pale, majestic person, a little bent from extreme old age, and of a most solemn aspect, as was becoming in one who was well aware of the dark transactions, on which she could throw light. I imagined her advancing with slow and stately step, attired in a suit of black, somewhat rusty, as having been made up some fifty or sixty years before, and according to the fashion of the time; a high and snow-white coif I thought would confine her grey locks; and I expected to hear the sound of her high heeled shoes as she approached. I never in my life felt such a revulsion as when the doors opened, and a plump rosy young woman came in, in a light blue dress, and with a profusion of cherry-coloured ribbons in her cap. My sympathies were instantly chilled. She was every way unfit to be a companion on the exploring expedition which I had been planning. She was evidently cut out by nature to preside over a well-filled larder, but never to meddle with mysterious relics. This was a disappointment which I could scarcely conceal, as she spoke some words of civility, welcoming me to Glenmalour.

We retired for the night. According to the custom observed in Ireland, I had requested that a lamp might be left burning on my hearth, and declined any other light while preparing for bed. My apartment was very spacious, my light burning dim, the further end was lost in obscurity; it had the effect of a picture gallery, as the walls were hung with full-length family portraits for several generations back. Some of them were very formidable-looking personages, grim and gruff; some of the men were represented with peaked bands and formal ruffs; others with flowing wigs and long cravats, and here and there might be seen one in professional costume; the women were mostly painted in brocades, stiff and inflexible as their wearers, and, without their support, could have stood alone. After having bolted and locked my door, when I turned round, I stood for some moments absolutely awe-struck at finding myself in such august company; as I stood reverentially in the midst of them, I almost dreaded to look into their eyes, as I had heard there had been once a lady, undressing for bed, who had seen the eyes of a portrait follow her wherever she moved. Living eyes might be fixed on me for aught I knew; as if fascinated, I began to catch hasty glances, till I thought I saw one of them wink. I rushed to the door with thoughts of alarming the family, but better feelings prevailed; and, considering it a point of duty, I determined to raise the frame and look behind. I did so with a trembling hand, and found all was safe. If that solemn judge, in his ermine robes, winked, I am sure it was the first time he had ever been guilty of such levity; nor could the grim, rigid officer, who stood opposite to him, have brooked the impertinence, even from a judge. Having made so free with the judge, I thought I might venture on anything, so resolved to examine the back of each picture. I thought I heard a little rustling, as my hand passed near the robe of a demure-looking dame, and I was a good deal startled by getting a scratch from a gentleman, who I conjectured was a physician, from his black suit, his gold-headed cane, and his grave and thoughtful aspect. I could not help thinking something about a lancet, but, after all, it might have been the point of one of the tacks, which I afterwards observed sticking out from the canvas. After this exploit, I had the courage to dive into the remote corners of the room, to look if any one was crouching behind the window curtains, or stretched under the bed. I was so fevered, so agitated, so much afraid of something happening, I could not exactly think what, that I lay awake all night. I listened to the winds as they swept along; now they sounded as the rushing of hurricanes through the avenue, then as the deep moans of one in pain, or the sighing of one in sorrow.

I might have been cheerful in the society of my aunt and cousins, for they were all gay and happy, had I not felt an utter distaste for their occupations. I felt that we had no sympathies in common; they were utterly unimaginative; they had no wish to dive into mysteries,

or to indulge in anticipations of astounding events; there was not one among them who had the slightest skill in physiognomy. I saw them trusting domestics, in whose countenances I had discovered, at a glance, the traces of villany and the workings of guilty designs. There were but few romances in the library, though my aunt declared she *liked a good novel:* but her ignorance on the subject was quite insufferable. She had never even heard of the Misanthropic Father. Never had seen the Mysterious Freebooter, and knew nothing about the Infidel Husband. (These are the names of romances which came out about forty years ago.) It was not easy to keep up a conversation with them. The girls, indeed, talked of their birds and flowers, but sensitive minds would have made these subjects the vehicles for tender and delicate feelings, and for the occasional introduction of extempore poetry.

The housemaid, who attended my room, had a remarkable countenance—a sorrowful and anxious expression, bespoke some secret care; it was, evidently, struggling in her breast for utterance. I thought, as I sometimes saw her cast a pensive look on me, that my destiny was somewhat involved in what was passing in her mind. I wished to encourage her to speak, but her answers were not explanatory; to me they appeared evasive, and the confusion which she betrayed, when I fixed my eyes steadily on her face, as if I would read her inmost soul, proved to me, at once, that she was the depository of a secret of the last importance to me. One night, shortly after I had retired, she entered my room very hastily, with a water-jug in her hand; she was, evidently, under considerable embarrassment, and, as it appeared to me, she had furnished herself with an excuse for coming into my apartment. She continued fumbling about the toilet, as it were, to collect sufficient courage for a communication which she had wished to make. At length, turning abruptly round, she fixed her large black eyes full upon my face, while a slight blush suffused her cheek. "Well, Biddy," I exclaimed, in considerable agitation, "tell me what it is." "Miss," said she, after considerable hesitation, "Miss, if there should be a very great noise—you should be disturbed before day-light—" "Biddy, Biddy," was called out on the stairs, undoubtedly, I thought, by some one who found she was about to make a disclosure. "Biddy, Biddy," was repeated, louder than before—"I hope you'll not be frightened—" The girl was again called, and left me all aghast, filled with a horrible dread of I knew not what. "Biddy, Biddy, I implore, I entreat of you not to leave me," exclaimed I, hurrying after her; but she had gone, and I did not know which way she had turned, or where to follow her. "Biddy, Biddy," I again exclaimed, falling on my knees at the door, which I had left partially open, and raising my hands in the attitude of entreaty. How long I might have remained in this posture, calling upon Biddy, I cannot say; but I think nothing would have moved me from it, had I not heard distant steps, and, as I thought, the trampling of horses about the house, the sudden gusts of wind, mingling with the sounds which I thought I heard, were very confusing; and I felt that not a moment was to be lost. I recollected well, having read of fragile girls, endowed with supernatural strength in such emergencies, and able to move the heaviest articles of furniture to form barricades against their doors. So, fastening the bolt, and turning the lock, I looked about the room to see what heavy pieces of furniture I could move to the door, and pile up for a defence; they were, unfortunately, of that massive kind, which was once so much the fashion. I tried to move the presses, but the utmost which I could do was to move one of them about half an inch from the wall, and this was accomplished at the cost of great labour and fatigue. In trying to draw my aunt's cabinet from the end of the room, where it stood, I utterly failed, but not till I had heard a dreadful crash inside, which I conjectured to be the beautiful china of which my aunt was so proud, and which she had promised to show me as a great treat. After all my efforts, two spider tables and four chairs were the only barricades which I found available. Throwing on a light night-gown, and suffering my hair to lie upon my shoulders, without the usual adjustment, I flung myself upon the bed, and waited in breathless trepidation for the approach of the assassin. Hour after hour seemed to pass away, but the time always appears long to those who are in terror; I thought I heard a lock turned below. I sat up and listened, but all seemed quiet again, till I could plainly distinguish steps going to and fro about the house. A sulphurous smell made me fear that some incendiaries were setting it on fire; I trembled so violently that the bed actually shook under me. I made an effort to rise, and, listening at the keyhole, I heard the steps very distinctly, and what added to my alarm was, perceiving that the persons traversing the house were going about stealthily, without shoes or stockings; I could hear the pattering of the bare feet, I heard low voices, and a loud cough now and then, increased my terror. "Take care not to waken him." Of whom could they be speaking? I then heard the voice of James, the butler. I had remarked the sinister expression of this man's countenance, the first instant that I saw him, and had taken an instinctive dislike to him, which prevented my feeling any surprise at his being implicated in the plot. "That's my master's room," said the villain, pointing it out to his accomplices; "go very softly." Then my uncle, and not I was to be the victim. Oh, that he could be given notice of what is going on, in time to save him! it was thus, I thought; but I dared not open my door, as it would be rushing on destruction. So I remained listening, in a state of the greatest wretchedness—my blood felt congealed with horror. A ray of hope, however, was cast over my miserable forebodings, for I heard James say, "Come down to the kitchen, lads, and when you have done there; you can come up and do *the job*." This brutal mode of expression disgusted me as much as its wickedness horrified me. They descended the stairs. Now, thought I, they have gone to their savage carousal, before they murder my unsuspecting uncle; there may yet be time to save him. I took the chairs and tables from the door, and, unlocking and unbolting it as softly as I could, I took the lamp in my hand, and, stealing on tip-toe, bent my way to my uncle's door, which was at the far-end of the lobby. I had nearly reached it, when I heard some one run up stairs. I raised the lamp and saw—James! I fell senseless at my uncle's door, and my light was extinguished. On coming to myself I found I was laid upon my bed; day was breaking, and the birds were singing. My aunt and my cousins were about me, and "my dear uncle," he was still living, unharmed. The house had, indeed, been entered, and those who got in had their faces blackened, and came provided with large bags to carry off what they could get. They regaled themselves with cold meat and potatoes before they commenced their foul deeds; they did not leave the house till they had accomplished their design—which was to sweep the chimneys, for they were sweeps. This, my dear god-child, was one of the remarkable adventures of your affectionate god-mother.

LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

From the growth and elevation of cheap literature during the last dozen years, two effects of more prominent significance than the rest were to be expected, namely, the purification and increased strength of popular literary

taste, and the visible need of bringing to its aid such accessories as might carry out still further this great, if indirect, process of national education. The time has come for this further development, and the Parliamentary inquiry made within the past year, as to the practicability of instituting libraries throughout the country, has elicited particulars of a most interesting and cheering kind, as to the immense moral and mental improvement of the working classes, since the first establishment of cheap periodical literature. The point arrived at is therefore precisely this, particularly in the large towns, that the intelligent classes, whom cheap literature may call its highest scholars, now seek for those wider generalizations on many subjects most interesting to their present and future condition, but which cheap literature cannot give. This, let it be well understood, not arising out of any impracticability as to the quality and character of a high class of material, but through the necessities of brevity and condensation, imposed upon writers by a periodic form of publication. For the ground being broken through the agency of the newspaper and the weekly journal, the working classes are often willing to follow out the questions of political economy, of certain branches of science, made interesting by a process of association with their daily labour, of, in a word, judging for themselves in a thousand ways; but a negative is at once placed against this natural law of mental progress, by the need of books. Mechanics' Institutes, from many causes, fail to supply this need; private subscription libraries are too costly; individuals, as a general rule, are unwilling to lend books; and thus, as it were, half the great mission of periodic literature is unaccomplished, by those very inquiries which its own labour has elicited, being stayed at the moment when the richest results are likely to spring forth from minds so directed to generalities and first principles. Again, in this matter there is another and profound cause in operation—that is, that the age is scientific—happily scientific; for it is only through the immortal gates of the SCIENCES that humanity can, or will, enter upon its destined course of progress, development, and spiritual greatness; and however much the superficial thinker may doubt either its existence or its truth, this law, operating so forcibly upon the character of the century, is especially potential in two directions,—those of the popular intellect, and its best class literature. With this point of development on one hand, and this operating cause on the other, the establishment of public libraries would effect an incredible amount of good. They would perform the office of educator to those of adult age; they would tend to strengthen and broaden out the surface of wise and courageous public opinion, in opposition to the false, and often cowardly one, generated by the demagogue and the party writer; they would lead men from epitomes of truth to the earnest consideration of truth itself; they would serve to foster much of that legitimate intellect which, though of priceless worth to the State, often passes away without the development of even a single one of its splendid capabilities; and public libraries doing these things, and many others of equal worth, would bring still further into beneficial juxtaposition the literary and the practical classes.

From this inquiry at the hand of Government, it is to be presumed that Government would hold the power of general supervision in case Libraries are instituted in every town containing a certain amount of population, and two or more in large towns like Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, leaving all practical management—though conformatory to such laws as the Legislature might think fitting to pass for the due regulation of Public Libraries—to local committees, selected out of the various classes, but more particularly from that class most interested in their establishment and success. Without thus combining into one the governmental and local principle, it appears to me, no system of libraries, at once popular and national, could be carried out, if we may judge by the experiments already made in provincial towns, where, setting aside local squabbles and newspaper warfare, one of two things has almost always happened; either, that the management of such library has wholly passed into the hands of the dominant classes, or else into the care of those too poor to support it in any degree of efficiency, and too uneducated to perceive in what direction lay the true current of a sound and healthy literature. But, in the constitution of Town Libraries, as in many other points of large public importance, its members, participating in the act of local government, must not be taken from one class alone; and Mr. Lovett, whose experience in matters of this character extends over a period of twenty years, lays it down almost in the form of an axiom, that in the general local management of public libraries, the most diligent students, frequently, and drawers out of books for home circulation, should have a voice or vote in all matters of general direction. "In regard to the management of such libraries, if established," he says in his evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee, "I think it would be well that they should not be confined to any particular class of people, but that those persons who made most use of the libraries should have something of a voice or vote in the management; because I think they would be likely to feel a greater interest in getting in suitable works, and making the library efficient, than if the management were intrusted to any particular class of people, it might be by persons taking little or no interest in the matter. If an inducement were held out that the persons who frequented the library should have a vote or voice in the management of it, it would be more likely to be better managed. I think this might be effected by the committee, or the persons managing the library being elected annually, those persons who have been in the habit of frequenting the library having a voice in the election."

Whilst, therefore, taking into consideration that Town Libraries would, in all probability, become what the British Museum has been in a national sense, the great depositories of local bequests of books, and recollecting, by old experience, what has been the ordinary fate of this class of bequests, particularly such as have been in any way connected with the education or learning of the people, it seems advisable that Town Libraries should come under some form of Government inspection, so that the laws and regulations of such institutions should be impartially carried out, and their duties efficiently performed; for the recommendation of the Committee that a power be given by Parliament, enabling Town Councils to levy a small rate for the creation and support of Town Libraries, if carried into effect, would make such institutions emphatically those of the people. Still I scarcely think the percentage, even on an extensive Borough-rate, should supersede all assistance from the people themselves. The more wealthy might probably afford donations and yearly subscriptions, of a value beyond the mere benefit to themselves as readers, but the subscription of a penny, twopence, or fourpence weekly, for the privilege of carrying home books, would, I am confident, be not grudged by that extensive class to whom periodical literature has been so long both a benefit and a comfort. Thus, saying, if out of a town containing 30,000 inhabitants, 8,000 pence flowed in weekly from the large body of subscribers, this would give £33 6s. 8d., or annually £1,675. I presume, too, as in the case of the British Museum, the Libraries would be free to casual frequenters, and to all who visited them for the purposes of study, and thus would be a double boon to the studious of the working classes, who have leisure during the evening hours. I do not see why those places might not become as grave places of study as the more stately reading-rooms of the British Museum, and from whence might flow out influences of the noblest

kind. I say there would; and if taking my own feelings and experience as a test, (for I can say I never enter those glorious rooms without thick-thronging impulses of reverence and of gratitude, and of sincerest pleasure,) I am sure there are hundreds of men, and women likewise, who would be reverent, and grateful too, for places so consecrated to their use and improvement. But I do not see why Town Libraries should be, or either would be, mean places, for the love of locality is one of the strongest feelings of the English race; and poor men, benefited and nursed into great men by such institutions, might rise, and I am confident will rise, to be the Waynfletes, the Wolseys, the Heriots, and the Greshams of a newer age, and send their names down to posterity, by proudly enriching that which enriched them both in body and soul.

Whilst towns are thus enriched, libraries for the village population will come under consideration. "The population of our villages," says Mr. Lovett, "should not be neglected. I think our agricultural population, and persons in remote districts, stand most in need of information. I would respectfully suggest the formation of itinerating libraries for their benefit, the same to be circulated from village to village in rotation. Such libraries containing about 100 or 150 volumes, might be fitted up in a box-form, and supplied with shelves, and a set of rules and catalogues put in with the books, would form a library when opened, without any trouble to the person receiving it. Such an itinerating library might be got up for less than £20." I should say, as a rule, that the rural population would willingly pay a small subscription for the use of such books; and when one such box had performed its due service in a village or district, it might be exchanged for that of another, and so on. The removal of such boxes, at stated intervals, would be easily effected by district carriers or lines of railways, whilst their chief place of deposit might be the libraries of the divisional town, and their guiding power emanate from the same managing committees as constitute the working power of the stationary libraries. It is scarcely possible to conceive the entire effects these itinerating libraries would have upon the still life of the country, for hitherto the difficulty has been to rouse up from their dead apathy our rural population. Schools have done little, and country churches less, in bringing improvement, whether moral, intellectual, or religious to their homes; but once place in their way those means of knowledge, and there will be opened to them, even through the source of their material interests, a keener sense of their own social and intellectual condition. Plain little books on agriculture, the rearing and feeding of stock, domestic economy and gardening would necessarily lead to improvements in the hundred things which make up the daily round of rural life; and once lead their readers through such improvements to some understanding of literature and its power, they will be as forward, as the people of the towns, to value the knowledge thus brought to their doors. But it is on the subject of emigration that the rural population need information, for, as Mr. Wakefield justly says, "They are ignorant of all its benefits, and know not what a paradise a colony is; for if they only knew what a colony is for people of their class, they would prefer emigrating to getting double wages here; and how glad they would be to get double wages here need not be stated. I have often thought, that if pains were taken to make the poorer classes of this country really and truly aware of what awaits emigrants of their class, enough of them would emigrate to cause a rise of wages for those who remained behind. At present, speaking of the class generally, they know hardly anything about colonies, and still less about what they ought to do in order to reach a colony, even if they could have wherewith to pay for the passage. The colonies are not attractive to them as a class, have no existence as far as they know, never occupy their thoughts for a moment." But this blessed knowledge, that a wide and fruitful earth lies before them to be tilled, to be reaped, and to be enjoyed, would be spread from hill to valley by these itinerating volumes, as well as the knowledge that life is a thing of hope, if the condition of labour, and of prudent forethought be recognised; and if thus the extension of knowledge is destined to remove some portion of a worthy and hearty race from our soil, enough will ever be left to reap, to sow, and to enjoy; and who, viewing nature with a keener and newer vision, will find in their quiet homes still newer and still keener pleasures, in perusing the labours of those who toil like themselves, though in a higher and nobler province.

A Bill is now in Parliament in respect to this question of Libraries for the People. May it prosper and become law; for, whether in town or country, in the street or on the hill-side, KNOWLEDGE is in all respects the divinest heirloom which men can hold, bequeath, or enjoy.

SILVERPEN.

THE GIPSY OF THE NEW FOREST.

This story would form a subject for a drama. Some years ago, a handsome young gipsy was taken from her companions, by a lady of fortune residing near Southampton, who educated her in the most finished manner, adopted her as her own child, and introduced her into the best circles. She was so much admired, that she attracted the attention, and won the heart of a young gentleman of fortune, whom she consented to marry. When the day for the ceremony arrived, she fled from her home, and not until some time afterwards was it known where she had gone. She at length returned to her protectress in gipsy garb, and informed her that an irresistible yearning which had long been growing upon her, compelled her to rejoin her gipsy friends, where she had found a husband. Apologizing thus for her apparent ingratitude, she departed. It was discovered that she had attached herself to a rough unprincipled man, who treated her in the most cruel manner, but to whom, notwithstanding, she continued to devote herself with unabated affection. This person having committed some crime, which was about to doom him to transportation, was pardoned through her intercession with her former lover, and by the aid of the powerful influence of the family that had protected her. Strange to say, that when liberated, and about to leave the hall where he was temporarily confined, the felon, meeting his gipsy wife on a plank near the water, when she was expecting to receive his grateful thanks, actually jostled her off, and she was very nearly drowned. She continued her devoted attention to the wretch for several years, until he was finally executed. She did not long survive him. This story is true, and the heroine's name was Charlotte Stanley. We imagine James, the novelist, has had these circumstances in his mind on more than one occasion. The conclusion is not such as we like in novels or dramas, but this reversed picture of life would be a curious subject for the stage.—*From a Newspaper.*

BUSINESS NECESSARY.

The experience of life demonstrates that a regular and systematic business is essential to the health, happiness, contentment, and usefulness of man. Without it, he is uneasy, unsettled, miserable and wretched. His desires have no fixed aim, his ambition no high and noble ends. He is the sport of visionary dreams and idle fancies—a looker on where all are busy, a drone in the live of industry; a moper in the field of enterprise and labour. If such were the lot of the feeble and helpless only, it were less to be deplored; but it is oftener the doom and curse of those who have the power to do without the will to act, and who need that quality which makes so many others, but the want of which unmakes them—the quality of vigour and resolution. Business is the grand regulator of life.

THE HEART'S CHARITY.

A RICH man walked abroad one day,
And a poor man walked the selfsame way,
When a pale and starving face came by
With a pallid lip and a hopeless eye,
And that starving face presumed to stand
And ask for bread from the rich man's hand;
But the rich man sullenly looked askance,
With a gathering frown and a doubtful glance,
"I have nothing," said he, "to give to you,
Nor any such rogue of a canting crew;
Get work, get work! I know full well
The whining lies that beggars can tell."
And he fastened his pocket, and on he went,
With his soul untouched and his conscience content.

Now this great owner of golden store
Had built a church not long before,
As noble a fane as man could raise,
And the world had given him thanks and praise;
And all who beheld it lavished fame
On his Christian gift and godly name.

The poor man passed, and the white lips dared
To ask of him if a mite could be spared;
The poor man gazed on the beggar's cheek,
And saw what the white lips could not speak,
He stood for a moment but not to pause,
On the truth of the tale, or the parish laws,
He was seeking, to give—though it was but small,
For a penny, a single penny was all,
But he gave it with a kindly word,
While the warmest pulse in his breast was stirred;
'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed,
But the white lips got a taste of bread,
And the beggar's blessing hallowed the crust
That came like a spring in the desert dust.

The rich man and the poor man died,
As all of us must, and they both were tried
At the sacred Judgment seat above,
For their thoughts of evil, and deeds of love.
The balance of Justice *there* was true,
And fairly bestowed what fairly was due,
And the two fresh comers through Heaven's gate
Stood there to learn their eternal fate.
The recording angels told of things
That fitted them both with kindred wings;
But as they stood in the crystal light,
The plumes of the rich man grew less bright.
The angels knew by that shadowy sign,
That the poor man's work had been most divine.
And they brought the unerring scales to see
Where the rich man's falling off could be.

Full many deeds did the angels weigh,
But the balance kept an even sway,
And at last the church endowment laid
With its thousands promised and thousands paid,
With the thanks of prelates by its side,
In the stately words of pious pride,
And it weighed so much that the angels stood
To see how the poor man could balance such good.
A cherub came and took his place
By the empty scale, with radiant grace,
And he dropped the penny that had fed
White starving lips with a crust of bread.
The church endowment went up with the beam,
And the whisper of the Great Supreme,
As he beckoned the poor man to his throne,
Was heard in this immortal tone—
"Blessed are they who from great gain
Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
But holier still shall be his part
Who gives one coin with pitying heart!"

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE public are very much like children in the matter of fame. If you are constantly stretching forth your hands for it, they will find a curious, half-spiteful pleasure in putting away the previously offered wreath, while if you sit down in a state of perfect indifference, the chances are they will come and crown you.

LEARNING—a common act of memory, which may be exercised without common sense.

PARTY-SPIRIT—a species of mental vitriol, which we bottle up in our bosoms, that we may squirt it against others, but which, in the meantime, irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own hearts.

THE social scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

WHATEVER may be the customs and laws of a country, women always give the tone to morals.

THE conduct of another is almost always an echo of our own.

THOUGH sinking in decrepid age, he prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred on man by him. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.

FROWNS blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

SCIENCE is the advanced guard in the march of common sense; and, if it does ruthlessly lay the axe to the roots of the old forest, it takes care that new and more valuable crops shall occupy the clearing.

INDOLENT people easily become sly and shifting; their natural gentleness serves to hide even a fit of rage; for it is by our habitual manner that an accidental change of feeling may be best concealed.

NATURE'S fair smile may render us resigned to everything but suspense.

GRIEF ennobles. He who has not suffered can never have thought or felt.

WHAT an inexhaustible field for conjecture we find in the combinations of human destiny! What habits are thrust on us by chance, forming each individual's world and history. To know another perfectly would cost the study of a life.

HE who searches for words to clothe his thoughts does not know exactly what he wishes to express.

PATIENCE is a moral mosquito net.

HE that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

MENTAL recollections are acquired by reading; those of imagination are born of more immediate impressions, such as give life to thought, and seem to render us the witnesses of what we learn.

THERE are two distinct classes of men born—those who feel enthusiasm, and those who deride it.

WHO from motives of love hides love, loves ineffably and eternally.

WE all dig our graves with our teeth.

INNOCENCE is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again when watered by tears.

WHEN genius is united with true feeling, our talents multiply our woes. We analyze, we make discoveries, and, the heart's urn of tears being exhaustless, the more we think the more we feel it flow.

HE is a Judas that will get money by anything.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 5, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, May 11, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 55.] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

SEVERAL shocking cases of cruel personal chastisement inflicted upon children by their own parents, have recently been made the subject of investigation in our police courts, and occasioned considerable animadversion in the newspapers. Cases, such as these, however, which come to light, and obtain public exposure, bear an infinitely small proportion to those which are never heard of, except, perhaps, by immediate neighbours, who are occasionally horrified by the shrieks of maltreated children. We also hear, from time to time, of parents who lock up their children in back rooms, where they are half-starved, and beaten at frequent intervals. We believe that a monstrous amount of cruelty is inflicted upon children in this and in similar ways, of which people in general have no suspicion. But the parents, when brought to justice for misdemeanours of this kind, are never without their excuses: the children have been "incorrigible," "unruly," "wicked," "aggravating," and so on; and it is alleged that "nothing will mend them but blows," which, however, never do.

There is surely a terrible want of heart as well as judgment in this ferocious manner of dealing with the shortcomings and faults of children. Parents seem to be absurd enough to suppose that their children can, at will, exercise the qualities of trained and cultivated beings. At their very entrance into life, with only the physical powers imperfectly developed, and while the animal will and instinct entirely preponderate over the moral and intellectual nature, which has scarcely yet germinated, they are expected to exhibit self-command, self-government, truthfulness, abstinence, uprightness, and those other moral fruits which usually blossom in adult years, and generally reach their full stature only in advanced life. And do those parents, who are so ready to treat the faults of their children with such violence, themselves display in their own character the qualities which they demand from their children? A child is cross, makes a noise, throws down a toy and breaks it, beats his younger brother, or sets up a shout of screaming when he is told to do something that he does not like; and, forthwith, his parent runs at him, smacks him on the side of the head, brings down the birch over his back, strips and thrashes him, or even knocks him down on the spot! Is this the exhibition of patience, forbearance, temper, and sense, which is calculated to exemplify to the child the good conduct which his parent desires in him? Is it not rather the very worst possible example for the child, and calculated to make him more cross, more cruel, and more regardless in his future conduct?

Parents should also consider that the faults of their children are, for the most part, but the continuation or copies of their own. They, themselves, in originating the bodies of their children, originated their minds, temperaments, and moral dispositions; and it would be quite as rational, in most cases, for the parents to flog and punish *themselves*, as to flog and punish their offspring because they display the imperfections of nature which they have inherited from those who gave them being. A child does not make its own temper, nor has any control, while a child, over its direction; but cruel and unthinking parents very often treat them as if this were the case. If the parent has conferred an irritable temperament upon the child, is it not rather a duty on his or her part, to exercise the greater self-control, forbearance, and patience, so that the powerful influence of daily example may, in course of time, correct and modify the defects of birth?

Parents, we believe, are too apt to correct their children, while themselves under the influence of ill-temper. They are irritated and provoked, and the despot, which sits in the dark corner of every man's heart, rises up and smites the unresisting child, who, in most cases, quite unthinkingly and undesignedly, has caused the provocation. The kindlier feeling of the parent begins to operate when his anger has had time to cool, and, in his lonely hours, the crying, piteous face of his poor child rises up before him; but the mischief is done, the child has been wronged, and, perhaps, a sense of injustice and rancorous bitterness excited in its heart. We can never think, without pity, of the parent who lost a noble and promising son by death, and was haunted through life after by the recollection of his parental severity. "My boy," he said to a friend, "was used to think me severe, and he had too much reason to do so; he did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; and *it is now too late.*"

We believe that the government of men and children, by means of physical force, is very much on the decline among intelligent persons at this day; indeed, Mr.

Carlyle seems to be the only writer who continues to lift up his voice in its favour; but, still, it is a great deal too prevalent in practice. Whipping and scourging are not, by any means, abandoned by fathers and mothers in their domestic *ménage;* although the number of cases of aggravated cruelty, which come to light in the police courts, may be, for obvious reasons, comparatively small. Force is felt to be a direct and palpable thing. It is always at hand. It is summary and prompt; and its immediate effects are apparent. But its ultimate effects are not so easily detected, and perhaps they are generally under-estimated, because obscure and remote. But it cannot, we think, fail to be perceived by any one who gives his or her attention for a moment to the subject, that the consequences of a physical force training and correction of children, are exceedingly deleterious to their future moral character.

When the parent relies chiefly upon Pain for the control of the child's Will, the child comes insensibly to associate notions of duty and obedience with fear and terror. And when you have thus associated in the mind of the child the idea of command over the will of others by means of pain, you have done all that you can to lay the foundation of the bad character, the bad son, the bad husband, the bad father, the bad neighbour, the bad citizen. Parents may not think of this when they are flogging their children, and beating into them their own faults; but it is so, nevertheless. There is no doubt, whatever, that the command over the wills of others by means of pain, leads to all the several degrees of vexation, injustice, cruelty, oppression, and tyranny. "It is, in truth," says Mill, "the grand source of all wickedness, of all the evil which man brings upon man." * The child soon learns its power in the same way. It cries for a toy, and, by the annoyance which it causes to its nurse, succeeds in obtaining it. It thus learns to cry for all that it wants, and becomes a little tyrant before it can walk; and then the child is said to be "spoilt." But the parent or the nurse brings the same power of pain to bear upon the child in turn; it is beaten because of some fault or excess, and thus the lesson of tyranny is practically enforced and impressed upon the young mind.

But many parents entertain the notion that it is necessary to "break the will" of the perverse child. They do not reflect that the strong will forms the foundation of the strong and decided character,—that, without strength of will, there will be no strength of purpose,—that, when the will is thoroughly cowed and broken, man is reduced to the abject state of the crawling, crouching slave. No fallacy is more dangerous than that to which we refer. What is neccssary, is, not to break, which is to destroy, but to educate the will; and this is not to be done through the agency of force or fear. The faculty of Will ought rather to be strengthened and developed, by being led out into proper directions. When the child wills what is wrong, other faculties may be appealed to, and its attention diverted into other directions by memory, hope, or affection. Through the power of love and persistent gentleness, by denials when necessary, and the careful education of the power of self-government, the child may gradually be brought into a habit of docility and loving subjection to others, without the necessity of at all appealing to its sense of pain. You cannot train the will by the fear of punishment. You may restrain, break, or dislocate it, but you cannot thus educate it. The strong-willed child feels that he has at least one property—himself and justice; he resists, and, sooner or later, his will, deformed and perverted, will probably start into desperate and unmanageable rebellion. Thus many men, who might have been the ornaments of their race, are converted, by the mismanagement of parents, into its curses.

* Art. *Education*, in Encyclopædia Brittannica.

The bravest and strongest men are those educated by love and not by fear. The Goths held that, to inflict blows upon a boy was to destroy his courage; and they carefully abstained from it. The Quakers among ourselves have long been in the practice of rearing tranquil and brave children-souls, without the aid of the cane; and we know of several schools, which have turned out the very finest specimens of youthful character, where the scourge has been entirely dispensed with. It speaks to reason, as we have seen, that it should be so. There may, however, be cases where a physical punishment is justifiable; but these, we believe, form the rare exceptions; and our remarks apply entirely to that indiscriminate use of physical punishment, which we hold to be so injurious to the moral characters of children.

Another observation, with which we would conclude our article, is this:—that the practice of punishing children by blows teaches them cruelty to other living objects which are in their power. As *their* sense of pain has been disregarded, so do they acquire a disregard for the pains of others. They come to take a pleasure in inflicting pain upon their younger brothers and sisters, upon schoolfellows under their own age, and upon dumb, sentient creatures. When the elder boys at Eton once proposed to abolish the system of Fagging, they were strenuously opposed by the younger boys, though they were then subject to all its tyranny! The expectod pleasure of tyrannizing, in their turn, over other boys younger than themselves, outweighed the pain of their present slavery. The practice of corporeal punishment had thus educated them into a love of it as exercised upon others. And the fact is strikingly illustrative of the working of the system of physical coercion, as well as of its ultimate deleterious effects upon society at large. There is also an enormous amount of cruelty practised by little children upon dumb brutes, originating, we believe, in the physical punishment practised upon themselves in the family and in the school. You see it in a lot of boys beating a poor ass upon a common, in another set tying a pan to a dog's tail for their diversion—in a private juvenile exhibition of the squelching of a frog, in spinning a cockchafer—in pulling the limbs from a fly, and in such like cruel diversions. In some cases, children may engage in such shameful pastime from thoughtlessness, or perhaps through the example set to them by elder boys; but in the large proportion of cases it has its origin in the cruelty and pain inflicted upon the children themselves, which educates them into a disregard of the pains of other creatures, and even causes them to take a pleasure in its infliction. Parents ought carefully to teach their children to have a tender feeling for every object that possesses life, and to abstain from the infliction of all unnecessary pain; and they cannot teach this lesson more emphatically than by themselves abstaining from the infliction of all unnecessary pain upon their children.

NOTES OF AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

"Converse with a master-spirit can never be forgotten: how it feeds, inspires, and elevates the mind!"—*Stray Leaves.*

WHERE is the person of any literary tastes and habits, or the admirer of quiet, piquant humour, originality, and genius, who does not feel interested in recurring to the character, writings, and memory of the late Charles Lamb? We confess our extreme partiality towards him, as a man and an author. In private life he developed many amiable and beautiful qualities, and nothing struck us more powerfully than the strength, tenderness, and permanence of his friendships, and that generous and disinterested regard which he ever discovered towards his much-loved sister. The writings of Charles Lamb have

always interested and charmed us. They are, certainly, not of the most elaborate character; not of the highest reach and power; still they rivet our attention, engage, delight, and benefit our minds. They are perfectly unique. They are exceedingly graphical and descriptive. They have beautiful touches of the tender and pathetic. They have a fine vein of originality pervading them. There is a quiet pensiveness about them which we love. There is a raciness, a facetiousness, a poignancy of humour, which strikes us at once. There is a knowledge of character, an acquaintance with the antique, a sageness and quickness of observation, which uniformly commands our attention, and awakens deep interest. We never read the "Essays of Elia" without being riveted and instructed. Some of them are incomparably beautiful. It has been observed, with perfect truth, that, "as an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered in years to come, with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele, and with Addison. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order. We know of no inquisition more curious, no speculation more lofty, than may be found in the essays of Charles Lamb." This eulogy is not too unqualified.

Many of his letters, also, are very beautiful and striking, abounding in terse and choice expressions, in fine and original sentiments, in graphic portraitures. How just and impressive are the following sentences, from a few of his epistolary communications:—

"If presents be not the soul of friendship, undoubtedly they are the most spiritual part of the body of that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking on this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and strait-laced. I could be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a *friend*. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert?"

"Let him overcome me in bounty. In this strife, a generous nature loves to be overcome."

"I wish your friend would not drink. It's a blemish in the greatest characters."

"Lord Nelson is quiet at last. His ghost only keeps a slight fluttering in odes and elegies, in newspapers and impromptus, which could *not* be got ready *before* the funeral."

"Gather up the wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake *withered* hands together, and talk of old things."

"I am a prisoner to the desk. I have been chained to that galley thirty years; a long shot. I have almost grown to the wood."

"I sit, like Philomel, all day (but not singing) with my breast against this thorn of a desk, with the only hope that some pulmonary affliction may relieve me."

"Trust not the *public*. You may hang, starve, drown yourself, for anything that worthy *personage* cares."

"A *splendid* edition of "Bunyan's Pilgrim!" Why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle-hat and staff transformed to a smart cocked beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent-Street cut; and his painful Palmer's pace, to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts, in as homely, but good a style as *possible*."

"I frankly own that, to pillarize a man's *good* feelings in his life-time, is not to my taste. Monuments to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness *blows no trumpet*, nor desires to *have it blown*. We should be modest for a *modest* man, as he is for himself."

These are only two or three gems from the "Letters of Elia;" they are almost innumerable.

It was in the year 1831 when we had our last interview with Charles Lamb. He was then residing at Enfield. His abode was a small, neat, rural habitation, in a quiet and almost sequestered neighbourhood, and presenting a perfect contrast to the scenes of activity, noise, and bustle, in the midst of which the greater part of his previous life had been spent. The thought entered the mind, as we approached his residence—How can you, Elia, be happy here, with your tastes and decided predilections for the animation, variety, and energy of life in the metropolis? On the occasion to which this paper refers, we had a literary favour to request of him, which we were well assured, from our knowledge of his kindness, he would grant in the readiest manner: nor were we disappointed. The door was opened by his sister, who welcomed us in her usual polite and agreeable manner. She was a staid, respectable, domestic, and matronly kind of person, without the slightest affectation or pretension, and was very pleasant in her demeanour. You could feel at home with her at once, and you loved her for her brother's sake. We waited a few moments in a plain and neat front parlour, while she went to inform her brother, and, on her return, we were introduced to Charles Lamb, in a little back room, plainly furnished, and evidently used as his study. There was a select, but by no means a large library; and we could not help observing the number of folios which it contained. He received us in his usual quiet and urbane manner, without any form, or peculiar warmth. This was characteristic of him.

As soon as we were seated we saw that we were in the presence of a superior man—a man of cultivated, powerful, and original mind. There was something about him which impressed us at once, and which we cannot adequately describe. He was stationed at a small table, and had before him an old folio—an ancient edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. His frame was slight and fragile, and his countenance was pensive and solemn. He was attired in clerk-like black, and presented a very grave and clerical appearance.

We were always struck with his head, and never more than on this occasion. The form of that head was the most dignified, and its expression the most agreeable and sweet. His biographer, the accomplished Talfourd, sketches him to the very life.

"His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostrils, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem; who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? deep thought, striving with humour; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind, it can as little describe as lose." This is a graphical, vivid delineation—a true portrait.

After a little incidental remark or two, and gaining, without any difficulty the literary favour solicited, we proposed some questions on books and intellectual subjects, and entered seriously into conversation. There was nothing facetious—no punning—on this occasion. He was very serious, and his talk was serious: and, as Hazlitt observes, his serious conversation, like his serious writing, was his best. "No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half-a-dozen sentences as he did. His jests scalded like tears, and he probed a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hair-brained view of home-felt truth! What a choice venom! He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or his sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation."

"You have caught me reading," said he, "and reading a large book."

"Do you spend much time in reading?" we inquired.

"Yes, the mornings invariably; and sometimes the evenings too."

"You approve, then, of varied and extensive reading?"

"Decidedly. If a man's mind be well disciplined, he can scarcely read too much. I mean, of course, that his reading should be close, careful, meditative."

"What have you been reading lately?" we presumed to ask.

"Oh, I have been going through Massinger, and I am now perusing again, with much interest, Beaumont and Fletcher; and I intend reading old Ben Jonson and Marlowe once more. Such authors are to me a continual feast."

"You give the preference, I perceive, to the fine old folios of our ancestors?"

"Indeed I do," he at once exclaimed; "there is nothing like them: what solidity—what breadth—what printing—what margin—to me, what beauty! I can scarcely endure your octavos and duodecimos. I have been so accustomed to the fine old folio, that I find it almost difficult to read with comfort a book of small size; and, sure I am, I do not receive half the benefit. Here," said he, "is a favourite volume of mine,"—taking up a folio edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy—"and I have been so used to this form, that I could scarcely read it in the dimensions of a small octavo. There is another glorious book—Philip Sidney's Arcadia—but how could I read it if it were in the shape of a duodecimo? Let others have the octavos, but give me the quartos, and especially the folios."

We asked him, if he read "Jeremy Taylor?"

"Yes," he replied, "and always with much delight. He was one of the greatest giants of the olden time. His profusion of illustration, his richness and variety of imagery, always astonish me; and his copiousness and magnificence of expression ever afford me interest and pleasure. I read last year a large portion of his Great Exemplar, and was charmed and enchained with very many passages."

"Do you like Barrow?"

"I cannot help it. He is dry, and often tedious, but what energy and felicity of language, what force of argument, what clearness and power of thought, what rich diversified illustration! I wish all would read Barrow." He then inquired, "and pray what are you reading? I like to know what are the meditations and inquiries of others."

We at once told him that we had just finished again "Boswell's Life of Johnson." "Indeed," said he, "that is a volume I prize. It is most descriptive and powerful. It is a full-length of the great lexicographer. It is often prosy, garrulous, and small in its talk and details; still who would be without such a book—such a portraiture? You see Johnson's mind not in his poetry, in his Idler, or his Rambler, but in his Rasselas, and in his conversations, as Boswell narrates them. Yes, I much like Boswell; a vain, weak, in many respects, a little man; but how clever, how admirable in sketching the character, and detailing the conversations of Samuel Johnson!"

We proceeded to inform him that we had perused, with much gratification, the "Life and Letters of Beattie, by Forbes." "Yes," remarked he, "it is a book, valuable not on account of what Forbes does, but on the ground of the letters of the poet. Many of those are most interesting and beautiful, written with marked elegance and ease, abounding in nice morsels of criticism, and rich in descriptive passages. I like Beattie's Letters," he added, "many of them are worthy of being compared with Cowper's."

We asked him, if he had studied "Cudworth's Intellectual System!" He replied in the affirmative, and observed, "I am always struck with its amplitude and breadth of learning, and the true greatness of mind which it discovers."

We told him that we examined lately, with care, the prose of Dryden. "I am glad of it. It is the prose of 'glorious John'—prose which few could write. It is full of energy and erudition, and I never read it without admiration."

We then mentioned, that we had gone through Goldsmith again. "Ah, 'poor Goldy!' how I value him; what can be more simple, pure, touching, natural, than his prose—what can be more descriptive, graceful, original, or impressive than his poetry!"

Having just read Lamb's "Benchers of the Temple," "The old Margate Hoy," "Witches and other Night Fears," "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire," and several more of his essays, it was mentioned how much we valued and admired them. He responded, "You are very polite and kind. The public has been very indulgent towards them. Whatever their faults, I endeavoured to write them with discrimination and care. The little Essays, by Elia, have not been despised." He seemed gratified, and a smile played on his pensive and intellectual countenance. "When I am gone," he touchingly remarked, "I shall be remembered by a few choice and kindred spirits."

"Not by a few," we ventured to add, "but by many—very many."

He bowed, and asked, "have you got 'John Woodville' in your library? It is a thing of no importance, but I should like you to have a copy." On informing him that we had not, he procured from an upper shelf a volume of this play; and, writing his name on the fly-leaf, and adding, "to his affectionate friend," put it into our hands. That little book we have prized ever since, and now that the hand and head of the writer have mouldered in the grave, we never take it up without pensive and solemn emotions being awakened. Previously to leaving, on the occasion to which this paper relates, Elia wrote for us a kind and generous note—penned in his neat and peculiar style; we have it before us now, and shall ever prize it as a little epistolary composition of the taciturn, the pensive, the grave, but gentle, true-hearted, kind-hearted Elia. This was our final interview with the late Charles Lamb, but we never open a volume of his writings without having his countenance and form before the mind's eye, as he appeared at the period respecting which we write.

It is well known that Elia died in consequence of a trifling accident which occurred to him while taking one of his regular morning walks on the dusty London road, and he lies in Edmonton churchyard. He had marked the spot himself, a short time previously, while walking there with his sister, "as the place where he wished to be buried."

"The spot," as has been observed, "is by no means romantic, though something of the kind might easily have been found among the mossy, mouldering, carved vaults and tombs, at remote corners, beneath old yew-trees, dense blackthorn hedges, or beside the venerable buttresses of the old church walls. Lamb, however, preferred to be located, not only where the place was pretty thick with companionable tombs, but where he could be nearer the walks of human life. His gravestone accordingly stands at a little distance, facing a foot-path which leads to the lanes and fields at the back of the church." The inscription on it is simply—

"To the memory of Charles Lamb. Died 27th Dec., 1834; aged 59."

Just at the maturest stage of his mind, at the primest part of his days!

There, in fixed peacefulness, among a crowd of familiar names—names known from infancy—we often see it stand with pallid smiles just after sun-set, while sparrows fly chirping from tomb to tomb, and ruminating sheep recline, with half-closed eyes, against the warm flat stone or grassy mound.

How many a literary pilgrim, and fond admirer, has been almost ready to shed a tear, when looking at the quiet grave which contains the mortal relics of the pensive, gentle, and noble Elia!

T. W.

THERE'S NO USE IN WEEPING.

There's no use in weeping,
Though we are condemned to part;
There's such a thing as keeping
A remembrance in one's heart

There's such a thing as dwelling
On the thought ourselves have nursed.
And with scorn and courage telling
The world to do its worst.

We'll not let its follies grieve us,
We'll just take them as they come;
And then every day will leave us
A merry laugh for home.

When we've left each friend and brother,
When they're parted wide and far,
We will think of one another
As even better than we are.

Every glorious sight above us,
Every pleasant sight beneath,
We'll connect with those that love us,
Whom we truly love till death!

In the evening, when we're sitting
By the fire, perchance alone,
Then shall heart with warm heart meeting,
Give responsive tone for tone

We can burst the bonds which chain us
Which cold human hands have wrought,
And where none shall dare restrain us
We can meet again, in thought.

So there's no use in weeping,
Bear a cheerful spirit still;
Never doubt that Fate is keeping
Future good for present ill!

A WEEK DOWN THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Monday Morning.—Up early, and hoping to find something really to do to-day,—for I feel that I lead a sad idle life. There is a great deal of talk about woman's mission; I wonder what is mine. Here I am, in possession of health and competence; my brothers and sisters all married and doing well; my mother too active about the house to leave any duties for me to fulfil; my father always shut up in his library. I have no fixed employment; nothing whatever to do but call upon my friends, alter my dresses to the latest fashion, and read novels. I wish I were of consequence to somebody. A lover would be a pleasant diversion; even a small trial or a snug illness would be a welcome change in this long monotony of ease and comfort. Heigho! How tiresome it is to be a young lady?

Ten o'Clock, p.m.—The day has turned out better than I expected. About eleven o'clock our neighbour, Mrs. Staniforth, bustled in, and begged me immediately to run up stairs, and prepare for a pic-nic party to Bertie Forest. So I put on my white dress and green mantelet, and my chip bonnet with blush roses, and set off with my friend to her house, where several of the party were already assembled.

We were to go by water, and when we got to the river-side we found the boats all ready, and half-a-dozen more people awaiting us under the trees. It was a splendid morning; the sky looked intensely blue by contrast with the waving boughs in their fresh summer dress, while a light breeze went rustling through the leaves, causing their shadows to dance, with a pleasant flicker, upon the sunlit grass beneath.

We had a delightful row up the smooth river; the tiny ripples that we left in our wake sparkling in the sunshine like diamonds. When we arrived at our destination, we found that the servants, who had gone round in a shandrydan with the hampers of prog, had already laid the cloth for dinner, in a convenient place under the trees, and had spread various good things thereupon. I got into a snug corner with my old friend John Fox, and Jane and Sarah Dyson; and there we enjoyed ourselves in our own way, unconscious of any addition to our party, until my attention was attracted by a rich, melancholy voice behind me. I turned to look at the speaker; a swarthy, weather-beaten young man, of sailor-like appearance, was lounging upon a bank, with his eyes fixed upon me. He moved his head quickly aside, as if to avoid my observation, and as I continued to look curiously at him, he rose and walked away to a little distance. The person, like the voice, appeared familiar, and I was certain that I had made his acquaintance somewhere. I ascertained that his name was Westmorland, and that he had lately come into possession of a fine estate in the neighbourhood. This information did not at all clear up the mystery, and I was delighted when Mrs. Staniforth begged permission to introduce him to me, as I thought that in the course of conversation I might perhaps be able to solve it. But, though all that he said proved to me that my idea of a previous acquaintance was well-founded, he carefully avoided entering into details, and I shall have to wait a little longer for the satisfaction of my curiosity. He is to call to-morrow morning, and then—we shall see. At any rate, I have had a most delightful day, instead of the monotony that I expected. Pic-nics are the pleasantest kind of parties, when people are inclined to make themselves agreeable. The poor Dysons! they were so jealous when my new friend handed me into the boat, and took his seat beside me. However, I could not help *that*, nor yet his conversing with me all the afternoon. I am thankful that I am no flirt; no one can say that of me with truth, whatever Sarah Dyson may choose to insinuate.

Tuesday Evening.—Mystery upon mystery! He says that he has often spoken to me, and that I have wounded him severely. That the last time I did so he resolved never again to encounter my scorn; but that, when he encountered me yesterday at the pic-nic, so smiling and gracious, he resolved to make one more trial of me. He has been travelling for five years. Where can I have seen him? in a railway carriage or on a steam-boat?

* * * * *

I was interrupted by Mrs. Staniforth, who begged me to come into her house, for Mr. Westmorland and the Tinkers had dropped in to supper, and she was tired of amusing them all, especially as Charley was rather poorly. "Besides," said she, "I know that Mr. Westmorland admires you more than any young lady of my acquaintance."

I eagerly began to question her about him. Where did he come from? What had he been before he became our neighbour?

"Why, my dear," she inquired, with an expression of amazement, "is it possible that you do not recognise him? But it is all for the best. I shall not enlighten you, for I know your aristocratic prejudices."

In vain I entreated her to take pity on my ignorance; she resisted all my persuasions, and I arrived at her house, and walked up stairs to the drawing-room as densely mystified as ever.

After supper we had a long and interesting conversation, in the course of which many new ideas were presented to my mind, which I feel that I shall be the

better for all my life. I had no notion that poor governesses and seamstresses suffered as Mr. Westmorland says they do. I wonder where he got all his information from. He might have been one of the over-worked and under-paid himself; and perhaps he has, for, though a rich landholder, agreeable, intelligent, and sufficiently well-mannered, he is by no means a fine gentleman, and appears to have roughed it both at home and abroad. The subject upon which he was most eloquent was early closing; and he really made me quite ashamed of myself for so often running over to Mr. Smith's, in an evening, for a yard of ribbon or a few lengths of blond quilling, making the young men pull out drawers and open boxes when they ought to have done their work, and be improving themselves, or taking a walk in the fields, after their long, stifling, wearying day behind the counter. I shall never do so again, and I shall use all my influence to induce my female friends to be accommodating in their purchases.

Wednesday Evening.—A most splendid day. Rose early to take a walk with Sarah Dyson. We went over Low Lane, up Roundhill Mount, and then, descending the other side, got over a stile into the fields.

"Dear me," said Sarah, "I really do believe that Mr. Westmorland is coming along the next field. Yes, now he has turned, I see him plainly. And I have such an old bonnet on."

I had an old bonnet on also, and a faded shawl, and old gloves full of holes, for it was so early that we did not expect to meet anybody. So I said to Sarah, "Let us get over that wall, and return home by the common." But it was too late; he had recognised us, and quickening his pace, was upon us before we could make our way over the long grass, all wet with dew.

"I was not aware that my fair neighbours were such early risers," said he, as he shook hands, "or I should have been tempted to come in this direction before."

"It is not often," replied I, "that we treat ourselves with a walk before breakfast, but, really, the weather is so beautiful—"

I stopped, for he was regarding me with a singular expression that made my heart beat. (Where *can* I have seen him before?) There is an intense depth of feeling in that dark eye of his. This morning I thought him handsomer than I had ever done before. Though his face is much tanned and hardened by sun and wind, and he is slightly marked with the small-pox, there are a grandeur and force of expression that impress one's fancy exceedingly; and—in short, he is very good-looking, though how so, I cannot exactly tell.

We had a most delightful walk, although Sarah Dyson, who must be extremely hard to please, said it had been very stupid. But I don't think she is properly alive to the charms of scenery and fresh air, and the early song of the birds, and, above all, an intelligent companion to talk with about them. We left her at her own house, and Mr. Westmorland saw me home. My father happened to be standing at the door, looking out for the postman, and he invited my companion in, and asked him to remain to breakfast,—a somewhat unusual stretch of politeness. So, leaving the gentlemen together, I ran up stairs to arrange my dress and change my collar.

When I got into the dining-room again, how terrified was I! There was my father holding forth, with considerable heat, against Mechanics' Institutes, the education of the working classes, and all "the dangerous notions that are afloat in the country," as he says, the very topics upon which I expect Mr. Westmorland and him to disagree. I saw the former begin to redden, and at length he burst out with; "And do you suppose, Sir ——"

I know not what more he was going to say, for his eye fell upon me as I sat opposite preparing for breakfast, and I think I must have looked most imploringly, for the words died away, and with a violent effort he restrained himself.

My father glanced at him suspiciously with his keen grey eye. "I beg your pardon, Sir, possibly I may be speaking to a democrat, though a gentleman of property?"

Before Mr. Westmorland had time to answer, I managed to let the water from the urn overflow the breakfast-tray, and drew the attention of my companions to the circumstance by a slight scream. Mr. Westmorland came to my assistance. "Thank you for the interposition," said he, in a low voice. "I do not wish to offend the prejudices of *your* father."

After breakfast they went out together very amicably, and left me alone to write my diary. But, what a beautiful rose is that peeping in at the window! I will gather it, and place it in my hair for dinner.

Thursday.—It is dinner-time, and I have been prevented from writing in my journal until now. This morning my father gave me five pounds for a new dress, and I put on my bonnet and shawl, and went over to Smith's to buy it. As I was crossing the road, Mr. Westmorland came up on horseback, and immediately dismounting, threw the bridle over his arm, and walked beside me. I told him where I was going, and he gave his horse to a little boy to hold, and entered the shop with me. Mr. Smith came forward with more than his usual *empressement*, and cordially accosted Mr. Westmorland, whom he seemed to know very well, and to treat with a curious mixture of familiarity and deference.

We were soon deep in the merits of several expensive dresses, and as I like to have plenty of choice, and my good mother always says, "Never spare the shopmen, it is their business to attend to you," I had almost the whole contents of the shelves turned over before me. But my companion frowned at this, and grew every moment more and more dissatisfied. At length he ventured to remonstrate.

"Could you not choose a dress, Miss Warden," he said, "without all this trouble and loss of time? You could not have a more becoming one than that rich shot silk you first looked at, or that beautiful pink glacé, which would harmonize so well with your complexion."

"I don't know," I replied, slightly annoyed. "I like to look at a great many before I choose. I like to see all the new things."

"By doing so, you make selection a much more difficult matter. Besides," he added, in a lower voice, as the young man who was attending to me went to a distant part of the shop, for some new goods that had just arrived,—"besides, you are not aware how you exhaust the patience of these men. If they might speak as they felt, you would find that their real opinion of you was by no means so flattering as their excessive deference would lead you to believe. I remember ——"

He stopped short, and I waited, expecting that he would finish his sentence. Mr. Smith now came forward.

"Mr. Westmorland," said he, "an old friend of yours has been enquiring for you. You recollect Thomas Atkinson, who was with me about six years ago?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Westmorland. "But come here, Mr. Smith, I have a word or two for you."

They stepped aside, and held a short conversation, during which Mr. Smith looked at me over Mr. Westmorland's shoulder two or three times. While they were thus engaged, I chose my dress without more delay, and was ready to leave the shop when Mr. Westmorland returned to the counter.

"I am glad to see, fair lady," said he, "that you have both profited by, and forgiven my free hints." (It is impossible to be angry with the man.) "And now I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you home, and paying my respects to Mrs. Warden, whom I have not seen for several days. I trust she has recovered from her slight indisposition."

Thus speaking, he took his horse from the boy, gave him sixpence with a smile, and a pat on his ragged back, and walking home with me in the same fashion as he accompanied me to the shop, he tied his horse to our little white gate, and together we threaded the winding walks of the garden.

Talking of books as we sauntered along, Mr. Westmorland asked me if I had read "Shirley;" and finding that I had not even heard of it, he promised to lend it to me. By this time we were within sight of the dining-room window, and discovered my mother in its ample bow, busily engaged with a large basket of mending. She nodded when she saw Mr. Westmorland, and then hastily retired, to change her cap, I suppose, while we sat down on the bench beneath the porch.

"How extremely sultry," said my companion, taking off his hat and wiping his ample forehead. (By-the-by, when he is a little heated, how nicely his hair clusters around his temples.) "It will be a most beautiful evening. Have you ever visited Fernley Abbey, Annie? I beg your pardon, Miss Warden, I mean.

"Once or twice," I answered, blushing at his odd mistake. "We thought of getting up a pic-nic there this summer."

"How much pleasanter to go with two or three friends who really cared for each other! Do you not think that we could persuade Mrs. Staniforth, one or two of the Miss Dysons, and perhaps our friend John Fox, to accompany us there to-night? We would not set off until after tea, and then we should have a chance of returning by moonlight. What say you?"

I thought the proposal delightful, and we rose to enter the house; for through the trellis-work and creepers we had perceived my mother glueing her face to the window to look for us.

Before Mr. Westmorland left, he gained her consent to the proposed party, and we are to have tea by five o'clock; my mother, for a wonder, having volunteered to accompany us in a donkey-carriage. She will get Mrs. Simpson to go with us and drive her, so that there will be a larger party than Mr. Westmorland bargained for, though he assented to the arrangement with a very good grace. However, to make up for it, as soon as he was gone my mother exclaimed, "Well, that is the young man for me. No airs, no levity. I really believe he and I shall get on extremely well together." I only wish my father would say the same.

Thursday Evening.—Oh, how miserable I am! Foolish girl! foolish pride! And how unhappy he looked! On such a glorious evening, too! The sun's last rays had not disappeared below the purple horizon, and the thin silver crescent of the moon was rising on the opposite side, and already beginning to diffuse its gentle light over the earth. A nightingale was singing from a neighbouring plantation, and as we paused on our return, and held our breath to listen, it might have been supposed that our hearts, like the bird, overflowed with harmony in that peaceful hour. But, alas! *he* stood apart, with a look of bitter mortification; and I, conscience-stricken and full of remorse, had much ado to restrain my tears. Will he ever forgive me? Oh! I could go down on my knees and ask him to do so. How shall I look at him to-morrow? I am glad some other people are coming also. But I will think of him no more; I will tear him from my heart, for I am not worthy to make so noble a being happy.

Friday Morning.—How my heart beats! Mr. and Mrs. Staniforth, the Misses Tinker and their brother, Mr. Joe Thompson, Mr. and Miss Jones, and the Simpsons have arrived, and I expect *him* every moment. Hush! that is his ring, and dinner will be announced immediately. Oh! how shall I meet him?

Friday Evening.—How happy! Who would recognise, in the happiest, proudest creature in all Ruddonstead, the woe-begone damsel of this morning? Only this morning! How my position is changed since then! And yet I am going to marry—yes, *to marry* a *ci-devant*—No, I will not tell the secret yet, even to my diary. Dear, generous Frank! how shall I ever express my admiration for thee? I would say, my love—but that word is new to me yet.

When I went into the drawing room, just as dinner was announced, a mist was before my eyes, and for a moment or two I could distinguish no one. At length I recovered myself sufficiently to shake hands with all our friends except *him*, and I dared not even look towards where I knew he sat on the sofa in the recess, talking to my mother. He took her down to dinner, and I was consigned to the care of Mr. Joe Thompson. I caught the eye of my poor injured Frank but once during dinner, and it was fixed upon me, with oh! what an expression! Love, pity, sorrow, with something of contempt and severity, that made my very heart ache. Those beautiful eyes of his can discourse better than any tongue, save his own.

I thought the signal would never be given for the ladies to retire; but at length my mother nodded to Mrs. Staniforth, and we all rose. I dared not look up as I passed Mr. Westmorland's chair; I dared seek no sign; and yet my heart seemed breaking. When we got into the drawing-room, my mother discoursed of servants and household affairs with Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Staniforth and the Tinkers gossipped over the piano, Miss Jones ensconced herself in an easy-chair, and took up a book, and I retired into the old-fashioned balcony, where I leaned my elbow upon the balustrade, and my head upon my hand, and fell into a deep reverie. I dreamily felt the breath of the roses, I heard indistinctly the song of a happy thrush in the distance, and was only thoroughly conscious of my utter misery, and of the cold tears that stole quietly down my cheek. I know not how long I had thus remained, when a sigh struck upon my ear, and roused me to the sense of some one near. I turned round, hastily wiping away a tear, and endeavouring to assume a composed countenance. Mr. Westmorland was beside me, and as I turned, he gently took my hand.

"I am not, then, miserable alone?"

Unable to speak, I withdrew my hand, but as I looked at him, I saw his lip quiver, and I resigned it to him again.

"Mr. Westmorland," I at length managed to say, "I must accomplish the task, however difficult. I must beg your pardon for my unkind speeches yesterday. But at first I did not know, I did not indeed. I have been in the habit of speaking thus of a certain class. Now I feel how wrong it is, and indeed—indeed———"

I could not help it; I fairly burst into tears,—I, who am always so ashamed to be caught crying.

He drew me nearer to him: "Annie!"

* * * * * * *

There was a slight stir in the drawing-room. The gentlemen had joined the ladies, and I heard my father say, "Where is Annie?" I was too proud and too happy to be ashamed, and I returned into the room, leaning upon *his* arm.

The rest of the evening passed as in a dream. I was conscious of being joked, but I myself scarcely knew what I said or did. I suppose I behaved much like other people, for we often mechanically act aright when our minds are in a chaos of confusion.

And now, in the solitude of my own apartment, I sit with the rose that he gave me, pressed to my lips, to my heart—and I thank God from the inmost recesses of my soul, that he has changed an idle, useless, and luxurious existence, into a life henceforth blended with the hopes, the joys, the sorrows, and fears of another, and that other an industrious labourer in the vineyard of the Future.

The window is open, the moon has risen, and is flooding

the garden with her light, which sleeps also upon the houses beyond, making even brick and stone look beautiful with a soft mystery. My candle is nearly useless, so I shall extinguish it. Oh! hope and joy, ye flood my heart, ye sleep upon my eyes and lips as the moonlight upon the little garden and the neighbours' houses!

Saturday Morning.—What a restless thing is this human life! How its moods shift and change, like the scenery in a pantomime! This morning I am a prey to the intensest anxiety. Will my father consent to my happiness? It is impossible to tell. But *he* is here. I heard the gate clash. Now he rings the front-door bell. My father is in the library, and the servant conducts him thither. Now there is a murmur of voices in conversation. Oh! for strength and composure to endure this suspense! That is my mother's step upon the stairs. She is coming to fetch me. Yes, dear mother, in a moment.

Saturday Evening.—It is all arranged. We are to be married in a month. I shall not have time to write much in my journal, for he is a sad, selfish fellow, I fear, and will engross all my time. He is calling me to take a walk by this beautiful moonlight. Yes, I am coming immediately.

Sunday Evening.—How noble he looked as he stood beside me in church during the singing of the hymn. The great door was wide open because of the heat, and a bird was singing outside, until its thrillings mingled with the roll of the organ within. All was green and still around, and through the window, opposite our pew in the gallery, might be distinguished a portion of the grounds of Westmorland Hall, so soon to be my home. Frank glanced at me as I was gazing upon it with my heart in my eyes, and a slight pressure of my hand under the hymn-book that we held together testified his sympathy with my feelings. If a grateful heart be the truest devotion, then did I offer the choicest sacrifice there.

How have I, up till now, lived in prejudiced blindness! believing that the world was divided into two classes—high and low; the former appropriating all the intellect, beauty, courtesy, honour, worth, power of the human race; the latter coarse, inferior, uncultivated, vicious, born to serve their superiors, and to lick the dust from aristocratic feet. And now I am proud and happy to marry one of Nature's nobility,—one who has served with his own honest hands behind the counter, amidst his wearied fellows, and whom, because he earned his bread in, forsooth, so "vulgar" a way, I, in my petty pride, formerly despised too much even to raise my eyes to his features. Would that he were poor again, that I might show which I really esteem,—the man or the estate. Well, it has turned out very happily, after all. I am now a wiser, if a graver woman, and shall be no more ashamed of my noble Frank's origin than he is himself.

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Notices of New Works.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Complete in one Volume. London; Longman & Co.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A BULKY handsome volume of seven hundred pages, embellished with a portrait of its Reverend author, a keen, cultivated, and slightly-satirical looking gentleman; and a plate of his rectory, a comfortable, many-gabled house, sheltered by spreading trees, and snugly situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded by gently-swelling hills. A spot doing infinite justice to the taste of its occupant, and just a fit nook for abstraction, reverie, and quiet, calm, contemplative study.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, "Ivanhoe," we ink, makes one of the *dramatis personæ* say, with respect to the device upon a knight's shield, that "Iron upon iron is false heraldry;" and it may be said for aught we know, that reviewing a reviewer is an odd kind of literary exercise. It is, indeed, strange to be called upon to review the works of an able man, a great part of whose life was spent in reviewing the works of others; but, we are reduced to the alternative of either doing that, or of laying aside without notice this interesting volume, nearly five hundred pages of which are occupied by papers originally published in that leviathan of literature, the "Edinburgh Review." The Reverend author was one of the founders of that influential and long-lived periodical; indeed, he was editor of the first number, and he gives in the preface to this work, in his own quaint style, a humorous description of the commencement of that literary undertaking.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed Editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' The motto I proposed for the Review was,

'*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*'
'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect, and publish with some other tracts written by me."

We are glad that the example of collecting and publishing, what would otherwise have been fugitive articles, has been set by so eminent a man as Sydney Smith. The cloak of secresy under which writers for the press are generally concealed, while it no doubt does some good by permitting, without personal risk, a free expression of opinion, is apt to lead sometimes to reckless writing; and we are not quite sure that if every man were saddled with the responsibility of his articles, a greater caution and consistency would not be the result. Besides, the periodical press is undoubtedly the great lever, by which public opinion is moved, and those effusions which act so powerfully upon the people of to-day must have some worth, unless written upon merely ephemeral subjects, for the men of to-morrow. There are many men too, who, after having devoted a long life, great information and extensive talents to the public instruction and amusement, would live and die in personal obscurity, were it not for the collection of their fragments in such volumes as these. Such men are often as worthy of notice and admiration as those, who following a different literary path, produce elaborate works, or three-volume fictions; and we are happy to see honour paid to those to whom honour is due.

It is the fashion of many authors when courting the "sweet voices" of the public, to throw down the gauntlet to reviewers, and to bid defiance to critics in general; and many are the prefaces and introductions, which contain startling anathemas and denunciations dire against the cutters-up and flayers of unfortunate literary aspirants, and it is common enough too to find sneers sometimes open, and sometimes covert, against those, who, without the ability to produce anything original themselves, or, who, having attempted it and failed, are driven to resort to literary anatomy. On the whole, however, we think that the whole tribe of authors are considerably indebted to the reviewers, for if they are sometimes unmercifully lashed, they often deserve it, and where they do not, we are bound to remember that critics are but men, and not infallible, nor inevitably just; but, were it not for the reviews how many books would go not only unread, but, unheard of—and after lying in dusty neglect upon the publishers' shelves, be

ignominiously consigned to the trunkmaker or the butterman. Besides talented reviewers often make learned, but obscure or tedious authors, intelligible to an unlettered or impatient public, and Sydney Smith seems to have had something of this kind passing in his mind when he wrote the following sketch of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham :—

"Whether it be necessary there should be a middleman between the cultivator and the possessor, learned economists have doubted; but neither gods, men, nor booksellers can doubt the necessity of a middleman between Mr. Bentham and the public. Mr. Bentham is long; Mr. Bentham is occasionally involved and obscure; Mr. Bentham invents new and alarming expressions; Mr. Bentham loves division and subdivision—and he loves method itself, more than its consequences. Those only, therefore, who know his originality, his knowledge, his vigour and his boldness, will recur to the works themselves. The great mass of readers will not purchase improvement at so dear a rate; but will choose rather to become acquainted with Mr. Bentham through the medium of Reviews—after that eminent philosopher has been washed, trimmed, shaved, and forced into clean linen. One great use of a Review, indeed, is to make men wise in ten pages, who have no appetite for a hundred pages; to condense nourishment, to work with pulp and essence, and to guard the stomach from idle burden and unmeaning bulk. For half-a-page, sometimes for a whole page, Mr. Bentham writes with a power which few can equal; and by selecting and omitting, an admirable style may be formed from the text."

As to the sneers against the men who do not, or if you will, cannot write books, but only cut them up; it should be remembered that there is a quality of mind, not of the highest order, it may be, but often far above the average in power which is not originative, but simply appreciative. Such belongs to the connoisseur, who knows a good picture when he sees it, but cannot paint one: to the admirer of statuary, who recognises the natural ease, and life-like beauty of a marble figure from the hands of the sculptor, but, who breaks down in an attempt at modelling; to the lover of architecture, who, without the power to design, can estimate the taste and the judgment displayed in an edifice. Indeed, it is curious, while thinking upon this subject, to notice how much there is of the appreciative and imitative, and how little, if any, of the really originative in the most eminent men. Those who are said to originate, do but catch up, judge of, and embody into ideas the suggestions which are presented to them by things and men—while those who appreciate, take their suggestions from the ideas, after they are embodied, instead of from the original sources. The difference is after all rather one of perception than anything else. The one mind is stimulated into action by a mere hint; the other requires an embodiment or explanation more or less plain or detailed, but, once in action the reflective power of the latter may be greater. The tendency of the one is to construct, that of the other to elaborate, and perhaps both are in their several spheres of thought equally valuable.

It is this appreciative power which is the characteristic of the reviewer, as well as of the connoisseur; in both it produces criticism, and if its reality be admitted in the one case, why not in the other?

It is hardly fair to expect a critic, who writes upon a hundred different subjects to be profound. The man who devotes his life to a particular study may be reasonably supposed to be a proficient, and must submit to be looked upon as a dullard, if he is not; but, he who is to-day called upon to write upon mechanics, to-morrow upon the drama; next week upon ethnology and hydrostatics, and the week after upon lyric poetry, or fairy mythology, must in the very nature of things be remarkable for extent and variety, rather than depth of research. His knowledge must be as ubiquitous as that of a country newspaper editor, who may be called upon in the same number of his journal, to decide whether or not the antediluvian Thoth was a pillar: whether or not Pharaoh's magicians really changed their rods into serpents: to give his solution of a grave political problem, to adjudge the merits of fat beasts at a cattle show, and to write an accurate version of a bucolic squabble at the next market town. It is only wonderful that men called upon to perform such multifarious duties are not far more superficial than we find them, and that so much rather than so little of sound philosophy and correct knowledge are displayed in our periodical literature.

The mind of the reviewer must be keen, acute, and ready, rather than elaborate and ponderous. He must be always able to take up a train of thought which another man has entered on—to estimate style—to test analogies—to point out omissions—to detect plagiarisms—to see through sophisms, and to suggest what might have been done. His wheel must follow in every man's track with nicety and precision; he must possess a curious, inquiring mind, and a ready, retentive memory, with all its nooks and angles stuffed with odd out-of-the-way scraps of miscellaneous knowledge; he must be able to bring comparison to bear quickly and effectively—and he ought to have a store of wit, from which to draw the venomed arrows of satire, when occasion calls for their use. Such a mind cannot be considered as one of a low order, even although it be denied the attribute of profundity. Indeed, one of the qualities—wit, which is required to complete it, is almost incompatible with profundity, and Sydney Smith himself appears, from a note to one of his papers on a work upon Irish Bulls, to have held the same opinion, he says—

"In short, the essence of every species of wit is surprise; which *ex termini*, must be sudden; and the sensations which wit has a tendency to excite are impaired or destroyed, as often as they are mingled with much thought or passion."

Such a mind as a Reviewer of the first class ought to have, Sydney Smith unquestionably had. He was extensively learned but not profound, reflective but not original. Criticism was precisely his department of literature, and it is just possible that if he had not been in that eighth or ninth flat in Buccleugh Place, where it was proposed "to cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal," that the "Edinburgh Review" never would have existed, and that Sydney Smith, unknown to fame, instead of having his monument in this volume, would have died a worthy, but obscure country clergyman without bequeathing to posterity any other memorial than a volume of manuscript sermons, which nobody would have thought it worth while to publish, and a neat tablet recording his virtues in the chancel of his parish church.

The loss of the records of such a mind would have been a great misfortune. He lived in the most eventful and stirring times of European history. Beginning his work about the commencement of the present century, and writing his preface to this book in 1839, he witnessed the progress and termination of the great European struggle, and he was the contemporary of some of the greatest names, whether as poets, philosophers, or orators, that the world can boast. The opinion of such a man, with all his advantages of character and position, and with his mind constantly exercised amid the best literary productions of his time, must be of great value.

Most people know more of Sydney Smith as a politician than in any other character. He was a politician it is true, and an eager and earnest one; but the great bulk of the papers he has written are upon literary and scientific subjects. It is rather remarkable that in the whole range of his writings we do not find a single review of a poetical work. With his vivid fancy, his bright imagination, his power of illustration, and his copious flow of language, it is curious that he did not turn to poetry, but probably his mind was of too practical and utilitarian a cast, and his turn for humour often prevented the earnest exhibition of deep feeling

It strikes us that those who regard Sydney Smith as a politician, generally give him credit for far more of liberality than he really possessed. True, he was ultra-

liberal for the time, of which we may form a pretty accurate notion from his own words.

"From the beginning of the century (about which time the Review began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate:—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head—reverend renegadoes advanced to the highest dignities of the Church for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes."

But our author was far from a Jacobin or a Radical of our day—judged by present political opinions he would not be more, if so much as a thorough-going Whig. Why he scoffed at universal suffrage, and denounced it too in his tersest style as the path to disorder, misrule, mobrule, anarchy, and all the evils with which states are afflicted. Voting by ballot too he was a determined opponent of, and ridiculed the idea that nations were to be reformed or saved by secret voting. He was not a friend to political corruption or compulsion practised by men of high station over those of lower degree. He thought that kind of conduct not only wrong but stupid, and says for himself:—

"I should no more think of asking what the political opinions of a shopkeeper were, than of asking whether he was tall or short, or large or small: for a difference of 2½ per cent. I would desert the most aristocratic butcher that ever existed, and deal with one who

'Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece.'

On the contrary, I would not adhere to the man who put me in uneasy habiliments, however great his veneration for trial by jury, or however ardent his attachment to the liberty of the subject. A tenant I never had; but I firmly believe that if he had gone through certain pecuniary formalities twice a year, I should have thought it a gross act of tyranny to have interfered either with his political or his religious opinions."

But he thought that such instances were very rare, and that people were apt to cry out before they were hurt, and remarks—

"Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt: a man who sees, after an election, one of his customers buying a pair of gloves on the opposite side of the way, roars out that his honesty will make him a bankrupt, and the country papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym."

Probably too he thought that the risk of sacrificing something gives additional value to the lustre of an act, and that it was all the better for patriots that they should sometimes be called on to suffer for "the faith that is in them," for he adds in another part,—

"Every one would be a good Samaritan, if he were quite sure his compassion would cost him nothing. We would all be heroes, if it were not for blood and fractures; all saints, if it were not for the restrictions and privations of sanctity; all patriots, if it were not for the losses and misrepresentations to which patriotism exposes us."

He drew many ludicrous pictures of the falsehood and folly which he supposed would be consequent upon the establishment of the ballot, but his grand reason for dislike was after all, his dread of universal suffrage, which he thought must follow, if voting by ballot prevailed. The fact is, that he had a dread of majorities, and thought that minorities ruled quite as well, if not better. On this point, to prevent mistakes, we quote his own words—

"It would be an entertaining change in human affairs to determine everything by *minorities*. They are almost always in the right."

Whether or not minorities rule more wisely than majorities it is not for us to say, but it is undoubtedly true that the world, even in the freest countries, is governed by minorities, for it is the minority which thinks and exercises intellectual influence. That minority is however, by the spread of intelligence, growing larger daily, and we may fairly hope to see it become a majority. With regard to the ballot, Sydney Smith was undoubtedly right; the ballot and universal suffrage are intimately connected, and if one become the law, it must inevitably lead to the other. Whether or not such measures of reform are proper, this is not the place to express an opinion. Besides his aversion to what he would have called mobrule, he had a temperament which, in the midst of all his publicity and notoriety, led him to dislike, perhaps to despise, agitation, and express himself after this manner—

"I long for the quiet times of *Log*, when all the English common people are making calico, and all the English gentlemen are making long and short verses, with no other interruption of their happiness than when false quantities are discovered in one or the other."

Although however no Jacobin, and without being more than what would be now called a very moderate politician, Sydney Smith was eminently tolerant in his politico-religious opinions. During his career the agitation for Catholic Emancipation was going on, and Protestant clergyman as he was, (and that title implied far more in those days than it does now) he took an earnest part in the efforts for abolishing political penalties as the consequences of, or the punishments for religious differences. Throughout the many papers which he wrote, bearing upon the subject, we find scattered such truths as the following—

"We deny entirely that any case can occur, where the exposition of a doctrine purely speculative, or the arrangement of a mere point of Church discipline, can interfere with civil duties."

And perhaps a severer rebuke for intolerance has seldom been administered than the following, which was written in 1813 in a review of the charge of the then Bishop of Lincoln, who was a strenuous opponent of the Catholic claims.

"It is a melancholy thing to see a man clothed in soft raiment, lodged in a public palace, endowed with a rich portion of the product of other men's industry, using all the influence of his splendid situation, however conscientiously, to deepen the ignorance, and inflame the fury, of his fellow-creatures. These are the miserable results of that policy which has been so frequently pursued for these fifty years past, of placing men of mean, or middling abilities in high ecclesiastical stations. In ordinary times, it is of less importance who fills them; but when the bitter period arrives, in which the people must give up some of their darling absurdities;—when the senseless clamour, which has been carefully handed down from father fool to son fool, can be no longer indulged:—when it is of incalculable importance to turn the people to a better way of thinking; the greatest impediments to all amelioration are too often found among those to whose councils, at such periods, the country ought to look for wisdom and peace."

This was the more high-minded and praiseworthy upon the part of Sydney Smith, because it was not prompted by any liking for or tendency towards Rome. He was a steadfast supporter of the National Church, and saw, or thought he saw in the religion of the Irish, one of the causes of their depression and miseries as is shown in the following passage:—

"The Catholic religion, among other causes, contributes to the backwardness and barbarism of Ireland. Its debasing superstition, childish ceremonies, and the profound submission to the priesthood which it teaches, all tend to darken men's minds, to impede the progress of knowledge and inquiry, and to prevent Ireland from becoming as free, as powerful, and as rich as the sister kingdom. Though sincere friends to Catholic emancipation, we are no advocates for the Catholic religion. We should be very glad to see a general conversion to Protestantism among the Irish; but we do not think that violence, privations, and incapacities, are the proper methods of making proselytes."

It is indeed difficult to reconcile this opinion with the fact of the high degree of civilization which prevails with Roman Catholicism upon the continent, and it must be reckoned as one of the inconsistencies of Sydney Smith. Indeed he himself assigns a far better and more probable cause for the miseries of Ireland, when he says that the Irish peasant has to support two churches.

"In the wretched state of poverty in which the lower orders of Irish are plunged, it is not without considerable effort that they can pay the few shillings necessary for the support of their Catholic priest; and when this is effected, a tenth of the potatoes in the garden

are to be set out for the support of a persuasion, the introduction of which into Ireland they consider as the great cause of their political inferiority, and all their manifold wretchedness.

Besides this he saw that a long course of misgovernment had done much to impair the naturally fine minds of the Irish, that they had been degraded into carelessness and indolence, that that degradation fostered a reckless increase of population, and a minute subdivision of petty potato holdings, and was laying the foundation for that flood of misery and destitution which two years since burst upon one of the fairest isles of the earth. His acute mind, too, could not help seeing that the consequence of this state of things was an inveterate hatred not only to English rule, but to the English themselves, and so little have these feelings changed, that we might almost fancy the following passage referred to the Ireland of 1848-9.

"They hate the English Government from historical recollection, actual suffering, and disappointed hope; and till they are better treated, they will continue to hate it. At this moment, in a period of the most profound peace, there are twenty-five thousand of the best disciplined and best appointed troops in the world in Ireland, with bayonets fixed, presented arms, and in the attitude of present war: nor is there a man too much—nor would Ireland be tenable without them."

He saw too the impolicy of alienating the affections of a large portion of the population of these islands, and its danger in a time of war, and in his own inimitably quaint manner exposes its absurdity in the celebrated Plymley letters.

"Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four foot water in the hold, men dropping off very fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the Captain acts (whose name shall be Percival)? He calls all hands upon deck, talks to them of King, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prisons, wooden shoes, Old England, and hearts of oak: they give three cheers rush to their guns, and after a tremendous conflict, succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this: this is not the manner in which the honourable Commander goes to work: the first thing he does is to secure twenty or thirty of his prime sailors who happen to be Catholics, clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors, in a very bitter harangue, that they are of different religions: exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quarter-master, issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at upon the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and 39 Articles, and positively forbids every one to sponge or ram who has not taken the Sacrament according to the Church of England."

Curiously enough he looked upon Protestant Dissenters with a much less favourable eye than upon Roman Catholics. It often seems as though he thought their leaders were designing knaves, and he speaks of Whitfield and Wesley in the following fashion.—

"In this instance Messrs. Whitfield and Wesley happened to begin. They were men of considerable talents; they observed the common decorums of life; they did not run naked into the streets, or pretend to the prophetical character;—and therefore they were not committed to Newgate. They preached with great energy to weak people; who first stared—then listened—then believed—then felt the inward feeling of grace, and became as foolish as their teachers could possibly wish them to be:—in short, folly ran its ancient course,—and human nature evinced itself to be what it always has been under similar circumstances."

He thought the spread of dissent, which he acknowledged was owing to rant and passion upon the part of its ministers, and wrote the following, which looks very like a most irreligious, as well as uncharitable, burlesque:

"If the common people are *enami'd* with the fine acting of Mrs. Siddons, they go to Sadler's Wells. The subject is too serious for ludicrous comparisons:—but the Tabernacle really is to the church, what Sadler's Wells is to the Drama. There, popularity is gained by vaulting and tumbling,—by low arts, which the regular clergy are not too idle to have recourse to, but too dignified."

We must, however, remember that there are spots upon the sun, and that perfect liberality was much more difficult of attainment a quarter of a century since, than it is now.

Lessons for Little Ones.

THE CHARITY BALL.

"PAPA!"

"My dear?"

"See, Papa, here is the advertisement of a splendid juvenile charity ball, to be given at the Rooms, next Thursday. It says, 'tickets may be had of the ladies patronesses.'"

"Very likely, my dear." And Mr. Elwyn quietly resumed his pen, which, for a moment, he had laid down.

His daughter approached him softly, and, putting her arm round his neck, whispered again, "Papa!"

"What is it, Louisa? I am very busy just now, my love."

"Papa, my aunt is one of the ladies patronesses; she is going to take my cousin, Elizabeth, to the ball, and she would take me too, if you would allow me to go."

"If my sister will take charge of you, I shall have no objection, but don't interrupt me now."

"Just one moment, dear Papa. My best frock is grown quite shabby, and my sash so faded, that—"

"Listen to me, Louisa. This has been a year of great distress both to rich and poor. In my large manufactory I was forced to dismiss nearly half my workmen. These poor men and their families were starving; this I could not bear to witness, so I have taken them again into employment at a considerable loss to myself. I cannot, therefore, afford to waste a single shilling on superfluities."

"But, Papa, is not a charity ball a work of benevolence?"

"Humph!"

Mr. Elwyn bent his head over the large account-book before him, with such an air of diligent occupation, that Louisa did not venture to address him again; but retired to her own room in order to consider the weighty affair of the ball.

She remembered that, in a drawer of her writing-desk was deposited a handsome silk purse, containing five bright sovereigns, the birth-day present of a rich godmother who resided in London. When Louisa was but an infant, her mother died, but the little girl had been carefully and tenderly reared by her nurse, Mrs. Wilmot, who was regarded by the family more in the light of a friend than a domestic; while her father spared no expense in educating his only child. Though his love for her was very great, it was judicious; he did not spoil his little girl by improper indulgence, but always endeavoured to implant in her mind sound moral and religious principles.

The five sovereigns we have named had been destined by Louisa to many useful purposes. Several poor persons were to be relieved, several good books purchased, and three or four handsome presents made to her cousins. In short, had the sum been fifty, instead of five pounds, Louisa would have found means to dispose of it.

Now, however, that her whole mind was engrossed by the projected ball, she felt glad, selfishly glad, that her money was yet unexpended. For, thought she, I can buy a white crape muslin dress, a pair of satin shoes, a rose-coloured sash, and long silk gloves; and then I shall be so nicely dressed!

Full of this project, she ran to impart it to her nurse, who listened gravely. "And what will your poor people do then, Miss Louisa?"

"Oh! nurse, you don't understand the thing. This ball is for the benefit of the poor—entirely for the poor."

"Certainly, dear, I don't understand much about it; but I can't help thinking you would do more good by distributing your money among the poor people we know, than by spending it in dressing and dancing."

"That only proves your ignorance, nursey," retorted Louisa, pertly. "I read somewhere a fine description of all the good done by charitable associations, but I don't exactly recollect where now. Give me my bonnet, I must go to my aunt, and she will take me to the milliner's. Quick! nurse, if you please."

The day of the ball arrived. Louisa was standing before her mirror, admiring her pretty frock, and brilliant sash, when nurse Wilmot entered abruptly, saying:—"The Widow Johnson is here, Miss Louisa, she wants to see you."

"Oh! nurse, I haven't time now; to-morrow."

"But she says her little child is very sick——"

Turning slowly from the mirror, Louise took her purse off the toilet, and drew from it all it contained—one sixpence.

"Give her this, nurse, 'tis all I have left. She may call some other day; not to-morrow—I shall be too much fatigued to see her then."

Mrs. Wilmot retired without speaking, and with an air of evident disapproval; but Louisa did not observe it, for just then her father entered the room to tell her that her aunt was waiting for her in a carriage.

The ball was like other balls, gay, brilliant, and intoxicating, offering much to gratify childish vanity, and also much to mortify it. Our young heroine danced, laughed, talked, ate cakes, fruit, and ices, and gave herself a hundred silly and conceited airs. The amusements were prolonged to a late, or rather an early hour next morning; and Louisa returned home weary and dissatisfied, longing to rest her aching head on the pillow.

She soon fell asleep, but her repose was unrefreshing, disturbed by dreams of the scenes she had left, mingled with the words, "the Widow Johnson's little child is very sick." She awoke, and the same train of thought continued. "It gives me pleasure to be considered kind and charitable—have I been so towards that poor woman?"

Louisa rose and dressed herself. Before leaving her room, she knelt down and fervently implored pardon of God for her past offences, and strength to do better in future. He father had gone out early on business, so she sat down to breakfast with Mrs. Wilmot. The tea did not taste well, and the nice slice of buttered toast which nurse put on the little girl's plate was not half eaten. In short Louisa was not well, her head still ached after the last night's dissipation, and she said—

"Papa told me I need not go to school to-day, so nurse, if you please, we will take a country walk."

"Willingly, my dear child," and in a few minutes they set out.

Louisa felt the cool open air very refreshing. After they had walked some distance, they were passing by a row of mean, wretched-looking houses on the outskirts of the town, when Louisa said suddenly,

"Does not the Widow Johnson live here?"

"Yes, my dear, she lives in one of the attics of the old house we have just passed."

"Shall we go and see her?"

"Yes, Miss Louisa, I am certain the poor creature will be delighted to see you."

Although the Widow Johnson had but one child, yet she found it very difficult to earn a livelihood, as her health was bad, and her labour unproductive. Louisa had known her for some time, and occasionally relieved her.

The little girl and her attendant climbed up several flights of steep, dark, narrow stairs, before they reached a landing-place, on which opened three wretchedly-looking doors. Mrs. Wilmot knocked at one of them, but there was no reply.

"Strange," said she, "let us go in;" and pushing the door, the visitors entered. Near the fireless grate Mrs. Johnson was seated on a low stool; she did not move nor look round, but kept her eyes fixed on her child, who lay extended on her lap.

"What is the matter?" cried nurse, as she and Louisa advanced, and also looked anxiously at the little boy. His cheeks were purple, and his white lips so tightly drawn as scarcely to allow a passage for his laboured breathing, the deep, hoarse noise of which alone broke the silence.

"What ails little Joseph?" asked nurse.

"Do you not see?" replied the Widow, without raising her eyes; "he has the croup—he is dying!"

"Can nothing be done to save him?" cried Louisa.

"A little while ago he might have been saved. If I had money, I would have bought leeches. Last evening he was taken ill; with the sixpence you gave me, Miss, I bought some medicine. In the middle of the night his dreadful breathing awoke me. God help me! I had nothing to give him—no means of getting assistance."

Louisa burst into tears, and seizing her nurse's hand, cried, "Is it too late? Can nothing be done?"

"I think Miss, that even now, if a good surgeon saw the child, he might save him by opening a vein in the neck."

"Run then, dear nurse, run for a surgeon!"

"Have you any money, Miss Louisa? The poor people's physician is not to be had at this hour, and another will require to be paid."

"Ah!" cried the child, "you'll lend me some, dear nurse, or papa won't refuse. But, ah! make haste! run!" And half beside herself, Louisa pushed Mrs. Wilmot towards the door, repeating, "Haste! Haste!"

Nurse accordingly departed on her mission, and Louisa knelt down beside the mother and the child.

"Ah!" thought she, "a portion of the sum which I squandered on my dress would have saved this poor child." And clasping her hands she prayed fervently to God to pardon her sinful selfishness, and restore little Joseph to his mother.

Half an hour passed—how long it seemed. Louisa tried to chafe the boy's little icy hands, but in vain. Neither she nor the widow spoke a word, but they listened to the loud laboured respirations, as though their own lives hung upon the fragile thread, so nearly severed.

At length steps were heard—the surgeon entered.

"This child is very ill," he said, after having examined him attentively. "I fear I have been called in too late."

"Ah, Sir, don't say that!" sobbed Louisa. "Try something—don't let him die."

"There is but one chance," said the surgeon. And taking out a lancet, he bared the little creature's swelled, purple neck, and opened a vein.

One moment of intense anxiety—the blood came not. At length a thick black drop oozed out, another, and another, until by degrees the red stream flowed freely; shortly afterwards the hoarse *croupy* noise ceased, and little Joseph, pale and exhausted, slept calmly on his mother's bosom.

"He is saved!" said the surgeon, as he took his leave.

"Oh! dear Miss," whispered the widow, for she feared to disturb her rescued child; "It was God who sent you hither to save my Joseph."

"But," said Louisa, "what a night of anguish I might have spared you, had I spoken to you when you came to me, instead of being wholly engrossed with my own pleasure. I shall never forget this lesson."

"Do not go to work to-day," she continued, "but stay at home, and take care of little Joseph. Papa will send you some things for him. Good-by."

In the course of the day, the widow received from Mr. Elwyn a basket well-stored with provisions and other necessaries; but her joy at receiving it was damped, by learning that her young benefactress had been seized with

a feverish illness, induced by the fatigues of the preceding night, and the agitating emotions of the morning.

Although not of a dangerous nature, Louisa's malady confined her to her room for several days, and gave her leisure to *think*. When nearly recovered, she opened her mind to her father, and sought his advice.

"My dear child," said he, "you are truly sorry for your fault, therefore I shall not speak of the contrast between the large sum lavished on vanity, and the trifling coin thrown disdainfully to the poor; but, I would have you observe the solid good produced by your visit, tardy as it was, to the widow's room. Believe me, true love to our neighbour is proved by our self-denial for his sake; and there is more real charity in walking to visit our starving fellow-creatures, than in dancing all night for their nominal benefit."

THE MORMONS.

THE formation of a Mormon State in the upper part of California, under the name of "Deseret," which, it is probable, will shortly be admitted into the American Union, has again directed public attention towards this extraordinary sect. That an entirely new religious body should have sprung up, and attracted around it, within a few years, a host of zealots sufficiently numerous to constitute themselves into an independent State; that this body should have been drawn together, not from Red Indians, nor Yankee enthusiasts, nor Mexican hunters, nor Canadian trappers, but, like the followers of Thom, of Canterbury, mainly from out of the bosom of our own English church, is one of the most startling of all the illustrations of the boasted march of intellect in this nineteenth century. It is true, Joe Smith, the prophet, was a cute Yankee, bred and born; but the ranks of the Mormonites, or "Latter Day Saints," are now recruited chiefly from the small farmers, the country artisans, and shopkeepers of England, who flock towards the standard of "the faithful," carrying with them capital, industry, energy, and character, whatever may be said of their mental discernment, or religious perceptions. We have now in England a large body of Mormonite missionaries constantly at work, much more zealous in their operations than those who have better things to teach; and every year sees an increasing number of Mormon converts leaving our shores to join the general body in the far distant wilds of California. Under such circumstances, a sketch of the rise and history of the Mormon faith may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Joe Smith, the founder of the sect, was born in 1805, at Sharon, in the New England State of Vermont. About ten years after, his parents removed to the neighbourhood of Palmyra, in the State of New York, where they lived for several years. Joe grew up with the tastes and habits of a "loafer;" he was an idle lounger at drinking-shops; ignorant, uneducated, coarse, and vicious. He did no work, unless it was an occasional stroke at "money-digging," searching for hidden treasure, the favourite pursuit of vagabonds in every age. What had first turned his attention to the project of founding a religious sect is not known; but, in the story of himself, which he afterwards gave to the world, he averred that the Spirit of the Lord found him at Palmyra, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and awakened him to religious thoughts by a miraculous vision. A subsequent revelation, in 1823, disclosed to him that he was "chosen of God" as the instrument of a new dispensation—a dispensation which should fulfil and complete those heretofore vouchsafed in the Old and New Testaments. He was informed that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel, a branch of the tribe of Joseph: that they had been conducted to this country a civilized people, possessed of the true religion, and favoured of the Almighty: that they walked not in the ways of the Lord, but fell into all manner of wicked courses, and massacred one another in endless wars: that, at last, they were almost exterminated in a great battle, at a hill called "Cummorah," 200 miles west of Albany, in the State of New York, and not far from Joe's residence in Palmyra: and that the survivors degenerated into the savage tribes, whom the Europeans found in possession of the country. It was further "revealed" to him, that the ancient records of this people, which had been kept from time to time by their Seers and Prophets, were saved by Divine Providence, and "hid up" in the hill Cummorah, A.D. 420, by Moroni, the son of Mormon: that, in due time, these records should be entrusted to him, and he should be enabled, by inspiration, to translate and publish them to the world: and that, through his agency, the kingdom of "The Latter Day Saints" should be established, the New Jerusalem built up, and the whole earth prepared for the final coming of Christ.

After many alleged premonitory visions, the sacred plates were at last committed to this Moses of the Latter Day Covenant. With them he received a pair of spectacles, by the aid of which he was to interpret the records —these spectacles Joe designated "Urim and Thummim." The sacred plates were said to be of gold, seven or eight inches square, scarcely so thick as common tin, bound together like a book, and secured by three rings running through one side or edge of the plates; the book being six inches thick. The plates were covered with Egyptian characters. After his establishment at Nauvoo (of which hereafter) Joe procured some Egyptian mummies, and caused several sheets of papyrus, carved with hieroglyphics, to be framed with glass, like pictures. His mother, then in her dotage, kept these as an exhibition, and explained to visitors,—who always paid a gratuity—the history of "King Pharaoh, his wife, and *da'ter*" (being the mummies there present), and their connection with the children of Israel and the Latter Day Saints; her accounts of the Egyptian characters, would certainly have astounded the learned historians of Europe and Asia!

To return: Joe commenced the work of translation of the plates, which, after considerable delay, was at length accomplished, and an edition of 1,200 copies of the "Book of Mormon," was published at Palmyra, New York, in 1830. Such is the date of this new bible of the Mormon prophet. Another edition was afterwards published in England, at Liverpool, under the auspices of three of the Brethren there. This Mormon bible contains the 1st and 2nd books of Nephi, the books of Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni, the words of Mormon, and the books of Mosiah, Zeniff, Alma, Helaman, Nephi (the second), Mormon, Ether, and Moroni. The whole is a prosy and awkward imitation of the Old Testament in subject, matter, and style; abounding in bad grammar, verbose trifling, puerile conceits, stolen incidents, and palpable anachronisms.

There is every reason to believe that Joe Smith got the idea and most of the materials of his book, from a manuscript composed by the Rev. Solomon Spalding, some time a Congregational minister at Mason, Massachusetts, and also the head of an academy at that place, but who afterwards removed to New Salem, in Ohio, in 1812. While there, he regarded with much curiosity the antiquities found in that State, and indulged in speculations about their origin. At length he conceived the idea of writing a scriptural romance; taking up the lost tribes of Israel, removing them to America, and deducing for them an imaginary history. The Book of Mormon was the result; and, while composing it, he often read portions of it to his wife and friends. At Pittsburg, Philadelphia, to which he afterwards removed, the manuscript was for some time in the hands of a Mr. Patterson, the editor of a paper there; and, by him, was shown about, without

any reserve. Among others, Sydney Rigdon, a compositor, read, and had abundant opportunities of copying the manuscript, which was afterwards returned to Mr. Spalding, who died in 1816.

Many years after, in the year 1828, Rigdon was working at his trade in Palmyra, when the public began to hear rumours of Joe Smith's golden plates, and Rigdon shortly after joined him, when he assisted in "the translation" until the date of its publication, and continued one of the most zealous coadjutors of "the Prophet" until near his death. The people of New Salem, however, in the year 1834, were in no small degree surprised to hear certain passages read from the Book of Mormon by a female preacher, which they at once recognised as parts of the deceased Mr. Spalding's manuscript. His own brother was one of the audience. A public meeting was held, and a committee appointed to visit Mrs. Spalding (now Mrs. Davison) and compare the new revelations with the old romance. It was done accordingly, and *the identity of the two fully established.* Mrs. Davison published, in 1839, a narrative of the whole history of her husband's manuscript; and its truth is attested by many credible witnesses. The only unaccountable thing about it is, that a minister of the gospel should have written such an amount of trash, and found people patient enough to listen to its reading. The names of *Mormon* and *Moroni* have been sometimes referred to in confirmation of this story. The first is a Greek work, meaning a frightful mask, or, as children call it, a "false-face," or "scareface." The latter is supposed to be an anomalous formation from the Greek, *moros*, signifying a fool.

Joe Smith, however, succeeded in getting his Book published, and his scheme fairly launched. He obtained converts, the earliest of no greater reputation than himself; but, by degrees, others of higher standing joined him,—some from hopes of profit, others of influence. Missionaries were set to work, who found a ready audience. Novelty, curiosity, love of change, discontent, and the love of the marvellous, attracted many. The scriptural phraseology of the new religion excited anew the slumbering spirit of fanaticism in New England; prophecies were hazarded, miracles were promised, the gift of tongues was preached, the power of casting out devils was vouchsafed, and a divine protection was offered against the poison of serpents and the assaults of wild beasts; while all other existing teachers of religion were denounced as impostors and false guides. Such doctrines, preached with zeal, will not fail to attract a large number of ignorant persons in any community; and, accordingly, the doctrines of Joe Smith prospered.

"The rebuilding of Zion" was one of his grand dreams; but the Prophet made many mistakes as to its site. Palmyra was its first location, next Kirtland in Ohio, then in Missouri, afterwards at Nauvoo in Illinois, and from thence the Mormonites have wandered into the Californian wilds, but still growing in numbers at every stage of their wanderings. As yet, all the prophecies have failed; yet, still the faithful have hope. "The church" is full of zeal, and the missionaries are eager. It was observed that, wherever Joe and his followers pitched their camp, as being the spot on which Zion was to be rebuilt, there the land was rich, and the prospects of increase great. They never, by any accident, alighted on a barren spot, but selected fertile lands, great "water privileges," and a location abounding in wealthy settlers, enabling the Saints to "milk the Gentiles," as the process of sucking them was facetiously termed in the revelations of Joe. In Kirtland, they established a bank, the Prophet being president, and Sidney Rigdon cashier. It was established in obedience to one of Joe Smith's "Revelations given in Zion, July, 1831," wherein Sidney Gilbert was divinely "appointed to receive monies," Edward Partridge "to divide the Saints their inheritance;" the aforesaid Sidney Gilbert furthermore to "establish a store," "that he may obtain money to buy lands for the good of the Saints," and with that view, to "obtain a license, that he may send goods also unto the people;" and, finally, it appointed, in Verse 5, as follows:—"And, again, verily I say unto you, let my servant, William W. Phelps, be planted in this place, and be established as a printer unto the church," &c. These revelations of the Prophet were generally a strong exposition to the Saints "to mind the main chance;" which they were not slow to lay to heart. But the Kirtlank Bank fared no better than the Heathen Banks around it; the country was flooded with its paper, while the bank vaults were innocent of specie. The holders of the notes never got a farthing; and The Saints, after "milking the Gentiles," decamped to Missouri to build another Zion. Meanwhile, their "church" had been licked into shape, and there was The Prophet, the Patriarch, the Melchisedec, and the Aaronic Priesthood, High Priests, and Presidents, the Twelve Apostles, the Quorum of Seventy, Bishops, Elders, Priests, Deacons, and Teachers, whose respective powers and duties were prescribed to them through the medium of frequent divine revelations to Joe, and occasionally to other men high in office. By order of these so-called revelations, special provision was made for the support of these persons, and, as may easily be anticipated, the Prophet and his family were not forgotten.

Removed, or "absquatulated," to Missouri in 1831, the Mormons established the towns of Far-west and Adam-ondishman. Dissensions here sprang up between the Saints and the Gentiles, which continued to increase in frequency and violence during their residence in the Western States. The Gentiles refused to be "milked" patiently, and were very indignant to see the laws of their State, for the check and punishment of dishonesty and knavery, set at defiance. At length the Mormons positively refused obedience to the officers and processes of the law; they fortified their towns, and prepared to defend themselves by force. The militia of the State were called out under General Doniphon, who has since so distinguished himself in Mexico, and, after some warlike demonstrations, Joe Smith surrendered himself a prisoner to answer the various charges of felony of which he was accused, and his people dispersed to seek a refuge beyond the limits of Missouri. They wandered into the adjoining State of Illinois, and began to arrive in Quincy and its vicinity during the winter of 1838-9. They were very poor, ill-clad, and almost destitute of food. Describing their wrongs and sufferings in the most moving terms, and exhibiting a deportment of the greatest humility, the inhabitants of the district were filled with compassion, and large contributions in money and necessaries were made for their support. They were employed on farms, in workshops, in private families, and everybody thought they would ere long be absorbed in the general population of the country. At this juncture, early in the spring of 1839, Joe Smith escaped from prison in Missouri, and fled into Illinois. Here he held a great gathering of his followers a few miles from Quincy, at an old camp-meeting ground, and he addressed them, as well as the "sucked," in an oily speech. It was not free from impudence, and even blasphemy. Referring to one of his followers, who had professed to have "revelations" during his imprisonment, and seemed to be ambitious of acting as successor to Joe, he said, "I don't know anything about his revelations. God can give revelations, if He pleases; this may be true or it may be false. I don't know anything about it. I can't be everywhere at once. God Almighty must attend to some of those things himself!"

Again was a new site for the Holy City chosen, and now *Nauvoo* was the favoured spot. This is said to be a Hebrew word, signifying "The Beautiful." Certainly

the situation of Nauvoo is very beautiful. Those who have witnessed the Panorama of the Mississippi, recently exhibited in London, will remember the commanding situation of the Temple, on a high bluff, near the banks of the river, sloping gradually down into a level bottom, and surrounded by a bend in the Mississippi about five or six miles long. The view from the Temple, in every direction, is most lovely. On the opposite shore is Fort des Moines (now Montrose) in Iowa, situated in a prairie bottom, stretching several miles to the west, and shut in by an amphitheatre of hills. Eastward, a belt of timber almost two miles wide circles it about, and beyond it lies an open prairie, some eighteen miles across, and extending almost indefinitely to the north and south. In three or four years there sprung up on this site a Mormon city, as if by magic. Houses of brick, and wood, and stone, were scattered over a surface of about three miles square, inhabited in 1844 by not fewer than 15,000 souls. The Temple itself was an imposing and costly structure of white marble, surmounted by a cupola, and a magnificent portico of Corinthian columns. The "Nauvoo House" was projected also on a splendid scale, in which Joe Smith and his family were, by special revelation, to possess a suite of rooms in perpetuity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PRICE OF AN OPINION.

In a cold night of November, in the year 1825, a man, enveloped in a cloak, rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates of Paris. He was quickly shown into the chamber of the learned lawyer.

"Sir," he said, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers, "I am rich; but the suit that has been instituted against me to-day will entirely ruin me. At my age, a fortune is not to be rebuilt; so that the loss of my suit will condemn me for ever to the most frightful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents. Here are the papers; as to the facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you."

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger; then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said, "Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality; unfortunately, in spite of the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is for you. If, therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself without exception of all the means in your favour; if, above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain this suit, and nobody can afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose."

"Nobody in the world," replied the client, "is so competent to do this as yourself; an opinion drawn up in this sense and signed by you would render me invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse it to me."

The skilful advocate reflected for some moments, and, taking up again the papers which he had pushed away with an abruptness peculiar to him, said that he would draw up the opinion, and that it should be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely—

"Here is the opinion; there is no judge who, after having seen that, will condemn you. Give me 3,000 francs!"

The client was struck dumb and motionless with surprise.

"You are free to keep your money," said the advocate, "as I am to throw this opinion into the fire."

So speaking, he advanced towards the chimney; but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded; but that he had only half of it with him.

He drew, in fact, from his pocket-book 1,500 francs in bank-notes. The advocate with one hand took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into a drawer.

"But," said the client, "I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder."

"I want money. Bring me 1,500 more francs, or you shall not have one line."

There was no remedy, and the 3,000 francs were paid; but the client, to revenge himself of being so pillaged, hastened to circulate this anecdote: it got into the papers, and for a fortnight there was a deluge of witticisms of all kinds upon the disinterestedness of the great advocate. Those who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that a man of such merit should be tainted with a vice so degrading as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he gave was by shrugging his shoulders, and then, as everything is quickly forgot at Paris, people soon ceased to talk of this.

Ten years had passed. One day the Court of Cassation, in its red robes, was descending the steps of the Palace of Justice, to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a female darts from the crowd, throws herself at the feet of the Procureur-General, seizes the end of his robe, and presses it to her lips. The woman is looked upon as deranged, and they try to drag her away.

"Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone," she cries, "I recognise him—it is he, my preserver! Thanks to him, I have been able to bring up my large family. Thanks to him, my old age is happy. Oh, you do not know, you,—one day—I was very unhappy then—I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my last husband, who had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half my goods to begin the action, when, one evening, I saw enter my house a gentleman, who said to me, 'Do not go to law; reason and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep the little you have, and add to it these 3,000 francs, which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise: when I would have spoken and thanked him, he had disappeared; but the bag of money was there, upon my table; and the countenance of that generous man was engraved upon my heart, never to be erased. Well, this man—this preserver of my family—is here! Let me thank him before God and before men!"

The Court had stopped. The Procureur-General appeared moved, but conquering his emotions, he said—

"Take away this good woman, and take care no harm comes to her. I don't think she is quite right in her mind."

He was mistaken; the poor woman was not mad—only *she* remembered, and M. Dupin had forgotten.

EVENINGS IN MAY.

Perhaps the sweetest hour of a sweet season is that which precedes the setting of the sun upon a May-day. All the world is taking holiday, from the lowing herd that winds slowly o'er the lea to the shard-born beetle, and the large white moth. The aspect of the sky and earth too—clear, calm, and tranquil—are full of repose. The mistiness of the mid-day sunshine is away; and the very absence of a portion of the full daylight, and the thin, colourless transparency of the evening air, afford that contemplative, but no way drowsy charm which well precedes, by thought, tendency to adoration, the hour when, in darkness and forgetfulness, we trust ourselves unconscious to the hands of God. The heart of man is but as an instrument from which the great musician Nature produces grand harmonies; and the most soothing anthem that rises within the breast is surely elicited by the soft touch of that evening hour.

THE SILENT VOICE.

It speaks to us, it teaches us—a mystery—a tone!
We feel there is a silent voice that speaks to us alone;
We cannot pass a blade of grass unheeded by the way,
For it whispers to our thoughts, and we the silent voice obey.

We climb the rugged mountain steep, we view the distant scene,
Around, afar, beneath the fields where Labour's sons have been;
No hum of *human* voice is there; and yet can we depart,
And hear not there the silent voice that whispers to the heart?

We wander in the valleys, or we thread the mazy wood
Amid the giant oaks that time and tempest have withstood;
The silent voice is speaking there in every leaf and bough,
The voice that spoke in ages past, that speaks prophetic now.

We view the Heaven's broad expanse; the cloudless realms afar
Are eloquent;—we hear a voice in every shining star;
And sweetly falls that silent voice which speaks of Hope and Love,
Like gentle dews upon the heart from Heaven's full urn above.

The voiceless flowers have each a tone that through Creation rings,
The silent brook a pleasant song that still of Nature sings;
The light and shade—the passing years—the seasons, as they roll—
Mysterious are their voices, but they sink into the soul.

We turn towards the glowing East, we mark the fading West;
The Silent Voice still speaks to us, in labour or in rest.
Along the mighty ocean borne, upon the flow'r-clad sod,
That sound unceasing speaks to us—that Silent Voice is God!

J. E. Carpenter.

OUR WEDDING-DAY.

Though fourteen years have seen the light
Since at the Altar's steps we swore,
There's scarce a day has brought a blight
Upon the orange flowers you wore;
There's scarcely been one word of strife,
To mar the compact of our troth,
And joys unknown in early life,
Have shed their blessings on us both!
Remembering such, oh, well I may
Recall them, on Our Wedding-day.

If, for a moment, Care hath come,
And Sorrow spread her sable wings
Above the comforts of our home,
Shrouding all fond, familiar things;
So surely hath thine angel form,
Thy gentle voice, thy visage bright,
Tempered the fury of the storm,
And turned the darkness into light!
Remembering this, full well I may
Recall it, on Our Wedding-day.

And when Adversity has tost
Our household Ark, on Life's deep main,
Faith's rudder broke, Hope's anchor lost,
For Joy—no "resting-place" again;
'Twas when the Deluge, like a shroud
Encompassed us,—thy prescient love
Perceived the rainbow in the cloud,
O'er the far waters, saw the Dove!
Such worth, I may in part repay,
Lauding it, on Our Wedding-day.

Nor must a Father's heart forget
To celebrate that happy morn,
Heav'n sent, to bind us closer yet,
When "unto us a child was born."
How oft I think, how blest I am,
In thee, and in our pledge of love;
So tends the ewe upon her lamb!
So broods, above her nest, the dove!
Reflecting thus, oh well I may
Impart it, on Our Wedding-day.

Frank F. Dally.

DIAMOND DUST.

Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

Let us so order our conversation in the world that we may live when we are dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honourable testimony in the consciences of the worst.

Reason—the proud prerogative which confers on man the exclusive privilege of acting and conversing irrationally.

The faults of genius might be passed over if the world would promise not to *imitate* them.

Truth is worthless until exemplified in conduct.

Friend—one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hands and heart in adversity.

If a man were to set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

The man who thinks laboriously will express himself concisely.

We should be cautious how we indulge in the feelings of a virtuous indignation. It is the handsome brother of anger and hatred.

Novelty—what we recover from oblivion. We can fish little out of the river Lethe that has not first been thrown into it.

If we get knowledge into our minds edgewise, it will soon find room to turn.

A great many people have some knowledge of the world, although the world has no knowledge whatever of them, and no particular desire to acquire any.

Owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

Pleasure loves the garden and the flowers; labour loves the fields and the grain; devotion loves the mountain and the skies.

There are two difficulties of life; men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

Military Glory—sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine, the honour of destroying your species.

The intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.

Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain, which plays highest by diminishing the aperture.

Form one upright, genuine resolve, and it will uplift into higher air your whole being.

To be deprived of the person we love is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.

Antiquary—too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget.

The cheapness of man is every day's tragedy.

Saw—a sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by John Owen Clarke, (of No. 5, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, May 15, 1852.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 56.] SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

BOARDING-SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

WHEN we were boys at school, seeming to think of nothing but play, idleness, and mischievous tricks, even *then* there were few things I used to regard with more interest than the "Boarding-school" of our county town. The interest was secret indeed, founded upon the vague feelings and romantic wishes which begin to grow in our teens; but often, when alone, I have stopped to look towards the windows of that quiet white house among the trees, shining at night perhaps down the lane where the day-scholars, with their music-books in their hands, were accustomed to part as they went home. It was the boarders, however, that chiefly attracted my imagination; they were so graceful, demure, and unapproachable, walking two and two on their country promenades, parasol in hand; one of the solemn ladies before with the youngest little girl, the governess, with the eldest, bringing up the rear, or *vice versa*. That fine sanctuary of a house had all the effect of a nunnery to us,—its inhabitants had the mysterious nun-like air; the three mistresses were as lady-abbesses, and the very servants lay-sisters. As to comparing the establishment with our own rough, careless herd of a Grammar-school, from which we went home to dinner, where we enjoyed the real world in play, and had our respective shares of its good, hard, matter-of-fact leather at the finger-ends,—why, that would have been profane indeed. School was a different matter with those sweet, gentle, amiable girls, who left their families in order to form a more peaceful model society, all softness and etiquette. French, drawing, music, dancing, knitting, and tambouring were the themes of quite another existence than that of Latin, Greek, arithmetic, geometry, and geography. They were not preparing for the work-day world, but probably, we felt, for some still remoter retreat, where all would be happy and beautiful. Our own sister went daily to the Boarding-school, but nothing seemed ever to transpire of its secret goings-on; she and her companions lived in harmony, it appeared; they talked and walked with each other; they exchanged tokens; they expressed open fondness in actions, and sentimental attachment in little notes; they were glad to get together again: whereas we and our schoolfellows felt generally mutual dislike, which we made no attempt to conceal; we fought every day, played together chiefly for convenience, and hated the hour for school; if we were gregarious, we were far from social.

I have learnt since to modify this fancy-picture of young lady education, especially the cenobite part of it, and to think that boarding-schools have their disadvantages; but often since then I have paused by the end of the same green lane, when even our own bickering school-boy days had become affecting, and thought of the morning meetings there before going in to the lessons; no noise, no coarse riot, no rude quarrels, nothing but girlish leagues, intrigues, and gossip, all with a pretty sort of musical grace about them. In sight of the quiet white house, still there amongst the trees, apart from the town, it was touching to imagine the breakings-up, the dropping off one by one into actual life, the deep influence of early companionship which must have extended from there into future years, giving the wider sentiment from them all to fashionable *debuts*, to marriage, housekeeping, or spinstership. It was now no longer a boarding-school at all, but had actually been bought by the fat, red-faced grazier, whose cattle fed in the meadows round; to fancy him putting up his top-boots on chairs where the fair community had sat so subdued and delicately! snoring in the chambers where the sisterhood once slept, his wife and her wenches scrubbing out *their* pretty names from the school-room wall, the garden in the evening a scene of pipes and porter! The very smoke out of the chimneys looked vulgar and bold! It was like some rapacious baron in a nunnery, when King Henry reformed the Church!

After all, too, our Boarding-school was a specimen peculiarly favourable; it was on an old-fashioned scale, the young ladies always seemed to have come out of some family where there had been a superabundance of girlish pleasantness; when one disappeared, the same face came again in a younger sister's, as if a good report went home in epistles. There was always one there with whom my school-boy heart fell in love, at a vast distance, indeed. The three sister-mistresses were middle-aged and amiable-looking, with a difference, not cross-featured and old: the eldest prim, certainly, formal and correct; the second dignified, taciturn and watchful, with a slight shade of the severe; the third mild, gently quiet, with an expression made to temper authority and give little secret indulgences to young people. Anything that was repelling in the distance about them vanished on nearer contact. Miss

St. Clair was found as talkative and full of spirits as if she had been a boarder herself; the taciturn and watchful Miss Barbara sat and smiled now and then, without seeing what went on behind her back; the benevolent-looking Miss Jessy was still more kind and gentle than she seemed. Altogether they were the best, kindest, simplest, and most good-hearted creatures in the town; it was no wonder we considered their household a sort of Utopian dwelling, and a model of modelling-places for their charge. It was wonderful how soon they turned a wild, romping hoyden of a girl into a well-bred, modest young lady: our own sister, who, in the depths of our former country-life, had had no other companions than ourselves, and had played boys' sports as much as girlish ones, became in half a year's time as it were the being of quite another sphere than ours. We should no more have thought of expecting her to play at "hide and seek," "tig," or "blind-man's buff" with us, than she would now have deigned to quarrel and bandy names, or even to "tell mamma." *We* were of course "disagreeable, vulgar, awkward boys," as was implied in her look, but we respected in *her* the whole body of the "Boarding-school." There were no complaints of starving there, no show-parties and musical exhibitions, no novel-reading, no set of masters with their portfolios; only two men, that we knew of, ever entered the door, and they were the clergyman now and then on a visitation, and a little, ugly French teacher, who always came from it so smirking and conceited, that we regarded him in the light of a vile Jesuit confessor, who could a tale unfold, but wanted to keep all his privileges to himself.

One evening, I recollect, we were asked to tea at the house and to get gooseberries in the garden, at the period when we began to brush our hair and look in the glass a little, which we did, at least I, on that grand occasion, with nervous fear and trembling. We scarcely dared ring the bell, and almost expected to have our eyes blindfolded before going along the passages. We sat in the drawing-room alone, with two of the good ladies, answering in monosyllables to the voluble conversation of Miss St. Clair, who was remarkably amusing and cheerful, and was happily characterized by never attending to what any one else said, or leaving an interval to be filled up. As we gathered presence of mind, we kept trying to look as simple and modest as possible,—the kind, unsuspicious creatures, they little thought what a couple of sad imps and mischievous wretches they had introduced to their sanctuary,—but we always appeared so sedate at church, and our sister Jane was such a favourite! In the dining-room, when we were taken there, the long table and its number of cups, produced a salutary impression of awe on our minds, so that there was no danger of our feeling too lively; but when the rustle of dresses and tripping of feet was heard on the staircase, and ten young ladies, headed by the tall governess, entered, curtseying successively, walked erect to their chairs and sat down with the most careful étiquette, both of us were absolutely overwhelmed. They all stood up again for Miss St. Clair to say grace, then tea proceeded in solemn silence, which it was agonizing to have to break; when asked if our tea was to our taste, each of us blushed to the ears—for every young lady was surveying us from under her eyelids as she sipped her cup inaudibly, and cut her bread into little pieces, to avoid the ungraciousness of *bites*. One asked for a little more water, another for some sugar, another said "yes, please," to the question of more bread and butter, all in the same small falsetto voice which was apparently proper to school, since we now heard it proceeding from our sister Jane; but none ventured to take more than one cup, and I distinguished a slight titter when one of us made a request for a third. The perspiration stood on my forehead at observing two girls opposite narrowly watching my motions, all of them having finished; when I wriggled in my chair, and almost overset my tea, they stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths. "*Now*, young ladies," said Miss Barbara at last; all rose, marched off, turned round to curtsey at the door, and glided out: a general giggle seemed to run up the staircase, however. After tea we were conducted into the garden to get gooseberries, the eldest and the youngest Miss St. Clair showed us the best bushes, and were altogether so full of kindness that we would not have touched anything else for the world. We were left to ourselves in a little while, and heartily enjoyed the said company, particularly when contrasted with our late embarrassment: we were all gratitude to our hospitable entertainers, but indignant towards the boarders, who had been evidently laughing at us; our own sister Jane amongst the rest—for she did not deign us a look of acknowledgment or encouragement, and seemed rather ashamed of her connections. Sad havoc therefore did we commit amongst the gooseberries, not only in justice to our hostesses, but in revenge upon the satirical damsels; we did our best not to leave them one ripe: when we could eat no more, we pocketed as much as we could pull—and school-boys' pockets are wonderfully capacious. Our private conversation, too, was as free as it had been restrained before,—a rich treat, doubtless, it would have been to the ears of our fair critics. Behind the house was a series of offices, one of them a structure unmistakeably devoted to the use of poultry, with a ladder leading up into the opening; and as we strolled near it, still occupied in eating and pocketing our fill of fruit, we distinctly heard the sound of tittering and giggling proceed from above. I looked at my brother, and he at me. "Joe," said I, "let's move that ladder out of the way." Joe winked with intelligence, we removed it, and walked quietly away to another part of the garden. In about an hour we had pretty well satisfied ourselves, and were thinking whether we might not venture upon a few cherries; the summer evening began to get dusk too; when Miss Barbara St. Clair came out of the house and asked—"John, my dear, have you seen anything of the young ladies?" "No ma'am!" replied I, innocently; and "No ma'am!" said Joe, with the stoutest air of honest veracity. Miss Barbara looked for them at the back and in the front, but they were not there, any more than up in their rooms. Joe and I took several more turns round the garden, whistling as we passed under the poultry-loft. At length, a head with ringlets was put cautiously forth, and said in a low voice, but somewhat angrily, "Let us out, you *rude* boys!" to which we returned not the slightest notice. "Oh, Mr. John! Mr. Joseph!" entreated two voices, next time, "do, let us down! Miss Barbara will be so angry!" I glanced up, and saw one of the mischievous-looking girls who had annoyed me with laughing at my manners. At first, I felt resolved not to lose the opportunity of turning the tables upon them, and Joe, who always followed my leadership, was also inexorable, with his hands in his pockets. But the young lady looked now so pretty, pitiful, and beseeching, that I yielded, and set the ladder for them again. As soon as they had got hold of it—"Go away, you rude creatures!" exclaimed the girls, in a body, "we shan't get down till you go away!" Our sister Jane looked out, and threatened to "tell mamma of our wicked conduct." "Oh, very well!" muttered I, and hastened round to where Miss Barbara St. Clair was still seeking for her young ladies, like a hen after her lost chickens, which I thought an appropriate image. "Oh, Miss Barbara!" said I, "here are the young ladies coming out of the hen-house!" Miss Barbara almost shrieked "The hen-house! The young ladies in the hen-house!" There they were, too, all following one another down the ladder, and running off. "Young ladies!" ejaculated Miss Barbara, in a solemn tone, throwing up her hands, then catching hold of the last little girl, "What have you been doing? Have you been

taking the eggs—eh, Hannah?—speak girl!" "No—o, Miss Barbara!" whined the little girl, "I don't like eggs!" "What did you go for then?" said Miss Barbara. "We just—went—to *look*, ma'am," faltered Hannah. "Go to bed, all of you!" continued Miss Barbara, sternly, "*immediately!* We shall inquire into it in the morning. Such behaviour too, young ladies, for these young gentlemen to witness!" "I hope, my dear boys," said she, turning kindly to us, "you will not be injured by this bad example! Mischief and disobedience are always very lamentable." "Yes ma'am," said both Joe and I, looking much horrified, and as if resolved to take care. But as we went home, we absolutely rolled on the grass in delirious amusement at the scene in the garden, and the "softness" of Miss Barbara; while we gloried in having come off with flying colours, though we regarded boarding-school girls from that day as not quite so immaculate, and only inferior to boys from the want of "sharpness."

It was a good many years after this, and many things happening had made them a perfect gulf, I was sitting with our sister Jane, now married, and her boarding-school friend, one of those very young ladies. We called up the adventure of the "hen-house," and laughed over it. It brought on other stories, so that I had an opportunity of being led into a great deal of the private economy of old "Elm-House Seminary," as our favourite boarding-school was called in those days. "Oh, such good creatures they were!" said Miss Gray, over and over again; yet all the time she could not refrain from mimicking, in her lively, good-humoured way, the manners, peculiarities, speech, and ways in general of the two elder Misses St. Clair; while Miss Jessy again, who was no longer alive, with her gentle sweetness and half-melancholy expression, remained a sacred subject, or was mentioned only in love. "Do you remember, Jane," said Margaret Gray, "how Miss St. Clair played with us once or twice at 'blindman's buff' when Miss Barbara was out? She was always caught, and I don't know whether you were there when we left her one time alone in the dining-room, slipping about, with the handkerchief tight over her eyes, and thinking we kept close to the wall; till all of a sudden Miss Barbara came in from the town, and was standing in utter amazement, when she was caught by Miss St. Clair! Such a burst of laughter there was from us in the passage, in spite of our pocket-handkerchiefs! Then Miss St. Clair's dancing! She absolutely bounced like a grenadier. And Miss Barbara's singing! in such a little minikin voice, though she spoke so gruffly; while Miss Jessy sat quietly smiling in her arm-chair. How afraid Miss St. Clair was of Miss Barbara's finding out any of our tricks, too! One evening, I recollect, we were all in the school-room, and amused ourselves with jumping one after another from the table upon Miss Barbara's blue chair; Miss St. Clair came in, and asked what we had been doing to make such a curious noise? 'We were—jumping—ma'am,' said little Eliza Braidwood, at last, in the small peeping tone we all spoke with to the ladies. Miss St. Clair looked, and saw the arm of the chair broken, but she pretended not to notice it. 'There!' said she, smoothing the table-cloth, 'but you must not jump any more, young ladies! I cannot allow it! However, for this time I shall not tell Miss Barbara.' The poor good woman was more afraid of Miss Barbara knowing than we were; and next time Miss Barbara sat down in her blue chair, the arm cracked, and she fell down, but thought it had been her own weight."

"Then, oh Maggy dear, the 'Poetry Hour,' do you remember it?" said Jane, laughing; "how we used to drawl out Miss Barbara's fine passages in that perpetual school whine.

'The—little birds—with—flutter—ing—throats
Their—mor—ning—an—them raise—'

began one of the girls.

'The little *birds* with fluttering *throats*!'

interrupted Miss Barbara, rising to a sublime pitch, and waving her book indignantly,—'*do*, young ladies! Go on *you*, Miss Braidwood.'

'All Na—ture swells in—liv—ing—notes
To the—Crea—tor's—praise.'

whined out little Braidwood, in the very same key.

'All Nature swells in living notes
To the Creator's *praise*!' Girl

Miss Barbara would hurry out, with grand, swelling emphasis, that sounded as if Nature and the little birds did exactly the opposite of what we did; but it was of no use, none of us could ever, or would rise above that flat note, or keep our syllables together. It couldn't be because we were afraid, but we were such a sad set of little hypocrites, Maggy." "Thank you, Mrs. Thornley Brown!" said Miss Gray, rising and curtseying; "many thanks, in the name of poor old Elm-House Seminary!' Pray speak for yourself, however, Jane, my dear! For that, now, I shall tell your brother a little anecdote of you at Elm-House. Poor ugly little Monsieur Ricquotet, the French master, had a very funny hat, and as it was the only man's thing of any kind, we took particular pleasure in trying it on one after another, as it stood on the lobby-table. One day Miss Jane had it on her head, where it reached down to her chin, when Monsieur was heard coming, so she snatched it off and ran up stairs. Next day Monsieur Ricquotet came in more pompous than ever, and during the French lesson we *thought* there was *something*, from his important solemn look, and his extravagant politeness. At last when we were done, and everybody in the school-room before dinner-time, the little Frenchman took a good-sized paper parcel from his pocket, stepped up to Miss Jane, and presented it with the utmost formality. 'Meess ——,' said he, bowing—but he was very angry all the while—'I haif de honour to return to you some of your propairtè which I haif find in my chapeau!' Everybody stared, and poor Jane, without knowing what it could be, unrolled one envelope after another till she came to a tortoise-shell side-comb, broken in two halves. It had stuck in Monsieur's hat, and he certainly hit upon the right owner, having probably observed its companion that afternoon. What a sensation there was! we tittering, the governess horrified, Miss Barbara indignant, and poor Jane sinking with confusion! But Monsieur Ricquotet did not need to hang up his hat afterwards, you may be sure!" "But had you never any more romantic incidents than these?" said I, "I am sure there must have been a vast amount of sentimentality, for instance, concentrated at 'Elm House!'" "Oh, yes!" said Miss Gray, laughing, "but that is not for every one to know! There was a handsome confectioner—eh, Jane?—where we all used to buy tarts, and at home we quarrelled about which of us he was in love with: but the wretched man to our great indignation went and married a dress-maker, so we withdrew our patronage. We had sometimes romantic adventures, on a small scale though, chiefly when out on our walk. I shall never forget one Saturday, when it was Miss St. Clair's turn to go with us! She was very fond of telling the names of the hills in the distance, which she invariably mistook; that day we wanted to go a particular way, and to humour Miss St. Clair I stuck fast by her side, asking which was Ben so-and-so, and which another thing. We were near the edge of the Park, where it ran down into a wood of bushes and crags, which we were very anxious to explore. Little Eliza Braidwood, who was generally deputed, on account of her littleness, to make requests, came back and said, 'Please Miss St. Clair, ma'am, may we go down into the wood?' 'The wood, child!' said Miss St. Clair, who had the most fearful idea of woods and wilds, 'don't think of such a thing! Besides, what would Barbara say? Is it not very dangerous?' added she, peeping cautiously over,

but beginning to relent when she saw our earnest wishes. 'No ma'am,' said little Eliza, in her small, pathetic sort of key, not forgetting the whine, 'It's very easy!' 'Well,' said Miss St. Clair at length, I suppose she was half ashamed of being so timorous as not to look further, 'If you're sure of that, you may go a little way, and I shall walk down by the road—now *take care*, young ladies!' Next moment we were all running down amongst the bushes, while Miss St. Clair went slowly round to the foot of the wood. We were in the wildest spirits, and scrambled through hazels and brambles into the thickest part of the slope; it was very steep, however, and gathering nuts and blackberries for a quarter of an hour we all slid down a bank, which there was no getting up again, to the top of an immense stone, with a perfect precipice under it. My frock was torn, and so was Jane's; little Eliza's bonnet was on the twig of a bramble out of our reach, while various other mishaps had befallen the rest. We glanced down and saw Miss St. Clair slowly walking along at the bottom, till she began to look up and call to us. 'Come down, young ladies!' we heard her crying out; and 'We can't!' screamed we. Suddenly a man, with two dogs, in a velveteen coat, a gun, and long pole in his hand, appeared coming along through the bushes near the foot. Hearing our voices, and observing our predicament, he was hastening up the wood, when we heard Miss St. Clair, in utter agony and alarm, shriek out, 'Oh! don't shoot them!' The man, however, soon got beside us; he helped us round the stone, lifted us in succession over the dangerous place, rescued Eliza's bonnet, and, as soon as he saw us safe, pursued his way. Jane and some of the others would have it he was a gentleman in sporting dress, and he was certainly young and good-looking. Miss St. Clair was too glad to scold us, but she was very sorry not to have an opportunity of giving the man a shilling, which we were as much rejoiced she had not. On getting home she made us all change our frocks immediately, and helped us herself to mend the tears, that Miss Barbara might not know anything of the matter! With all their humours, their particular starched ways, and their crossness sometimes, they were good creatures both of them, Jane—were n't they? And Miss Jessy—she was a perfect jewel—if ever there was one." The memory of that simple, old-fashioned place, always makes me think we used to be happy in the bygone days at "Elm House!" G. C.

LUCKY JACK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

When Jack had served his master seven years, he said to him—

"Master, my time is up; I want to see my old mother again; can you pay me my wages?"

"Aye surely, Jack," answered the master; "and as you have served me well, I will reward you well:" and he gave him a lump of gold, almost as large as his head.

Jack wrapped it in a cloth, slung it on his shoulder, and set off for home. As he trudged on, he saw a man mounted on a lively horse, trotting along as merrily as could be.

"Ah," said Jack, "'tis a nice thing to ride! There he sits as if in a chair; he stumbles against no stones, wears out no shoes, and never is weary!"

The rider overheard him and halted.

"Hey Jack," cried he, "why then do you go on foot?"

"Alas, I have to carry this lump of gold, which already has made my shoulder ache, and will not allow me to hold my head straight."

"Let us exchange," said the man; "I will give you my horse, you shall give me your lump."

"With all my heart," cried Jack; "but I warn you my load is a heavy one."

The rider jumped down and took the gold, then helped Jack upon the saddle, gave the reins into his hands, and showed him how to "click!" to his horse when he wanted to go faster. Jack was joyful and proud as he sat up there so bravely, and rode on so easily; but presently he fancied he should like a quicker trot, and gave a loud "click!" Off went the beast, and off went poor Jack into a ditch by the road-side! A countryman who was passing along driving a cow caught the mischievous animal as it trotted on, and then helped Jack to his legs.

"This riding is a bad joke," said the poor bruised lad, "never more will I mount such a jade as that. Commend me to your cow, one can jog behind her with some comfort, and get, besides, some milk, butter, and cheese. I wish I had a cow!"

"Well," said the countryman, "if you would like mine, we'll exchange."

Jack agreed with a thousand thanks, and the countryman, well pleased, mounted the horse and rode off.

Jack drove his cow quietly before him, and thought over his good fortune.

"Whilst I have a bit of bread, I shall never be without butter and cheese to eat with it. When I am thirsty I need but milk my cow, and I have a drink. Oh! my heart, what more do you wish?"

When he reached an inn he made a halt, and his great content having given him an appetite, he eat up all the provisions he had with him, his dinner and supper all at once, and spent his last little piece of money for a glass of beer. Then he drove on his cow, hoping soon to arrive at his old mother's house. The heat became great as mid-day approached, and when Jack had crossed a heath, which cost him an hour's good travelling, he was so hot and thirsty that his tongue clove to his palate. "At any rate," thought he, "I can help myself. I will milk my cow and quench my thirst."

He thereupon tied her to a withered tree, and placed his leathern cap as a pail; but however much he tried, not a drop of milk could he bring forth. And this was not the worst, for the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind leg, that he tumbled to the earth, and lay for a long time without consciousness. Happily a butcher, with a young pig in a wheel-barrow, passed that way—

"What joke is this?" cried he, as he helped poor Jack up.

Jack related the whole affair. The butcher gave him a drink from his flask.

"Take a good pull," said he, "and you will be well again presently. Your cow is an old beast, only fit to be slaughtered."

"Oh," cried Jack, "that is glorious; it is grand to have a lot of meat in the house! And yet—I don't much care for beef; it is not juicy enough for me. Had I only a young pig!"

"Why, my good Jack," said the butcher, "for love of you I don't mind changing with you; you shall have the pig for the cow."

"May God reward your friendship!" cried Jack.

The butcher loosed the pig from the barrow, gave the rope with which it was tied into his hand, and they parted.

Jack pursued his journey with a grateful heart. He thought of his good luck—how all his wishes were gratified—and how, if things at any time went wrong, all was presently made straight again.

He soon met a lad carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They stopped to talk awhile, and Jack related his good fortune, and how advantageously he had

exchanged. The lad, in return, informed him that the goose was intended for a christening feast.

"Just feel," said he, as he seized it by the wings, "how heavy it is; yet it is to be crammed for eight weeks longer."

"It is a tolerable weight indeed," replied Jack, "but did you ever see so fine a pig?"

The lad looked round suspiciously, and shook his head ——.

"All is not right about your pig," whispered he. "In the town through which I passed a little while ago, one had been stolen from the Mayor's yard. I fear you are now holding it. If you are caught with it, you will be thrust into a dark hole—'twill prove a bad bargain for you."

Poor Jack was terror-stricken.

"My good fellow," he cried, "help me in my need. You know these roads better than I do; take my pig and give me your goose."

"I shall run a great risk," answered the boy; "but you shall not meet a misfortune if I can help you."

So saying he snatched the rope, and drove the pig quickly to a by-road, and disappeared; while our good Jack continued his journey with a lighter heart, and the goose under his arm.

"If I understand it rightly," said he to himself, "I have even now made a good exchange; first, there is the good roast goose; then, the quantity of fat which will drip from it, enough certainly to make soup for three months; and lastly, the beautiful white feathers, with which I will stuff a pillow; right softly shall I sleep on it! My good old mother, how glad she will be!"

When he reached the last town through which he had to pass, in the market-place stood a scissors-grinder with his barrow; his wheel whirred, and he sang to its music,

> "Swift turns my wheel while scissors I grind,
> And merrily flutters my cloak in the wind."

Jack gazed at him for some time, and at length said,

"Things must be well with you, since you can be so merry over your grinding."

"Yes," answered the grinder, "handicraft has a golden foundation. A true grinder is a man who finds money in his pocket every time he puts his hand in. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, I exchanged a pig for it."

"And how did you get the pig?"

"I gave a cow for it."

"And the cow?"

"I got it for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I got it for a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Truly, my master gave it me for seven years' service."

"You have bettered yourself by every exchange," said the grinder; "if now you could manage so that every time you took a step you heard the money chink in your pocket, your fortune would be made."

"How can I do that?" asked Jack.

"You must become a grinder, such as I am; nothing is really needed for that but a whetstone, the rest comes of itself afterwards. I have a stone—it is a little the worse for wear perhaps—but you shall have it for your goose."

"Oh," cried Jack, "I shall be the luckiest man on earth, if I find money every time I put my hand in my pocket. What need I more?"

So he handed over the goose and received the whetstone in exchange.

"And here," said the grinder, as he raised a heavy common stone which lay near him, "here is another good stone, on which you can hammer out your old nails; 'twill bear a strong stroke."

Jack took the stones, and with a glad heart proceeded on his journey,—his eyes sparkled with joy.

"I must have been born in a caul," exclaimed he; "everything prospers with me, as if I were a Sunday child."

In the meantime, as he had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel very tired; he was faint from hunger too, and he had devoured all his provisions in his joy for the acquisition of the cow. At length he could hardly proceed; he was compelled to stop and rest every five minutes, and the two stones weighed him down most miserably. He could not help thinking how much pleasanter it would be if he had nothing to carry. Creeping as slow as a snail, he arrived at last at a running spring, where he determined to rest, and refresh himself with a draught of cool water. He carefully laid his stones upon the brink, and seated himself beside them; but, as he leaned forward to drink, he pushed one by chance, and both were precipitated into the water. Jack followed them in their descent with his eyes, and when they had reached the bottom, he sprang up joyfully, then knelt, and tearfully gave thanks for this favour,—that he had been relieved, without incurring self-reproach, from the heavy stones which had only been an encumbrance and hindrance to him.

"Is there," he cried, "a luckier man than I under the sun?"

With a light heart, and free from burden, he now journeyed without stopping until he lifted the latch of his old mother's door.

Biographic Sketch.

MADAME SONTAG.

One of the most interesting events which has recently occurred in the Musical World is the re-appearance of Madame Sontag upon the stage. After having, many years ago, enchanted Europe by the beauty of her song, her marvellous vocalization, and extraordinary personal charms, she suddenly disappeared from the eyes of her numerous admirers, and went to hide the brightness of a glory so laboriously acquired, behind the hymeneal veil. Mademoiselle Sontag became Madame de Rossi; she exchanged her diadem for a Countess's coronet, and the muse of the graces became a humble ambassadress. The revolutions of 1848 which upturned the social and political structures of Europe, by depriving her husband, Count de Rossi, of his embassy, and the greater part of his fortune, rendered it necessary for the wife again to return to the stage, after twenty years silence; and the Countess de Rossi again became Madame Sontag.

Henriette Sontag was born at Coblentz, on the 13th of May, 1805, in one of those wandering comedian families, of whom Goethe has given us so poetical a description in his "Wilhelm Meister." She thus early became familiar with the vicissitudes and trials of the artist's life. When about six years old, she made her debut at Darmstadt, in an opera, then very popular in Germany, called "The Daughter of the Danube," when, in the part of *Salomé*, she excited much admiration by her infantine graces of person, and the remarkable correctness of her voice. Three years after, Henriette Sontag, having lost her father, returned with her mother to Prague, where she played juvenile parts, under the direction of Weber, then the musical conductor at that theatre. Her precocious success enabled her to obtain access to the course of instruction given at the Musical School of that city, although she was under the age fixed by the regulations. For four years she diligently studied singing, the piano, and the elements of music. The sudden indisposition of the prima donna, at the theatre, enabled her to assume, for the first time, an important part—that of the *Princess of Navarre*, in the "John of

Paris," of Boildeau; she was then only fifteen. The fine qualities of her voice, and her youthful grace, revealed a glimpse of her beautiful future; and the emotion which heaved her breast, and filled it with mysterious forebodings, were worthy of the success which augured so well for her after triumph.

From Prague, Sontag went to Vienna, where she met Madame Mainvielle Fodor, whose example and good advice contributed to develope those fine qualities with which nature had endowed her. Singing alternately in German and Italian operas, she thus became practised in two very different languages, and was furnished with the opportunity of making her choice between the brilliant caprices of the Italian Masters, and the severe and profound music of the new German School. An engagement having been offered to her, in 1824, to sing, in German Opera, at the Leipsic Theatre, she proceeded to that city, the centre of German literature and philosophy, and there she at once achieved a great reputation by the exquisite manner in which she interpreted the "Freyschutz" and "Euryanthe" of Weber. The principal admirers of the genius of this great musician were the youths of the universities, and all those ardent and enthusiastic spirits who strove to exalt Germany above foreign domination in the empire of art, as well as that of politics; they hailed with enthusiasm the name of Sontag, which soon resounded through all Germany, as that of a virtuoso of the very first class, reminding them of the marvellous powers of Mara. It was at Leipsic that Mara, the famous German singer of the eighteenth century, first made her appearance, after the careful training which she received, under the mastership of old professor Hiller. The German public now recognised in Sontag a great singer, who, by consecrating her grand organ and magnificent vocalization, then so rare beyond the Rhine, to the rendering of the powerful and profound music of Weber, of Beethoven, of Spohr, and of all the German composers who had broken pact with the foreigner in everything, was destined to give a higher flight to the genius of the country. Surrounded by homage, praised by all generous spirits, chorused by the students, and cheered by the hourras of the German press, Mademoiselle Sontag was invited to Berlin, where she appeared, with immense success, at the Koningstadt Theatre It was at Berlin that Weber's "Der Freyschutz" was first brought out, in 1821. It was at Berlin—a protestant and rationalistic city, the centre of an intellectual and political movement, which seeks to concentrate the activity of Germany at the expense of Vienna, a catholic city, in which the spirit of tradition, sensuality, the dashing and beautiful melodies of Italy, are in the ascendant—it was at Berlin that the new school of dramatic music, founded by Weber, had obtained its firmest footing. Mademoiselle Sontag was overwhelmed with enthusiasm, as the inspired interpreter of this national music. The Hegelian philosophers adopted her as a subject for their learned commentaries, and saluted, in her limpid and sonorous voice, *the subjective merged into the objective in one absolute unity!* The old King of Prussia received her at court with royal condescension. It was then that the *Diplomatist* took the opportunity of approaching Mademoiselle Sontag, and made the first breach in the heart of the muse.

Taking advantage of an invitation she had received, Sontag proceeded to Paris, and appeared at the Italian Theatre there in June, 1826, in the part of *Rosina*, in the "Barber of Seville." Her success was brilliant in the extreme; above all in the variations of Rode, which she introduced in the second act, in the singing lesson. This was confirmed and increased in the "Donna del Lago" and "L'Italia in Algeri," in which she was obliged to transpose many songs written for a contralto voice. On her return to Berlin, she was received with redoubled interest and enthusiasm. She remained in that city till the end of 1826; then, quitting Germany and the school she had raised to so high a reputation, she returned to Paris, to settle there. She appeared as *Desdemona*, in "Otello," in January, 1828. She was then one of a constellation of admirable singers who, at the time, charmed Paris and London, and among whom there shone in the first rank, Pasta, Pisaroni, Malibran, and Sontag. Between these two last singers, of an excellence so different, there sprung up one of those fierce feuds, of which Hoffman has given us so lively a picture. This rivalry was pushed to such an extremity between the imperious Juno and the fair Venus, that they would not even meet each other in the same room. On the stage, when they sung in the same piece, be it "Don Giovanni" or "Semiramide," their heroic jealousy displayed itself by the violent contentions which raged among the audience in favour of one or the other singer; sometimes the Trojans carried it, sometimes the Greeks. The pit raged and subsided like the waves of the sea under the power of the director of Olympus. At last, one day, Malibran and Sontag having to sing a duet together in a royal house, the fusion of the two voices, so different in tone, character, and expression, produced so grand an effect, that the complete triumph of the two singers together effected their reconciliation.

Nevertheless, in the midst of these successes and artistic festivals, a black cloud rose above the horizon. The Diplomatist was secretly at work shuffling the cards. His protocols became threatening, and it was suddenly announced that Mademoiselle Sontag was about to quit the theatre, to devote herself to more serious duties. After the lapse of about a year, a quiet home united her and the Count de Rossi, who would admit no one to participate in his joys. Sontag took her leave of the Parisian public, in a representation which she gave for the benefit of the poor, at the Opera, in January, 1830. On her return to Berlin, the solicitations of her friends and numerous admirers induced her to give a series of her representations. She then made a tour into Russia, giving concerts at Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburgh, and afterwards at Hamburgh, and others of the cities of Germany. It was after this journey, that, under the name of the Countess de Rossi, following the fortunes of her husband, she passed successively many years at Brussels, the Hague, Frankfort, and Berlin, making herself heard only in the private reunions of the first class of European society, and which the revolutions of 1848 so rudely shook to its very foundations.

Sontag possesses a soprano voice of great range, of beautiful equality of tone, and wonderful flexibility. In the higher octave, her voice rings deliciously, like a silver bell, without ever causing you the slightest fear of a false intonation, or a want of equilibrium in her prodigious efforts. This rare flexibility of organ was the result of great natural gifts, increased by incessant and well-directed labour. Up to the time of her arrival in Vienna, where she first had an opportunity of hearing the great Italian singers, Sontag had only been directed by her own happy instincts, and a taste more or less influenced by the public, to whose pleasure she ministered. It was to the instructions of Madame Mainvielle Fodor, and still more to the example which the exquisite talent of this beautiful singer daily presented for her imitation, that Sontag owed the full development of those natural qualities which, till then, had lain like flowers hid within their calyx. Her contest with rivals such as Pisaroni and Malibran—those heroic combats which she sustained on the opera boards at Vienna, Paris, and London—contributed to give to her talent that degree of high finish which has made Madame Sontag one of the most brilliant singers in Europe.

In the magnificent tones which Sontag nightly showered like jewels upon her admirers, one could not help remarking above all the clearness and distinctness of her chromatic scale, and the brilliancy of her shakes, which sparkled like rubies on velvet. Each note of these long

spiral outpourings came forth as if it had been struck distinctly by itself, and then attached itself to the succeeding note, by an imperceptible and most delicate soldering; and all these marvels were accomplished with a perfect grace, and without the eye being able to discern the slightest effort. The charming figure of Madame Sontag, her fine blue eyes, clear and mild, her elegant shape and mien, straight and supple as a young poplar, perfected the picture and completed the enchantment.

Although Madame Sontag is alike celebrated in all styles, German, Italian, and French, it is especially in music of a light and even character that she chiefly excels. She wants the fire of Grisi, and the artistic genius of Viardot Garcia. The cry of passionate feeling never escapes those fine lips of hers, so expressive of softness and grace; the burst of sentiment never alters the pure outline of her features, nor brings the mantling blood into her face and neck, which are pale and soft as satin. No! in that elegant form, nature has not deposited the germs of creative power. The electric spark, in traversing that placid heart, never lightens the divine fire within it, nor causes the bursting forth of those magnificent tempests of passion, such as we witness in Rachel. Hence we can easily understand how it was that Sontag should have consented to bow her beautiful head under the yoke of marriage, and to descend from a throne to which her great talents had raised her, for the purpose of becoming the Countess de Rossi. Who knows but that bitter regrets may have pursued her into the state of domestic peace which she had promised herself? Who knows whether the Ambassadress, amidst the sadness of her grand life, did not cast a melancholy look back upon the beautiful years of her youth, when a whole nation of admirers crowned her with roses and amaranths? Perhaps Auber and Scribe, in their fine opera of "The Ambassadress," have not at all incorrectly related the history of Mademoiselle Sontag, as transformed into the Countess de Rossi.

The voice of Madame Sontag has been well preserved. If the lower notes have lost in fulness and become flatter under the influence of time, as happens to all soprano voices, the higher notes are still full of roundness and beauty. Her talents are almost as exquisite as they were twenty years ago; her vocalization has lost nothing of the marvellous flexibility which formerly characterized it, and, without any effort of the imagination, one still finds in Madame Sontag, the finish, the charm, the tempered and serene expression, which distinguished her among the eminent singers that were the wonder and admiration of Europe, during the last half century. Welcomed with enthusiasm by the public, who were attracted by her fame and the rumour of her misfortunes, she has re-appeared with renewed success, in many of the parts which she had formerly made her own. Amongst her more distinguished performances, her variations of Rode have been particularly admired; a melodious sketch first brought into fashion by Madame Catalani, and on which Sontag has wrought arabesques, still more ingenious and wonderful. Starting by an ascending scale from the lowest notes, and passing before the ear brilliant as a riband of fire, she has invariably succeeded in eliciting the most enthusiastic applause.

Germany, which has produced so many glorious geniuses in instrumental music, has been less fortunate in the lyrical drama, and in the art of singing, which so closely belongs to it. Excepting Mozart, who was a miraculous production of Providence, and also some composers of the second order, such as Winter, who were inspired by Mozart and the Italian school, the German operas have been conceived on a system which does not admit of the human voice displaying its magnificent powers. Singers also, who have been born beyond the Rhine, and whose reputation has extended beyond the boundaries of their own nation, are extremely rare. Madame Mara *(Schmeeling)*, who was born at Cassel in 1747, and died at Livonia in 1833, at the age of 84 years, had been the only German singer, before Madame Sontag, who enjoyed a European celebrity. This woman, as extraordinary by reason of her talents and by the caprices of her character, as by the vicissitudes of her chequered career, for forty years made the round of all the great cities of Europe, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Paris, and London, where for ten years she reigned as the undisputed and absolute *prima donna*. This capricious divinity had sundry quarrels with Frederic the Great, whose "enlightened" despotism pressed heavily upon singers as well as on philosophers and poets. Mara was obliged to fly from Berlin like Voltaire, and was near being apprehended in her bed by a guard of soldiers. The times are changed; the grandson of the Great Frederic has now something else to do than play the flute, and criticize the merits of female singers. If kings still reign in Europe, it would seem as if it were the singers who governed; and the re-appearance of Madame Sontag, and the extraordinary success which has attended her from London to Paris, are a double testimony to the instability of fortune, and the all-powerfulness of real talent.

EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.

"Every one for himself," was the maxim of old Mr. Darnel,—a maxim which he carried out most consistently in his daily practice. He was a man of large fortune and of some rank, and never was known to compromise himself by a single act he performed for the benefit of others. Only leave him at peace, and he cared not what became of any one else. A traveller, attacked by robbers only a few paces behind him, would be left to their mercy, as far as any effort on his part was concerned. They had let him pass, and this was enough for him. What mattered any crime in, or injury to, others?—he was safe.

This man, selfish as he was, had some affection for his daughter Eugenia, and his son Charles. For them he had made some little sacrifices, and put himself to some little inconvenience. His son one day said to him—

"Father, you have no friends!"

"Nor any enemies. What good would friends do, but perpetually torment me; now making demands upon my purse, now upon my patronage? I should be living for them and not for myself. I want nothing and I ask nothing from others, and I take care they shall ask nothing from me."

"But, dear father, if every one thought thus, how could the world go on? I have no doubt but we are mutually dependent upon each other; the poor need the rich, and the rich need the poor. It may be that you now need nobody."

"Nobody, thank God."

"It may be so just now. But can you answer for the future?"

"Certainly. What have I to fear? I have done no harm to any one; I have not made any enemies. This is the chief point. I am self-sufficing; and you have only to do as I do, and you will be as I am, above all care, all anxiety. Depend upon it, this caring for other people is a mighty troublesome business."

"I am not of your opinion. In a few days I go to London to commence my commercial career, and surely I shall need the kindness, the friendship of others."

"This is all mere fancy. Be just, pay your way, and make every one else pay his; take care to get your right; nothing more is wanting. But, though you must take no man's ox nor his ass, there is not the least necessity for getting into the mire to take his ass out of a pit, or waste your time in driving home his strayed ox. You can thus get on without the help of what you call friends. I began

by taking care of number one. I was honest, to be sure; but if I ever apparently yielded a point for the sake of others, I never lost sight of my own advantage in the concession. Any service I ever rendered was altogether a matter of calculation, and I took good care to lose nothing. Once rich, I made every effort to obtain an honourable and lucrative situation, in which there was nothing to be risked in the way of speculation. I succeeded, and am determined to hold it during my life. The Government may change a thousand times, but I keep my place—for I know how to shut my mouth when others are clamouring, to listen when others are talking. I never compromise myself—I take care of number one."

"Then, my uncle was not likely to meet any sympathy or approval from you, in exposing his life, as he so often did during the Revolution in France, to save some of the victims of popular fury."

"Approval from me! He knew well what I thought of his folly. What business was it of his? In such times we ought to stay at home, content to see from the window what is passing in the street; hear everything, and say nothing. Every man for himself."

"But, dear father, you argue neither as a christian, a patriot, a philanthropist, nor even one with common humanity."

"I only do not argue like a fool, and the best proof of it is, that I am now rich, while my brother is but very little above want."

"You might help him."

"Yes; but in doing so I might compromise myself. Your uncle is an enthusiast; he thinks too much of other people. But you are young, Charles; when age brings experience you will think as I do."

"Excuse me for saying, I trust I never may." And the young man left his father with something like the old lines upon his lips. the spirit of which he would gladly have taught him:—

> "Bless'd be the Power that gave the heart to feel,
> And made us subject to the woes we heal,
> That plac'd us in a world 'twixt sun and shade,
> That those that bloom might succour those that fade."

A few days after, Mr. Darnel gave fresh proof that he had not learned this lesson. His daughter, Eugenia, came to plead with him for a case of peculiar distress, which an aid trifling to him would have relieved, but she pleaded in vain.

"My dear child, there would be no end to this serving the whole world. Once begin, and we shall never be left one moment in peace. Government, too, would hear that I had been helping an emigrant; there is no knowing what view might be taken of it. Do you want to ruin me, child?"

"Well, dear Sir, do not be angry with me."

"You need not fear; that would be something too good to torment myself about such a trifle. I will take a walk, and get an appetite for dinner."

He remained strolling about the fields for a couple of hours, and as he was entering the town he heard a man say as he passed, "there is Mr. Darnel, he does not seem to know that his house is on fire."

"How! my house on fire! And no one come to look for me."

"You care for nobody," was the answer, "and nobody cares for you."

The unhappy man—unhappy in the very fact that this was but too true—ran home, but he arrived too late; the flames had spread to every part of the house; nothing was saved.

"And my child!" cried he in despair,—not seeing his daughter anywhere——

"She is safe at her aunt's house," answered one of his servants. "Every effort was made to save her, for she is universally beloved. But when it came to saving the house, nobody cared to take any further trouble. Some of the people indeed positively refused to give any aid. 'I must go back to my work,' said one; 'I have no time to lose,' said another, 'old Darnel is rich enough to bear this trifling loss.'"

He went to his daughter; the shock and alarm had brought on fever, and soon it was declared that she was dangerously ill. Mr. Darnel employed every care, everything that medical skill could offer, but in vain. It was the will of God to take from him one of the only objects he had ever loved, or upon whom he had ever bestowed a thought that was not wholly selfish. He was truly an object of compassion, but there were few to pity him. "I deserve it all," thought he; "I should have my child still, had I not been so cruelly selfish. Had effort been made at once my child would be now alive. It was the imminent danger, the utter indifference about me, that killed her. I am indeed punished. No one to give to my misfortune one regret, one tear."

Some time after the loss of his daughter, he wrote to recall his son from London, and was now in daily expectation of him, when he received a letter, bearing the postmark of one of the small French towns. He broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Sir,—I have to intrude upon you with sad news. You must prepare for the worst. Your son is no more. There was a great riot here a few days ago; the mob attacked all the strangers in the town, and from insult proceeded to blows and violence. Your son was passing with some friends through the square where the rioters had assembled, who fell upon them, and handled them most roughly. A scuffle ensued, but numbers and fury were both on the side of the mob, and the strangers were obliged to seek safety in flight. But vainly did they attempt to take refuge in some of the neighbouring houses; no one had courage enough to harbour them. Your son, though severely wounded, was at first so fortunate as to escape from his assailants. He ran down a narrow street, but his strength soon failed, and he stopped at the door of a house, the appearance of which betokened the opulence of its owner, from whose compassion he implored an asylum. But he was a wretched, selfish creature, and he told the unhappy young man that he must not stop there,—'the mob would attack my house if I admitted you,—I dare not run the risk.'

'But I am not now pursued, and no one will see me entering your house. Take pity upon me. I am faint from loss of blood—my life is in your hands.'

'Be off with yourself,' said the hard-hearted man, 'It would very soon be known that I had harboured you, and the people would always owe me a grudge. Every-one for himself in this world.'

'Your poor son had not power to continue his useless pleading, or to seek another asylum; he fell to the ground, and, some few moments after, expired under the repeated blows of the rioters, who had tracked him to the spot.'"

Mr. Darnel read these terrible words, and fainted. His servant carried him to bed, where he lay in wild delirium for several days. When he recovered his senses he beheld his son seated at his pillow.

"Charles, my child, you are yet alive! Oh, I have had such a frightful dream. I thought that you had fallen a victim to the fury of a mob."

"It was not a dream, dear father; but you see I am safe. I escaped with only a slight wound. The writer of the letter mistook me for one of my friends, who, through the selfish cowardice that denied him a refuge, was killed by the rioters. Happily, I knew a good man in the very place in which they assailed me. I asked shelter of him, and he opened his house, his arms, his heart to me. He braved the fury of the mob, and I was rescued. Think you that he was censured for imprudence? The very assailants, when the popular fury had calmed down, respected him for his generous forget-

fulness of self; while he, who had abandoned my poor friend to his sad fate, is universally reprobated for his cowardly and heartless selfishness."

"Severe have been the lessons I have received, my son, but I trust I shall profit by them. I am for ever cured of this most odious of all faults of character, which, if suffered universally to rule, would turn this world into a wilderness. Happy is it for me that you are free from it. I could not otherwise find in you a friend to soothe my sorrow, and weep with me for our poor Eugenia."

Mr. Darnel recovered, and lived long enough to prove that he was indeed a changed man,—that his dearly-bought experience was not in vain, but that he had learned that

"True self-love and social are the same."

A SPRING SONG.

Now the fields are full of flowers,
  Now in every country lane,
Making mirth and gladness ours,
  Wild flowers nod and blush again;
    Now they stain
    Heath and lane,
Longed-for lost ones come again.

Now the mower, on his scythe
  Leaning, wipes his furrowed brow.
Many a song the milkmaid blithe
  Carols through the morning now;
    Clear and strong
    Goes her song
With the clanking pail along.

Blithely lusty Roger now
  Through the furrows plods along,
Singing to the creaking plough
  Many a quaint old country song;
    Morning rings
    As he sings
With the praise of other Springs.

Children now in every school
  Wish away the weary hours,
Doubly now they feel the rule
  Barring them from buds and flowers;
    How they shout,
    Bounding out
Lanes and fields to race about.

Now with shrill and wondering shout,
  As some new-found prize they pull,
Prattlers range the fields about
  Till their laps with flowers are full;
    Seated round
    On the ground,
Now they sort the wonders found.

Now do those in cities pent,
  Labouring life away, confess,
Spite of all, that life was meant
  To be rife with happiness;
    Hark, they sing
    Pleasant Spring
Joy to all was meant to bring.

Poets now in sunshine dream,
  Now their eyes such visions see
That the golden ages seem
  Times that yet again might be.
    Hark, they sing
    Years shall bring
Golden ages—endless Spring.

W. C. Bennett.

THE MORMONS.

(Concluded from our last.)

During the first year or two of the Mormon settlement at Nauvoo, matters went on smoothly enough. The Mormons were conciliatory, and by their treatment of strangers induced many, who were not Mormons, to settle among them. There was also a continual influx of new converts from a distance, bringing with them money, which Joe Smith "sucked" from them in the shape of loans, contributions, &c. As, however, the numbers and wealth of the Mormons increased, their confidence grew. There were adventurers without the body, who were not slow to turn their growing power to account. A person of this description, who had been appointed Quartermaster-General of the State of Illinois, suddenly joined the Mormons, as they were about to raise their Nauvoo Legion. All the State arms of every description, cannon, small arms, swords, and pistols, were distributed by him among the militia of Nauvoo, so that, for a long period, the State was without weapons for the volunteers and militia of the other counties. The numbers and union of the Mormons, together with their monopoly of the State arms, and the large additions reported to have been made to them from their own resources, made the sect a formidable enemy to the scattered and unarmed population of the surrounding country.

The Mormons now proceeded to usurp and exercise a series of powers, in the teeth of the law and established authorities of the State. The Corporation of Nauvoo assumed imperial jurisdiction in their own city; they set the writ of *habeas corpus* at defiance; arrested visitors to the city, and subjected them to inquisitorial examinations; they issued marriage licenses, contrary to the State laws; they established a Recorder's office for the record of deeds, independent of that provided by the laws of every State; they passed an ordinance to punish with fine and imprisonment all persons guilty of *disrespectful words concerning Joe Smith*; they passed another ordinance, prohibiting, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, the service of any process whatever, unless countersigned by the Mayor of Nauvoo; and these penalties they forbade the Governor of the State to remit by his pardon! At the same time, in the height of their confidence, the Mormons began and carried on an alarming system of plunder. Horses, cattle, farming utensils, domestic poultry, clothes on the line, honey, everything in short, which contributes to the wealth and comfort of the farmer, were carried off by these marauders. Stores in the little towns were broken open and rifled of their contents. A manufacture of counterfeit money, both in coin and paper, was got up and superintended by the heads of the Church, and large quantities were put in circulation among the unsuspecting country-people. The injured Gentiles had no redress, for the Mormons had beforehand packed the courts of justice with their creatures; and to appeal to them was to appeal from the thief to the receiver of the stolen goods.

The Gentiles, however, though patient, would not stand this bare-faced system of "sucking;" and they began to cry out against the continued existence of Nauvoo as the head-quarters of a gang of bold, artful, and desperate rogues. But the Mormons were very numerous; they commanded many votes, and no public man in office cared about appearing openly against them. Many also were governed by considerations of interest or fear; and hesitated to act against a united body of fanatics so powerful, so well armed, and so unscrupulous. Thus the country, in the immediate vicinity of the Mormons, became divided into three parties: the *Mormons*, the *Anti-Mormons* or "old citizens," and the *Jack Mormons* or waiters on. The Anti-Mormons at length became sensible that there was no other way of bringing back peace to the district but by rooting out the Mormons

nest, and they eagerly sought some favourable opportunity for undertaking this work. Broils, excesses, and violence took place, in which both parties were to blame. The Anti-Mormons took a bold step in attempting to establish a newspaper in the city of Nauvoo itself, for the exposure of the hypocrisy, licentiousness, extortion, and other crimes of their opponents. The conductors of the paper were seceders from the body, and had been deep in the secrets of the supreme councils. Joe Smith at once called together the ever-ready city council to his aid, when they declared, by ordinance, that the paper was a public nuisance, and issued a warrant to the city marshal to *abate it forthwith*. The paper was at once "abated" by the mayor and council, at the head of a strong *posse* of adherents breaking into the office, destroying the press, and throwing the types into the street. At the instance of the proprietor, a warrant was issued by the county circuit clerk against the authors of, and actors in this riot. The warrant was served on Joe Smith and the other leading men concerned; and what did Joe do? He caused writs to be issued from the city court, had themselves tried by themselves, and they unanimously *acquitted each other*, the City Marshal sending off the constable with the assurance that they would never be taken out of the city by his writ!

The Constable called out the *posse* of the county to support him, and, in view of the military organization of the Mormons, he required them to be armed and equipped for hostilities. The volunteer companies turned out promptly. Nor were the Mormons idle. They called the brethren, from the scattered settlements around and at a distance, into Nauvoo, paraded and drilled their troops every day, stationed guards about the city to keep out all strangers; formed magazines for their support and defence; and enforced all the regulations of martial law. The Governor of the State took the command of the Anti-Mormons, but he was a man of weak character, and not fitted for the post. He demanded the surrender of the leaders; when, the Smiths becoming alarmed, crossed the river to Iowa, but at last were induced to return and deliver themselves up to a company of dragoons, who were sent to Nauvoo to demand the public arms. They were brought to Carthage, and gave bail upon the writs first issued out against them. But, by this time, other affidavits were filed, accusing them of *treason*, in levying war against the authority of the State. The Smiths were committed to gaol to wait their trial; and, in the meantime, to gratify the public curiosity, the Governor made an exhibition of them, placing the guard in the unenviable position of a guard of honour over the men whom they detested. They were very indignant, and marched off the ground. The Governor ordered the refractory company to be arrested and disarmed; but they stood on their self-defence, backed by their comrades. The Governor countersigned the offensive order, but shortly after, on the occasion of an assembly of the county forces at Golden's Point, near Nauvoo, he suddenly ordered the troops to be disbanded, with the exception of 200 men. The order to disband met the militia from Warsaw, on their way to the rendezvous. They were surprised and indignant, and the rumour spread among them that the Governor was a conniver at the delinquencies of the Mormons, and intended to let them escape. Seventy or eighty men marched hastily on the gaol, overpowered the detachment on guard, and, after a brief resistance on the part of the prisoners, in which some of the assailants were wounded, they killed the two Smiths, and wounded several others of the prisoners.

The murder of the Smiths was an event deeply deplored by all right-thinking men throughout the State, who, notwithstanding the exasperation naturally felt by men who had been victimized by the Mormon emissaries, could offer no sufficient plea of excuse for such a bloody deed. The authors of the murder were sought for; five persons were indicted and tried, but the evidence was insufficient to convict them; and the murderers, whoever they were, escaped. For twelve months after this event, the country remained comparatively quiet; although partial disturbances and collisions were of frequent occurrence. At length, in August 1845, the Anti-Mormonites, outraged by some alleged act of the Mormons, took the offensive, and resolved to drive the Mormons out of the district. The Sheriff of the County, Backenstos, who had been selected by the Mormons, and was in their interest, collected a body of 400 of them on horseback, and, under pretext of doing his duty, scoured the country in pursuit of the leading Anti-Mormons. His myrmidons entered houses by force, ransacked, and often pillaged, the property of the inmates, and, with threats and demonstrations of force, terrified the most orderly and inoffensive, no less than the turbulent. The latter, indeed, for the most part, sought safety in flight. A Reign of Terror prevailed throughout the county: in the course of which, several lives were lost, some of them by the most unprovoked and cold-blooded assassinations. An active system of plunder was carried on, and reprisals were made on both sides.

At length the governor was induced, after repeated applications, to interfere actively. General Hardin was sent into the district with a body of militia from distant places. He at once ordered Backenstos to disband his *posse*, which, after some demur, was complied with. Steps were then taken for a final determination of the contest. A convention of delegates from the surrounding counties was held, which declared that the Mormons must, and should remove from the state, and the meeting pledged themselves to support each other by force in effecting their expulsion. The leaders of the Mormons expressed their willingness to go, provided time were allowed to make preparations, and sell their property. A treaty was made on these conditions, and they were to leave in the following spring. About three fourths of them took up the line of march for California, in the beginning of 1846; but, still a formidable number were left, who declared they could not go because they could not sell their property. It afterwards turned out, however, that these were left as a kind of "nest-egg;" one of the trustees of the church admitting, on their final expulsion, that they had not abandoned the hope of retaining a foot-hold in Nauvoo, which they designed as a sort of resting-place, or depôt for emigrating parties, prior to their departure for the Far West. This policy did not escape the penetration of the Anti-Mormons, who saw with alarm large numbers of Mormon emigrants continuing to flock into Nauvoo, from the other states, as well as from England and the Old World.

In the month of August, the forcible rescue of a Mormon in Nauvoo, from the hands of a constable, was the signal for another rising of the population against the Mormon disturbers of the peace. They assembled in arms, and formed a camp in the neighbourhood of Nauvoo, under the leadership of Thomas Brockman. Great numbers flocked to their standard. The general determination was, to expel the Mormons, of to leave the state if they failed. Men of every profession and calling left their business to take part in the struggle. The Mormons, whose numbers by this time were greatly increased, prepared vigorously to defend themselves. Brockman, with his army, advanced towards Nauvoo, skirmishing as he went, until he got within a mile and a half of the temple, when he entrenched himself. With a body of one thousand men, he advanced to an attack on the city, the Mormons fighting behind the walls and the houses, contested their advance. The Anti-Mormons had several six pounder field-pieces, from which they fired round shot and grape with considerable accuracy. The whole fight was at long distances, and hence few were killed or

wounded on either side. But the Mormons were driven, step by step, into the city itself, until the cannon shot were exhausted: when Brockman, satisfied with his success, retreated slowly, and in good order, to his camp.

Two or three days of inaction followed; during which, the Anti-Mormons were busily engaged in collecting ammunition and provisions, and were constantly reinforced. The Mormons, though fewer in numbers, and without the prospect of succour, seemed determined to dispute the ground, inch by inch. The streets were mined in the vicinity of the temple, where the last stand was to be made. The besieged had arms and ammunition in abundance; and everything betokened an obstinate and bloody struggle.

At this juncture, a public meeting was held by the citizens of Quincy, to consider the state of affairs in the adjoining county. Quincy is about sixty miles below Nauvoo on the same river. It was resolved to send a committee of one hundred Anti-Mormons, unarmed—and in the character of mediators, with instructions to propose a compromise. The basis of the compromise was to be—1. The surrender of the City of Nauvoo. 2. The immediate removal of the Mormons. 3. Permission to a fixed number of them to remain as trustees, for the settlement of business; and 4. That the rights of persons and property should be respected by the Anti-Mormons. The terms, it must be admitted, were hard and severe; but it was well known that none better would be granted by the successful party; and the only alternative would be, a fight, without quarter, from street to street, and from house to house.

With considerable difficulty, a deputation of the Committee succeeded in effecting a surrender on the basis proposed, and a treaty was drawn up and signed by the leaders of both parties. The city was then delivered up; the Mormons withdrew after their brethren to California; and the county has ever since remained perfectly tranquil. Large subscriptions in money, clothing, and provisions were made in the neighbourhood, to enable the Mormons to emigrate; notwithstanding which, they encountered great privations and suffering on their long and arduous march. Disasters fell in succession upon their caravans and encampments. They were decimated by famine and sickness; yet, their purpose of concentration, and their fanatical devotion to their faith, remained as fixed and unchanged as ever. Their desperate devotion reminds one of the early Mahomedans; indeed, the definition of Mormonism, as "the Mahomedanism of the New World," is highly appropriate. For two years they persisted in an irregular nomadic life, more like that of the wandering Arab, or the American Indian, than as men reared in a civilized society. At last, they settled down into localities, chiefly in upper California; and the favoured spot at length fixed upon for the New Zion was in the neighbourhood of The Great Salt Lake, where they founded their city. The surrounding country is rich, abounding in minerals and mineral springs of all kinds, with abundance of fertile land far and near. There flocks of emigrants, many from England, have poured in upon them; and their numbers have now increased to such an extent, that they are about to be formed into an Independent State of the Union, under the name of Deseret. "Their future fate," says the Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a Virginia periodical, "is a matter of conjecture only. But, if they thrive and prosper in their new possessions—if they adhere to their fundamental maxim, 'that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and His saints shall inherit it,'—if they seek to accomplish this destiny, as they have heretofore done, whenever they believed their strength adequate to the work—then the colonists of the Pacific shores may expect to realize, in that remote country, what their fellow-citizens have experienced in the great valley of the Mississippi. The emigrants may encounter, on the broad prairies of the west, a banditti more formidable than the daring Comanches: the weak settlements will be exposed to excursions, not less harassing than those of the Seminoles of Florida; and, if the Mormons should establish themselves in strength upon the seacoast, the commerce of that region may find in them enemies, as active and relentless as the piratical Malays of the other continent."

IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate:
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils—that never occurred!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred!
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils—that never occurred!

Charles Swain.

THE VOCATIONS OF WOMEN.

The occupations of the human family ramify ir to countless branches. Government with all its infinite subdivisions, with law and justice, in all their separate sections; science, with its million channels; industry, equally prolific; medicine, art, education, and literature, all spread into a thousand branches, until the whole is partitioned into an endless multiplication and infinite variety. Numerous, beyond calculation, therefore, are the employments which offer themselves to the intellect, and the ingenious industry of man, yet, how few of these occupations belong to, or can be shared by woman. How few are not regarded as derogatory to her, or beyond her sphere, or unsuited to her capacity and nature. We speak now of women in the middle grade of life. To the handmaidens of humble, but honourable industry, a wider field is open; they share the most wearisome, the most laborious toil; but, on a higher level, few indeed, are the occupations which, as society is at present constituted, do not appear to lower a woman in the social scale.

Nothing is more common than to direct the shafts of censure or satire against the follies and conventional prejudices of society, and nothing is so rare as a step towards reformation. We ridicule silly trifles, but cling to them; we affect to despise forms which we adhere to; we repudiate notions which we practically encourage; in a word, we preach doctrines which we never intend to push beyond mere theory and empty speculation. The condition of women in England has formed a much disputed point of discussion, but remains, nevertheless, depressed far below its natural and just elevation.

Let us glance at the position of women in the middle

sphere of life, whom fortune has not placed in independence. Supposing them to remain unmarried, and to be called upon to support themselves, what fields lie open to them? Into what path of occupation can they enter without descending from their level, having the door of society shut against them—or which is equally bad—remaining in an equivocal position, hanging between one class and another.

From the offices of government and administration, from the courts of law and justice, and from the practice of medicine, women are, it is needless to say, utterly excluded. An exception to this rule were an unnatural innovation, entirely opposed to the feelings of society. From the church, too, she is excluded, and although some few women there are who leave the domestic hearth to preach from the pulpit, and perorate from the platform, they form no class, and are regarded as wanderers from their proper sphere. The influence of women on the mind of the country is still great, even in matters of government and justice. They exercise an unseen power, and with invisible reins guide the opinions of men. In medicine, too, the domestic circle calls for her exertions; and in religion her feelings and ideas disseminate themselves widely and powerfully through society, yet none of these is her recognised occupation. Her's is only a moral influence, and to none of them can she retreat when forced to seek the means of self-support.

Science is studied by many women, and some few derive from it their independence: but only through the medium of literature. Even then, they appear, by common consent, to be regarded as having put on an attribute of man. What is more formidable in society than your deeply scientific woman? the Gorgon's head was not more appalling. The intimation of her presence in a room draws all eyes upon her; all make way before her. Women regard her with wonder, and men with fear. She seems to have lost the feminine character. We do not deprecate a knowledge of science. A woman that possesses this need not, however, be a scientific woman. But, from the time she appears in the recognised character, she is scientific past recall, and is thenceforth classed in a distinct species of her sex. Few, however, by predilection or chance, are led into this study.

In education she finds a suitable and useful medium through which her energies may become serviceable to society, and profitable to herself. The instruction of the young falls to her share, and many thousands of women reap rewards from this wide field. The school-mistress, the private preceptress, and teachers in large seminaries, form a recognised class. But examine their true position. Do they possess the level which, from their birth and acquirements, and general qualities, belongs to them? The school-mistress' position is, at the best, equivocal. The private teacher is courteously treated in society, but no more; and she, whose occupation it is to take an inferior place at a school, is scarcely ever met in what is called "the genteel walk of life." But, is this right? The same woman, who is thus outlawed, as it were, had she married in her own sphere, might have continued a "lady," and the world would have smiled upon her. But the simple fact, of being compelled to resort to the employment of her own energies for support, withdraws her from this position, and she henceforth hangs between two grades, occasionally entering into each, but never distinctly recognised as belonging to either.

The private teacher is, in many instances, a "lady," born amid polished society, belonging to an "eminently genteel family," educated well, possessing varied and rich acquirements, accustomed to the elegancies of life, and nursed in all the refined ideas and tastes belonging to her station. Her father is not rich, but derives competence through his profession, whatever it may be. She is one of many daughters, and finds herself single at a time when the accidents of fortune render it imperative that she should embrace some means of support for which her abilities and acquirements may fit her.

What has she to do? The common resource is private tuition. She engages herself either to educate children in a family, or "gives lessons" in the languages, "affords instruction" in the arts, or "imparts the accomplishments," which ladies study.

In a private family her position is often the most unenviable. She is below the head of the house, and above the servants. Oftentimes superior in every respect, to those whose patronage supports her, she is frequently subjected to insulting slights from the family, and consequent impertinence from the menials. Her position is below the drawing-room and above the kitchen—in a kind of cold, and comfortless middle sphere. She is sometimes admitted into "a mixed party," but never into "a select circle," and her treatment is always marked with patronizing condescension. Those who employ her act towards her with cold, and often, equivocal civility; her pupils—ready in the education of pride and supercilious haughtiness—endeavour to make her feel her position, and the servants show her an obviously unwilling and incomplete respect. Accustomed to independent action, nursed in ideas of dignity and self-respect, the fetters of dependence gall her, and the treatment she experiences from society serves in no way to allay the irritation.

Such, in all instances, is not the case; but, if it be, the teacher has no help for it. The personal qualities of particular individuals sometimes—we would fain hope often—render the teacher's position less painful; but the other picture, unfortunately, too truly, in many instances, represents the condition of a woman, who earns support by the tuition of children in a private family.

Thousands who, in early youth, have been led to hope for better things, earn a precarious and painful support by irregular teaching in different houses, and they taste, in its fulness, the bitterness of the position, which has driven them from a home of comfort and independence to struggle with the turbulent waves of the world.

There is another, which is considered a superior class of teachers, who rent handsome apartments in somewhat fashionable quarters, where they give instruction in music, drawing, and other accomplishments. Their rates of remuneration are often high, and they also pay visits for the purpose of teaching in the houses of the rich. The carriage is frequently sent for them. They are treated with courtesy, and not unfrequently realize an income which enables them to live in elegance and comfort.

But they are known only in "society" as teachers, whether of painting, drawing, music, or singing. Their "connection" only recognise them in their professional capacity; they are seldom introduced in the houses where they attend, and, if they are, seem rather to be treated after a condescending fashion, than admitted as a guest. One or two professionals give a tone to a musical party, and they are, consequently, occasionally invited.

"Who is that lady?" "Oh, only a person who teaches the pianoforte?" is the frequently-heard fragment of a conversation between host and guest. "She plays very finely, and I thought you might like to hear her, so asked her."

To be employed in the task of education, therefore, of whatever kind it may be, is *spoken of* as honourable, but secretly regarded as derogatory, below the level of "gentility."

That this is so, cannot be denied; that it should be so is a lamentable thing. The results are, in the highest degree, unfortunate. To woman, herself, it is painful and humiliating. To society it is mischievous; for, to escape such a fate, how many women "marry for a

home;" "for a settlement," without being influenced by those feelings which alone should result in marriage. Doubtless, if the truth could be known, many sorrows, many private calamities, much misery, and even much that is wrong and reprehensible spring from this source, as may be easily conceived by those who reflect upon it. To marry when opportunity occurs, or to fly to the teacher's office, are often the only alternatives. And, when the teacher's office is rendered so irksome and painful, is it not easy to understand how many women prefer the risk of an ill-assorted union, with the certainty of a home and independence, to the chances of being buffeted about by fortune, compelled to seek strange roofs for shelter, to be looked upon with an insulting eye, and treated altogether as a dependent.

The reason that so many are compelled to trust to education as the means of self-dependence, is, that few, or comparatively few, have passed through the ordeal of study and application, which would enable them to soar to a higher level. Art offers a pleasant and a remunerative field. Landscape and portrait-painting, may be practised agreeably and profitably. Society has no conventional prejudice against it. A woman may be an artist, and a "lady" may employ the pencil to support herself, and yet continue "to move in genteel society." But how few can turn to this resource. How few, who have not educated themselves with the express idea of becoming artists can perform anything worthy of notice. It is not of those who have done so that we now speak, but of those who find themselves suddenly compelled to embark upon the waves of life, to steer themselves, and to trust to their own skill and perseverance for safety and support. How many must submit themselves to the numerous, but frail and humble craft of education. How few can launch the elegant bark of art.

The composition of music is another branch of occupation which requires a fine knowledge of the science before it can be profitably exercised. The woman who is accomplished in the art, for all purposes of private life, and who finds herself cast adrift upon the world, cannot, unless she has made it her peculiar study, turn to the composition of music, which requires years of application, and also no little natural talent. It is the literature of sweet sounds, and, when understood by a woman of superior mind, forms a highly elegant, and, in every way, desirable occupation, to which she may devote herself should necessity demand. But she must fashion the staff for herself ere she can lean upon it for support; and few indeed there are who, well-acquainted as they may be, with the ordinary mysteries of music, have penetrated so profoundly into it, as to be able to excel in a species of composition which, with high intellect, requires also constant and unremitting study.

Literature is another source whence a woman, relying on herself, may draw the means of independence. And, among all others, it is, in our opinion, one of the most honourable and the best. But, like the composition of music, it requires intellect, knowledge, and ability. The writer, too, runs a risk to which the musical composer is not liable. If she study profoundly, write on serious subjects, and at all elevate herself above light and fanciful literature, she is in danger of being called "a blue," after which, like the woman of science, she is terrible to her own sex, and formidable to men.

But no woman need become "a blue," which means a female pedant. The fault lies greatly with the public, who apply wrong terms of commendation to the productions of her pen. It is said that this history is written "with masculine vigour," and that story with the power of a man's pen. This is absurd. Nothing is more energetic and more vigorous than a woman. To apply the epithets to her is not an imputation at her delicacy of expression, or her feminine gentleness, or the general soft tone of her nature. The Madonna, the most gentle of women, was full of determination and strength of mind; and so, every woman, gentle as she may be, may possess a mind not inferior in vigour to the most masculine "blue."

History, biography, travel, education, fiction, with poetry and essay-writing, are all adapted to the woman's pen. Histories and biographies of sterling worth have been written by her; her novels are among the pleasantest and most popular; her poetry is often of surpassing sweetness, and her essays are frequently of unexampled value and interest.

In literature, therefore, a woman finds a resource which will not draw her down from her position, which will rather elevate her; give her wings to rise above the general level of her sex. She may fearlessly attach herself to it, without running the risk of being regarded as stepping out of her sphere, losing her attributes of feminine tenderness and delicacy, or stooping to a lower grade of society. To do this, however, comparatively few women are fitted by previous study, taste, or habit. To derive independence from literature a woman must early apply herself to it, must live with the intention to support herself if necessary by it, that she may not, when other resources fail, be compelled to expose herself to the insulting impertinence, or the galling indifference of individuals whose wealth places them above her. She will not be constrained to wear the false mask with which the poor dependent teacher hides her feelings, to be at beck and call, to endure slights, to suffer condescension, against which the heart, nursed in independence, and in susceptible feelings of self-respect, must literally revolt.

To discuss a topic of this kind, without indicating a remedy, is not considered judicious. Two courses appear to lie open. We shall not, however, now inquire into the faults of society, in its treatment of woman, when placed in the position we describe; but it may be well to refer to the circumstance, that a great addition to the sum of her independent position in society, might be conferred through a better system of education.

The child is taught to sing, to play, to draw; the young girl is continued in the same course of instruction. She plays, she sings, she draws, she reads, but all this is with the object of being "accomplished." No study is thoroughly mastered. She does not select music or literature as the resource to which she may retreat if necessity makes the call. She learns, not to make her knowledge useful to herself, but to become an accomplished member of society. To understand music for all private purposes; to sing sweetly and well; to study so many books, and so much composition as may enable her to appreciate literature, write elegant letters, and acquire so much information as may store her mind with the materials of conversation, constitute the ordinary limits of desire.

Necessity, however,—the sternest master, sterner even than duty—throws the "accomplished girl" on the world. She must provide for herself. She understands nothing perfectly. Her artistic efforts, pleasing enough in the private circle, cannot stand criticism; her knowledge of music does not rise above the drawing-room performance. Her literary attainments are limited, and she must cast herself upon education, with competitors beyond enumeration, with the unsure prospect of reward, and the certainty of a precarious, painful, and dependent life. The remedy suggests itself.

The vocation of woman in private life is, in the highest degree, ennobling, but we shall not enter into its discussion now. Our object has simply been to call attention to the position of those who, from accident or choice, remaining unmarried, and having no home provided for them, must provide one for themselves.

CULTIVATED ground has few weeds; a mind occupied by lawful business has little room for useless regrets.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

It is becoming a pretty general and settled opinion that the people must, after some fashion or another, educate themselves. Some may think that it is the duty of Government to do that for them; but, setting aside the consideration that they themselves must feel what sort of education they really require, must understand their own wants and necessities better than any section of the community can for them—setting aside that very important consideration, there is so much of disputation and bickering as to how the people shall be educated, and by whom that process shall be superintended and directed; and so much difficulty, in an age of financial reform, in squeezing a sufficient sum out of the public purse for the support of a really national system of education, worthy of the name, that there is great danger of the present generation dying out before the mode is settled, and of the next generation passing down to the grave before Governmental means are obtained adequate to the purpose.

There is great need of education, come from what quarter it may; for, although we may pride ourselves upon living in "the freest and most enlightened country" in the world, we are wofully behind the United States of America, as well as some of the continental nations in respect to enlightenment. This fact is pretty conclusively shown by the uncontradictable statement that, while one man out of every three in England is destitute of the merest elements of learning, in Massachusetts the proportion is as one in 166; and, in Connecticut, one in 578. In Iceland, Mr. Porter, in his "Progress of Nations," tells us that "no such thing as a man or woman, unable to read, can be found;" and, in Nova Scotia, where a similar state of intelligence prevails, crimes and pauperism are kept down to such an extent, as to justify the following passage from a report of the authorities, made upon the subject of gaols and prisons: "Crimes are of rare occurrence, and imprisonment for debt infrequent."

Indeed, the most remarkable effect of even a small amount of education is the effect it has in diminishing crime. Any one, who has been in the habit of inspecting our gaol calendars, must be aware of this. Those melancholy documents which record so large an amount of crime, show conclusively that, although the proportion of totally uneducated persons throughout the kingdom is but as one to three, the proportion of uneducated criminals is far larger; in fact, the large majority of the tenants of our gaols belong to that unfortunate class. The effect of education in preventing poverty and pauperism is equally great, as those acquainted with the mental state of the tenants of our workhouses are well aware. It is obvious to the dullest intellect, that it necessarily must be so. It is true, as a rule, that "knowledge is power," and that, of two men, placed in precisely the same circumstances, he who has the most knowledge has the greatest power over his own fate. It sometimes, indeed, happens that the educated man sinks while the uneducated man rises; but that is not ascribable to the possession of knowledge by the one, nor the deficiency of it in the other. The cause is to be sought for in some other circumstance. It may be that the uneducated man had more energy and industry, and higher natural qualities than his better taught, but less gifted neighbour. Still, it is impossible to deny that, if he had been educated he would have been in a condition to have risen higher; and that, without education, the weaker must have fallen more rapidly and lower.

When we remember the vast sums of money which it costs us to maintain our paupers on the one hand, and to coerce our criminals upon the other, we must see that it is "penny wise and pound foolish" to lay out so little upon those influences which shield people from crime and poverty, and so much upon prisons and union houses, and the vast machinery which is in operation to repress, rather than to counteract and reform, those who war against, and hang upon society. But, beyond all the expense, there is another, and far more serious evil, arising from the large and increasing number of those who are, practically speaking, destitute of the knowledge of right and wrong, and those who have lost all sense of the nobleness of independence, and the dignity of honest labour.

There are plagues in the moral as well as in the physical world; and cholera does not spread itself by infection more surely than crime does by example, while hereditary disease is not transmitted from parent to child, with more fatal certainty, than the thoroughly-sunk pauper leaves to his progeny the mental diseases of idleness, listlessness, carelessness, and dependence. Just as good breeds good, evil breeds evil. They are like two contiguous and expansive spheres filling up all space, and the one cannot be reduced without simultaneously, and to just the same extent, increasing the other.

It is time, then, that the people, for themselves, without waiting for the aid of Government, or any extraneous body, should at once set about rooting out those causes which act so powerfully and prejudicially upon themselves; should manfully resolve to extirpate the evils which make them ignorant because they are poor, and keep them poor because they are ignorant. They are unlikely to be richer without more knowledge, and it is impossible for them to be wiser without attaining the power to be more prosperous. Success, if they are able to attain it, without asking for aid, will be the more glorious and satisfactory to them, and like all things which a man fairly wins for himself, will be all the sweeter and more highly prized, from the consciousness of the determined, independent effort by which it was attained.

Besides, to apply a homely adage, "a stitch in time saves nine." The evil grows day by day, and becomes more difficult to overthrow. It is like a vortex, sucking into it all things which are contiguous, and constantly enlarging itself by its own action. It has gone too far already; and, as the necessity for effort increases, the amount of effort required is increased too. If we are too late to lay hold of "Time by the forelock," we must take care not to let him escape altogether. The occasion is pressing and urgent for every individual, and delays, proverbially "dangerous," may render victory impossible. It is for the people to act; they are not cumbered by forms and ceremonies; they do not need to stand and debate principles; they are not bound to bow to precedents, or to wait for majorities; their fate is in their own hands; and, while legislators are deliberating, they can move forward effectually. If unlooked for and unhoped for aid should afterwards come, there will still be plenty for it to do, and its action will be only the more efficient, after the personal interest of thousands has been excited, and the pioneers of individual effort have cleared away some of the obstacles.

What organization can the people best use for educating themselves? We are not here directing attention to infant education, but to that of adults, and those who are approaching to maturity; those who have already began the struggle of life, and entered upon industrial pursuits, and who are only able to devote the evening, after a day of toil, to the improvement of their minds. We should say that, for such persons, with their limited means, Mechanics' Institutions present the most available mode for attaining their purpose; but, in order to succeed, they must make Mechanics' Institutions very different from what they now are.

When Dr. Birkbeck founded Mechanics' Institutions, twenty-six years ago, great expectations were entertained of their power to elevate the classes for whom they were intended, and who are sufficiently designated by the name

these institutions bear. They were intended for Mechanics; there was, of course, no objection, but rather the contrary, to the trading, middle, and upper classes mingling among them, helping to render them self-supporting, and taking their fair share of the advantages and opportunities for enjoyment which they furnished; but, *essentially*, they were intended to be for the benefit of artisans and labourers. It cannot be doubted that the hopes and expectations of their promoters have been sadly disappointed. There are, in such places, for example, as Chatham and Portsmouth, where large and organized bodies of labourers in the Government establishments are collected together, a great number of real workers among the members of the Mechanics' Institutes; but, as a rule, they are in the hands of the middle classes; while the Mechanics are too often to be found at the beer-shop or the public-house. If you visit the lectures you will see a number of well-dressed people, among whom a fustian-jacket is a great rarity, and a smock-frock a thing never observed, witnessing some beautiful chemical experiments, or listening to a lecture on the literature of the day. If you peep into their reading-rooms, you may see the retired tradesman reading the newspaper, and the youths of respectable families glancing over the magazines. If you watch the library, you will see well-dressed ladies bringing in and taking out books, which they can get cheaper there than at the circulating library. If you observe the classes, you will discover the younger members laudably engaged in the study of languages, or geometry, or some branch of the mathematics. There is an unaccountable absence of Mechanics in these Mechanics' Institutions. So, too, if you inquire respecting the composition of the committee by which an institution is governed, you will very seldom find that there is a majority of mechanics upon it; and, very often, there will not be a single operative.

Mechanics' Institutions either never have been, or have ceased to be, institutions *for* Mechanics, in the true sense of the word. They are Literary rather than Mechanics' Institutions; and, in some cases, this has been so strongly felt by the members, that the name has been altered accordingly. They have said, "This is not a Mechanics' Institution, the Mechanics do not support us; the name keeps many from joining, and we will call it the Literary Institution." The persons who think thus are not to be blamed; but, surely, there must be some cause, not only why the Mechanics do not support these institutions, but why they are not the very soul and life of them. This cause must be discovered and counteracted before Mechanics' Institutions can become able to do their proper work.

It strikes us, that the committees of these institutions have failed of their real purpose by aiming too high, by attempting to do too much at once. We have not a word to say against scientific lectures, and the beautiful experiments by which they are illustrated, nor against dissertations upon the literature of the present and past ages; not a syllable to urge against the study of languages or mathematics. They are elevating and ennobling pursuits for those whose minds are prepared for them; but it strikes us that there is a sad want of that merely elemental and rudimentary teaching, which the uneducated classes require. There is a deficiency of the means of acquiring that sort of every-day, and practically useful knowledge, which they stand in need of. They would stare listlessly at a scientific exhibition, but would be interested in an address expounding to them the laws of physical health, and explaining the means of procuring social prosperity and domestic comfort. They do not care, as yet, nay, they are unprepared for Latin and French, and the higher branches of mathematics, while they would gladly receive, and be benefited by instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and lessons which they could apply to their common life, and use practically for their advancement. These things must be altered in the direction we have indicated, and then, and not till then, will Mechanics' Institutions become really and extensively useful in the education of the labouring classes.

But there are other means which might be used for attracting the workers to Mechanics' Institutions, and raising their social condition. These institutions might be made the means of making their members first provident, and afterwards independent. They might be made the agents of combating not only ignorance but poverty. The members might be introduced by them to the savings' banks, by being induced to combine together to club their small savings,—their pence, or half-pence, which would be otherwise spent, without procuring any permanent advantage. This point is well enforced and illustrated in a lately-published letter from Mr. C. W. Sikes, of Huddersfield, to E. Baines, Esq., President of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, from which we extract the following passages.

"I venture to suggest a method hitherto untried, namely, that the humbler members of each Mechanics' Institution should be encouraged to 'transact a little business' with a preliminary savings' bank within the institution, for which purpose some of the leading members might form a small 'Savings' Bank Committee,' attending an evening weekly, to receive their trifling deposits—their threepences, their sixpences, and, perhaps, their shillings—giving each party a small book, and so soon as this sum has reached, say £2 2s., paying it over to the Government Savings' Bank of the town, in the person's name, and giving to him or her the new pass book. This to be repeated until another guinea be accumulated, to be again transferred, and so on.

"Were the committees suggested formed out of the more respectable persons of each institution, many a 'young tradesman,' or clerk, unable, perhaps, to give a brilliant lecture upon any scientific question, would yet be happy to render his services as cashier for the night, in enabling them to learn the more homely, but yet very useful 'art of making money plentiful in their pockets.'"

If such plans as these were acted upon, the waning star of Mechanics' Institutions would soon shine brighter than ever. As soon as they were found to be *practically* useful, their members, instead of falling off, would rapidly increase, and in time they would acquire sufficient might and power to absorb and perform in a better manner the functions of Building Societies, Burial Societies, and Benefit Clubs, which as now conducted, are too intimately connected with that fertile root of evil, "the drinking customs" of our population, and consequently attended by demoralizing influences. Thus under one roof teaching the virtue and usefulness of providence, and affording the means for exercising it, and combating that ignorance of even the elements of education, which is so generally the companion of improvidence, Mechanics' Institutions would become a great national blessing as the means at once of cultivating the intellects, strengthening the morals, and advancing the social condition of large masses of our population. This is a consummation so devoutly to be wished, that we hope the valuable letter of Mr. Sikes, to which we have already referred, may be extensively read, and acted upon by the conductors of Mechanics' Institutions, and all who desire to see our national greatness founded upon its only steadfast basis—the happiness and true civilization of the people.

Life has been called a dreariness, and its duties heavy; but so it should not be. We should rejoice in our ability to go out into its warfare, and we should learn to make its path pleasant, its duties holy, joying ever in conquest over ourselves, and in the approval of a pure, unsullied conscience.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SPRING DAY.

Oh, let me bask amid the beams
That gild the May-day sod,
For I am dreaming happy dreams
Of Joy, and Love, and God.

A soft and sunny day like this
Brings back a thousand things;
To dance again with Elfin bliss
In Memory's fairy rings.

As fond Affection's words of might,
In secret fluid traced,
Exist unseen, till warmth and light
Before the scroll are placed;

So do the deep and mystic thoughts
Of pure devotion start
Into rich flow, as Nature's glow
Of sunshine meets my heart.

I hear loud, merry voices come
Of children out at play;
The music of that human hum
Is Earth's first poet lay.

It yields the notes that call me back
To many a kindred scene,
When my young steps and my young track
Were just as gay and green.

I recked not then what Fame or Gold
The world might have to give;
While balls were flung, and hoops were trolled,
'Twas boon enough to *live*.

And while I hear glad shouting now
From Childhood's panting lips,
As Spring-rays steal, with radiant brow,
From Winter's dark eclipse;

I find my Spirit's hope become
As gleaming and as vernal,
For child and flower, with holy power,
Say, "Beauty is eternal."

So let me bask amid the beams
That gild the May-day sod,
For they are bringing happy dreams
Of Joy, and Love, and God.

Eliza Cook.

VARIETIES OF BAD TEMPER.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child; and, if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent, beforehand, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heartblood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper.—*Bray on the Education of the Feelings.*

DIAMOND DUST.

A star is beautiful; it affords pleasure, not from what it is to do, or to give, but simply by being what it is. It befits the heavens; it has congruity with the mighty space in which it dwells. It has repose—no force disturbs its eternal peace. It has freedom—no obstruction lies between it and infinity.

It is the best sign of a great nature, that it opens a foreground, and, like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward.

The tear of sympathy never falls in vain. It waters and fertilizes the soil of the most sterile heart, and causes it to flourish with the beautiful flowers of gratitude and love.

When thou speakest to another, look at the eyes; when another speaketh to thee, upon the mouth.

Passive resistance may be compared to a snowball; the more you push it the greater it becomes.

Those who are incapable of shining but by dress would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

Society has at all times the same want, namely, of one sane man with adequate powers of expression to hold up each object of monomania in its right relation.

Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble.

Self-examination is the only true looking-glass.

Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

The best discovery the discoverer makes for himself.

In trouble we often come off better than we expect.

Flowers—the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth, and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven.

A sympathizing heart is a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness and joy on every ripple of its sparkling current.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies.

In the midst of objects the fairest and the grandest, many are indifferent and insensible. Persons have lived in scenes that never moved them, which others have come from the ends of the earth to enjoy.

Ennui—a French word for an English malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of.

Negro—a human being treated as a brute, because he is black, by inhuman beings, and greater brutes, who happen to be white.

The enjoyments which the beautiful in nature inspires come from fair and glorious things. They consist in the activity of the purest faculties; no shadow of sin is on their continuance or their departure; while they are felt they are sacred; when remembered they cost no money; and they are to be had everywhere.

Each plant has its parasite, and each created thing its lover and poet.

The memory ought to be a store-house, but many make it a lumber-yard.

Futurity—what we are to be, determined by what we have been. An inscrutable mystery, of which we can only guess at a solution, by referring to the present and the past.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by John Owen Clarke, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, May 25, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 57.] SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

TO MY READERS.

UPWARDS of a year has elapsed since, with a determination to *deserve* success, I commenced my present undertaking, and judging by the success I have been favoured with, I presume that a numerous public have concluded that I *do* deserve a portion of their generous notice. I say this with little hesitation, for to affect over-modesty, while every post brings me kind gratulations upon my endeavours to contribute to the general improvement, were but to enact a part savouring of inconsistency. Besides, editors are but human beings, and if they may be deemed competent to select from and distribute the best food which they can command, and their readers reward their labours by approval, it is a fair conclusion, without particular egotism, that what they are doing is useful, and tends to exalt the mentality of the many.

Conscious that I have my readers' sympathies with me—setting aside the formality so often assumed as the editorial protection—I trust to the feeling of fraternity to listen to the few words I am desirous of saying.

It is a prevalent impression that the periodical which bears my name is not my own property. Believing, that rectifying this mistake, *and giving a distinct announcement of my sole responsibility for, and ownership of, the Journal* will be hailed by many with satisfaction, I have taken this opportunity to state the fact, and with every hope of receiving a yet wider support than hitherto.

THE ONLY LITERARY ENGAGEMENT I NOW HOLD IS ON MY OWN LITTLE SERIAL, TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF WHICH MY WHOLE ENERGIES WILL BE DIRECTED.

My aim will be, as it has been, to produce a book for family reading; profitable for the young, by teaching them the lessons of social life; attractive to the youthful, by exhibiting to them the holiness of love, and the inestimable value of a cultivated self-respect; interesting to the more mature, by presenting to them perspicuous essays upon the ever-changing subjects of proceeding days; and not unmindful of the aged, who see with delight the "world growing better," and the uprising generations dwelling upon those teachings which shall lead them on in honour and humility to the goal towards which the grey-haired ones are approaching. This has been my unchanging aim, and as before hinted, the kind sympathy received from readers in all conditions of life assures me I have, to some extent, succeeded.

Looking forward for a lengthened acquaintance with the kind friends of the past years, I hope also for additional faces that will smile a welcome upon "Eliza Cook's Journal," as the herald of peaceful progress, as the weekly visitor that would fain spread the poetry of Religion and Nature into wider channels, so that all who are thirsty may, by partaking, start afresh, to labour on in the paths of Life, fitting themselves by a Brotherhood of Love for communion with God hereafter.

ELIZA COOK.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ALLEGORY.

WANDERING one day in a solitary spot, surrounded by heavy mists which long obscured my sight, I suddenly reached an eminence of considerable height, and the clouds dispersing from around me, a wide and lovely prospect lay revealed at my feet. It seemed as if my sight took in at one view a whole kingdom, and I could discern the occupations, the habitations, the very countenances of the inhabitants, with wonderful facility.

Dazzled at first by the vast extent of prospect before me, my heart glowed with admiration; and my eyes roved from one prominent feature in the landscape to another, without noticing accurately the details presented.

All that could please the taste, and delight the mind, seemed assembled beneath my view; for on one side were shady vales, which, with their verdant woods, clear streams, and luxuriant harvests, seemed to promise a peaceful and happy seclusion to their fortunate inhabitants: on another hand were lofty eminences, profusely crowned with glorious buildings, uniting every ornament which taste could invent; and, as the dazzling rays of the sun lighted them up, they bore an aspect of unbounded splendour, and tempted the eager mind by their sparkling riches.

At first, however, I was content to watch all this goodly prospect from a distance, until my eye was satiated with the beauty; but after a while I longed to know more of the inhabitants, who seemed to throng and press around every spot in this favoured region. Deeming they

must be satisfied and happy, I own I felt half inclined to envy beings so blessed in situation and in circumstances; but hardly had the wish risen in my heart, when it was hastily recalled, for, on a closer inspection, there was a fact revealed to me, by the knowledge of which my mind was entirely changed, for attending, and inseparably accompanying every individual before me, was a dreadful monster, of so hideous and inhuman a shape, that I shrunk back appalled, and for some moments hardly dared look again Curiosity however supplied courage; and soon deeply interested in my observations, I never ceased to investigate the subject until I thought I understood the whole. I saw that every man, every woman, nay even every child, had one of these dread attendants brooding over it, down to the little infant just laid asleep in a new-made cradle—there seemed no freedom from it. The secluded vallies were haunted by these fiendish forms, and the lofty eminences were swarming with the same. Widely they differed in appearance, but yet all bore the strong impress of one common origin; all were cruel and capricious, tyrannizing over their unfortunate victims, until they often sacrificed them to a mad fury, and invariably prompting acts of hostility and ill-will to those around them, which occasioned a bitter and never-ending warfare amongst the population. It was true that in some cases, where a mutual interest prompted such agreement, many would join together in one common measure; but if once their views crossed one another, or their wishes were at variance, or an object would be gained by disunion, the fiends would not hesitate to plunge their servants into the most cruel discord, and prompt the wretched slaves to every violence; whereby misery was spread around, and happiness was for ever banished.

Those brilliant edifices which I had just before admired now appeared to me in a new light. I saw in them only traps and snares—baits to allure men on to destruction. Around their base thronged crowds on crowds, and their object seemed to be to reach the building on the summit; some desired the golden treasures it contained, some wished to leave a memorial of their names, some fancied that from thence they should be secure from the storms under which others were crushed; some believed that from the summit they should command the whole world. But, being now led slowly to inspect the object of so much striving, I saw that these dazzling palaces were sadly dangerous places. The way was rough, and steep, and slippery; and crowded as it was, one false step was fatal; the wretch who fell, rolled down and downwards to the bottom, crushed and bruised by the descent, whilst those who stepped upon him, gave not a thought or a glance of commiseration to his fate; on the contrary, their gloomy and terrible attendants clapped their sooty wings, and rejoiced when one and another was removed from their upward course. I saw, too, that every now and then a fierce and sudden tempest would arise, which would in a moment sweep away all those who had attained the greatest eminence, and plunge them in some gloomy cavern, whence they never rose again; and many a time I saw a panting individual, who had by incredible exertions gained the summit, fall, worn out with toil, even as he grasped the object of his wishes. Sometimes, too, when after a successful struggle upwards, where everything looked bright, some fortunate individual had won the much-desired goal, the whole mountain would shake, and cleaving asunder, would swallow him up, and it appeared that by all his exertions he had only won for himself a tomb.

But I saw that it was the dark monsters who occasioned all these miseries, disappointments, and losses, and it was evident that their fiendish natures took delight in causing mischief and suffering.

I fixed my eyes attentively on one individual, and tried to study the nature of the being who was his tyrant and tormentor. The man himself, wearied and well nigh worn out, was struggling upwards through the crowd; but his sufferings in this struggle were so severe that I could hardly understand his continuing it. No breathing-time, no peace, no pause was permitted him, for the fiend ever goaded him on to greater exertion, lest those behind should pass before him. No eminence could suffice, for there were others still above him: onwards and upwards he toiled, and if a rival stood in the way, a silent and secret blow was dealt, which quickly overthrew its victim, whilst he whom I watched planted himself on his vacant place: and yet I often thought some secret feeling made the actor shrink from the cruel and treacherous deed, until urged on by the fiendish spirit which ever pressed him to these acts, and guided his hand in them. And now I saw that the storms I had already noticed were sometimes the accidental effects, but more often the intentional consequences of contentions between many of these odious spirits; and the earthquake which buried its victims wholesale was the work of others, who undermined the height to which they had failed to attain, and triumphed in the overthrow of successful rivals. It was a sad and sickening sight, and I searched for some pleasing object in the scene, but long I searched in vain. No individual was free from the torment, and I greatly feared that all were subdued and subjugated by it.

And when I saw how the young infants were treated, I ceased to marvel at the fearful devastations committed. Each little babe, as I before observed, was coupled to an infant monster; torpid and weak, it seemed as if a slight effort could effectually strangle it, and free the unconscious victim from its impending tyranny. But rarely was the effort made; on the contrary, I saw the fiend nursed and tended, fed into strength and fury, or irritated into activity and life. With every motion it gained strength, and each time it was aroused from slumber its powers visibly increased; and yet no one noticed it with concern, nay, parents and nurses seemed rather amused by its young struggles, and because they were now too weak to do mischief, forgot the time when the monster's fury would destroy all around it.

Shrinking from what I saw in the busy world, I turned to the valleys and quiet spots, to see whether here at least peace might not reign; but no; if the fiends who ruled the inhabitants were less fierce, they were as odious; more gross in their desires, more grovelling in their aims, equally powerful, domineering and vile, and equally inimical to the peace of those who, though groaning under their tyranny, made no effort, and apparently formed no wish to escape from it.

And are there none, I cried, who have found means to shake off this appalling burden, not one who is master of himself, and able to guide his own actions and rule his own efforts? I looked again and I saw, on attentive consideration, here and there amongst the crowd, one who had bound his tormentor in strong chains, and trampled him under foot. In these few cases, it appeared to me that a system of warfare had been long carried on, and that the fetters which now crippled the power of the fiend had been placed there during its infancy, and by this means its growth to the strength and activity of maturity had been effectually prevented. Scarce indeed could I discover one individual who had conquered in the strife, when the combat had been delayed to a later period in life, and if here and there I discovered one in such circumstances who seemed victorious, this victory had evidently been after a desperate conflict, and the deep and ineffaceable scars which remained, showed how severe had been the suffering ere any advantages were gained. Even in the best cases too, the monster, though overthrown and subdued, required incessant watching to keep him under restraint; for a moment's inattention would occasion a sudden rebellion, and severe and terrible would be the suffering thence arising ere he again was brought into subjection. As I gazed on these individuals, who thus seemed to know neither rest nor peace, I was astonished to discover that they, on close inspection, appeared the only happy dwellers in the land, and it was wonderful to see that the more severe and uncompromising they were with their domestic enemy, the more forbearing and patient were they under the encroachments, ill-usage, and bitter injuries inflicted by their neighbours. Peace seemed to be their motto—peace with all but themselves; and yet they had, in all their conflicts, a peace which impressed me greatly; and whilst eagerly trying to understand the source of this mystery, I awoke, and found I had been dreaming.

THE SHIP-DOG.

The embarkation of a dog on board a French man-of-war is one of the numerous points of detail which depends entirely upon the will of the captain. An officer is obliged to solicit permission to bring his dog with him. To obtain this favour, which a mere sailor would never dream of asking, many *ruses* and petty artifices are put in practice. Tacit engagements are accepted, touching arguments are used, and often all in vain. We know Fabriciuses of the quarter-deck who would not wish for a degree or a cross at the price of the gambols of Tom, Pillot, or Guzman. Other officers, prouder or more timid, do not even endeavour to disarm authority, and renounce at once the hope of making a campaign with their favourite companion.

Most commandants have a fixed opinion upon a case which often happens; a positive refusal is their response; and we cannot blame them. "No dog on board; that is my rule. A first concession would draw upon me a second; and we should soon be encumbered with a complete pack. Besides, dogs always give rise to quarrels, of which I do not care to be the arbiter. Lastly, gentlemen, my frigate is not, and ought not, to become a dog-kennel." After such a declaration, the order for the embarkation of an entire squadron would be less difficult to obtain than that for the tiniest shock-dog. More tolerant captains are in the minority; and the rule with them is not less the absolute banishment of dogs for mere pleasure. At the same time, there are very few vessels upon which a dog, once admitted, would not be made free of the ship; the proscription that attends his race attaches not to him; an exception protects him; but he has also his charges and functions, which procure him this immunity; he knows his duty, and submits to maritime discipline with the abnegation of a true sailor.

Has the ship-dog a master who has wrested his privilege by force of petition, or is he but an adventurer whom no one will own, clandestinely introduced into the vessel on the eve of its departure? Has he been forgotten by a negligent passenger, or was he born on the ocean, and owes it to the pity of an unknown topman that he has survived the destruction of his brothers? All these hypotheses are equally admissible. Frequently he is the ancient of the deck: in this case, prescription defends him against ostracism; his rights are secured, and the order can have no retro-active effects for him. However, as he ought to have a commencement, we will suppose that he is one of the rejected offspring of a passenger mother. A few days after their birth a fatal sentence was pronounced; the newly-born were destined to be engulphed in the pitiless ocean. The order was about to be executed; already the litter were suspended over the abyss; but the lamentations of the mother excited pity in the executive power.

"I say, Mauricard, suppose we leave one, just one, to the poor beast, eh?"

"And the Master-at-Arms? Dost believe that I will get into trouble for one of these little gluttons, who sing their profundis like a priest?"

"Nonsense! The Master-at-Arms will not know who has saved him. Here is a little chap four times as ugly as the master-cook. It would be a pity to drown him; he suits me exactly."

"You have good taste, Flandrin, it is well known. Into the water with the chicken! One—two—"

"Stop! hand him over to me. If they say anything, that is my business. Give him to me; it shall bring thee luck."

"Here is thy Tape-à-l'Œil. Three more of them! The sharks will have a famous feast."

"See, Mauricard, he is the only one who does not whine, the lamb!"

Flandrin returned the little dog to its mother; he protected and concealed it at all hours. By his assiduous care he succeeded in hiding the existence of his protégé from the surveillance of the subaltern chiefs, and shortly all the sailors became accomplices in the salvation of Tape-à-l'Œil. Their favourite was sometimes secreted in the hole of the bowsprit, sometimes in the head of the ship, sometimes in the manger. The depths of the magazine, or of the ballast-hold served him for a refuge; occasionally even he passed the night in the long-boat or in the misen-mast. At length the mother-dog disembarked with her master, and Tape-à-l'Œil remained alone on board. One unlucky day, an indiscreet barking betrayed his presence.

"What is that?" cried the formidable voice of the Master-at-Arms, "how long has this dog been on board?"

There was no reply. The sailors whispered among themselves.

The Master-at-Arms spied a passing youngster and grappled him by the ear.

"Who is this dog?"

"I don't know, Master-at-Arms. Oh!—oh!—Yes, I know. 'Tis Tape-à-l'Œil."

"Tape-à-l'Œil! And how long has he been on board?"

"Confound it! ever since he was born. Master-at-Arms—oh!—release me, and I will tell you all."

The Master-at-Arms pulled harder.

"Don't think to hoax me, Gringalet! Would you have me believe that quadrupeds grow out of the orlop-deck?"

"'Tis true, nevertheless," answered the youngster, weeping. "He is a puppy of Monsieur Simon, the passenger's dog. There! He has been on board two months."

The Master-at-Arms, humiliated by a revelation which wounded his vanity as Argus, released the unhappy youngster with regret. Searching his memory, he called to mind that Mauricard was charged with the drowning of the litter, and caused the topman to appear before the bar of his justice.

"Didst thou drown all the pups as I commanded thee?"

"Yes, Master-at-Arms, all that I found."

"And this Tape-à-l'Œil, who is he?"

"Don't know."

"Thou shalt have news of me, master joker. Only wait awhile!"

"But, Master-at-Arms, I did as you told me; ask Master Marié else. It was once, twice, thrice, and away!"

"Yes, away! I know where I shall away with thee! I'll teach thee to whistle!"

The Master-at-Arms hastened to make his report to the Acting-Lieutenant, taking with him the offending animal, who, with drooping ears and tail, penetrated into the group of officers. And now the crew assemble upon the deck, where they commence the funeral oration of Tape-à-l'Œil.

"He is beginning to look so handsome!"

"We would have taken such pains to teach him his profession."

"I would have given him an education for a dog! Thou should'st have seen him draw the loto like a man, and do the exercise better than a marine."

"I would have taught him the *savate!*"

"This thundering Master-at-Arms! His ears are twenty fathoms long!"

"It seems that they are going to put Mauricard in irons."

"And this poor beast whom they disembark without tackle! Tape-à-l'Œil, my lad, thou art about to drink a long draught out of a big cup."

The Captain was yet ignorant of what was passing, and promenaded peaceably on the after-deck: the second in command, the Master-at-Arms, and the dog, were not long in making their appearance before him. On the forecastle the highest degree of interest was excited. After a short colloquy, in which the inferior officer evidently begged for a severe example, while the Lieutenant seemed to plead extenuating circumstances, the Commandant pronounced a judgment without appeal: "Let Tape-à-l'Œil be returned to the crew, and let no one be punished."

This concession had the best effect; a murmur of satisfaction passed around. The animal was proclaimed "ship-dog," and thenceforth he had his immunities accordingly. His course of study commenced; each sailor had some trick to teach him; and he was soon capable of rivalling the wisest dogs of the fairs and barracks. His instinct especially revealed itself by his discernment of the masters of the deck. He kept friends with the Captain, caressed the Lieutenant, and avoided the Master-at-Arms; he was reserved towards the officers, and familiar with the apprentices.

He liked the quarter-deck, all the marines would tell you, and nevertheless he knew that it was necessary to conduct himself decently when there. There was no fear that he would commit the least incongruity; he did not even deliver himself unconstrained to play as he did on the other side of the main-mast. He understood all the nooks and corners of the vessel, cautiously trusted himself in the ward-room, and was never known to enter the Captain's cabin. He was aware of the hour when the boats went ashore, and knew the call that manned them; and, if he wished to land, he addressed himself to the proper person to obtain the desired permission.

Tape-à-l'Œil, for more than a year, saw the land but from afar. Upon approaching the shore, he was full of fear and inquietude; he would run fore and aft, leaping and barking with rage, and to restore him to calmness, it was necessary to confine him between decks. Now he appreciates *terra firma* at its just value, for he finds upon solid ground many enjoyments which are not to be met with on board ship; yet a short promenade suffices him. When he has paid his visits to town and country, he wishes to return to his vessel. From the landing-place he recognises it amid a thousand others. There are on record several ship-dogs who, left on land by mistake, were able, in the road-stead covered with vessels, to distinguish that to which they belonged from all the rest, and to rejoin it by swimming.

Lastly, the ship-dog is trained to save everything that falls into the sea, and the sailors themselves often owe their lives to his assistance. When he has given this last proof of his capabilities, he becomes venerable, cherished, and fondled by all, he walks with head erect. Sometimes they solemnly re-baptize him, bestowing upon him, by way of recompense, the thrice-honoured name of Jean-Bart. Such a title is his medal of honour, which the senior officers do not lightly decree. Formerly he might be named like any dog in the street, Oscar, Medor, or Mouton. He had more generally a picturesque name founded upon his nature, such as Jambe d'Argent, Ecourté, or Mort-aux-Chats; or borrowed from the profession, like Fac, Laffe, Pie, and Misaine. But now he is ennobled and decorated; and upon his copper collar, fabricated on board, or bought by subscription with the deniers of the crew, we read in large characters: "Tape-à-l'Œil, of the French frigate, the Arethusa, surnamed Jean-Bart, for having saved the lives of three men and a youngster."

On board merchant-vessels there is frequently a dog: he is the guardian of the hull: at night, when the vessel lies at anchor, he takes the office of a private sentinel, and his masters sleep without fear when he is upon deck.

The navigators of the Baltic and of the Northern Seas push their confidence in their dog still further. When the seas become furious, and it is necessary to lie-to, the rudder is made fast, the men shelter themselves, and the dog remains alone to watch over the general safety. He is transformed into officer of the watch; he comprehends his mission, and his barking prevents all dangerous collisions. He signals the presence of another vessel, often abandoned like his own to the keeping of a sentinel of his species. If the wind augment or diminish, if the cordage crack, they can depend upon his cries warning them of the circumstance.

In men-of-war, the dog's instinctive vigilance is nearly useless; he is forced to confine it to the interior of the vessel, and sometimes makes an enemy of the captain of the hold, whose cats he strangles. The sailors pardon in him an attempt which would be sacrilegious on the part of another; for a prejudice, old as the ocean, renders cats on board a ship inviolable, as in ancient Egypt.

After a disarmament, when the frigate becomes deserted and silent, anchored to the bottom of a harbour, if the dog have by chance a titulary master, he follows him; but still oftener some discharged seamen adopt him, and take him with them, and under their auspices he recommences his career, either in a merchant-vessel or in a simple fishing-boat. Thus, like the sailors themselves, he is susceptible of three kinds of embarkation.

The ship-dog dies on the sea, where he was born. He is cared for in his last moments by his sorrowing companions, his faithful friends of the forecastle, of whom he has so long been the delight and the pleasantest distraction.

A DESPOTIC government is an inverted cone resting upon a point, and liable to be toppled down by the smallest movement. A popular government is a pyramid, the firmest and most enduring of all forms.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

Oh, let us leave these scenes of strife
To learn a happier mode of life,
And, far from city and from town,
Our days with happier moments crown;
To ramble o'er the flowery heath,
And gather Flora's wilding wreath;
And over glen, and wood and dale,
And barren moor and fruitful vale;
And through the arches tall and wide
Of trees that grow in ancient pride;
Over the fen and wood-crowned hill,
And down beside the pebbly rill;
Over the green and mossy bank,
Where harebells grow all fresh and dank;
Or in the cooling forest brake,
The echoing songs of birds to wake;
And hear the blackbird's joyous notes
Whilst on the breeze sweet music floats;
To lie beside the mossy brink
Of fountains where the red-deer drink;
Or on the cooling margin stray
Of laughing brooks, that glide away
To greenwood shades, where silent birth
Is given to buds that perfume earth;
To waving groves and sunny fields,
Where Nature still fresh beauty yields;
To find in every flower and leaf
An antidote to care and grief;
To hear in every morning breeze,
And in the midnight sound of trees,
A cheering voice to teach the way
To gain each morn a happier day;
Still whispering Hope, and Joy, and Rest,
To soothe the soul, and make it blest;
And in the heart's deep crystal tide,
The scars and stings of Grief to hide;
Or when the moon is marching through
The midnight arch so round and blue,
To rove upon the soft green sod,
And view the starry hosts of God!
And while our souls seem borne away,
To feel ourselves as grand as they,
To seek the joy of worlds above,
And grow in warmth of Praise and Love.

J. S. Hibberd.

CHEMISTRY FOR THE KITCHEN.

THE CRUET STAND.

By a natural transition, from our last article on the chemistry of salt, we pass on to that of the cruet stand, and its contents. The various substances used for seasoning food are termed in scientific language, condiments; one of them, salt, as stated in our last article, is essentially necessary to life—of the others, vinegar alone seems decidedly advantageous.

Dr. Beaumont, an American physician, who had the opportunity of observing the action of various substances on the stomach of a man, who lived many years after receiving a wound which exposed the interior of that organ; states that "condiments, particularly those of the spicy kind, are not essential to the process of digestion in a healthy state of the system. They afford no nourishment, and though they may assist the action of a weakened stomach for a time, their continued use never fails to produce debility of that organ; they affect it as alcohol, and other stimulants do: the *present* relief is afforded at the expense of *future* suffering. Salt and vinegar are exceptions, and are not obnoxious to this charge when used in moderation; they both assist in digestion, vinegar by rendering the muscular fibre of flesh more tender,—and both together by producing a fluid, having some resemblance to the gastric (digestive) juice."

To commence then with the consideration of vinegar: when any liquid containing a small proportion of spirit is exposed to the air, a kind of fermentation (called the *acetous,)* usually takes place, during which, the spirit contained in the liquor is gradually changed into the acid principle of the vinegar.

In France, where the best flavoured vinegars are made, the inferior kinds of wine are employed for this purpose. In this country, vinegar is made from malt, or malt and barley, which are mashed together with hot water, as in ordinary brewing, and the cooled wort produced is fermented with yeast; it is afterwards placed in open barrels, standing endways, which are tied over with a coarse cloth, and placed close together in a dark heated chamber, until the formation of vinegar is complete: this process occupies weeks or months, and in order, apparently, to improve the flavour, the acetous fermentation is again renewed, by placing the vinegar in large tuns, partly filled with the *rape*, or remains of the fruit used in making British wines.

Formerly it was the practice, merely to place a weak beer brewed without hops, in casks, the bungholes of which were loosely covered with tiles, and then to expose these barrels to the sun and air, for several months, until the change was complete; but this method has been abandoned, except in private use, since the introduction of the hot chamber plan.

As the conversion of the wort into vinegar depends entirely on its free exposure to the air, a plan has been devised in Germany, of allowing it to trickle slowly through a depth of birchen shavings, contained in an upright cask, and through which, by openings near the bottom, the air is also allowed to pass; in consequence of the immense exposure of the liquid by this method, it is converted completely into vinegar in less than two days.

Malt vinegar should have a yellowish red colour, and an agreeable acid taste, with a peculiarly refreshing pleasant odour—it derives its acidity chiefly from an acid called the acetic—although, in part, owing to sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, which the makers are allowed by the excise laws to add, in the proportion of one thousandth part.

Vinegars of four different degrees of strength are sold, distinguished as Nos. 18, 20, 22, and 24, the latter, which is also called proof vinegar, is the strongest made; it is too strong for use at table, but, is employed in pickling—hence its name of *Strongest Pickling Vinegar*. No. 22 is fitted for table use, and is termed *Best Pickling Vinegar*.

The chemical properties of vinegar are of a strongly-marked character: in the first place it is a powerful antiseptic, or preventer of putrefaction; hence, its use in pickling animal and vegetable substances. It also possesses the remarkable property of dissolving slowly, more especially when assisted by a gentle warmth, the flesh of animals, as well as the more firm and tendinous parts.

Taken in small quantities, it quenches the thirst, refreshes the system, and by its power of dissolving the food, materially assists in digestion. All persons are aware of its tendency when taken in large quantity, to reduce corpulency, and that it is often resorted to by silly girls for that purpose. Taken in excess it does produce leanness, but it is only by destroying the digestive powers altogether. Medical records contain many cases of the most fatal diseases, brought on by this abuse of vinegar.

Let the following single case from the eminent physician Portal suffice. "A young lady in good health, began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion, for her mother was stout, and she was afraid of becoming like her, she accordingly consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a small glass of vinegar daily. The young lady followed her advice, and the plumpness diminished—she was delighted with the success of the remedy, and continued it more than a month; meantime she began

to have a cough, which she considered as a slight cold, which would go off; it became worse, accompanied with a slow fever, and a difficulty of breathing, the body wasted away, and a complaint of the digestive organs came on, (caused by the large quantity of acid she had taken,) which ended her life." Other physicians have traced cancer of the stomach, and other fatal diseases of the same organ to this baneful practice.

The power which vinegar possesses, of softening the tough and fibrous parts of flesh is not sufficiently known in this country. The superior tenderness of French stews, and other made dishes, is owing, in many cases, to the dissolving power of the vinegar employed in their preparation. Whilst, in this country, many hard and tendinous parts are rejected, which might be made into valuable articles of food by its assistance. The value of this substance will be, perhaps, rendered more evident from a single example.

Economical Stew.—Take small slices of beef, from the cheapest joints, as leg, shin, or sticking piece, dip each slice in good vinegar, so as to wet it thoroughly; then place all the pieces in a stew-pan or saucepan, with a close-fitting lid, adding on the top, whatever vegetables are required, as onions, carrots, turnips, &c., cut small, but *no water* must be put in; place the whole by the side of a *very slow* fire for six or eight hours, when it will be found full of gravy, tender in the extreme, exceedingly rich, and, above all, very delicious. The only precautions requisite are, that it should not be allowed to boil, as that would harden the albumen of the meat, and prevent its becoming tender; instead of using a stew-pan, the whole may be placed in an earthenware jar, tied over, and placed in a saucepan, partly filled with water. Any kind of meat or fish may be cooked in a similar manner.

The most objectionable form in which vinegar is used is in the ordinary pickled vegetables, as onions, cabbage, &c. From the mode of preparation, these become hardened and exceedingly indigestible, we would strongly recommend those who are accustomed to the use of such relishes with cold meat, &c., to employ instead, vinegar flavoured by steeping in it the various flavouring substances, such as shalots, chillis, &c. The flavour is obtained in this way in the highest perfection, whilst the indigestible mass is got rid of.

By heating wood to redness in close iron vessels, a variety of products are obtained, which distil over, leaving behind the charcoal of the wood; amongst these products is an acid liquor, which contains the wood spirit, a kind of naphtha, used in making French polish, &c., and a quantity of the same acid as exists in vinegar; this latter, when it is purified, is sold as pyroligneous acid; and, when much diluted, forms what is sold as distilled vinegar.

A very strong vinegar, flavoured with various aromatic vegetable substances, as oil of cloves, lavender, camphor, &c., is sold as aromatic vinegar for smelling bottles and vinaigrettes; it is employed in faintness and in sick rooms, from the fancied notion that it destroys infection; and for correcting unpleasant odours, which it does not by destroying, but by overpowering them. This aromatic vinegar was originally called "The Vinegar of the Four Thieves," and was once supposed to be a preventive against the plague and other infectious sicknesses. The name arose from the circumstance that, during the plague at Marseilles, four thieves, who, with security, had plundered the dying and the dead, saved their necks by disclosing the preparation of the vinegar. But, long before that time, Cardinal Wolsey used constantly, in places of danger, to carry in his hand an orange, the contents of which had been replaced with a sponge, dipped in a similar liquid.

Mustard may be regarded as the most thoroughly English condiment, it is the produce of native English plants, and is, by all persons, looked upon as an indispensable addition to the most English of all dishes—roast beef.

Into the description of the plants, or the preparation of the flour of mustard, we have not space to enter; one point, however, worthy of notice, is, that the ground mustard is sold retail at a lower price than that at which the genuine article can be purchased wholesale; this feat is performed by adulterating it with a very large proportion of flour, colouring it with tarmeric, and rendering the whole sufficiently pungent by the addition of pod pepper or capsicum. The pungent taste and odour of the made mustard are owing to the presence of a volatile oil, which does not exist in the dry powder, but is only formed by a chemical change, which takes place on the addition of water. Its effects, when taken in moderate quantity, are to promote appetite and quicken digestion; in excess, it irritates the stomach and retards digestion; and, taken in still larger quantity, as one or two table-spoonfuls mixed with water, it acts as an immediate emetic, and, as mentioned in our last article, may be added to an emetic dose of salt, to hasten its action in cases of poisoning. One important use of mustard must not be passed over in silence, namely, its employment as a counter-irritant when applied to the skin. The efficacy of a sinapism, as a mustard plaster is termed in medical language, depends entirely on the volatile oil, before spoken of,—the formation of this oil is, in great part, prevented by the presence of any acid, hence the addition of vinegar to increase the power of mustard plasters, is attended with the opposite effect. The volatile oil seems to be more completely developed by water at the warmth of the body, than at a higher or lower temperature.

With regard to pepper, the remaining article for our consideration, it only is necessary to state that its energy is owing to a volatile oil, the effect of which is apparently more irritating than that of mustard. It may be useful in stimulating the digestive powers when languid, but is injurious in over-doses.

We cannot better conclude this article than by noticing a theory which has many intelligent supporters, it is, that each country produces naturally those articles of food, and even of medicine, which are the best adapted to the wants of the inhabitants. This theory has much truth in it, and if we apply it to the hot spicy condiments, we shall at once perceive that, in the tropical climates, where they abound, the languor of the system, caused by the extreme heat, may render their use advantageous; yet, that in temperate climes, like our own, their use is more likely to be injurious than beneficial.

WM. BERNHARD.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

"Who loves not
These fairy people of the leafy woods?
Children of storm and sun! climbers of
The mountain's side! or loiterers on the banks
Of the young rivulet! The love of flowers
Is an inherent passion in the heart
Of man; it never dies."—"*Nature*," by B. B. WALL.

"Our human souls
Cling to the grass and water brooks."—ATHANASIA.

THE sentiments of the human heart are instinctive; they are not the result of observation, study, or education; they are born with us, and are continually struggling to break forth, and fling their fulgid light upon the outer world, like spring sunshine, when clouds begin to break. Thus it is, that the noblest and most elevating sympathies and aspirations of the soul are unteachable, not to be imparted. They can never be infused from without, but lie slumbering within, till they are awakened by the kindred sympathies of beauty and moral worth. Every man's

heart is a well of noble sympathies, and a fountain of the purest affections; although many, forsooth, get so encased with incrustations of worldliness, that their lives become sordid catalogues of apathy and distrust. The love of flowers is one of the most universal sentiments of the heart. In childhood, we roam through lanes and fields, and amid the leafy garniture of woods, to hold communion with their lovely forms, and to listen to their silent language of perfume,-till our eyes fill with strange tears of pleasantness. And as we grow into the stern ranks of manhood, and mingle in the busy marts of the world, the heart still cherishes its love for flowers; and when the spring sunshine falls upon our path, sweet memories come over the spirit, and the heart seems to gush with melodies of its own, babbling wild and disjointed music, like the rippling of a summer brook, or the tones of an Æolian harp, when summer winds play soft and low. And even in hoary age, when time has ploughed deep furrows in our brow, and the snows of life's winter lie upon our heads, this passion dies not. The eye, which was dim and lustreless, kindles with new light; and the step, which was feeble and tottering, becomes firm and steadfast, when nature sheds her sweet influences around us, in the azure beauty of the sky, the fragrant breath of the fields, the anthems of the birds, and the unnumbered flowers which mantle the earth with loveliness.

Nature is the embodiment of the Divine mind, the incarnate rendered manifest; and every passion and sentiment of the human soul has its analogue in the green world which exists around us. Flowers embody the spirituality of all nature; their forms and hues are types of all moral beauty, and purity of sentiment; and they are symbolical of the highest truths of human nature.

The love of flowers is, then, but a manifestation of the upward tendencies of the soul, its aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true. Such a love will grow in spite of all untoward influences, making holy and pure the bosom wherein it resides, and giving joys, from which the rude clamour of the world is quite estranged, and which sparkle along the pathway of life, like blossoms in the asphodel meadows of Apollo.

Flowers are friends that change not. In youth, they greet us with their sunny smiles; in age, they speak to us of boyhood, and lead us back to the scenes made dear by recollections of home: year after year, as we hasten onward to complete the cycle of our being, they still abide with us, and offer solace to our aching hearts. And when sickness and sorrow have broken down the spirit, and we lie down to rest, with the red earth for a pillow, the flowers come in joyful troops to guard our resting place from rash footsteps and unhallowed intrusions. And then the green grass, and clover, and sweet herbs—made fragrant by the soft dews and early glances of the sun—sanctify the air which sweeps above our graves; and all day long the grasses wave in the wind, and the flowers sing sweet dirges over the green mounds which mark our resting place; and at night, the sentinel stars come forth to keep watch over us, and the flowers become sorrowful in the still silence, and gush with dewy tears.

Every human heart is a well of pure feeling, an inexhaustible spring of deepest love; albeit its green ways, and quiet avenues may be choked up with misanthropy and care: yet, within that silent chamber are locked up sympathies and aspirations, of which an angel might be proud. Many and great are the struggles of our better life to free itself from the shackles of custom, and to shake off the dust of chicanery and the world's cold disdain. Oh! come with me, thou toiler in the dusty city; shake off the cloud from thy brow; forget, for a while, the pence and shillings for which thou hast sold thy soul; and I will lead thee under green forest trees, over soft mossy hillocks, and beside cool running brooks, where the water flags play with each other, and look at their own merry faces in the glassy stream. Come to the thick brake, and lie down upon the grass till thy soul swells within thee. Stay, the noonday heat will make the blackbird and the robin silent, and the brown forest will lie dreaming in noonday repose. Now, let thy soul swim out in a broad tide of love, let the tears flow into thine eyes, while gazing upon the fresh moss, and listening to the drowsy hummings of the air. Doth thy heart heave and throe with emotions of thankfulness to God, for making the earth so fair, so redolent of beauty, in its garniture of flowers? and for having scattered these silent teachers up and down the world as orators of perfume, and links of beauty, to bind our souls to nature in all time, and wheresoever we may be? The soul must be fed; we must have inspiration from stars, and sunbeams, and flowers; and not be always chewing corn. We must hear the voice of God in the elements, in the winds and the waves, the rattling of the thunder, and the howling of the storm. We must see His face in every flower, and feel His breath in the odour of forest leaves and banks of wild thyme. Now, dost thou not long to be a child once more, and to live out thy days in one frenzy of joy? Wouldst thou shrink from cold hearts, and disappointments, and regrets, and live for the love of flowers only?—to gather round thee glowing visions of floral loveliness; to fill the air with angel shapes and rainbow hues; to breathe an atmosphere of perfume like that which floats over the green pastures of Paradise; to feel the sense overwhelmed with droppings of rich music, as though angel-lutes were tuning their anthems to the Omnipotent; and, amid the grand symphonies of nature, to feel the soul hallowed and becalmed, as a soft wind playing at twilight over a summer sea?

Nature is the property of all. Flowers are the ministers of her commonwealth. They bloom for old and young, rich and poor; and to every true heart become hallowed messengers from heaven! The great duty of flowers is to teach us to be always children, to be ever fresh, and budding into new beauty; for the poetry of our lives is all that can ennoble us, and make earth an abode of peace and loveliness. It is in the morning of existence that

> "Hope looks out
> Into the dazzling sheen, and fondly talks
> Of summer, and Love comes, and all the air
> Rings with wild harmonies."

And shall we, because time has led us a little further towards the tomb, become so engrossed with sordid pursuits as to shun the world of beauty, the creation of poetry, which exists around us in the living semblance of perpetual youth? Oh! let the blood of the violet trickle in our veins. Let us mingle with the sweet children of the woods, and hold communings with nature in her own peaceful solitudes. We will gaze on the forms and hues of flowers, and drink in their beauty until we are intoxicated with joy. We will listen with rapt delight to the gurgling of gentle waters, and the waving of the leafy trees. We will live the poetry of existence, and choose the bird, the bee, the butterfly, and the flower, for our companions. We will lie in green meads where daisies grow, and bask us in the sunshine; lie by the streamlet's brim, and plait rushes, and talk to our own images in the glassy waters; hide in flowery nooks and dingles, and murmur snatches of wild old songs, till we laugh ourselves into a very incarnation of gladness; we'll build fairy palaces with a geometry of sunbeams, and climb upwards on our dreamy destiny till the universe becomes our temple. Oh! what bosom, but is scared and marked with traces of deep wounds, some freshly bleeding, and never to be effaced? What head, but has been a burning furnace of suffering when laid upon the pillow of reflection? What soul, but has fretted and worn within its gloomy prison in anguish and sorrow? And these sufferings come not upon us in the spring-time of life, but when we are just blushing into summer; then the first desolating tempest arises, and a love unrequited, a friendship made false—will make havoc among the buds of hope,

and our full-blown flowers of joy, withering, scattering, and destroying all within its reach. Few are the hearts that are yet unscathed by the burning finger of affliction! yet pine not, for a morbid regret for past pleasures is neither manly nor noble, and the steadfastness of hope should be our joyful inheritance. When disappointments and the endurance of grief sweep the bloom from the cheek, and the lustre from the eye, the heart comes back to beauty for its solace, and finds in the forms and hues of flowers, consolation, comfort, and renewed hope; for they are symbols of infancy and innocence, and inlets to a new and beatified existence.

The soul clings to beauty, but it needs a constant intercourse with nature to keep the love of beauty fresh and vigorous within us. How little do they, who rise when the sun is in the mid-heaven, and spend the precious hours in luxury and listlessness, know of the intense charms of which existence is capable; they have no care for the wide-stretching landscape, and the lone river side; they are strangers to the cheering influences which raise the heart to an excess of exhilaration, and give the firm footstep an untiring energy and elasticity; the odour of the wild cannot refresh their languid senses; they cannot lie down upon the broad heath-land, with its wide sheets of purple blossoms glowing in the sunlight, and feel the heart expand with an excess of feeling far too deep for words; the music of many voices they know not; the charms of poetry, and above all, of love—love, deep, passionate, and pure—they know nought about, and existence to them is but a passive and passionless dream. We well remember an old man, we can call to memory his snowy locks, and trembling step, whose early days had been passed in the grassy glades of the New Forest, but whose fate, in later years, had been to linger on in penury between the brick walls of this great city. In a narrow court, amid squalor and wretchedness, where the houses were too close for the sunlight ever to fall upon the ground, and where, on the brightest day in June, only a thin wretched strip of blue appeared above, had this old man passed the latest years of his life; but he never forgot the haunts and recollections of his childhood—the old woods, the giant trees, and the flowers of dingle and dell; and when, in May, the little children wandered out from their wretched homes, to breathe the pure air of heaven in the golden meadows, his eyes would glisten with delight to accept their little gifts of buttercups and daisies, and many times have we seen him in an exultation of feeling, at the remembrance of the scenes and associations of his childhood, till he seemed choking with emotion, and suffused with silent tears. So deep in the heart is the love of flowers, that, once awakened, it becomes the well-spring of a renewed and beautiful existence Let us then live on flowers from the fields, and golden beams of the blue ether!

It was the love of flowers which gave tone and vigour to the poets of old, and made their pages redolent with perfume and loveliness. The wisdom of Solomon was so much the greater that he loved flowers, and it is the same sentiment which embalms the pages of Spenser, Chaucer, Clare, Carrington, Gilbert White, and Chatterton, and makes them teem with living beauty, and a lustre, like unclouded sunshine in the month of June. If the love of flowers was not inherent in our hearts, we should not feel the freshness and brilliancy of their descriptions of nature, sweeping over the spirit like a fragment of old music, or breathings from a blossom-scented valley. Now we can go away to the silvery streams in company with old Izaak Walton, where the whirling currents play with the reeds and water flags, and the green willows bow low to kiss the flowing stream; then we remember the milkmaid, and the draught of cow's-milk; the shelter under the honeysuckle hedge; the fish fried in cowslips; the little sleeping room, smelling sweetly of lavender; and the flowers, which old Izaak thought too beautiful to be seen at any other times than holydays. The good old fellow delighted in his angle, and he learnt to love nature all the more, and although we regard angling as an unnecessary and wanton cruelty, in itself destitute of poetry, yet we love the old man, who in the innocence of his heart could sing:—

"I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, babbling noise,
I, with my angle, would rejoice."

If we could have walked with him once or twice on his rambles, we would have taught him by the simple lesson of a flower, that he could enjoy the pleasures of rippling brooks, and blue sunshine, while the finny creatures of the pools were left to sport away their lives in peace. Pleasant it is to wander forth, as did Solomon of old, "into the fields, or to lodge in the villages, to see the fruits of the valley, and to go into the gardens and gather lilies;" and to inhale the perfumes of the banks and fields. The people of Oriental climes have the love of nature more deeply infused into their hearts than those of cold and cloudy lands; there, nature lavishes her beauties with a tenfold profusion and loveliness, and the blood flows more warmly in the veins, and the hearts of men beat with a warmer enthusiasm. The royal garden of an eastern prince is called the "Garden of God," a name which is usually supposed to refer to the Garden of Eden, and a promise adapted to the love of nature and of virtue. To the faithful follower of the Prophet, the Koran promised greetings of "good tidings, gardens through which rivers flow, and ye shall remain therein for ever."

From the first dawning of the world, the love of flowers has grown within the heart of humanity, and, to woman, has been a life-like consolation, and a hope, steadfast and true. Our first mother, when breathing out her life in a long dream of joy in that happy garden, where flowers were ever budding and blooming around in innumerable forms of loveliness, and where tuneful choirs of the air, and delicious odours of myrtle bowers, stole upon the yielding senses till they were steeped in one deep agony of bliss; fresh and fair from the hands of God, as a gentle bud laved by the unsunned drops of silver dew, and with a soul, spotless and pure as the closing rose at eventide, or the starry cerulean which overhangs her perfumed bowers after nightfall; she communed with the forms of loveliness which lent their charms to beautify her happy home, and flowers, as visible symbols of purity and holiness, were endeared to her in deep and passionate love, and she breathed out her soul in harmony with their hallowed perfumes. But, oh! what pain and torture for her heart, when, as the requiting of her own sin, with the sole companion of her bosom, she was banished from that abode of peace, the fairest home this earth has ever seen, to sojourn in the plains and valleys of an unknown world! Well might her sorrowing heart pour out its woe in tears and vain regrets—

"Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunts of Gods!

* * * * * * * *

"O flowers,
That never will in other climates grow;
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening buds, and gave ye names;
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

MILTON.

Such a love is in every woman's heart, and if unchecked, would tend to the development of the highest social and domestic virtues, and would secure, by a natural and unyielding bond, a recognition of that ideal beauty, and personification of virtue, which is the permanent basis of all social comfort, and the unity of the highest individual and domestic relations.

(The conclusion in our next.)

STANZAS.

What pleasure as the day-tints fade,
And Eve throws dark'ning shades around
To seek some ruin, Time has made,
And linger on its hallowed ground!

The memories of former years,
That thronging, steal upon the heart,
Enchant, but melt us into tears
That scenes so loved should e'er depart.

While as the night draws on space,
And in the ancient wreck we stay,
A spell seems hov'ring round the place
That drives our grosser thoughts away.

Soft moonbeams, through the ivy, fling
A calm and peaceful halo round,
Kissing the leaves that mantling cling,
And gliding past them, clasp the ground:

Or creeping up the sculptured wall,
On some old tomb their light will throw,
Letting a ray of glory fall
On names of such as sleep below.

Then in some cloistered sombre pile,
Where deep-stained windows stay their beam,
Subdued in struggling for a while,
They shed a faint and mystic gleam.

Just playing with a ghostly light
On the grim effigies beneath,
Of those, who unsubdued in fight,
Yielded at last to conq'ring death.

When amidst scenes like these we stand,
And scarce a worldly thought is given,
We seem as though a spirit land
Were holding us 'twixt earth and heaven.

Eta.

AUNT LIZZY.

"She is one of the kindest creatures breathing." Everybody said this of Aunt Lizzy. Wherever she went, she diffused about her an atmosphere of joy. The little ones romped about her, shouting out on her appearance, "Oh, here's dear Aunt Lizzy—hasn't she got something nice for us in her black bag?" For, the good old creature, having little fear of doctors before her eyes, almost universally carried about with her, in that capacious black silk bag of hers, so idolized by the infantry of every household, an abundance of comfits, toffy, cake, and all other sorts of sweet-stuffs, the envy of little gourmands.

By the elder members of each household also, Aunt Lizzy was made equally welcome. "What has she got to tell us to-day?—she has always something new, has dear Aunt Lizzy." Not that Aunt Lizzy was a busybody, or a scandal-monger. By no means! She, that would not harm a fly, had no heart to give pain by a word of hers, to a human creature breathing. She had a kind word for everybody—was always ready to lend a hand to raise the fallen, and to find an excuse for the unfortunate. Sunshine ever about her heart made existence with her a perpetual summer. Always loving, hopeful, trustful. Her eye gave brightness to everything, it shone upon coldness, and warmed it; upon suffering, and comforted it; upon ignorance, and enlightened it; upon sorrow, and cheered it. The beam in Aunt Lizzy's eye—for her heart shone through it—was worth a king's ransom.

No hand so gentle, no foot so light, as Aunt Lizzy's, around a bed of sickness. A sister of mercy, she quite haunted the chambers of the suffering. She seemed to have an instinct which guided her there. Was a knocker in a street tied up, be sure that Aunt Lizzy was somewhere behind it—up stairs, perhaps, in the quiet back room, the curtains close-drawn, doctors' bottles mantling the chimney-piece, and the moans of the sufferer occasionally heard—which the dear soul was ever ready to soothe by her words of comfort.

Aunt Lizzy had occasionally a word of counsel also for her friends—"for you know," she would say, "that I have had some experience in my day." She was very frank and out-spoken, was our Aunt—she would even have told her age, and that is saying a good deal. Not that she obtruded her counsel; she never gave it but when she knew it would be welcome; for she had the true woman's tact, which knows by instinct what the slower reason of man cannot attain. How gentle she was in her words—not a shadow of pain in them—all comfort, hope, and love—

"An accent very low, ...
. . . . . a silver flow
Of subtle paced counsel in distress—
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride."

Such was Aunt Lizzy when she had a few words of counsel to impart to her friends.

Among the poor she preached cleanliness, frugality, contentment, temperance. She had some homely sayings for them. "Never fratch, nor werrit," she would remark, "it does no good, mends no holes, helps no work."

For it was not only in the homes of luxury that Aunt Lizzy was a visitor; but also in the desolate haunts of the suffering poor. Her jellies and home-made wines had gone the circuit of the whole town in her black bag; she dreaded neither typhus nor small-pox; nor would she fear the plague itself, were there a heart to be comforted, or a pang to be alleviated by her presence. Blessings on her, the heart-whole, loving, devoted Aunt Lizzy!

She carried flowers with her—for she had a passion for them—as what true woman has not?—for field flowers, garden flowers, all sorts of flowers. She fell in love with the very weeds of the fields, and had them transplanted to her garden, where they produced abundant crops, without any care for their culture. Her flower-pots were so over-run with wild convolvuli, that the gardener—on ordinary occasions a patient man—was made perfectly desperate at the sight. Forget-me-nots, and even thistles were there in profusion, mingled with roses, geraniums, and jessamines. She had flowers in all her rooms—and slips of her geraniums and yellow roses went all over the town. She "propagated" pansies, "slipped" pinks, and "budded" roses. She was a walking Encyclopedia of Horticulture.

But a word as to the *personale* of the kindly old creature. Once seen she was not soon to be forgotten. I have her before me now, in her crimped mob cap, her black dress made up in the old-fashioned style, with a pure white kerchief crossed upon her breast, an emblem of the purity within. A little slim figure, which, even in age, one might pronounce handsome; and a face beaming with goodness, which might even dispose one to call it beautiful. "For," as Aunt Lizzy herself would say, though not *of* herself—"beauty is not in the features, but in the expression. The plainest face, mantled with benevolence, cheerfulness, and good nature, is always beautiful." Aunt Lizzy's soul shone in her *eye*—it was a clear grey; in her youth, perhaps, it had been blue; but age, though it had stolen the colour, had not deprived it of its sweetness. It literally beamed. And when she recounted one of her old ditties—which she often did, even to those who had heard them often enough before—she would look up from her work, and, inclining her head, turn those sweet eyes upon her listeners in such a way, that they could not help listening and being pleased, whether they would or no.

Some called Aunt Lizzy an "old maid,"—for she was not married, and thereby hangs a tale. But she called

herself one. "Old maids," she would say, "are everybody's helps—how would you get your preserves made without us? What would you do for doyleys and antimacassars? Where would your married folks find toys, and comfits, and stories for your children?" In her more serious moods she would say—"All conditions of life are honourable, if sanctified by duty. I like the single life, because it enables me to be of service to many —what would my large family of Sunday scholars do without *me*; and how could I teach them, if I had a family of my own to attend to? It is my lot, and I regard it as a happy one. Let us all be thankful that so many blessings are vouchsafed to us."

And yet Aunt Lizzy had been in love! How? When? Where? Stop, fair readers—give me a little time, and I shall tell you Aunt Lizzy's story of her love in her own words.

The girls of one of her most favourite households, where she had been a daily visitor and counsellor for years, were all clustered round her knees one day, and urged her to tell them all about how she had been in love, and how she had got out of it.

"Got out of it," said Aunt Lizzy—"Oh no! I am in love still, head over ears, with every one of you; and I never *can* get out of it—indeed I never will."

"Kind, good Aunt, long may you love us so; but we don't mean that sort of love, you know; it is the other kind of love, which they say all of us, some time or other, are destined to feel in the course of our lives."

"I know what you mean, dear girls, I know well enough. But really I cannot think how it should have escaped me that I had ever been in love, and especially, that I should have hinted as much to *you*!"

"And why not to us?" cried the fair girls in a breath —one of them with glowing cheeks and waving tresses of auburn curling round her neck like a very Hebe—"Why not to us? Why not to us? Now we *must* know."

Their curiosity was roused; and the kind Aunt, who could refuse them nothing, began her story accordingly.

"You know I was an only child," she said—"petted and made much of in all ways; I really think I was what you would call a spoilt child——"

"Spoilt! no, indeed!" exclaimed one of the listeners, "Aunt Lizzy has none of the spoilt child about her, and never could have had!"

"Thank you, love; but it was so. They say that if an only child grows up into an unspoilt woman, she must have some sterling qualities, both of head and heart. I would not flatter myself that I have either——"

"But you have—you have!"

"Now, darlings, you must really let me go on in my own way, else you will lose my story——"

"Now, *do* be quiet, Clara," cried one, "and do not let us lose dear Aunt Lizzy's story."

So she went on:—"You see it is not good for a child—indeed it is not good for any human being—to have all their own way. Children do not know what is best for them! and their desires are often for those things that are the least profitable, both for their body and mind. Early discipline and self-denial are the best training for the young; but I had none of these, for I had all my own way. A fond old grandmother,—a kind dear woman, who loved me dearly as I loved her; fondled me, and secretly feasted me, letting me have everything I would; then, my kind mother lived for me only, never knowing when to have done with her indulgence—for I was immoderately fond of pleasure and novelty, as all children are.

"But my infant and childish days, and after them my girlish days passed away, joyously and happily, as such days should pass, and I grew up into a young woman, with out a moderate stock of knowledge, for one of my position. For you must know, children, that I was what is called an heiress, had the prospect before me of affluence, and even the means of luxury. That was when I was a girl; now things have altered with me, for you know the misfortunes which befel our family at a later period.

"I was sent to boarding-schools, where I went through the usual routine of girls; was taught how to lay down cows in water-colours—to paint fire-screens—to draw ducks and swans in black-lead—to mis-pronounce French —to write a sharp running hand—to sit straight in my chair—to dance—to learn off pages of dictionary and pages of poetry, the words of which to me were sounds without meaning; for, whatever pains were taken with our 'accomplishments,' as they were called, nothing was done to cultivate our judgment or elevate our tastes; in short, after being at a first-class finishing school, I came home a finished ignoramus, and my father found that I had my education, considered in the highest sense, really to begin.

"He had been too much engrossed with business to attend to me while at school; and he supposed all things were going right, especially as I attended the most expensive schools. But when he at length ascertained the real state of culture which I had attained, he became seriously anxious about me. He used to say to me, 'Now Lizzy, you are growing up to woman's years with your head only full of frivolity; what's this you are at now?' 'Oh, papa, it is a water-colour drawing—see if you do not like it?' And then he would survey it—'Ah! a very nice peacock, indeed, and very bright green grass; but what will this do for you in after life? You are not going to live by painting peacocks on paper; you must really learn something more useful, my love.' Or, at another time, I was painting fire-screens (indeed I stocked every mantelpiece in the house), and papa would say in his dry way—'Fire-screens? fiddle-de-dee!—and what will they do for you? They will not make the pot boil, nor your house look comfortable—a lot of paper things stuck on chimney-pieces, which will soon be as full as a toy-shop or a bazaar; do you ever *read*, child?' 'Read? oh, yes—let me see —there's "The Romance of the Forest," and here is "Adela," and "The Undying One."' 'Trash, trash!' he would say—'worse and worse—better stick to your cows and fire-screens! Positive poison—false pictures of life, false views of morals, false sentiments, false everything!' 'Well, what am I to do, dear papa?' I asked in despair. 'Why, work at something, to be sure, but let your work have some useful end; read also, but let it be to strengthen and invigorate your mind, and store it with knowledge. I would not debar you from reading fiction; but maudlin romances, such as those you have named, are worst of all. Read to improve your heart, to learn the on-goings of the world around you, to strengthen you for the encounter you, in common with all of us, must have with the realities of life; and, in short, to make you a kind, good, wise, and useful woman.' 'Well, papa, I am ready to begin, but how? Will you direct me? How shall I commence?'

"There was some serious counsel taken between us respecting this matter, as you may think, and the issue of it was this:—'I know a gentle, excellent young woman,' said my father to me, 'a really most exemplary person—the daughter of an old friend of mine, who has seen better days; and this young woman is about to hire herself out as a governess. Now, what do you say to her coming here to be your companion, friend, and teacher?'

"'Excellent papa, and what is her name? Where does she live now? Do I know her?'

"'You do not know her,' he said, 'the family live at a distance, though you have heard me speak of them frequently. Her name is ——'But I need not tell you her name yet, observed Aunt Lizzy.

"Well, the arrangement was completed. My new

friend and companion came to live with us. From the first day I liked her; indeed I soon loved her with all the love that one woman can feel for another. She was not stylish; nor were her accomplishments of a showy kind. Her information was rather more solid than is usual with young ladies now-a-days. Her judgment was well matured by reading and reflection; and before long, I felt myself greatly benefited by her instruction and counsel.

"But I ought to have told you that before this I was what is called 'engaged'—engaged to marry one whom my mind altogether approved, as also my affections. He was all that I could wish—handsome, affectionate, gentlemanly, and intelligent in a high degree. I could not but perceive, too, that my parents approved of my choice, or rather of my decision in accepting him; for, you know, we are not choosers, though we have the privilege of saying 'no,' which is certainly something.

"All went smoothly for some time after my companion arrived. My affianced spent his evenings with us, and they were rendered more than ever delightful by his presence. My fair friend added her store of intelligence to our little circle; and I could not but feel that, in conversational powers, she was greatly my superior. Yet I never dreamt of a rival in her—so gentle, unassuming, unambitious

"But the terrible truth at length flashed upon me: I need not say *how* I discovered it, but discover it I did—that I was no longer loved by *him* as I was wont to be—that I had ceased to be *the one* present in which his interest was centred. The heart is quick to perceive such changes, and its powerful instinct is rarely deceived. I began to watch the intercourse of my companions with an anxiety that amounted to torture. I could bear it no longer, and I at length broached the matter to *her*, one evening after he had left us together.

"'I wish to speak with you on a most serious subject,' I observed, trembling, in the effort to speak—'and yet I dare scarcely name it.'

"She suddenly dropt her work from her fingers, blushed, but said not a word.

"'You know,' I continued, 'that that young gentleman has been—shall I say it?—engaged to me,—and that I have been accustomed to look upon him for some time as my future husband?'

"'I do,' she replied, hesitating and trembling.

"'And *you love him?*'

"'Oh, no! say not so—say not so! I could not dare to think of that.'

"'And yet I cannot be deceived. What is more—I fear your love for him—which every look, and word, and tone of yours involuntarily betrays—*is returned.*'

"'Dearest Lizzy,' she cried in a burst of tears, 'torture yourself by no such thoughts. Do not fear that I shall ever stand between you and your love. I would rather die first. Cease to think of it; dismiss it from your mind for ever. And now,' she added, after a pause, 'I feel that, under the circumstances, I can no longer stay here; I, who have brought sorrow and distress upon you, must leave this house. Let me quit you to-morrow, and no longer seem, by my presence, to present any obstacle to your happiness, which I do so sincerely wish. I could not live in peace were I to mar your prospects, or be obnoxious to the charge of ingratitude and deceit towards my best friend.'

"I reflected a little. What course was I to take? I was wretched, anxious, quite unchanged; but I felt that some decided step must be taken. 'Wait,' I said, 'till to-morrow, and let me reflect what is to be done,—let us both beware of acting rashly or imprudently in this matter.'

"I retired, but not to rest. I lay all night long tossing in doubt and fear. But at length my thoughts shaped themselves into something like the following form:—I could not disguise from myself my bitter disappointment at the issue of all my fond hopes,—and that my love should be supplanted, and that too by my dearest friend. This was a bitter thought, and I wrestled against it. It was true my lover himself had *said* nothing to me of the change which I was but too quick to detect; nor did I expect him; indeed he would have fulfilled his promise to me, though his heart had burst. This I afterwards learnt. But was I to ask for such a sacrifice? Was I to accept a heart drawn towards another, though his word was given to me? Then I thought of my unintentional rival—her goodness of nature, her noble character, her lofty intelligence, her poverty;—and here I felt that no interested motives were at work, so far as my lover was concerned. Then I felt that I must suffer in comparison with her, as regarded the highest qualities of the head and heart; and I no longer wondered at the issue. I summoned up all my courage to act justly; and I determined, great though the sacrifice was, to give him up, and leave both these beings, whom I loved, to the free bias of their natures."

"Noble Aunt Lizzy," cried Clara, her eyes running in tears.

"I wouldn't have done so," said Jane.

"But I did," said Aunt Lizzy, "and what is more, after time had healed my wounded feelings, and allowed my judgment freer play, I did not regret the sacrifice I had made in my friend's favour. Two worthy beings were made happy for life, and I gathered wisdom for my sufferings. My life became more useful; my dear father, who had to suffer much in his fortunes after that period, as well as by the death of my dear mother, found me more and more indispensable to him. As he would say to me, 'dear Lizzy, we require to suffer in order to know the good that is in us, like flowers that give forth their best odours only when crushed; and this is the case with you, I think.' But I will not detain you longer, my dear children," she concluded; "Jane F—— and I continued the dearest friends as long as we lived, and she breathed her last in my arms, leaving the education of her rising daughters as a legacy to me."

"What!" exclaimed the girls all in a breath.

"Yes, your own mother, dears, for it is of her and your worthy father that I have been speaking."

"Dearest, dearest Aunt Lizzy—what a good, generous, and noble heart you must have!" and the girls sobbed around her, till the kind creature at length drew her black bag towards her, and took her affectionate leave, promising to call again very soon, and tell them a story less trying to her own feelings, than this had been.

Notices of New Works.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Complete in one Volume. London; Longman & Co.

SECOND ARTICLE.

There was, in Sydney Smith's time, considerable hatred of and jealousy towards America. The comparatively recent separation of those states from England had wounded English pride in the tenderest part, and left a sore not easily healed, and the attitude was one of determined hostility. But Sydney Smith saw, through all the mist of ill-feeling and prejudice, the goodness and the incipient greatness of the Americans, and often holds them up as an example to Englishmen. He was, as may be seen from the following passage, in love with American toleration:—

"A lesson on the importance of Religious Toleration, we are determined, it would seem, not to learn,—either from America, or from any other quarter of the globe. The high sheriff of New York, last year, was a Jew. It was with the utmost difficulty that a bill was carried this year to allow the first duke of England to

carry a gold stick before the King—because he was a Catholic!—and yet we think ourselves entitled to indulge in impertinent sneers at America,—as if civilization did not depend more upon making wise laws for the promotion of human happiness, than in having good inns, and post horses, and civil waiters. The circumstances of the Dissenters' marriage bill are such as would excite the contempt of a Chictaw or Cherokee, if he could be brought to understand them.

He praised highly, too, the efforts made by Americans for education, and saw that most of the foibles and peculiarities for which they have been satirized were owing to their positions. We can hardly open a book upon America without meeting with some ludicrous account of, what appears to us, their impertinent curiosity, and upon that subject our author has these very sensible remarks:—

"The curiosity for which the Americans are so much laughed at, is not only venial, but laudable. Where men live in woods and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them his name, place, age, office, virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks: and with fellow travellers it seems to be almost a matter of necessity to do so. When men ride together for 300 or 400 miles through woods and prairies, it is of the greatest importance that they should be able to guess at subjects most agreeable to each other, and to multiply their common topics. Without knowing who your companion is, it is difficult to know both what to say and what to avoid. You may talk of honour and virtue to an attorney, or contend with a Virginian planter, that men of a fair colour have no right to buy and sell men of a dusky colour."

American curiosity appears far more singular to Englishmen than to the inhabitants of continental nations. There is an amount of reserve about the character of the better classes of English, which prevents them from mingling freely without a formal introduction; and one might ride from one end of the land to the other in a railway carriage, or traverse rivers in a steam boat, or visit public places of amusement for twelve months, without getting an opening or a conversation from a stranger. Sydney Smith assigns a ludicrous cause for this, when he says—

"It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and seeing nothing but fog and vapour, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire."

But there was one foul blot upon the striped and star-spangled banner, which Sydney Smith (all honour to him for it) could not pass over. The foul ulcer of negro slavery darkened in his eyes the whole land of republican liberty, and, in his own emphatic manner, after enumerating the advantages of America, he says,—

"In all this the balance is prodigiously in their favour: but then comes the great disgrace and danger of America—the existence of slavery, which, if not timously corrected, will one day entail (and ought to entail) a bloody servile war upon the Americans—which will separate America into slave states, and states disclaiming slavery, and which remains at present as the foulest blot in the moral character of that people. A high-spirited nation, who cannot endure the slightest act of foreign aggression, and who revolt at the very shadow of domestic tyranny, beat with cart-whips, and bind with chains, and murder for the merest trifles, wretched human beings who are of a more dusky colour than themselves; and have recently admitted into their Union a new State, with the express permission of ingrafting this atrocious wickedness into their constitution! No one can admire the simple wisdom and manly firmness of the Americans more than we do, or more despise the pitiful propensity which exists among Government runners to vent their small spite at their character; but on the subject of slavery, the conduct of America is, and has been, most reprehensible. It is impossible to speak of it with too much indignation and contempt; but for it we should look forward with unqualified pleasure to such a land of freedom and such a magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

This touch upon American slavery leads us on to think of our own penal settlements, where for years we have been casting the worst of the vices and crimes which disfigure our civilization, and the problem, as to what would be the result of such an offshoot from the parent stem, engaged the attention of Sydney Smith. He says,—

"It may be a curious consideration, to reflect what we are to do with this colony when it comes to years of discretion. Are we to spend another hundred millions of money in discovering its strength, and to humble ourselves again before a fresh set of Washingtons and Franklins? The moment after we have suffered such serious mischief from the escape of the old tiger, we are breeding up a young cub, whom we cannot render less ferocious, or more secure. If we are gradually to manumit the colony, as it is more and more capable of protecting itself, the degrees of emancipation, and the periods at which they are to take place, will be judged of very differently by the two nations. But we confess ourselves not to be so sanguine as to suppose, that a spirited and commercial people would, in spite of the example of America, ever consent to abandon their sovereignty over an important colony, without a struggle. Endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroo's skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary war*; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled."

It is singular, but quite in keeping with Sydney Smith's mind, to find amid grave reflections upon questions of weighty consideration, passages of a very ludicrous nature. We have in another article on Botany Bay, the following description of the operations of nature in the Southern Seas, which put into rhyme, might have come from the pen of Ingoldsby, and formed a part of one of his laughter-exciting legends.

"Such is the climate of Botany Bay, and, in this remote part of the earth, Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world,) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly she makes cherries with the stone on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus, to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot, with the legs of a sea gull; a skate with the head of a shark; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions, that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen;—together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight."

Among the papers in this collection, we find some on the subject of Education, a topic upon which Sydney Smith was peculiarly well qualified to judge. The first notice was written in 1809, upon a pamphlet on Public Schools, published by Mr. Hatchard, and is introduced by some remarks which we are tempted to extract, first, because they show the tendency of the author's mind, and secondly, because we suspect that it describes a class of *littérateurs* who are not quite extinct even in the present generation.

"There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr. Hatchard's shop;—clean, civil personages, well in with people in power,—delighted with every existing institution—and almost with every existing circumstance:—and, every now and then, one of these personages writes a little book;—and the rest praise that little book—expecting to be praised in their turn, for their own little books:—and of these little books, thus written by these clean, civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one."

In another part of another paper we get a singular glimpse into the state of education in the last generation. It would be difficult now to find many country gentlemen, the descendants of the squires of the last century, who had not received a tolerable education. They may not be able to read the Greek and Latin authors with the same ease as they can a newspaper, or to construct Greek verse with the same facility as they can pen a letter to their steward or bailiff; but country gentlemen of any station have now some knowledge of ancient history, know pretty well the records of their own country, are able to appreciate and admire works of art, and are not conspicuous for orthographical blunders when they write, or for ungrammatical solecisms when they speak. What a very different class their ancestors were, may be supposed from the following passage.

"A century ago who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy which we now so frequently remark,—or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of ancient and modern history."

By the way, speaking of "our ancestors," and recollecting what sort of people those ancestors were, what amount of education they had, and what quantity of wisdom they were possessed of, and seeing too how often their precedents are referred to as the summits of intellectuality, and the very highest embodiment of wisdom, the following quotation is at once apt and amusing:—

"If you say that our ancestors were wiser than us, mention your date and year. If the splendour of names is equal, are the circumstances the same? If the circumstances are the same, we have a superiority of experience, of which the difference between the two periods is the measure. It is necessary to insist upon this; for upon sacks of wool, and on benches forensic, sit grave men, and agricolous persons in the Commons, crying out 'Ancestors, Ancestors! *hodie non!* Saxons, Danes, save us! Fiddlefrig help us! Howell, Ethelwolf, protect us!' any cover for nonsense—any veil for trash—any pretext for repelling the innovations of conscience and of duty."

The work published by Mr. Hatchard, to which we have already referred, was upon Public Schools, upon the considerations of which, Sydney Smith enters. He defines Public Schools as follows:—

"By a public school, we mean an endowed place of education of old standing, to which the sons of gentlemen resort in considerable numbers, and where they continue to reside, from eight or nine, to eighteen years of age."

Before looking at the merits of such establishments, there are some suggestions arising out of the above passage, which it is worth while paying some attention to, These Public Schools are *now* as they were *then* "endowed places of education to which the sons of gentlemen resort." We cannot help asking whether these endowed schools were *meant* for the sons of gentlemen.

A vast number of these endowments bear date about the reign of Elizabeth and the first James, and the statutes of most of them state the object of the founders to be to educate "*poor* boys" in "learning virtue and manners." These institutions are chiefly resorted to by the sons of gentlemen, in other words *rich* boys who are, or at all events were in 1809, educated somewhat imperfectly in learning, and still more imperfectly in manners, as we shall see from a few extracts by-and-by. This is a striking instance of the perversion of benevolent institutions from their original and proper objects, and we wish that Sydney Smith, who must have been aware of the fact, had noticed it in fit and becoming terms. Year by year, a comparatively insignificant sum is voted by the House of Commons for the purpose of educating poor children, and there is usually a goodly amount of squabbling as to its appropriation, but after all it is miserably insufficient, and is obliged to be eked out by private and parochial charity schools. These too are insufficient to meet the growing mass of ignorance, and noble-minded men have instituted Ragged Schools, and going among the very outcasts of society are striving to imbue them with the knowledge of good, and so to stem the tide of vice and crime which rushes impetuously on below the surface. Those who are thus engaged in inculcating "virtue, learning, and manners," are struggling against want of funds at the very time when there are hundreds of amply endowed grammar schools scattered over the land, expressly meant for the poor, and yet converted into seminaries for the sons of the rich. It is high time that such institutions were appropriated to their rightful purposes, and when that is done, we believe that they will furnish the means for educating the poor without calling forth the expenditure of a farthing of the public money.

But the question with Sydney Smith was, whether these institutions really served the purpose of educating the rich, and upon that point he appears to have had very grave doubts. The first thing which strikes his mind is the abominable system of fagging, which makes the younger and weaker boys the mere slaves of the elder and stronger, and is so subversive of everything like self-respect and independence of mind. Upon this he very properly says:—

"At a public school (for such is the system established by immemorial custom), every boy is alternately tyrant and slave. The power which the elder part of these communities exercises over the younger, is exceedingly great—very difficult to be controlled—and accompanied not unfrequently, with cruelty and caprice. It is the common law of the place, that the young should be implicitly obedient to the elder boys; and this obedience resembles more the submission of a slave to his master, or of a sailor to his captain, than the common and natural deference which would always be shown by one boy to another a few years older than himself."

The ill-effects are not confined to the young gentlemen serfs. Abused power here, as elsewhere, recoils injuriously upon the minds of the juvenile tyrants, and accordingly we find our author adding,—

"This system also gives to the elder boys an absurd and pernicious opinion of their own importance, which is often with difficulty effaced by a considerable commerce with the world.

Nor is this conceit very easily and speedily gotten rid of;—we have seen (if we mistake not) public-school importance lasting through the half of after life, strutting in lawn, swelling in ermine, and displaying itself, both ridiculously and offensively, in the haunts and business of bearded men.

Such a blot in a system, as this, is of itself almost sufficient to overweigh its presumed advantages for *intellectual* culture. We say presumed advantages, for Sydney Smith doubted them, and wrote of them thus,—

"The most important peculiarity in the constitution of a public school is its numbers, which are so great that a close inspection of the masters into the studies and conduct of each individual is quite impossible. We must be allowed to doubt whether such an arrangement is favourable either to literature or morals.

"We are disposed to think a society of twenty or thirty boys, under the guidance of a learned man, and above all, of a man of good sense, to be a seminary the best adapted for the education of youth."

We think he rather underrated (as a sedentary man naturally enough would) the advantages of the athletic sports practised at public schools when he said,—

"But of what use is the body of an athlete, when we have good laws over our heads,—or when a pistol, a post-chaise, or a porter can be hired for a few shillings?"

The ancients were right when they prayed for *sana mens in sano corpore*, and a strong body is valuable for the health it confers, even although robbers are not to be feared, and gentlemen can hire postchaises and porters *ad libitum*. But the most striking argument of the inefficiency of public schools is to be found in the following passage, which is amply borne out by a long list of eminent names in the same page.

"Almost every conspicuous person is supposed to have been educated at public schools; and there are scarcely any means (as it is imagined) of making an actual comparison; and yet, great as the rage is, and long has been, for public schools, it is very remarkable, that the most eminent men in every art and science have not been educated in public schools; and this is true, even if we include, in the term of public schools, not only Eton, Winchester and Westminster, but the Charterhouse, St. Paul's School, Merchant Taylors', Rugby, and every school in England, at all conducted upon the plan of the three first."

There is another paper on "Female Education," in which Sydney Smith contends as strongly as the most ardent advocate of the "Rights of Woman" could require for the propriety and wisdom of cultivating the female intellect. His cure, and a good one too, for the affectation of "blue stockingism," is to give a better not a worse education.

"All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses.

"Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare.

"When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected."

His answer to the absurd supposition that the education of women would alienate them from domestic duties, and diminish their love of their children, is worthy of his keen humour.

"Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowledge with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman have no taste and genius for higher

occupations, let her engage in these, rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation?"

But the best argument for Female Education, and the one which selfishly speaking should weigh most with men, is to be found in the following lines.

"The education of women must be important, as the formation of character for the first seven or eight years of life seems to depend almost entirely upon them. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well educated mother to inspire, within that period, such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother, with whom he passes his early infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child."

There is a sly hit too at that absurd jealousy of women upon the part of ignorant men, who cannot bear the thought of the "lords of creation" losing their presumed rightful supremacy.

"As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that men who are ignorant themselves, should view, with some degree of jealousy and alarm, any proposal for improving the education of women."

But it is sagely remarked, that such men need be under no apprehension, for,—

"That after parents, guardians, and preceptors have done all in their power to make everybody wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise; and they may rest assured, if the utter extinction of ignorance and folly be the evil they dread, that their interests will always be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary."

We must now leave this book with some reluctance—and with the recommendation to our readers to look further into the thoughts and sayings of Sydney Smith for themselves. There are many passages we would willingly have quoted, but for their political tendencies, which would have made them out of place in a strictly literary periodical. Such, for example, are the records he has left of distinguished men, who were contemporary with himself. Pitt, Grattan, Burke, Canning, Lord Melbourne, and many others, have sat for their portraits, and are graphically sketched in this volume; but, unfortunately for our purposes, their personal traits are so mixed up with their political creeds, that it is impossible to separate them. Sydney Smith was an excellent judge of character, whether of books or men, but he was a warm partisan, and that gave a species of bitterness to his political sketches, which makes them approach nearly to caricature; but, with all their exaggeration, there is an unmistakeable likeness to the originals.

Sydney Smith was certainly not a philosopher in the true sense of the term, nor a profound thinker; but he was versatile, keen sighted, warm hearted, and well read; just the man to deal as he did deal with the expediences and practicalities of the day. He is a high sample of that class of mind, which unknown and unrecognised by the public, is influencing at once the leaders and the led, and which escaping the responsibility of originating, occupies itself with criticizing the productions of others; indicating their good points, their defects, and flaws, and showing what they want to adapt them to the present.

These unseen and unrecognised writers perform a part which is absolutely essential in an age like ours. They are "middlemen," so to speak, between the abstract thinker on the one hand, and the practical worker on the other; they reconcile the contradictions and the discrepancies of both, bringing them together to act, both in his proper sphere, for the attainment of objects which the time demands.

THE desire to be loved is human nature in its purity. It is the first impulse of the opening heart, and it lives and breathes in the bosom of all until the hour of death.

NOTES ON THE MONTHS.

JUNE.

"It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed."

THE rose, England's favourite flower and emblem, is now in bloom, festooning the cottage porches, and peeping in at chamber-windows, clothing the humble cot in beauty, and making the flower-garden beautiful as a vision of paradise. The grass is now thick in the meadows, and is browsed by the kine udder-deep. The steer stands leaning over the hedge, lowing to his fellows. The doves fill the woods with their cooing, and the lark can scarce get out his full song for joy. The very bushes echo, and the birds seem full of the most joyous thoughts. Here is a picture from Tennyson, full of the spirit of love and June:—

"Up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But ere it touch'd a foot that might have dane'd
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the beauteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

Not only the rose, but the sweet honeysuckle blooms along the old winding highways, and in the woods, clambering up the trunks of the hoary old oaks, and perfuming the air with its rich odour. The woods are beautiful now, and it is delicious to stroll or drive along under the shade of the trees, covered with their bright young green, when the sun is throwing his quivering rays through the leaves, robing them in all their beauty. In the wild forests, of which there are still a few beautiful specimens in England, such as Sherwood and the New Forest, June is in all her glory. Through the gnarled avenue, a deer is seen bounding across your path. The dense masses of foliage meet above your head as you penetrate into the forest recesses, and you think of the solemn rites of the old Druids, who performed their mysteries beneath their shades. The gloom and the silence are palpable; and from the brilliant sun you have wandered into twilight. Before you there is only the gaunt and bare trunks of the mighty trees, whose branches spread out high above your head, like the arched roof of some mighty cathedral. You advance, and the gloom becomes less dense; you discern the graceful hanging of the masses of foliage, and ah! here, once more, the sun's rays stream down upon a golden patch of turf. The trailing bramble appears, and the honeysuckle, and pale woodbine, and the crimson foxglove, and the bright sunny gorse, and once more you hear the lowing of cattle and the whistle of the merry ploughboy. You have left the dense forest behind you, and have emerged again among the haunts of men. The lark's song, everywhere the clearest and loftiest, peals through the air, and falls upon your ear mingled with the sound of the distant village-bells. A pheasant whirrs by, and anon a timid hare leaps startled from her seat, and flies into the neighbouring thicket. The sound of a tinkling rill crossing your path falls gratefully upon the ear—

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

And do you not feel already the scent of the new mown hay,—for there, behold the mowers at work, their scythes tearing down heavy swaths of grass at every sweep,

while the bees are still grappling with the clover flowers to rob them of their sweets. Ah! you sniff up the air again—a bean-field must be somewhere near at hand, and the lazy breeze comes floating along laden with its delicious odour. And now you come upon a busy scene—sheep-shearing by the banks of a running stream. The flock is collected by the river pool, and, one by one, the struggling sheep are plunged headlong into the water, where the washers receive them waist deep in the stream. There they undergo the unwelcome scour, after which they are pushed forth into the shallow water, and struggling up the bank move away bleating to their equally affrighted companions. The shearing is another part of the process, full of life and bustle. This sheep-shearing used at one time to be celebrated by a great festival, in England. It was another sort of Harvest Home, and was held with great pomp and jollity. It seems to have been as old as the time of David, who came upon Nabal at the time of his sheep-shearing, when there was a great feast in his house, "like the feast of a king."

The air is now mild and warm, without the oppressive heat of July or August. The days are pleasant, and the evenings clear. White clouds, rimmed with silver, float along the sky in the sunshine, and the queen of night is brilliant in her beauty. Insects abound, flies increase, and sting the cattle as they stand whisking at them with their excited tails. The grasshopper clicks among the grass, and frogs leap about in myriads after a brisk shower of rain. The heat of the sun soon dries up the moisture, and the dust lies thick upon the highways. In towns, bricks look very red and hot, and we cannot help feeling an intense longing after the shade of trees and a walk through the cool grass. Water-carts are busily at work, and really look refreshing.

"Now," says Leigh Hunt, "a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a tight pair of shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now, rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now, men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up-hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now, boys assemble round the village-pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash, and get wet through the shoes. Now jockeys, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now, five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now, the old-clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus."

At the end of the month, hay-making is general all over the country, and the wains are seen bearing their heavy loads from the hay-field. The bloom of the fruit-trees is over, the procession of the months is hastening on, and already half the year is gone by.

LAMARTINE'S THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

So long as man himself survives, can his finest faculty be extinguished? And is not poetry that faculty? Since it constitutes all that is divine within us, it cannot be defined by one word or a thousand words. It is an incarnation of all that is most precious in the heart of man, and most holy in his spirit, of all that is most sublime in the aspect of nature, and most melodious in her tones. It is, at the same time, sentiment and sensation, mind and matter, and this is the reason that it is a complete language—the language which, above all, appeals to man through his entire humanity—an idea for the spirit, sentiment for the soul, image for the fancy, and music for the ear! This is why this language, when well spoken, strikes man like a thunder-peal, overpowers him with internal conviction, or irresistible evidence, or enchants him like a magic potion, or rocks him into moveless pleasure like a child charmed in its cradle by the touching refrains of its mother's lullaby. Hence it is that man can neither create nor bear too much poetry; for, possessing him wholly by his soul and sense, exciting, at the same time, this double faculty—thought by thought, sense by sensation, it exhausts him, it weighs him down too soon, like all too-exquisite joys, with a voluptuous weariness, and causes him to express, in but few verses and brief time, all the innermost life and power of sentiment in his double organization. Prose addresses itself only to the mind; poetry speaks to the mind and the sensations at the same time. This language, all mysterious, all instinctive as it is, or rather because it is mysterious and instinctive,—this language, will never die! It is not—as people have not ceased to say, in spite of the successive contradictions of all ages, it is not solely the language of mankind's infancy; it is the language of all the periods of humanity, simple and modest in the babyhood of nations, story-telling and marvellous as the nurse at the bedside of the child, loving and pastoral with young and pastoral people, warlike and epic with contending and conquering hordes; mystical, lyrical, prophetic, or sententious, in the theocracies of Egypt or Judea; grave, philosophical, and corrupting in the matured civilizations of Rome, Florence, or Louis XIV.; reckless and noisy in the epochs of convulsion and ruin, as in the year 1793; novel, melancholy, uncertain, timid, and audacious at the same time, in days of new birth and social reconstruction like the present! By-and-by, in the servility of mankind, sad, sombre, lamenting and despairing, breathing in its strophes mournful presentiments, fantastic visions of the final catastrophe of the world, or giving utterance to fixed and holy hopes of the resurrection of humanity under another form.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home—early home. There is a magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the house in which he knew a parent's protection; nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since, alas! laid in the grave in which he must soon be gathered, over-shadowed by yon old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of the noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too, among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is privacy of that which it was a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it is neither more nor less than a villain; and, hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affections and confidence which is not likely to be abused.—*Dr. Hawkes.*

THE OWLS DON'T LIKE THE LIGHT.

DEDICATED TO THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

SLUMBERING, Nature lay
In the calmness of earth's first night—
Not a sight that gladdens the day,
Not a sound that blessed the light—
Westward the white stars rolled,
Eastward the heavens grew grey,
Then stained with a rosy flush,
Then crimsoned with mounting day;
But hark! what screechings dire
The golden morning fright,
Hoots and shriekings vile?
"The owls don't like the light."

There's joy in the cock's shrill crow
With which the morning rings—
There's gladness on every bough
Where the young thrush, waking, sings;
Showers of rapture rain
From every cloud on high,
Where, scaling the purple dawn,
The lark thrills up the sky;
But hark! what screechings dire
The gladness of Nature fright,
Hoots and shriekings vile?
"The owls don't like the light."

Look wherever you may,
In river, or air, or earth,
Life is in love with day,
'Tis all delight and mirth;
Roses, that hueless hid
Away in the dusky gloom,
Are blushing their praise to-day,
All colour and sweet perfume;
But hark! what screechings dire
The general gladness fright,
Hoots and shriekings vile?
"The owls don't like the light."

Buttercups throng each lawn
Rich with the daisies' snow,
And primros'd woodland banks
Hide violets laughing below;
Butterflies, through the sun,
Flit, and flicker, and gleam—
Rooks are cawing above—
Beetles shine in the beam;
But hark! what screechings dire
The general gladness fright,
Hoots and shriekings vile?
"The owls don't like the light."

Gladness the light of day
To all but your owls may bring;
Only for night are they—
They—can they shout and sing!
All things else may hail,
With hymnings, the shining sun;
They at his glory hoot—
And his glorious lustre shun;
Hark to their screechings dire,
Screamings for gloom and night,
Hoots and shriekings vile!
"The owls don't like the light."

W. C. BENNETT.

THE highest panegyric that private virtue can receive is the praise of servants; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.

DIAMOND DUST.

HE who is left to himself has many difficulties to struggle with; but he who is saved every struggle is in a still more unfortunate position.

THE atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the universe.

ODOURS—the silent voice of nature, made audible by the nose.

SPOONS and skimmers you can make lie undistinguishably together, but vases and statues require each a pedestal for itself.

No orator can measure in effect with him who can give good nicknames.

VICES, like shadows, towards the evening of life grow great and monstrous.

FLOWERS not unfrequently have been found buried beneath the snow; but it is cold work digging for them, and few care to take the trouble.

MEN become as strongly attached to others by the benefits they render as by the favours they receive.

SOWN thoughts grow to things, and fill that field, the world.

EVERY man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

THE worthless and offensive members of society, whose existence is a social pest, invariably think themselves the most ill-used people alive, and never get over their astonishment at the ingratitude and selfishness of their contemporaries.

THE man who likes widely, for the most part, likes truly.

PRESS,—the steam engine of moral power, which, directed by the spirit of the age, will eventually crush imposture, superstition, and tyranny.

PRIDE, purse-pride, is the besetting sin of England, and, like most other sins, brings its own punishment, by converting existence into a struggle, and environing it with gloom and despondency.

MERE art perverts taste, just as mere theology depraves religion.

UNLESS a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

PRIDE is a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed by a world.

EXPERIENCE is the offspring of varied emotions; we acquire it by the *seductions* of hope, and by the *inductions* of reason, and by the fluctuating transitions which occur between a sigh and a sneer, a smile and a tear.

IF there is room for but one virtue, or for one vice, the virtue should be strong, and the vice weak.

THE beautiful in art is the beautiful in nature moulded by humanity.

REVENGE,—a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

AFFECTATION cannot excite sympathy. How can you feel for him who cannot feel for himself? How can he feel for himself who exhibits the artificial graces of studied attitude?

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, June 1, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 58.] SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE MIDNIGHT SURPRISE.

A STORY OF THE HUNGARIAN CIVIL WAR.

THE clock of the little town of Gonyo had just sounded midnight. At this moment a young Austrian officer, sheltered behind the parapet of a long terrace which skirted the castle garden, seemed plunged in a depth of thought unusual for the military man to indulge in; though it must be confessed that the situation and the hour were strongly provocative of contemplation.

The beautiful sky of Hungary stretched its azure dome above his head. The sparkling of the stars, and the mellow light of the moon, revealed the outlines of a delicious valley which stretched away far as the eye could reach. About a hundred yards beneath him lay the quiet town of Gonyo, at the foot of the rock on the summit of which the castle was built. Far along the valley rolled the broad Danube, its winding waters reflecting here and there the moon's silver light. The castle was lit up. The glad sounds of dancing, music, and mirth, reached the young officer's ear, mingled with the ripple of the river as it washed along the northern base of the castle rock.

The castle belonged to an old Hungarian noble, who now lived there with all his family. The flames of civil war had for some time ravaged this extensive country towards the East; Kossuth and his compatriots had rolled back the tide towards the frontiers of the Austrian Archduchy, until on the approach of the immense allied forces of Russia and Austria, Georgy and Dembinski had retired again towards the heart of their wild land, fighting their way desperately, and leaving Klapka with a strong force in the impregnable castle of Komorn. The entire country in the neighbourhood was now occupied by the Austrian troops, a detachment of which was posted in the town of Gonyo, over which our young officer was the chief in command. News had that day arrived in the castle, unknown to the Austrians—for the whole population detested them—of a brilliant victory won by the Hungarians in the east over the Russian army of Luders, and the garrison of Komorn had made another brilliant and successful sally, inflicting tremendous loss on their adversaries. A new hope sprung up in Hungarian bosoms, and the "dear old country" seemed still destined to survive as an independent state. The old Count Pfalsky was one of those Hungarian nobles who had not yet openly declared himself, but he was strongly suspected by the Austrian Government, and it was thought that he only "bided his time."

Such was the period at which the castle ball was held. During the whole of the evening in question, the eldest of the noble daughters of the family had regarded the young Austrian officer with an interest full of such marked sadness, that the sentiment of pity expressed by the maiden might well excite that reverie in which we have found him plunged. Liese was beautiful, and though she had three brothers and a sister, the possessions of the Count Pfalsky were sufficiently large to afford a rich dowry to Ludwig Richter. But how dared he to hope that the daughter of this old Count, so full as he was of all the pride of the Hungarian noble, could ever condescend to bestow his daughter on an Austrian soldier!

The Austrians were hated: they were so, not merely as interlopers and intruders, but as the agents of a tyranny against which all Hungary was in arms, and whose object it was to crush the independence and ancient liberties of their cherished country. Kossuth's energetic proclamations had fired the general bosom, and there were few homes throughout the wide extent of Hungary in which his patriotic utterances had not met with an ardent response. The district in this neighbourhood was very unsettled, and a general rising of the Hungarian population lying along the western frontier of Hungary might suddenly take place, by which the Austrian capital would be placed in serious jeopardy. Richter had accordingly been cantoned at Gonyo, to watch the neighbourhood, with a strong body of Austrian troops. His orders were, to be wakeful and vigilant, and despite the manifest interest which the young Hungarian beauty displayed in himself and his soldiers, the young officer kept himself constantly on the alert.

Walking along the terrace, and turning his eyes towards the quiet town and the surrounding country bathed in sleep, he puzzled himself by endeavouring to account for the friendship which the Count himself had seemed to display for him, and also for the anxious directions which he had that day received from the commanding-officer of the district, urging him to increased watchfulness and discipline; when, in a moment, his thoughts were dispelled and all his curiosity was aroused by the sudden appearance of an immense number of lights in the town

beneath him. True, this was the eve of the festival of the patron saint of the place; but strict orders had been given, that very morning, that the fires were only to be lighted at the usual hour, according to rule. The castle alone had been excepted. He saw the gleaming bayonets of his sentries at their appointed posts; but the silence was fearful, and there was no sound to indicate that the Hungarian townsfolks were giving themselves up to the usual jollity and festivity of their annual fête.

In vain he endeavoured to account for this infraction of orders by the townspeople, and he hastened to the quarters of his men to ascertain that all was right. He sprung through a breach in the wall, in order to descend the rock, and reach the nearest picquet by the shortest route, when he fancied he heard the light steps of a female treading the gravel-walk above him. He looked round, but saw nothing. Turning his eyes in the direction of the river, he was struck by the sight that presented itself. A little fleet of boats, the sounds of their sweeping oars already audible, had crossed from the opposite bank, and were fast approaching the landing-place.

A hoarse voice behind him whispered his name from the breach through which he had just passed, and on looking up he recognised the soldier who had accompanied him to the castle.

"Is it you, Herr Captain?" asked the soldier.

"Yes. Well?" said the young officer, in a low voice, for his mind was now thoroughly roused to a sense of danger, and the necessity of acting with caution.

"Those beggars there are stirring about like so many maggots! I have run to tell you what I have just seen."

"Say on!" replied Richter.

"I have just followed a man out of the castle, who came hereabouts with a lantern in his hand. A lantern is terribly suspicious, and I didn't see how this christian could need to light his tapers at this time of night. They would eat us if they could, said I to myself; and so I put myself on his track. And what do you think, Herr Captain? here have I just discovered, three paces off, in a corner of the rocks, a certain pile of faggots"——

A terrible cry rose up from the town, and interrupted the soldier. A sudden flash at the same moment gleamed before the eyes of the commandant. The poor grenadier at that instant received a bullet in his brain, and fell dead. A bundle of straw and faggots suddenly blazed up, not more than ten paces from where the young man stood. The sound of instruments and laughter at once ceased in the ball-room. The silence of death, broken by a few occasional groans, suddenly succeeded the fête. A cold sweat broke upon the young officer. He was without his sword. He comprehended at once that his soldiers were all butchered. He saw himself dishonoured, and he lived! He fancied himself brought before a court-martial; and then he glanced again into the depths of the valley. He was rushing forward, when the hand of Liese grasped his.

"Fly!" she said, "my brothers follow me. At the base of the rocks you will find a swift horse. Go!"

She pushed him away. The young man, stupefied, regarded her for one moment; then, obedient to the strong instinct of self-preservation, which, in times of even the greatest peril, the brave man never loses, he fled in the direction pointed out, clambering down rocks, which until then perhaps, only goats had scaled. He heard the low cries of the pursuers close behind him, and the whistling of the bullets fired at him as he leaped from rock to rock; but he reached the valley in safety, found the horse, mounted, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In less than an hour he reached Raab, the head-quarters of the division, and at once presented himself to General Beckstein, the commanding-officer. He was admitted, and at once related the details of his horrible adventure.

An hour after, a whole regiment, accompanied by a strong cavalry detachment, and a convoy of artillery, were *en route* for Gonyo. The General himself marched at the head of the column. He was a man well known in the war of the Hungarian revolution for his relentless cruelty. The soldiers had been informed of the supposed massacre of their comrades by the Hungarian townspeople, and were eager to support him in any act of vengeance. The road was quickly traversed. Along the line of march, numerous villagers were found hastily assembling in arms. Their houses were fired, and the incipient rebels were shot and sabred on the spot without mercy.

By some singular mishap, the invasion of the town by the fleet of boats from the opposite bank of the river, had been abandoned. Some alarm had arisen among those on board, and the sounds of firing in the town were supposed to proceed from the sudden and unforeseen approach of a strong body of Austrian troops. They feared they might be cut off to a man, by some ambush lying in wait for them along the banks of the river. From some such cause of alarm, the boats' heads were turned down stream, and they soon disappeared in the darkness of the night. The town was therefore again taken possession of by the Austrian force, almost without resistance, for the townspeople were very imperfectly armed, and the greater part of the adult population was with the revolutionary army. Summary vengeance was of course inflicted upon those who were taken with arms in their hands. They were tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot in the market-place. Having encamped a large body of his men in the open square, the General then proceeded with the remainder to the castle, and took military possession of it. All the members of the family were at once seized, bound with cords, and placed under a guard. In the meantime, the General ordered a repast to be prepared, and proceeded to consult with his Major as to the manner in which the castle prisoners (the leaders in this futile insurrection) were to be despatched. The result of their short deliberations was, that the hangman was ordered up!

Taking advantage of the time that elapsed before the serving of the repast, Ludwig Richter went to see the prisoners. He shortly returned into the presence of the General.

"I come," said he, in a subdued voice, "to ask for mercy" ——

"*You!*" replied the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" said Ludwig, "it is but a poor mercy. The old Count, having seen the gibbet erecting, hopes that you will change the method of execution. He entreats that, as nobles, they may be beheaded."

"Well, be it so!" said the General; and it was an act of mercy from him, for he was not always so yielding.

"They ask further, that they may be allowed the last consolations of religion, and that they may be freed from their bonds. They promise not to attempt to escape"—

"I consent," replied the General; "but remember you are answerable for them!"

"The old man offers you his entire fortune, if you will but pardon his youngest son."

"Indeed!" said the General; "but all his estates are already confiscated to the Emperor"—— He stopped. A thought of some sublime act of cruelty passed across his features, and he added—"I will even more than comply with their wishes. I see the importance of this last request. Well! That he may secure eternal fame, and that Hungary may for ever remember her treason and her punishment,—I give all the Count's property, with a free pardon, to that son who will perform the part of executioner upon the rest. Go! not another word!"

Ludwig was overwhelmed with horror.

Refreshments were served, and all the officers sat down to satisfy an appetite whetted by exercise and fasting. Only Ludwig was absent. After hesitating for some time, he entered the room where the proud Pfalskys were trembling in suspense. He cast a sad look on the scene which presented itself in the hall, where only the last night he had seen circling round in the mazes of the fascinating waltz, the jewelled and beautiful heads of those two young girls and their three brothers. He shuddered to think that in a short while they would roll in the dust, severed by the executioner's axe. The father and the mother, the three young men, and the two girls, were bound to gilded elbow-chairs, and sat there motionless. Eight serving-men were standing near, their hands tied behind their backs. A strong guard of soldiers, with loaded muskets, watched every action of the prisoners.

A movement of curiosity stirred the group when Ludwig made his appearance. He gave orders that the prisoners should be unbound, and he himself unloosed the ropes which tied Liese to her chair. She smiled sadly. The young officer could scarcely help glancing at the beautiful sculpturesque arms of the young lady. He admired her floating black hair, her elastic, handsome figure—for she was a true Magyar, with the clear Hungarian tint, rather brunette (as we call it), with long, black eye-lashes, and a pupil blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you succeeded?" she falteringly asked of the young officer.

Ludwig could scarcely speak. He glanced from her to the other members of the family. The eldest brother, Stanislaus, looked about thirty years' old; he was small in size, not well made, of proud and disdainful air, but not without a certain nobility of manner, such as distinguishes the higher order of Hungarian nobility. The second, Maximus, was almost twenty; he strongly resembled Liese. The youngest son, Wentzel, about eight years' old. He was a beautiful, well-formed boy, with an air of Roman constancy and bravery, such as painters have delighted to embody in their most famous works.

At sight of him, the young officer sunk his head, despairing of hope that any of these would dare to execute the commission of the General. He ventured, however, to whisper the nature of his message to Liese. She shivered at first, but she soon resumed her collected manner, and calmly walked up to her father's chair, and knelt at his feet.

"Oh!" said she, earnestly, "make Stanislaus swear that he will faithfully obey the orders which you give him. We shall be satisfied."

The old mother trembled with hope; but when, drawing nigh to her husband, she heard the horrible revelation of Liese, she at once swooned away.

Stanislaus soon learned all, and he fumed like a lion in his cage.

Ludwig took upon him to dismiss the soldiers, after having obtained from the Count an assurance of his perfect submission. The domestics were taken away one by one, and hanged.

When all had gone except the family and Ludwig, the father rose up—

"Stanislaus?" said he.

Stanislaus, understanding the meaning of his father, replied only by an inclination of his head, tantamount to a refusal. He fell back in his chair, and looked at his parents with a fixed and terrible look.

Liese sat herself down at his knees, and spoke to him in a cheerful manner:—

"My dear Stanislaus," said she, passing her arms round him, and kissing his cheek, "you do not know how sweet death would be to me, inflicted by thee. I would not for worlds be given over to the horrid handling of the executioner. Thou wilt surely spare me those horrors ——. You *will*, then, my kind Stanislaus?"

"Take courage," next said his brother Maximus, "otherwise the family of the Pfalskys is extinct."

Liese raised herself, and the group which had formed itself round Stanislaus made way for the old father himself, who now came forward—

"Stanislaus, I *command* you," he said, in a solemn and urgent voice.

The young Count remained unmoved: his father fell on his knees before him: involuntarily, Liese, Maximus, and the little Wentzel, imitated his example, and all stretching their hands towards Stanislaus, implored him to rescue the family from utter ruin and oblivion.

"My son, are you wanting in the devotion and bravery of the true Magyar? Would'st thou see me at thy knees? And is it thy duty at such a time to think of *thy* feelings and sufferings?"

"Is this my son, Madam?" the old man added, turning to the Countess.

"*He consents!*" cried the mother in despair, for she caught the inclination of the brow, implying consent, which Stanislaus had just made.

At this moment the Chaplain of the castle entered. He was soon surrounded by all the family. They led Stanislaus towards him. Ludwig, unable any longer to bear this trying scene, hastened to the General, to venture a last effort to save the family. He found him in capital humour, in the midst of high festivity, drinking delicious wine with his officers, who seemed already considerably under its influence.

An hour after, a hundred of the principal inhabitants of the town were arranged on the terrace, by the order of the General, to witness the execution of the family of the Pfalskys. A detachment of Austrian infantry was drawn up to hold the inhabitants in check, in case of any outbreak; and they stood almost under the gallows on which the domestics of the castle had just been suspended, their bayonet-points almost touching the feet of these martyrs. Thirty paces off there was placed a block, beside which stood the executioner, in case Stanislaus should shrink from his task.

The Hungarians soon heard, through the profound stillness of the scene, the steps of many persons approaching, and the measured tramp of a picquet of soldiers. Mingled with these sounds were heard the joyous laughter of the officers carousing over their wine, the windows of the room in which they sat being open to the terrace.

The noble family advanced with an air of stoical firmness. Their countenances were calm and serene. One man only, pale and haggard, leant heavily upon the priest, who poured forth all the consolations of religion on this person—the only member of the family who was not to die. The executioner understood at a glance that Stanislaus had taken his place for the day. The old Count and his wife, Liese and her younger sister, with their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Stanislaus was led forward by the priest. When he arrived at the block, the executioner, taking his hand, drew him on one side, perhaps to give him some necessary instructions.

The confessor placed the victims in such a position that they should not witness the sad spectacle. But they were true Magyars: they stood up without shrinking.

Liese first approached her brother. "Stanislaus," said she, "have pity on my want of courage: begin with me."

At this moment the hasty steps of some one approaching were heard, and Ludwig rushed forward. Liese had already knelt, and her white neck waited the stroke of the scimitar.

"The General," he cried, "offers thee life, on condition that thou marry me!"

Every feature of the young Magyar lady looked scorn and pride at the proposal, and her only reply was—

"Come, Stanislaus!"

Her head rolled at Ludwig's feet, and the old Count could not suppress a brief convulsive groan on hearing the heavy fall of the scimitar. But this was the only sound of grief.

"Pray Heaven my fate be as happy as hers, my good Stanislaus!" said the little Wentzel to his brother.

"Ah, thou weepest, Mathilde?" said Stanislaus to his surviving sister.

"Yes, yes!" replied the girl. "I think of you, my poor Stanislaus: how miserable thou wilt be without us!"

Now the grand figure of the old Count advanced. He glanced at the blood of his children, and turning his pallid face towards the mute and horror-struck spectators, he stretched his raised hands towards Stanislaus, and said in a firm voice—

"Magyars! I give to my son my paternal benediction! May it ever attend him! And God bless the old country."

"Now, Count," said he, turning to his son, "strike without fear, as thou art without reproach."

But when Stanislaus' mother drew near, almost borne in the arms of the confessor—

"*She has nursed me!*" he shrieked, and his voice drew a loud cry of horror from the spectators. Even the noise of the festival and the loud laughter of the officers were suddenly suspended by the frightful sound.

The Countess, seeing that the courage of Stanislaus had at last forsaken him, leaped upon the balustrade, and in an instant precipitated herself upon the rocks, a hundred yards beneath. A cry of admiration broke forth. Stanislaus had swooned.

"My General," said an officer, half drunk, "Ludwig has been telling me something about this execution here. I bet that you haven't ordered——"

"Do you forget, Sir," said the General, "that within a month many hundreds of Austrian families will be in tears, and that we are in Hungary? Would you have us leave our bones here?"

After this outburst, not one was observed to raise his glass again—not even a sub-lieutenant.

The melancholy which pursued the miserable Stanislaus may well be imagined. He lives the life of a solitary, is never seen, and longs to die to rejoin the members of his family, by whose spirits he fancies himself to be constantly haunted.

Biographic Sketch.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

"When Sappho tuned the 'raptur'd strain,
The listening wretch forgot his pain.
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung."

Maria Felicia Garcia, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in Paris, in the year 1808; she was the eldest daughter of Senor Manuel Garcia, a Spaniard by birth, but of Jewish parentage. He came to England in 1818, to fulfil an engagement at the Italian Opera House, where he made his first appearance in this country, in the character of *Count Almaviva*, in Rossini's Opera of "Il Barbier de Seviglia."

His daughter was then about 10 years of age, and on their arrival in London, her father took apartments in Sherrard Street, Soho. Her residence in the British metropolis for several consecutive years could not fail of rendering her acquaintance with the English language (which she spoke with the fluency of a native) little more than a certain result, as nature and art had alike combined to bestow upon their child their mutual favours.

Under an *occasional* master, she sedulously applied herself to study. Although it has been said that she had but little or no tuition, yet she had one superlative advantage—that of being present at the rehearsals, and associating with the principal actresses by day, and attending in the evening the performances at the Opera; this alone, to such a mind as Felicia's, was a sufficient school, as she not only profited by hearing on every occasion, the first singers, but also of witnessing the performances of the finest actors Italy could produce, and from these advantages she derived that knowledge which she afterwards so admirably delineated. On the 7th of June, 1825, Mademoiselle Garcia made her debut, at the Italian Opera House in the character of *Rosina*, in the "Barbier;" she was then in her seventeenth year. In the course of the season she appeared in Meyerbeer's Opera of "Il crociati in Egitto," in which she identified herself by singing the beautiful *morceau* "Giovinetto Cavalier;" she also sang, with delightful and singular effect, in the same Opera, a duet with Signor Velluti; the combination of their voices appeared more to resemble the sound of two flutes than the *vox humani*. Thus she in the very first onset, secured an enviable notoriety, which so justly distinguished her various and extraordinary talents, through the whole of her subsequently eventful, brilliant, but short career.

In 1826, in consequence of his daughter's success, Senor Garcia formed a plan for establishing an Italian Opera in America, when, in order to carry out his ideas, she accompanied him to New York; but the speculation proved a failure, the Senor, who, in a great degree, possessed those feelings peculiar to his *caste*, had more than one string to his bow; he not only *dealt* in singing, but also in specimens of every article where he could *turn the penny*. He therefore, "to make assurance doubly sure," brought over with him several large packages of foreign pictures, and an immense number of shoes—by the latter he cleared a large sum of money; but the pictures, like the opera, also failed, and they were accordingly shipped back to England. Senor Garcia, at this time, was about fifty years old, and his appearance denoted that of a merchant more than an opera singer, indeed, his thoughts always seemed to be wandering upon some mercantile transaction. He was constantly to be seen on the Exchange, dabbling in the stocks. The Senor, remarkable for the violence of his temper, and of which he was not nice on whom he dispensed it, together with an habitual brusque behaviour, rendered him anything but an agreeable companion, and more particularly so with his brother performers, who considered him an uneducated, illiterate man. It may therefore be accounted for in a great measure, why he was not able to form a company for America, as well as for those sudden gusts of impulse, in which Felicia would occasionally indulge—but like Cassius, it was but a hasty spark, once over, she would, with the greatest good humour, make the *amende honorable*.

In consequence of their non-success in America, Garcia and his daughter embarked for France. It was during her residence in the Parisian metropolis, that she first became acquainted with M. Malibran, a rich banker, who, smitten with her charms, offered her his hand and fortune in marriage, and to settle on her a handsome income; Mademoiselle Garcia, swayed by motives of prudence, as well as being placed in a situation to be enabled to reimburse her father, for the losses he had sustained, accepted (although he was many years her senior) the hand of Monsieur Malibran; but the union proved an unhappy one, the irregularities and extravagancies of her husband speedily led to insolvency; he became a prisoner for debt, upon which, she freely gave up to his creditors all claims arising out of the settlement he had made upon her as his wife; a separation, in consequence, took place, and a divorce was sued

for, but whether effectually obtained, or not, we cannot say; we believe not, as the French laws are even more stringent than the English on that point, and it became the cause of an expensive litigation on both sides.

Thus, the early part of her life was in a manner blighted, and she was doomed to suffer the most serious troubles and vexations. But fortunately for her, her sanguine and determined spirit, with all her misfortunes, was not to be beaten, her frame had been trumpeted forth, and she appeared with extraordinary effect at the Italian Opera, in Paris, where she became a great favourite.

In May 1835, Malibran made her first appearance in the *English version*, of "La Sonnambula"—which took place at Drury Lane Theatre. The difficulty of obtaining an English singer to perform the part of *Elvino*, according to her ideas, was a matter not easily to be got over. Mr. Templeton was a very good singer, but an indifferent actor. This would not do for her, she must have a something to act with. She accordingly *drilled* him. She would say, "You must not stand still, while I am raving and imploring you; remember, you are representing a jealous lover, therefore, lay hold of me, and spurn, and throw me from you *in earnest!* never mind hurting me." It was to this tuition, together with the spirit she infused into the character of *Amina;* in a manner forcing him to act, that Mr. Templeton owed his subsequent celebrity; for he afterwards became a very good performer. Her acting of *Amina* took the town by surprise, and she created a great sensation in the dramatic world. The complete success and fame she gained in this part, the music of which she so decidedly sustained in every point, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed her performance.

She afterwards appeared in the character of *Fidelio*, in Beethoven's opera of that name, and again in Balfe's Opera of the "Maid of Artois," with equal effect.

The finale, and disastrous scene of her strangely chequered life, now draws near. Malibran, having been engaged for the grand Manchester festival, arrived in that town, after a rapid and fatiguing journey from Paris, where she had been to fulfil an engagement, on Sunday, the 11th of September. On the Monday, she sung fourteen songs with her Italian friends, after which, she became seriously indisposed. On Tuesday, notwithstanding her illness, she insisted upon singing, both morning and evening. On the morning of Wednesday her illness became more evident, and yet she gave that beautiful composition, "*Sing ye to the Lord*," with thrilling effect, and on the evening of the same day, the 14th instant, the last notes she ever sung in public were heard. It was in the duet "Vanne, se Alberghi in petto," with Madame Caradori Allan; this was received with loud and reiterated applause. The last movement was encored—and although dissuaded, she determined on repeating it. But, it was like the last notes of the dying swan. It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature. It was the vivid glance of the expiring lamp; she never sang afterwards. The victim of excitement sunk exhausted, while the echoing plaudits were vibrating in her ears. She was removed to the Mosely Arms, and every attention, every thought that medical skill could devise was administered, but all to no purpose; after nine days of extreme suffering, she expired at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock on Friday night, of a nervous fever, brought on by debility and excitement. Thus ended the mortal career of the extraordinary talented Malibran, at the early age of twenty-eight years, in the very prime of her existence, and though it might be said that she had reached the acme of human art as an actress, yet there were many great things which remained for her to do, had it pleased Providence to have spared her valuable life. But it was otherwise ordained:—"In a moment dire," was lost to the theatrical world, one of the most brilliant spirits that ever adorned the British stage.

It was during her provincial tours that she formed an attachment to M. De Beriot, a performer of celebrity on the violin. It was said they were married; indeed, their affections seemed mutual, as during her lifetime he paid her unremitting attention. But after her demise, there was evidently a want of feeling and sympathy on his part, as she was scarcely placed in the coffin, before he went off to the continent, leaving her remains to be interred by strangers; this brought forth, at the time, some severe censures from the public press, on his unfeeling and heartless conduct.

Of her qualifications as an actress and singer, it is distressing to enter, for we may never see her like again. Malibran was both a vocalist and actress of violent impulse; it was in the extraordinary and commanding bursts of passion that she electrified her audience. It was truly observed of her by Lablache,—"*Son grand esprit est trop pour son petit corps.*" "*Her great spirit is too much for her little body.*" She never calculated that her exertions could endure for any length of time. Her chief sustenance, while performing, was half a dozen oysters, of which she was remarkably fond, with a glass of good porter; this refreshment she would take between the acts of the opera, and on such support, she would glide with perfect ease through the most difficult performance.

She would often jokingly observe, that when she had accumulated by her professional exertions £40,000, she would then retire and live at her ease; but this could never be; it would have been impossible for her to have lived without excitement, it was the food on which her mind existed: deprived of that, it would have killed her; and as it was, too much excitement, under peculiar circumstances, (the anomaly is curious) caused her death. Malibran was the Kean of the operatic stage; the daring flight of her vocal efforts was only equalled by the fearless energy of her histrionic exertions.

At the Philharmonic Society, her style of singing was highly finished and classical. While at Drury Lane it was "ad captandum" or any how. In fact she could astonish the learned, as well as petrify the veriest tyro. Madame Malibran was particularly partial to the English character. Having been brought up among them in the early part of her lifetime, she had formed some strong, and warm attachments, which with her were not easily removed.

She would often say, "Well, I have visited almost every place in Europe, and still I can find no people, as yet, that come up to the English;" and then she would emphatically exclaim, "Why is it? because I can trust my life in their hands with safety—not one of them has ever deceived me."

It was while she was in Paris, at a splendid evening party, that the guests were amusing themselves at the expense of their English neighbours; when one of the French company observed, with more than usual asperity, that the English were dreadful bores; "and look," said another, "at the way in which the ladies dress themselves—it is truly laughable; and their cooking—horrible! The Fine Arts—Goths, Vandals. And as to their music and singing—*Ma foi*, it was abominable." To all this jargon, Malibran listened attentively. On being asked her opinion, she appeared to humour their conceit by acquiescing; but immediately changed the subject by offering to sing a ballad, which was most gladly accepted by every one present. She accordingly took her seat at the pianoforte. All was silence, a pin might have been heard to drop when she commenced in a slow time, in the Spanish language, the well-known English air of "Molly put the kettle on." The strain of which she sung with so much pathos, feeling, and expression, as to draw from the company repeated bursts of enthusiastic applause; every one seemed delighted, and eagerly inquired the name of the choice *morceau*, that

had given them so much pleasure. "Why," said Malibran, while her eyes sparkled with glee, "that is an *old English melody*, they call it 'Molly put the kettle on.' (the latter she gave in the most comical manner). It is considered *by them*, as one of their most common and vulgar tunes," and she gave way to a violent burst of merriment, to think how she had drawn from her auditors an acknowledgment of the excellence of the very thing they had but a few minutes before been so ready to condemn.

Nor was she neglectful or deficient in her charitable feelings, but these like her other passions were the result of impulse. Among the many of her sudden resolves, the following circumstance will serve to show her character. A poor Italian chorus singer, belonging to the theatre, who had lost his voice by a severe cold and hoarseness, was seen standing in the hall through which she had to pass. On the approach of Malibran, he saluted her respectfully, and stated his unfortunate case, the truth of which being ascertained from the hall-keeper, she immediately drew forth her purse, and counting out five sovereigns, placed them in his hand, at the same time assuring him she would pay his passage over to his native place. The poor singer, overjoyed at hearing the glad tidings, exclaimed, "Ah, Madame, you have saved me for ever." "No," said Malibran, with a beneficent smile, "The Almighty can alone do that; to no one else be it known." Malibran was not remarkable for the elegance of her figure—being scarcely the medium height, nor was she what the flattering world would call handsome; her complexion was dark and her features had a Jewish cast, but her eyes were beautiful, remarkable for their brilliant expression, and when called into action could depict every passion of the moment with a wonderful effect. To all true lovers of extraordinary talent, the loss of such a genius as the inimitable Malibran must prove irreparable.

BIDE ON.

When the heart 'neath its troubles sinks down,
And the joys that misled it are gone;
When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it gropes through thick darkness alone;
Be Faith, then, thy cheer;
Scorn the whispers of Fear;
Look trustfully up, and bide on.

When Fancy's wild meteor-ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
Abide with the soul in its home;
And hearken its voice:
Let the stream of thy joys
From the Fountain of Purity come.

When by failures and follies borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear;
And each day, as it flies, with a frown
Tells how helpless, how abject we are;
Let nothing dismay
Thy brave effort to-day;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in Joy and in Sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but Sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall;
In worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

—*Manchester Inspector.* W.

MRS. DUMPLE'S COOKING SCHOOL.

BY SILVERPEN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

"We have often asked why simple cookery is not made part of the education of the girls brought up in the various schools of the poor. We know how easily soldiers and sailors learn cookery, when obliged to take their turn of cooking; and the girls in the school of the poor might be employed in turn, in the kitchen of their masters and mistresses, or the patron and patronesses. The services that might be rendered to the humbler classes of society, in respect of comfort, temper, health, and economy, by a more general and competent skill in cookery is hardly to be estimated. Little have the rich an idea of the vexation, the ill-humour, the bad digestion, and waste, that come of those cooks proverbially sent upon this earth by the enemy of mankind, as a set-off to Heaven's bounty in providing good food. A rich man may live very expensively, and very ill; and a poor one very frugally, but very well, if it be his good fortune to have a good cook in his wife, or his servant; and a ministering angel a good cook is, either in the one capacity or the other, not only to those in humble circumstances, but to many above them, of the class served by what are self-termed professed cooks, which is too frequently an affair of profession purely, and who are to be distinguished from plain cooks only in this, that they require larger wages for spoiling food, and spoil much more in quantity, and many other articles to boot. Great, we speak, would be the benefit, both to the subjects of the instruction, and to the public generally, of making cookery a branch of the education of the female poor; and amongst the prizes which the bountiful of both sexes are fond of bestowing in the country, we should like to see some offered for the best boiled potatos, the best grilled mutton chop, and the best seasoned hotch-potch soup or broth. In writing of a well-boiled potato, we are aware that we shall incur the contempt of many, for attaching importance to a thing they suppose to be so common: but the fact is, that their contempt arises, as is often the origin of contempt, from their ignorance; there not being one person in ten thousand who has ever seen and tasted that great rarity—a well-boiled potato."

Examiner—January 26, 1850.

Of all the dolphins that ever swam a league in the great deep, that were ever chiselled in stone, or carved in wood, or tricked by a learned herald, or set forth on a sign-board, by a painter of lively imagination, or fashioned in gilt gingerbread, none ever approached, either in spread or might of tail, in roundness, or largeness of eyes, in depths of yellow, blue, red, and green, on back or fins, to the mighty Dolphin in Southwark; which, carved in wood, and adorned by a bygone painter's brush, was the sign of a large old-fashioned inn, ruled for a long generation by the line of Dumple; and now by Margery Dumple, widow, and sole executrix of Jonathan Dumple. It is true that its rainbow tints were somewhat faded, as any Dolphin's would be, that had been perpetually swimming through the rain, the snow, the sunshine of some forty years; yet, nevertheless, if half the happiness, if half the smiles of sunny human faces, if half the fruits of nature, which in that time had passed beneath its spreading tail, could have been gathered into one, and cast as sunshine on it, every old faded fin and scale would have rivalled those of the dolphins of southern seas, that, sporting on the mazy surface of lightly curling waves, throw myriad rainbow tints upon the front of day.

Beneath this mighty Dolphin was a wide old gateway, with heavy wooden gates, chained back to either wall, and this opened into a very large yard or court, on two sides of which, in addition to the one facing the street, was built the inn itself; whilst the fourth was occupied by lofty wagon sheds, immense ranges of stables, granaries, and store chambers. The yard partly paved, and partly flagged, was ornamented by a pump in the middle, from which led towards one side of the stables, a range of quaint and massive old stone watering-troughs, now partly filled with earth and dust, and such stunted fungi and lichens as thrive in places of this kind, though there had been a time when thirsty teams just off the road, and freed from bit and collar, had slaked their thirst in the clear and brimming waters which then filled them. On the paved side of the yard, nearest the inn windows, some bushy laurel, myrtle, and arbor-vitæ shrubs, grew in punchy wooden tubs, painted green, whilst here and there round a spare bit of wall, the jutting gables of the

twisted chimneys, and the thick posts which supported the great wooden gallery, ivy, of many years' growth, climbed and twisted.

The Dolphin in its day of highest glory was one of the most noted, and the largest inn on the south side of the Thames, for it was not only that country squires, their wives, and daughters, and substantial farmers and yeomen rested here, on their way to London; but, also where was put up, and from whence were dispersed the rich treasures of those loaded wains, which had toiled a monstrously slow way, from the homesteads of the weald of Kent, from Surrey, and from Sussex. Here in autumn, as orchards were stripped, filbert bushes and hazel copses rifled, harvests garnered, and the laden wains came in, might be seen a continuous fair of buyers and sellers—the ruddy apples piled in sacks, and the fresh-gathered russet-coloured nuts thrown in heaps upon the granary floors, filling the whole place with the mingled scent of the orchard and woodland. Other seasons brought wains as profusely, if not so richly laden, for there was the cherry season amongst the rest—not to speak of a continuous consignment of butter, poultry, and eggs to the metropolis; whilst travellers always to and fro, the going and return of the four post chaises, the horsing of two rumbling old coaches, which travelled southward, and the custom of a respectable class of tradesmen, gave to the Dolphin that mighty air of business, of which by fame, and from honest dealing, it was well worthy.

But, this was in the Dolphin's meridian days—those days when it had brewed mighty hogsheads of ale, baked weekly many sacks of flour, and roasted half a dozen sirloins and huge ribs of beef at a time; and when, all day long, bells were ringing, chambermaids and waiters running to and fro along the gallery, waggons and horsemen passing in and out beneath the archway, and stablemen, waggoners, and helpers, toiling and moiling in the great yard and sheds.

Most surely somewhat of the Dolphin's glory had faded, even when about 1805, Jonathan Dumple brought home his pretty Margery, then eighteen, from her father's old grange in the weald of Kent, where, with five sisters and six brothers, she had been well and lovingly nurtured in the sweet virtues of chastity, charity, thrift, and admirable housewifery. Her love story had been touched by no sorrow—its simile might be found in an early violet, plucked just as it began to peep all scent and beauty from the leaves, and then and there set for ever in some place of shelter, where no rude hand could take it, and from whence its odour might be richly shed around: for returning from a great holiday visit to London with her father, young Jonathan looking from the bar window, had caught a glimpse of her sweet face as it was nestled beneath the huge hood of her father's chaise; and admiring it, and learning the possessor's name, he went the very next May down into the weald, and courted her in her father's blossoming orchard, and when the apples grew red and golden in the autumn time, he went again, and married her, in the quaint old rustic church near at hand, in the presence of her father and mother, and a host of her relatives. Thence he at once brought her home to his widowed mother, who received her as Noah the dove into the ark; and without one pang or jealous stipulation resigned every household duty, and trust, and possession, into the young wife's hands; and the latter was not a mean one, for the Dumples had been for generations a thrifty race, and had much substantial wealth in beautiful old plate, fine linen, rich antique china and glass, and other household goods. I shall open Mrs. Dumple's linen chest by-and-by, and possibly peep at her plate, and into the china closet; but this is to come.

This trust was worthily bestowed. For ten years Margery and Jonathan lived together in the holiest concord, the Dolphin flourishing to a great extent; and then death stepped in, and made her husbandless and childless in the space of six weeks. For a time these losses bowed her to the earth—but, by degrees, her spirit rose again, though tempered by a sweet gravity, that added a new charm to the touching faith and charity implanted by her birth, and by her parents' rule. The Dolphin continued to flourish, till several changes removed the great lines of traffic, till farming and orchard produce were forwarded more expeditiously than by team and wain, till farmers found markets nearer home, and the owners of country halls and landed wealth, set up their modern equipages at the more fashionable hotels of the west end.

Still, the Dolphin thrived, when no other inn in the like position, and under the like circumstances would, or could, have done; for its well known name, its cleanliness, its comfort, its able management, brought many a visitor, and many a traveller out of his road; and haughty country squires and great landowners, who, boasting old and hereditary Saxon names, would not have bared their heads to the titled aristocrats of modern date, rarely came to town without a deferential and personal inquiry concerning Margery Dumple.

Nevertheless, by imperceptible degrees, the business waned away; room after room, stable after stable became disused, two kitchen fires served instead of five or six, the old servants, as they from time to time dropped off, were not replaced, and here and there about the courtway, the waggon sheds, or the stable doors, where yet a scrap of hay or straw lay it was rotted and long trodden down. But, good Margery had so husbanded her widow s store, as to be well to do in spite of all these changes time brought about, and still with one man, and four women servants, kept up much state and hospitable comfort round her: and she could have afforded to do this, though no guest or traveller, or country wain ever passed again beneath the faded grandeur of the Dolphin.

A few years ago, and in a January evening, about the hour of five, strong candlelight shone clear from two chamber windows, out on to the court, as far as the great stone drinking troughs. This appeared to be a sign of some importance, as a man with a quaint, odd-fashioned face, after first peeping round a half-closed stable door, was next seen fully, and presently beside the pump itself, where dipping his head in a fresh-pumped bucket of water, up and down like a duck, next buried it in a great jack-towel he had brought from the stable. Whilst this process was going forward, a woman's voice called out from no great distance, whereupon the hearer, resting his face on the towel, as a horse his neck on a gate, hallooed in answer. "Ye—es, ye—es."

"Tummus, Tummus—the dear missis is gone up to dress—and so get ready—and then come in and have a cup of tea in the bar; missis says so."

"Tea," muttered Tummus, in a voice which tried hard to express a grumble, but couldn't; "that's all the vimen think about—jist as if a young man like me was all sure to be the same way o' thinking—but it ain't so; for ven I take a family coat o' arms, it shall be a pipe, and not a tea kittle." Then aloud in a voice no more like grumbling than a cheerful tone is to a dirge. "Thank 'ye, thank 'ye. I'll come as soon as I've got vaistkit and coat on." So saying, and to show his attention, Mrs. Dumple's renowned Tummus, concluding his bath, bolted back into the stable, there to complete his toilet, it being one of the well-known peculiarities of this young man to consider the stable the only habitable place, and the corn-chest or bin therein the only escritoire in which one in his line could, with due regard to personal dignity, stow away articles of his toilet, or other miscellaneous property.

The room from whence the light so strongly shone was Mrs. Dumple's own bedchamber, wherein, assisted by two of her servants, she was now fittingly dressing for an

appointed friendly tea-taking, with a very old and highly honoured friend of hers, Alderman Rudberry, the great city silk merchant, to whose house in the neighbourhood of Cornhill Tummus was presently to escort her; for so great was her horror of cabs, omnibuses, and hackney coaches, as to cause her never to travel in any vehicle, except the Dolphin chaise. As she thus sat in an ample chair, covered by rich brocaded silk, one servant arranging her simple cap of costly, though old-fashioned lace, and the other placing on the toilet covers, as she brought them forth from well-filled drawers and quaint jewel box, a filmy cambric pocket handkerchief, ruffles, and a large gold brooch set with divers coloured hair, it was plain to see what sort of woman Margery Dumple was, by the serene, yet firm expression of her somewhat wrinkled face, and by the exquisite cleanliness and order of every thing around her. These conspicuously shone forth in her own person, for though her old-fashioned satin gown was on, and Becky, her most confidential servant, was now pinning over it a small lace shawl, of the same richness and fineness as her cap, there could yet be seen, coyly peeping forth, nice cambric frill and edge of snowy lavendered linen; both being silent evidence of Mrs. Dumple's great word "*thorough;*" which well understood, and acted upon through a long life had brought fortune to the saucer-eyed Dolphin. All else was stamped by the same sign: the fine toilet cloth, the laced pincushion, the quaint china and lacquered toilet boxes, the massive silver candlesticks, the large bed, the neat carpet, the bright fire place, the drawers half opened here and there with their oozing perfume of lavender and rose leaves, and lastly, the dress and appearance of the two old servants themselves, betokened what were the results of Mrs. Dumple's text.

As soon as her toilet was completed, and the old lady had taken such a view in the mirror, as to satisfy herself that all was correctly as it should be, she took two keys from her pocket and delivering them to Becky, there soon stood upon the table, an old-fashioned tin box, which unlocked, Mrs. Dumple took therefrom sundry parchments and papers tied together with red tape, and then relocking, not however without some tears trickling down the furrows of her face, and a sympathizing, "don't take on dear missis," from both Becky and Doll, the box was carefully replaced, and Mrs. Dumple, preceded by her two servants, descended down stairs to her own parlour, where one cup and saucer, a small silver tea-pot, a cream-ewer of the like metal, and divers light refreshments, such as cake, bread and butter, and thin slices of tongue were neatly set forth; as Mrs. Dumple, though most frugal in her diet, always prepared herself for a "visiting tea," by a "home tea," in order to duly meet such possible contingencies as an unboiled tea-kettle, or pekoe without a dust of her favourite green in it. Becky made the tea, poured it out, fashioned a delicate sandwich of the thin-cut tongue and bread and butter, roused up the merry little fire to a still merrier glow by a gentle poke, and then retired to the bar to do honour to the pekoe there, for unholy bohea was in no wise permitted to throw a discredit on Mrs. Dumple's word "thorough," meaning thereby justice even inside a tea-pot. The old gentlewoman, thus left alone, fell into deep thought; and so sat evidently oblivious of her "visiting tea" with Alderman Rudberry, till, after divers taps on the door, it was opened, and there respectfully advanced to the little tea-table, a procession, consisting not only of the four maids headed by Tummus, but, of an owl and a large goat, likewise old, and with an extent of beard that was prodigious. Tummus who bore the owl on his arm, was now habited in dark blue plush "vaiskit," with shiny sleeves, in top boots and corduroy smalls, and in a shirt, the bosom whereof was an amazing hieroglyphic of minute stitchery. Perhaps for the instant Mrs. Dumple was surprised, for her many years' servants looked grave, and even the goat rested his bearded chin upon the edge of the table in mute solemnity.

"Missis," began the Dolphin's hostler, in a voice of infinite respect, "the vimen here can't make up their minds to say what they have to say; and so I've made bold to come in and say it for 'em, and jist add a vord or so o' my own. Now, we all on us know, mum, that you're going to the Alderman's, and that, von vay or t'other, there 'll be a settlement o' this here Dol'fin k'vestion, and of course it'll be adwerse to the Dol'fin. The Alderman 'll say, what's the use, Mrs. Dumple, o' rooms without travellers in 'em, fires as are never needed to warm, or roast, or bile, beds without sleepers, varming-pans without use, rummers without cold or hot in 'em, stables without 'osses, truffs (troughs) without drinkers, whips with no vhipping, chists as vont no corn in 'em, and post shay'ses as never go a mile; so he'll say—and wery nattarally, mum, for them as ain't bin reared in Dol'fin vays can't have Dol'fin feelins,—sell the old inn, Mrs. Dumple, it 'll fetch a good price, for the ground it stands on is walla'ble for many things, dismiss yer maids and that old Tummus, as have got sich a little to do, and go into the country, and have a cottage, and a shay, and a cow, and perhaps a pig or two, and you'll be happy. But we, mum, as know what Dol'fin feelings be, and a judging by vot ve feel vithin ourselves, say, and ve know it too, that you'll pine and droop at the loss o' everything you've seen and known so long, vether the thing be one o' feelin or not. The old staircase as dear master and the little 'uns trod, your old rooms, your old fire-place, even the pump, and the Dol'fin hisself, are nat'ral things, as you vont no how to be able to do vithout; and such, mum, are 'pinions ve'd kiss the book on. Now this is the rith'metic o' the thing, Becky having jist scored it up on the bar-slate:—Becky herself forty-vun years, Doll thirty-five, Cis and Lettice ten and fifteen year each, and me, mum, Tummus, twenty-eight years the wery next third o' March, that being the day (it's bin reg'larly scored on the lid o' biggest corn chist) in which I fust see'd the tail o' the Dol'fin, it being then, mum, as bright as a brass varming-pan. And to this there is twenty years to set down for Billy, and twelve for the howl, vich, as newspapers say, ven they hadd up, makes a sum total o' vun hundred and sixty-vun years." Sich being the case, and the sum 'd be wery obvious if a man had to pull it from his puss, there can't be a parting o' none on us; so mum, the wery Dol'fin 'd say it hisself, if he vos given to conwersation. And now, mum, vot I respectfully recommend is this, that as rails have taken avay 'osses, and new roads travellers, that I do a little gratis rubbing to a few cab 'osses veekly to keep my hand in, jist as I polished my own boots twice this wery morning, and vos so far oblivious as to fancy 'em those of a squire in parlour fourteen, and of a voman vith a red nose in number six. Then, mum, ve could now and then jist take in a few respectable people, and give 'em bed, breakfast, and clean boots, telling 'em vhen they ask, that the Dol'fin's forgot his writing and don't make bills now-a-days. Hearing o' this they'd sure to come agin, so as to make a sort o' bustle now and then, jist by vay o' keeping your heart up, mum, and our hands in—for on course, if ve can't git travellers von vay ve must another, jist as the bird-catcher said ven he took both a salt-box and a net into the fields vith him; and so, mum, there might surwive and git abroad such accounts o' your melted butter, your Irish stews, your roasts, your gravies, as might be put in practice, and not die out vith the Dol'fin, for even Job hisself, mum, vos he in this land o' Huz, might hadd a few tears to the lot, he vos so uncommonly given to veep, if sich a thing as your Irish stew vos gone like the gilt off the Dol'fin's tail. So, mum, this is our conwiction, and to vich I Tummus, hostler at the Dol'fin, put my hand."

Though this address, delivered as it was, with profound

gravity, and with such visible illustration, as might be used throughout the before-mentioned eleemosynary treatment of cab-horses, would have raised the good-humoured merriment of an audience less interested than the one which listened, Margery Dumple only benevolently smiled as she said—"Your advice, Thomas, would I fear, be found, if put in practice, a worse thing than empty rooms and no customers; but one thing be you all assured of, that whether I keep on, or leave the Dolphin, nothing parts us till you yourselves like to take a new mistress and a new home."

"And that'll *never* be, mum," spoke Tummus and the four maids in a breath.

"Well, keep your hearts up then, for you have no worthier or kinder friend than Alderman Rudberry; and to tell you the truth, I think he has got some benevolent plot or another hatching in his mind, which will not only keep us here but make us useful; and God grant it be so, for though I am nearly fifty-nine, and not so light of step, or quick of sight as you remember me, still there's some service in these old hands still."

"Ay! ay! mum," responded Tummus, "and in yer good heart too; and so as you don't think much o' my adwice concerning the cab 'osses and the gratis travellers, only teach some dozen tidy girls how to make mutton-broth, bile a potato, and knock up an Irish stew, wash a shirt, sweep a hearth, and have a bit o' a smile for a husband as comes in vith th' burthen o' a day's vork on his back, and you'll preach a sermon, mum, as may have a woice through many ginerations."

"We shall see, Thomas. Now take this will and packet of papers, and button them carefully under your waistcoat, for they are"——

"I know, mum, they wouldn't be safer under the mun'niment."

"The lease of the Dolphin and my husband's will," continued Mrs. Dumple; "and now get the lantern, and you Becky help me with my cloak and hood,"—for Mrs. Dumple, despising such things as cap-boxes and baskets, always went forth to "visiting teas" already dressed in her best cap. Tummus soon re-appeared with a huge lantern (unlighted however) and which was about as much needed through the quiet thoroughfares of London, as an umbrella on a frosty night, and wishing her four maids good evening, and patting the goat, now stretched full-length upon the hearth, with its head upon the fender, and coaxing the blinking owl, now transferred to the shoulder of Cis, Mrs. Dumple, with the light active step of a woman of thirty, had soon passed from beneath the time-honoured shadow of the Dolphin, on her way to Alderman Rudberry's.

Though Tummus well knew that his duty was to walk respectfully behind his mistress, yet the liveliness of his imagination kept him in such a perpetual state of hot-water, by inducing him to fancy every passer-by a porter with a load, or a footman with a prodigious width of shoulders, and every lamp-post a prize-fighter or a grenadier, that he was continually either at her side, or on a yard or two before, to receive, like a wall, the first shock of such battering-rams as this imagination of his conjured up.

However, without accident, and in due time, Tummus knocked for his mistress a double-knock on Alderman Rudberry's door, and soon after she had duly arranged her cap, kerchief, ruffles, brooch, and mittens in the best bedroom, and by the aid of two wax candles, the little old gentlewoman of the Dolphin, in Southwark, shook the Alderman by the hand, and was placed by him in an arm-chair extraordinary for softness and comfort, beside the tea-table.

The silver urn, as if it knew what was required of it, not simply boiled, but hissed and made steam to an amazing extent, and the pekoe with a dash of green was of absorbing excellence, so that the tea passed off charmingly; and when cleared away, and the chairs drawn near the fire, and a little screen just put behind Mrs. Dumple's back, and her feet on a velvet-covered doss, and the will and papers on the table, and the Alderman with a pen in his hand and his spectacles on, not to mention two huge cats on the hearth, the room looked the snuggest place in wide London.

Thus comfortable, for a long time the two friends sat and talked over many matters of business, relative to the Dolphin, as might be gathered from what Mrs. Dumple replied, when, after some half-hour's argument, the Alderman paused.

"It is so good, so very good of you, Mr. Rudberry, thus to lean to my old whims and fancies; for in truth I do not think I could tear myself away from the old place all at once."

"Not good, or kind, or anything of the sort, Margery, only dutiful," went on the Alderman, "for you it was, God bless you, woman, for your Christian heart,—as men do bless *all* women thus gifted angel-wise—that took me shoeless and friendless from the straw of a country wain, that fed me and housed me, and was a mother to me, and led me to be what I am, an honest and prosperous man; and therefore duty—duty is the word;" and as he spoke, Mr. Rudberry rose in reverence to his guest, and stood till bidden to sit down again. "And so," he presently went on, "my idea is that we turn the old stables into a COOKING SCHOOL, wherein you can teach some of the most needed lessons of our daily life, not thereby, Margery Dumple, as we have just said, to raise up cooks for hotels, or mansions, or palaces, but to make the probable wives of labourers, journeymen, and little shopkeepers, sufficiently skilful to turn a scrag of mutton or a few bones, with the addition of potatos, onions, salt and pepper, into a dish glorious enough for a king. Ay! ay! Margery Dumple, live to teach but one hundred English girls how to make an Irish stew, boil a potato, and place the meal upon the three-legged table as it ought to be, and you'll have done more for the social life of England than half the laws trumpeted in Parliament, and set down pompously on parchment. And that there may be eating as well as cooking, we'll contract to supply a mid-day meal to certain Ragged Schools with which I am connected; and when it is a higher dish, such as oyster sauce, it shall be for my own table."

So saying, the Alderman rang for wine, and a glass a-piece helping them onward with their further business, concerning the lease of the Dolphin, and Jonathan's will, it soon became supper-time. When this was announced they adjourned to the dining-room, where a supper was set forth, so cooked and ordered as to fully justify the "thorough" maxims of the Dolphin's mistress. In due time after this, the old gentlewoman again retired to the best bedchamber, and the brilliancy of the two wax candles, and when duly hooded and cloaked was led down stairs by the Alderman; Tummus, fresh from the kitchen (for "visiting tea" and supper were synonymous with Mrs. Dumple and Tummus) adjusted his mistress's clogs, and the old gentlewoman so standing, and happening to turn her eyes to a half-opened wareroom-door, a rich glow of silver-coloured satin flashed across her sight; so stepping in with the Alderman to admire it, they thus, as they both stood, little dreamt that one hundred and fifty-four yards of its like in beauty and richness lay on the forthcoming road of dripping-pans, potatos, and Irish stew.

By twelve o'clock the hospitable shadow of the Dolphin again protected Mrs. Dumple.

EPITAPH—giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left.

LOVE'S MISGIVING.

He met me by the well-known walk that skirts the broomy moor,
He told the same sweet tale of love he oft had told before;
He chid me for my downcast looks, he wondered at my sighs,
But, ah! he little knew the thoughts that would unbidden rise.

He plucked the blossoms from the branch, the wild and bonny rose,
And many a flower whose dripping cup the merry hive-bee knows;
And as he placed them on my breast to keep them for his sake,
My trembling hands almost refused the simple gift to take.

For anxious doubts had crossed my mind which would not be repressed,
And wavering fears were throbbing in my timid, fluttering breast.
The fear of love requited not, of love misplaced, yet true,
First like a shadow crossed my mind, and still by nursing grew.

Ah! could it be that all the love he then professed for me
Was fickle as the changing moon, or lull upon the sea?
Was all the sweetness of his words, the smile upon his face,
As transient as the noon-day beam, that leaves no lasting trace?

So then I thought, but time has shown how vain my childish fears;
His faithful love still brighter shines amid the lapse of years.
And he is welcome now, I feel, to this my plighted heart,
Nor time, nor any fitful change, our lot on earth shall part.

ARTHUR BOLLAND.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

(*Concluded from page 72.*)

The flowers of the wild have ever a greater hold upon the affections than the nurtured beauties of the garden or conservatory. Wild flowers form a chief part of the love of country, they are our associates in early life, and recal, in after years, the scenes and recollections of our youth; they are the true philanthropists of nature, and their generous and smiling faces, give us kindly greetings and sweet memories of the first impulses of love and friendship; they bloom for all who care to seek them, and smile in the summer's sun, and brave the winter's sleet right valiant, bonnily and true. The poor mechanic may leave his dull bench when Sunday comes, and breathe the fresh air on the green hills, and gather cowslips and daffodils to cheer him, and to teach him, that although his frame may be begrimed and emaciated by the toil of weekly drudgery, yet he has within him a soul capable of feeling, and a spirit which can woo the inspiration of nature, and grow green again in the love of flowers. And why else were wild flowers sent if not to teach and soothe us by their æsthetic loveliness, no less than by their hues and odours, and the links of beauty which they throw around our hearts. "What God has created, that call thou not useless," and wherefore shall we become heedless of them, albeit that they neither feed our stomachs nor clothe our backs, enough that they are beautiful, and that all beauty is the soul's special inheritance; the heart must have something to love or it becomes desolate, and the wild flowers of the field are ministers from heaven to teach us love, and to kindle holy sympathies in our breasts—

> "And such are daffodils
> With the green world they live in; and clear rills
> That for themselves a cooling covert make
> 'Gainst the hot season: the mid forest brake,
> Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms."
>
> KEATS.

Of all things sent from heaven to minister to man's happiness, flowers are the most gentle, confiding, and unresisting; he may crush them beneath his footstep, and their only murmurs are made in the sweet scent which they immediately emit; they still smile in his face, and love him as tenderly as before; they may be plucked and scattered to the four winds of heaven, but they bloom again in gladness and delight; they may be gathered by the soft white hand of beauty, to gladden the eye which has never known a tear, and by the hard and iron hand of toiling industry to perfume and beautify a close and murky dwelling-place. For the holiness of nature is lofty and pure, and to appropriate the noble gifts of the Creator is a more glorious purpose than to stem the tide of human love and sympathy by bitterness and cold disdain.

It was the awakening of the sentiment of love for flowers which brought back the prisoner of Fenestrella to the acknowledgment of a God; maddened by solitude, and exhausted by profligacy, and the unceasing anxieties of a troubled soul, he denied his Maker, and cast himself into the black and desolate regions of infidelity; but, while expiating, within the walls of a prison, for the rash impetuosities of his youth, a little flower springs up between the chinks of the stones, and becomes to him a messenger of love and mercy, while his soul is on the very threshold of moral despair. So too was the heart of the botanist, Douglas, cheered in his toilsome wanderings in America, when he met with a blooming primrose high up on the bald summit of a rocky mountain, where the clouds rolled in darkness, and mingled their dense whiteness with the giant masses of eternal snow. The explorers of a rocky mountain of the west were, in a like manner, comforted, and reminded of the flowery valleys and fertile plains which they had left far behind them, when, amid the desolate and barren hills, where not even a blade of grass was to be seen for miles, they saw a little bee, humming along as if in quest of flowers, and in a region many thousand feet above the level of the sea. Who has forgotten the exultation of Vaillant, over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? or the affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon the mind of Mungo Park, in the time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country?

Schimmelpenninck* tells an anecdote of the philosopher of Geneva, which illustrates in a pleasing manner the close bond of union between mind of the highest order and the simple beauties of nature. During the earliest and happiest years of the life of Rousseau, he was one day walking with a beloved friend. It was summer time, the evening was calm, quiet, and serene. The sun was setting in glory, and spreading his sheeted fires over the western sky, and upon the unrippled surface of the lake; making the still water transparent with a vivid and glowing light. The friends sat on a soft, mossy, bank, enjoying the calm loveliness of the scene, and conversing upon the varied phases of human life, in the unaffected sincerity of true friendship. At their feet was a bright tuft of the lovely Germander speedwell, covered with a profusion of brilliant blue blossoms. Rousseau's friend pointed to the little flower, the *veronica chamædrys*, as wearing the same expression of cheerfulness and innocency, as the scene before them. Thirty years passed away! Care-worn, persecuted, disappointed, acquainted with poverty and grief, known to fame, but a stranger to peace, Rousseau again visited Geneva. On such a calm and lovely evening as, thirty years before he had conversed with the friend of his bosom, and had received a teaching from the simple beauty of a flower, he again was seated on the selfsame spot. The scene was the same. The sun went down in golden majesty as before; the birds sung as cheerfully in the soft light of eventide; the crimson clouds floated solemnly in the western sky; and the waters of the lake were skimmed by glittering boats as heretofore. But the house wherein the first feelings of love and friendship, and the first-fruits of his genius had budded, was now levelled with the ground. His dearest friend was sleeping in the grave. The generation of villagers who had partaken the bounty of the same beneficent hand was passed away, and none

* "Theory of Beauty and Deformity."

remained to point out the green sod where that benefactor lay. He walked on pensively, the same bank, tufted with the same knot of bright-eyed speedwell, caught his eye. The memories of past years of trouble and sorrow came upon him, he heaved a sigh, and turned away, weeping bitterly.

"The plant that bloomed along the shore,
Where there in happier hours he strayed,
Still flourished gaily as before,
In all its azure charms arrayed;
There still it shone in modest pride,
While all *his* flowers of joy had died.

It seemed to say, 'Hadst thou, like me,
Contented bloom'd within the bed
That Nature's hand had formed for thee,
When first her dews were on thee shed,
Then had thy blossoms never known
The blasts that o'er their buds have blown."

Some years ago the Running Horse Inn, at the town of Mickelham, was kept by a worthy rustic, whose love of nature made him more a hero than a boniface. His house was much frequented by botanists, on account of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the frequency of choice specimens in the contiguous lanes and fields. One of the last acts of the honest vintner's life was to call his daughter to his pillow, and to say,—"Mary, it is a fine morning; go and see if scilla verna is come in flower." May the children inherit their father's virtues! Then may botanists continue to find at this humble Inn, cleanliness, civility, and comfort; a trowel to dig up their plants, and even a vasculum to secure them.

It is because flowers are such lovely emblems of innocence, so like the merry face of childhood, that they have a large place in our best affections. They ever remind us of our days of boyhood and buoyancy; when nature, our fond mother, sat upon the hills, clapping her hands with joy, and giving us all the earth, with its landscapes and rocks, and hills and forests, for our school and playground; when the young soul was just fresh from its home in heaven, and not yet corrupted and defiled by a cold, callous, and calculating world; when quiet nooks enclosed us with their greenness, and we found companions in the wild bee, and the morning breezes, and in everything which wore the impress of beauty, whether animate or inanimate; when all things were clothed with beauty, and were worshipped with a veneration beyond utterance; when each leaf and flower was a palace of sweet sights and scents, and the bending boughs were woven into fairy bowers of enchantment, and touched us with heaven's own glorious sunshine; when we picked up lessons of love and delight by river sides, by brooks, and hawthorn paths, in quiet glens and in green fields, and inhaled, from every passing breeze, health, intelligence, and joy; when all things grew and expanded into broad and living hope, calm, lovely, promising, and serene, as a bright vision by a sick man's bed. And then, too, the holy memories which they embalm in their folded buds and undewed chalices—memories fraught with sorrow, but not less welcome to our hearts. Tender recollections, perchance of parents now sleeping in green repose in the ivied churchyard, though far divided from us by a gulf of worldly cares and sordid interests, no longer controlling our actions with a judicious watchfulness and care, no longer checking us, as we are about to pluck the fatal weeds of folly, and to inhale the breath of the sinful blossoms which pleasure scatters in our path—beautiful and fragrant, but fraught with the bane of misery—luring us to tarry in voluptuous bowers, and steep our souls in sensual delights, where repentance and self-reproach, for precious time thus squandered and irrevocably lost, come upon us as a reward, and give, in return for excess of light, a maddening despair and blindness.

"Oh, lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
And starry brilliance in a world of gloom;
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie."

And what so pure and worthy of our love, as the sweet flowers which bloom along our pathway, ever seeking to find a place in our bosoms, and to blend, by association of ideas, the experiences with the pleasures of life; refreshing the worn mind with waters from the untainted fountain of pure feeling, which flows from the emerald meadows of childhood, and leading us from the world's thorny and flowerless desert to a mirage of green olives and living oases! How often, when disease has wasted the frame, and anxiety and suffering have well nigh done their work, the sufferer awaits calmly the approaching dissolution, and stands, pausing on the brink of another world in majestic hope and confidence—the joys, sorrows, and fears of life's fevered dream all unheeded and banished from the memory—and the scenes and associations of childhood come flooding upon the memory in all their pristine freshness and beauty! The soul, as it grows near to God, becomes more pure and holy; and the love of flowers breaks forth in a new and tenfold beauty, even when the body is ready for its rest, for flowers are antetypes of the angelic, and meet tokens of the world of beauty, which lies beyond the vestibule of the future life.

It was the beloved and much lamented L. E. L. who sung—

"We like the mockery that flowers
Exhibit on the mound
Beneath which lie the happy hours
Hearts dreamt, but never found."

It was the gentle-hearted Keats—the pure soul—

"Who grew
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew—"

who said, when on the couch of death, and before he passed into the skies like the dew-drop exhaled from the loving bosom of a flower, that he "felt the daisies already growing over him." And so, too, Carrington, who suffered the disappointments and regrets of a weary and a toilsome life, was compelled to say, that

"Songs may cease,
Though carolled in the faithless Spring, and Hope
May prove a flatterer, and Love may plume
His wings for flight, and every flower that blows
Be blasted by the tempest's breath."

Mrs. Hemans believed that "the fine passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with indifference, when if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being."

And what if there were no flowers? Why, then the creations of the poet, and the lovely visions of beauty and innocence which visit every pure mind would have but a vague, dreamy, and indefinite existence, and would be destitute of the life and vigour which ever characterizes them, when associated and built up with the green things of the earth. They are such living types of loveliness and innocence, and of all that is pleasing and graceful, that the poet would be bereft of his most beautiful images if they were to perish. We must cease to compare young lips to blushing roses, and white brows to unspotted lilies. We must cease to regard winning eyes as violets half hidden under broad leaves, but peeping out in the sunshine to laugh right merrily. The sweet voice of her we love would no longer be as a soft breeze, kissing its way through twined roses or sheltered hawthorns. We could no longer welcome the young soul into the world with tokens of flowers, or make the graves of the beloved holy and beautiful by green hillocks and sprinklings of blossoms, and which are emblems to us of the eternal summer beyond the grave, where, amid the starry fields of that world of beauty, flowers bloom on for ever, and never—never fade! Oh! flowers! ye bring us lovely visions in the soft time of spring, and pleasant remem-

brances of childhood's scenes, and of sweet faces dear to us in youth, when the heart was filled with love and tender sympathies; ye people our dreams with forms of shadowy beauty, and embroideries of richest hue; and truly, without your lovely forms, this earth would be dark, desolate, and dead!

The physical history of our world teaches us that flowers were created for spiritual, rather than material purposes. They were sent by God to give us constant revelations of the beautiful, and to keep us in the perpetual presence of innocence and virtue. Geology tells us that in those dim and distant eras of our world's history, prior to the creation of man, the earth was peopled with mighty monsters, and strange moving forms, and dense black forest jungles. Then the mammoth and the mastodon shook the old woods with their ponderous footsteps. There were giant ferns waving their rich green fronds in the morning air, tall trees of every hue and shade, uplifting their heads proudly to the blue heaven. Brakes and brackens matted and interwoven, and tenanted by the jackal, the shaggy bison, and the sabre-toothed tiger. There were deep forest fastnesses where the luxuriant trees locked themselves together overhead, and were clothed with foliage so thick and close, that the sunlight never pierced through them; but a dim twilight shadow reigned about the massive boles and the ground below, where the fallen leaves were piled in thick masses, was at mid-day enveloped in the gloom of night. Yet, although there were birds of gorgeous plumage, and trees and shrubs in unnumbered forms of greatness and majesty, there were no lovely flowers! All the blossoms which grew in the subterranean forests of the then half-formed world were destitute of beauty, or like those of fens or mosses, scarcely to be seen. And why so? Because flowers were to fulfil a mission of poesy and moral truth, and to fill the soul of man with beauty; but until he should come to inhabit a world which was henceforth to be his own, flowers were not needed, and hence did not exist. Then when the fulness of time had come for him to take up his abode on the world which had just burst into new life, he was to wake, as it were, into an existence surfeited with loveliness; for "the Lord God planted a Garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man to dress it and to keep it." And so the great mover of the universe has bountifully given us these perfumed forms of loveliness, as teachers of love and faith, and to fill the heart with beauty and with joy. Oh! man, without flowers thy days would be as the barren dust of the desert, and nature would spurn thee, instead of wooing thee to kiss her and love her as a bride. Learn, then, to be gentle, loving, kind, and true. How amid blood-stained revolutions, and the overthrow of empires, amid the destruction of palaces and lofty columns, and statues of marble and of bronze; the simple flowers of the field bloom on, and grow again and again into new beauty, and multiply for ever. The spots where temples and altars have stood, and where throbbing hearts have bowed fervently at the shrines of God, become at last green mounds of grass and ivy, and wild daisies and tangled copses of roses and brambles; for time, who hurls down the strong battlement and buries the consecrated shrine in dust, cannot stop the blooming of the humble flower which grows upon the ruined keep, or between the crumbling stones of the fallen tower. Though he may dig the graves of nations, and hurl the proudest monument to ruin, yet, spring comes again to the spot made sacred by memories of the past, and scatters flowers in profusion as tokens of the supremacy of nature.

Then no longer, oh man! like Dido of old, make a fire for thine own immolation; look not so far through gloom and darkness for a shining Eden; for flowers—emblems of all love and charity—are blooming at thy very feet! Learn to live like Plato, even in the contemplation of the FIRST GOOD and the FIRST FAIR, and to die like Petrarch, gazing on the glory of the sun! Then shall thy soul awaken to a life more beauteous and fair, to a land of glorious green pastures glittering in glorious sheen, where the wrecks of autumn are unknown, where the chills of winter fall not, but where perpetual summer blooms, with its plenitude of odorous flowers, under the sustaining breath of the ETERNAL. And as the spirit steps out into the splendours of this new life, it will be greeted by the unpausing hosannahs of glorified souls, swelling through the dim infinitude, upon, and upward; ever grand, vast, and orbicular; it will catch glimpses of the silvery rivers of Eden, shaded by ever-verdant trees, and fringed with flowers of eternal bloom, and will join its own melodies with the Æolian harpings of gentle seraphs ever, evermore!

ΦΩΣ.

Lessons for Little Ones.

EDWARD'S DREAM.

"COME here, Edward," said his kind aunt to a little boy of ten years of age, "come here, and leave that poor kitten alone; she does not like teasing in that manner; and besides, I am quite sure it hurts her."

"Oh! no, aunt, it doesn't; she's quite used to it."

"She is *not* quite used to it, or she would not mew so distressingly. I insist upon your putting her down immediately."

Edward did not dare to continue his cruel sport in defiance of the express command of his aunt, so he reluctantly released the kitten, and went away to play with his box of wooden bricks. A little while after his aunt left the room.

The little boy of whom we are speaking, though by no means ill-disposed in other respects, was exceedingly thoughtless and cruel in his treatment of animals; he always behaved as if they were made entirely for his use and amusement, not reflecting that they have their place of honour upon this beautiful earth, and that, though they are necessarily under our control, we are bound to treat them with kindness and consideration

Edward Stapleton was unfortunately situated; his mother had died in his infancy, and his father was much from home, while the little boy was left to the care of an old servant, who acted also as housekeeper, so that the child, though he went to a good school, and knew as much as most boys of his age, wanted that home-training, that domestic "line upon line, and precept upon precept," which none can bestow so effectually as loving parents, by their "ain fireside." Mrs. Fenner, Edward's aunt, had come upon a visit to her brother, and seeing and lamenting the uneducated condition of her nephew's heart and temper, she endeavoured with all her power to remedy the evil.

Edward already understood that she disapproved of his treatment of animals, and he abstained from further interference with the kitten until she had left the room, when, tired of his bricks, he turned to poor Kitty, who was lying curled up asleep upon the hearth-rug, and lifting her by the skin of her neck, he placed her across the back of a chair; there he held her fast, notwithstanding her struggles, until he had passed a string through the bars of the chair, and tied all her paws together; he then left her in this position while he fetched Spring, the little terrier, and set him to worry her. Spring was not able to do her much harm, for the seat of the chair was pushed under the table, but he frightened her dreadfully, and Edward did not desist from his cruel sport until he heard his aunt coming, when he hastily untied the kitten and let her go.

That night Mr. Stapleton returned home unusually early, and ordered a hot supper for his refreshment after the fatigues of the day; he also told Edward that he

might remain up to partake of it, and the little boy was highly delighted; indeed, so much did he think of the honour, that he ate a good deal more than was good for him, and Mrs. Fenner was obliged to order his plate to be taken away from him, before he would desist. Soon afterwards he went to bed, and after tumbling and tossing for some time, fell into a heavy slumber.

About the middle of the night, Edward was awakened by a sensation as if something heavy were sitting upon his chest; looking down from under his nightcap, his eyes met those of an enormous cat, who had folded her paws, and made herself perfectly comfortable at his expense, for he could scarcely breathe.

In vain the little fellow struggled and writhed, he was not able to discharge the intruder, and at length he fairly groaned with horror and fright. To his astonishment, his groan was echoed by the immense animal upon his breast, in a mocking, sneering tone, which added rage to his astonishment.

"So you think you are hardly treated, my little man," said Grimalkin, opening her feline mouth, and displaying her small white teeth and pink tongue; "You think me rude and disagreeable for taking up my position here. Pray what do you suppose my daughter thought of you only yesterday afternoon?"

"Yesterday afternoon! Your daughter!" gasped the boy, for he had really some difficulty in speaking, so overpowering was the weight upon his organs of respiration.

"Yes, Thursday afternoon; it is now four o'clock on Friday morning, and before I part with you I shall give you a lesson that you will remember as long as you live," said the cat, her eyes gleaming through the darkness like emeralds.

"But what have I done to you?" asked poor Edward, whose teeth chattered again with fright.

"Done! just look there." And, majestically waving her paw, Grimalkin pointed to the white dimity bed-curtain, over which was diffused a faint mysterious light, that was neither candle, nor moon, nor yet dawn of day.

Edward's eyes followed the paw, and there he saw, acted over again, as in a pantomime, the scene of the afternoon; poor Kitty hung over the back of the chair, and Spring was jumping at her, while an image of himself stood enjoying the cruel sport; Mrs. Fenner again approached, and the mimic Edward untied the kitten, and let her go. But as she went she writhed with pain, and the real Edward understood how he had hurt her.

"That is what you have done," said the cat, "and my poor Kitty will never again be the same kitten that she was before; but your punishment is not over. Behold!"

Another scene passed athwart the curtain. Edward beheld himself standing in a large window, where many flies were buzzing in the sunshine. From some he plucked the wings, and they crawled away disgraced and branded things, and their winged relations buzzed contempt at them as they passed into the darkest corners of the room, there to hide their shame until starved to death or crushed by some heedless foot; others were deprived of their legs, and flew away as if hoping to escape their pain; but they could not always fly, the muscles of their wings grew tired, and they fell upon the window-ledges, and thence on to the floor, with many a sore bruise; from others the shadowy Edward severed the heads, and the real Edward was able to distinguish how long the spark of life glimmered in their quivering trunks.

Then came rapidly over the picture, a confused crowd of worried and bleeding dogs and cats, maltreated donkeys, chickens plucked of their feathers, mice with strings tied to their tails, and their little hearts beating almost loud enough to be heard, impaled butterflies and beetles, spiders with their legs dry and shrivelled as by the flame of a candle, earwigs crushed from the waist downwards, fainting bees deprived of their stings, caterpillars suffocating under a coating of oil, dying frogs and toads, tortured birds, and a number of other victims, who all turned their eyes upon the cruel boy, whose amusement it had been to watch their contortions.

Edward turned away and groaned, for his awakened conscience punished him severely; the large cat, which still squatted upon his chest, advanced her flaming eyes close to his.

"Do you now begin to see" she hissed, "how much your feeble hand has contributed to the undeserved misery of God's lower creation?"

"Spare me," cried the boy, "I will never hurt anything again."

"Your punishment is not yet complete. Advance!" cried she, again waving her paw.

The pictured throng of animals and insects grew into life, and left the curtain; forming themselves into companies, they marched round the counterpane, and ever as they marched they became more numerous, crowding the boy until he could scarcely breathe; the donkeys brayed, the dogs howled, the cats mewed, the chickens chirped with a note of pain, the mice and birds squeaked, the insects buzzed; and high above the uproar were heard the piercing cries of Kitty, who placed herself at the head of the assailants, and was evidently urging them to revenge themselves upon their cowardly persecutor. But the horror became too great, Edward gave a desperate kick, which freed him at once from half his tormentors, and uttering an agonizing shriek, he awoke, and "behold it was a dream."

As soon as he could collect his scattered senses, he became aware of a light weight upon his breast, which had doubtless given form to his horrible nightmare. He scarcely dared to look downwards, for he feared to see the fierce Grimalkin; but instead of her flaming eyes and cruel mouth, he beheld only the slender frame, and tumbled fur, of poor little humble Kitty, who had nestled there upon the blanket, for warmth and company, forgetting all his cruel treatment of the day before.

From henceforth, the boy and the kitten were fast friends, and the innocent and helpless had no more to dread from Edward Stapleton; indeed, he became so much attached to animals, he conceived such a tender pity for their lot, that when he grew up, he enrolled himself in a society for their protection; and scarcely a day passes that he does not feelingly remonstrate with some thoughtless man or boy for cruelty to his dumb dependents.

DAGUERRE AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

We have seen the rise and progress of Photography, as applied to prepared metallic plates; it now remains for us to detail the no less interesting process of reproducing images by the chemical action of light on common paper.

In 1834, when the name of Daguerre was yet unknown, an Englishman, named Talbot, had attempted to reproduce on paper the images formed by the camera obscura. Indeed, long before this period, an idea of the possibility of such an achievement haunted the minds of scientific men. In 1802, Sir Humphrey Davy, whose name connects itself with the origin of so many great modern inventions, tried some experiments with respect to it, in conjunction with Wedgewood. They succeeded in obtaining on paper, saturated with nitrate of silver, a reproduction of engravings and transparent objects. They tried also to fix the images of the camera obscura; but the weak sensibility of the nitrate of silver presented an insuperable obstacle. Besides, the images were inverted, the shades of the model being lights in the copy, and *vice versâ*. They had no means either of preserving the

picture from the alterative effects of light; when exposed to the sunshine it gradually became quite black. These ephemeral productions then could be examined only by the feeble light of a lamp.

Mr. Talbot succeeded in overcoming the double difficulty of fixing on paper the images of the dark chamber, and preserving them from ulterior change. In 1841 he detailed the process, in a letter addressed to the Academy of Sciences in Paris; but it excited little attention. Some persons indeed tried to repeat the experiments in a careless manner, and, having failed to produce the desired result, photography on paper fell for a time into unmerited oblivion. From this it was rescued, in 1847, by an amateur of Lille, M. Blanquart-Evrard. With some modifications, he revived Talbot's process; but his description of it was much more full and precise than that given by the English *savant*.

We will now briefly explain the general theory of the operation. Salts of silver, originally colourless, when exposed to the action of light, either solar or diffused, rapidly become black, in consequence of a chemical decomposition caused by the luminous agent. If you place in the focus of a camera obscura a sheet of paper impregnated with any salt of silver, the image formed by the object will imprint itself on the paper; because the parts which are vividly enlightened will blacken its sensitive surface, whilst the obscure parts, remaining powerless, will leave to the paper its original whiteness. Thus is obtained a sort of *silhouette*, in which the lights of the model are represented by shades, and the shades by lights. This is called an image inverted, or *negative*, according to the technical phrase. Now, if this be placed on another sheet, likewise impregnated with salt of silver, and both exposed to the direct action of the sun, the negative proof will allow the light to pass through the transparent parts of the picture, and will prevent its transit through the opaque portions. The solar ray acting thus on the sensitive paper placed beneath the negative proof, will create an image, in which the lights and shadows take their natural position, and a picture will be formed direct, or *positive*. Such is the general principle of photography on paper. By placing an engraving or a lithograph on a sheet of paper impregnated with chloride of silver, and exposing the whole to the sun, the print will be reproduced in a very simple manner, without any optical apparatus. This little experiment is both interesting and useful: a name has been created to designate it; it is called *Autophotography*.

The practical performance of the first-described process consists in two distinct series of operations; the one having for its object the preparation of the *negative*, the other that of the *positive* image. The first is obtained by receiving the object in the camera obscura on a paper endued with iodide of silver. As this salt becomes impressible much more rapidly when humid, the photogenic paper is placed on some folds of paper moistened with water, and, to give it a perfectly smooth and even surface, it is pressed between two pieces of glass. Matters being thus arranged, the whole is placed in the focus of the camera obscura, the interposition of the transparent glass not interfering with the action of the light. At the end of from thirty to fifty seconds, the luminous effect is produced, the iodide of silver is found decomposed on the enlightened portions, and, in the points on which the rays have acted, the oxide of silver is liberated. This chemical alteration, however, is not yet visible on the surface of the paper, no design can be discovered on it until it is plunged into a solution of gallic acid. This liquid, with the liberated oxide of silver, forms a salt, the gallide of silver, of a deep black hue, and the image suddenly appears. It remains to carry off the unimpressed portions of the silver, in order to preserve the proof from the ulterior action of the light, and this is accomplished by plunging it into a solution of hyposulphate of soda, which immediately decomposes the iodide of silver. In order to obtain a picture having its lights and shadows in their natural position, the negative proof is placed on a paper impregnated with chloride of silver; both are then pressed between two glasses, the negative proof being uppermost, and exposed either to the sunshine or the diffused light of day. The necessary duration of the exposure varies from half an hour to four hours to the diffused light, and from fifteen to twenty minutes to the bright sunshine. As the gradual formation of the picture can be followed by the eye, the operator is always enabled to decide when the lines are sufficiently strong. Then, to fix the image, it is put into the solution of hyposulphate of soda, which removes the excess of the unimpressed chloride of silver. It appears that by prolonging or shortening the duration of its sojourn in this bath, the proof may be made to assume any variety of tint between light brown and deep black. The negative proof may be successfully employed to reproduce a vast number of positive designs.

There is another species of photography on paper, which has the advantage of giving at once a direct design, without the intervention of an inverted one. It consists in placing in the camera obscura a sheet of paper impregnated with chloride of silver, previously blackened by the action of light, and then dipped in a solution of iodide of potassium. The mixture of these two compounds produces a curious effect. The luminous image destroys the black coating, and consequently forms a direct white picture on a dark ground. By this method the most perfect specimens that have yet been seen of photography on paper were produced: indeed the finest engraving cannot equal their beauty. There is however one objection: under the influence of light they fade visibly, and after some time become totally effaced. No method of fixing these proofs permanently has yet been discovered, as the process is still in its infancy. Indeed photography on paper is far from having, in any respect, reached perfection. As works of art, its productions, while free from that disagreeable reflection which attends metallic proofs, are far inferior to them. The perfectly smooth and polished surface of a metal, offers unparalleled facility for the process; while, on the contrary, the fibrous texture of the paper, its comparative roughness, the capillary communication between the unequally impressed portions of its surface, are all so many obstacles opposed to the severe exactness of the outline, and the gradation of the tints. We must not then expect to see photography on paper supplant photography on metal: each branch of the art enjoys its own peculiar advantages, and is useful in its own way. The daguerreotype will be employed in reproducing the images of grand artistic sites, of monuments, portraits, and all the delicate and minute objects with which Natural History is concerned. Photogenic papers will be familiar to the hand of the traveller who has never learned to draw, or of the artist who wishes to save time.

Besides photography on metal and on paper, there is also photography on glass. A short time since, M. Niepce de St. Victor proposed to substitute for the metallic plate, a piece of glass, or a thin flexible sheet of *mica*. On these is spread a layer of albumen, and then Mr. Talbot's process for obtaining proofs on paper is proceeded with. The evenness of the layer, and the polish of the surface, secures the production of images almost equal in finish to those formed on metal, and combining the ordinary advantages of those on paper.

But, modern invention did not stop here; it yet remained to add to those exquisite designs the charm of colour. But, was this feasible? did not the spontaneous reproduction of natural colours overpass the limits of modern science? Had this question been proposed in the year 1847 to any learned optician, he would scarcely have hesitated to reply:—"Nothing in the known range of

chemical and optical science can justify the hope of such an achievement. Viewed theoretically, there is no difficulty in accounting for the principle of Daguerre's invention: it was only necessary to find a substance, which, under the action of light, would pass from white to black, or from black to white; but, the spontaneous impression of colours demands very different conditions. It would be necessary to discover one homogeneous substance, which, under the chemical action of luminous rays, should be influenced in such a way, that each unequally coloured beam might provoke a peculiar chemical change; and moreover, that this modification should create a number of new compounds, capable of faithfully reproducing the colour proper to the luminous ray which struck them. These requirements so far transcend the ordinary phenomena of physical science, that we may fairly pronounce the desired result impossible." Had our imaginary *savant* answered thus, he would probably have found few to contradict him; yet, an unlooked-for experiment changed the aspect of the whole question.

In the beginning of 1848, M. Becquerel succeeded in impressing on a silver plate an image of the *solar spectrum*, or in other words, the oblong coloured band of the seven prismatic colours, produced by decomposing a ray of light. This brilliant image (a miniature, and so to speak, artificial rainbow) M. Becquerel imprinted in a durable manner on a silver plate previously exposed to the action of the chloride. This fact sufficiently proves that the photogenic reproduction of colours is at least within the bounds of possibility, although we are not to exaggerate what has been done. M. Becquerel's experiment possesses a theoretic value of the first importance, but it does not furnish any practical method of reproducing colours. As yet, this coloured image has not been fixed by any chemical agent; and consequently, when it is exposed to the daylight, the chloride of silver continues to be impressed, and the entire surface gradually becomes black: in order to preserve the picture it must be kept in complete obscurity. Another unfavourable circumstance is, the extreme slowness with which the luminous impression is made: an exposure of two hours to the direct rays of the sun is indispensable. Moreover simple colours, the isolated tints of the spectrum, are all that have hitherto been reproduced; the compound colours of ordinary objects do not imprint themselves on the chloride of silver. White objects, for example, paint their impress in black.

Yet limited as the practical application of M. Becquerel's discovery is, we may from it confidently anticipate that future well-directed researches will discover new chemical agents better adapted to photogenic purposes, than chloride of silver. Light, of all natural agents, is perhaps the least understood, and the one, concerning which, the most marvellous modern discoveries have been made.

In conclusion, we will say a few words on the scientific bearing of the discovery made by Niepce and Daguerre.

An important branch of physics, *Photometry*, which treats of comparing the intensity of different lights, has borrowed from photography its most valuable experimental resources. Previously to the discovery of the daguerreotype, the comparative intensity of two luminous sources could be rigorously determined only when both were shining simultaneously. Thus, the precise difference between the light of the sun, and that of the moon or stars, had never been fixed with accuracy.

A *daguerrian* plate being exposed to the chemical action of the image formed in the focus of a lens by a luminous object, the degree of alteration endured by its surface, serves as a measure for the intensity of the light emitted. In this manner, the dazzling rays of the sun and those of the moon, three hundred thousand times more weak, have been compared with ease and precision. Messieurs Fizeau, and Foucault have had recourse to this plan in order to estimate the relative power of various kinds of light, artificial as well as natural.

Photography has also been employed to register the indications of meteorological instruments, such as the barometer, the magnetic needle, &c. At present, in many European observatories, the instruments, by this means, register their own observations. The indicating needle is suspended over the surface of a cylinder, turning on its axis with an uniform movement, and completing a revolution in the space of twenty-four hours. This cylinder, being prepared like a daguerrian plate, preserves in a continued track the mark of the indicator, and thus presents a curve, each section of which determines the state of the instrument at a certain hour, by its corresponding trace. Many philosophers thought they perceived that the solar light, emitted two or three hours before noon, differs in some repects from that emitted during the corresponding periods in the afternoon; but formerly they had no means of ascertaining the amount of the difference. Mr. Herschel and others have constructed an instrument named an *actinograph*, which determines it easily. The degree of alteration endured by a layer of bromide of silver, serves as a measure for the intensity of the chemical action of the light emanating from the sun at each period of the day.

Such are the services which photography has already rendered to the physical sciences: its application to the purposes of Natural History is yet more varied. The facility for obtaining, in a few moments, exact likenesses of plants and animals, bestows on naturalists who travel, the power of indefinitely increasing their collections for study. The interesting, but hitherto neglected science of the human race, will find in photography a powerful ally. The actual imperfection of anthropology is chiefly caused by the want of a museum of authentic types: it is easy to conceive how the daguerreotype can remedy this defect. The photographic portraits of the Botocudes, or aborigines of South America, brought to France in 1844 by M. Thiesson, and the studies of African types, collected by the same artist in a subsequent expedition, show sufficiently how much comparative anthropology may fairly expect from the daguerreotype. M. Donne, the author of the "Atlas of the Microscope," has daguerreotyped for that valuable work the magnified images of minute objects. For example, the image formed in the solar microscope by globules of blood, has been received and imprinted on an iodized plate, and afterwards reproduced on a page of the atlas.

Is it necessary to add that photography may also usefully subserve the labours of the cosmographer, of the archæologist, and of the architect.

"To copy the millions of hieroglyphics which cover the vast monuments of Thebes, of Memphis, and of Karnak," said M. Arago, in a report presented by him to the Chamber of Deputies, "would require a number of years, and a legion of artists. With the daguerreotype, a single man may accomplish it. Furnish the Egyptian Institute with two or three of M. Daguerre's instruments, and on the trophies of our immortal expedition, may be represented real, not fictitious hieroglyphics, surpassing the work of the most skilful artist, in their geometrical fidelity."

The powerful auxiliary of physics, of natural history, and of the fine arts—Photography may justly rank among the most useful discoveries of modern times.

Some enter the gates of the Temple of Fame with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the august assembly; some burst the doors, and leap into a niche with savage power, while thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors.

A CITY SONG.

Go look into the City's face,
That spreadeth over tens of miles;
Go wander through the Merchant place
Of busy brains and countless piles.

From palace halls to cellar floors,
In broad highway and narrow street,
From beggars' dens to princes' doors,
Go look, and note what ye shall meet.

Close pent, and dim, the God of Gain
Dwells there within his home of stone,
Content with kennel and with chain,
So that he gnaw a golden bone.

Ah! gloomy are the Winter days
That close around the traffic mart,
And short-lived are the Summer rays
That fall upon the City's heart.

Yet dear Old Nature, fresh and fair,
Has worshippers, for ever true,
For ever fond; and even there
We see her sweet smile peeping through.

Mark the dim windows ye shall pass,
And see the petted myrtle here,
While there, upraised in tinted glass,
The curling hyacinths appear.

The broad geranium, in its pride,
Looks out to kiss the scanty gleam,
And rose-bud nuralings, by its side,
Are gently brought to share the beam.

Hands, with their daily bread to gain,
May oft be seen, at twilight hour,
Decking their dingy garret pane
With wreathing leaf or sickly flower.

Smile not to see the broken cup,
With dusty mould and starting seed;
The one who fills it renders up
An offering that God may heed.

Look kindly on the housecrop patch,
Reared by the sinful or the poor;
Spurn not the humblest, who would snatch
Sparks from the Beautiful and Pure.

For not "all evil" is the one
Who fondly twines some dwindling leaves
Now to the life-stream of the sun,
Then to the rain-drops from the eaves

A trace of something goodly still
Lurks in a bosom while it yields
An instinct love on smoky sills,
And seeks to call up woods and fields.

A pleasant sight it is to see
The Spirit of Creation haunt
The City paths in some old tree,
Where butterflies and rooks may flaunt.

Though Toil and Dust may hem us round,
And drink the freshness of our Life,
Some Eden trace will yet be found—
Some olive branches in the strife.

The child will smile at these fair things
Who never saw the grassy sod,
Telling how faithfully man clings
To that which links him to his God.

Oh! let us look with grateful eye
On branch and bloom within a City;
They seem, we know not how or why,
To cheer us like a minstrel's ditty.

They tell of something which defies
The lust of Wealth and dread of Death—
They point to brighter, bluer skies,
And whisper with a seraph's breath.

Though mean they seem, though weak they be,
Yet do they hold our mortal leaven,
And while we see the flower and tree,
The City still is nigh to Heaven.

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE envious love nothing but the dead, and them they only pardon.

ALCOHOL—a clothes-brush celebrated for destroying the coats of the stomach.

NOTHING is more frightful than active ignorance.

IT is always safer to err in favour of others than of ourselves.

THE slightest thing we do sends a thrill vibrating along the endless chains of cause and effect to the utmost limit of time, through the whole grand machine of future existence. Man dies, but not one of his acts ever dies. Each is perpetuated and prolonged for ever by interminable results, affecting some beings in every age to come.

SHOOTING the longbow—stretching a fact till you have made it as long as you want it.

HE that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention o others is attracted by himself.

HOURS have wings, and fly up to the author of time.

COMMONPLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

COUNTERACTION—a balancing provision of nature, for the prevention of excess, whether in morals or mechanics.

A GREAT part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

NONE are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

LET the slandered take comfort; it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones.

WE feel the neglect of others towards ourselves; but we do not even suspect our neglect of them.

GENIUS, inspired by invention, rends the veil that separates existence from possibility, peeps into the dark, and catches a shape, a feature, or a colour in the reflected ray. Talent though panting pursues genius through the plains of invention, but stops short at the brink that separates the real from the possible.

TELL-TALES are contemptible beings. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another is a treason against society, which cannot too thoroughly be despised.

MARTYR—that which all religions have furnished in about equal proportions, so much easier is it to die for religion than to live for it.

IT is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

INDULGING in dangerous pleasures is like licking honey from a knife and cutting the tongue with the edge.

THE longest pleasure with which we are familiar is of a passive kind, namely, sleep.

HAPPINESS is like wealth; as soon as we begin to nurse it and care for it, it is a sure sign of its being in a precarious state.

IN every heart there are secrets which are never disclosed, and which cannot be wrested from it.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex,) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, June 8, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 59.] SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

A FEW WORDS ON RAILWAYS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cloud which has for some time been suspended over the railway interest, the splendid railway system makes steady progress. Though shareholders are not yet realizing those profits, the prospect of which lured them into railway enterprise, the public at large are unquestionably enjoying the benefits of rapid, cheap, and safe transit for themselves and their varied products, over the iron roads which now traverse the empire in all directions. About sixty millions of persons are computed to have travelled by railway in the course of the past year, and probably not less than 25,000,000 tons of goods of various kinds were conveyed during the same period.

Above two hundred millions sterling have already been invested in the construction of 5,950 miles of railway in Great Britain; and, during the year 1849, the traffic receipts of the various lines amounted to not less than £11,700,000 sterling,—facts which go to prove the solid and substantial wealth of our country. And this great system, be it remembered, is not the offspring of Government, of aristocratic patronage, or of fictitious aid of any kind, but has sprung spontaneously from the native energy and enterprise of our people. Parliament, instead of facilitating railway development and promoting railway progress, has thrown numerous obstructions in its way, and imposed heavy burdens upon railways; while it has, at the same time, laid them open to the assaults of ravenous hordes of landowners, lawyers, and parish overseers and surveyors, in every direction. Yet the interest stands and survives, growing stronger daily. Magnificent works of art, in the shape of tubular bridges, high-level bridges, tunnels, viaducts, and such like, are observed along all the great lines of railway; valleys are bridged over, rivers and narrow seas are spanned, hills are penetrated, to enable the flying load of passengers or goods to speed from town to town, and from city to city.

A single generation has done all this—has accomplished a greater amount of work than was required to build all the Pyramids. No generation that has ever before lived, has stamped its mark on the earth more vigorously than this generation has done; and future generations may say of us, as men in past times spoke of their ancestors—"There were giants in those days." The most powerful of the empires of antiquity, commanding though they did immense treasures of wealth and an enormous mass of servile labour, have done nothing, so far as is known, to compare, in utility and in amount of work, with the railways constructed by the British people alone during the last twenty years. Their greatest works took ages to complete, and one generation of labourers succeeded another in the process of their construction. But the railway works to which we refer, have been begun and ended under the eyes of the generation now living and not yet grown old. Not a penny of tax has been imposed upon the people to promote the works; the whole of the requisite funds have been provided by themselves, out of their own accumulated savings, and this, without at all limiting their energies in other directions. These extraordinary results afford a splendid example of the wonder-working power of Association and Co-operation—a power which is yet destined, we believe, to accomplish as great results in the moral and social world, as it has already accomplished for the material interests of mankind. We are not blind to the follies and frailties so incident to a half-developed state of humanity, which have been mixed up with the railway speculations of the last few years; but while we deplore these things, we cannot shut our eyes to the greatness of the results, to the grandeur of the work, and to the great promise of blessings presented in the magnificent railway works of our country.

One could have wished that the men who have done the hard work of this great railway epoch had been more carefully provided for—that the railway Navvies had been taught how to accumulate their savings, and provide against the loss of employment consequent upon the completion of their various undertakings; that they had been brought under the influence of more civilizing habits, manners, and customs than those which, unfortunately, were native to them—that some fund had been provided for the support of the maimed and the wounded, and for the relief of the widows and children of those who were slain in the great battles which have been done with the powers of earth and water. For, it is a striking fact, that the average loss of life among the workmen engaged in the construction of most of the great railway tunnels, has been greater than that of the soldiery engaged in our severest campaigns. While the deaths (according to the official returns) in the four battles of

Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, were only 2.11 per cent. of privates, and in the last forty-one months' of the peninsular war, the mortality of privates in battle was only 4.2 per cent., the loss of life in constructing the summit tunnel of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway was 3 per cent. of killed, and 14 per cent. of wounded. And the loss of life in constructing the summit tunnel of the Leeds and Manchester Railway was even greater than this. Yet we pension our soldiery, who venture their lives in quarrels none of theirs, while the Railway Navvie, who has spent the best part of his life in constructing the great high-road of civilization, is thrown adrift on the world, often worn-out, maimed, and helpless, to starve. Could not something be done to help the disbanded workman to emigrate? The strong muscular labours of such men would prove a mine of wealth to any colony which could secure them. They are rough and rude, it is true—generally very illiterate, with little regard for the amenities of life; but they are, take them as a whole, a body of manly, strong-hearted, generous, hardy men, ready to grapple with any sort of hard work that you may set them to. They have a native mother-wit, are fond of horse-play, are utterly careless as to their personal accommodation, and are rather dissolute; but they never desert a fellow-workman, and if he is killed, they will "club together," and keep his widow and children so long as their "job" lasts. We have known many such instances as this of thoroughly generous and noble conduct on the part of railway navvies.

But these railway works were nearly all contracted for in haste. They were let to large contractors, and then sub-let to smaller ones, who each dealt with his "gang" of workmen in his own way. The navvie was irregularly paid, generally in some beer-shop; often a large part of his wages was paid in "truck;" no system nor rule was observed, but everything was done by hap-hazard; hard work by day, and accommodation in turf-huts by night, alternated with a boisterous carouse in the beer-shop on pay-nights,—such was the life of the navvie. But now that the works are finished, and the locomotive is at work, behold a new class of railway labourers—the drivers and stokers, the guards and pointsmen, the porters, station-masters, and various other servants of the working railway. We believe that, as a class, the men thus employed in the working of railways are, for intelligence, steadiness, promptitude, and attention to their duties, unsurpassed by any other body of men in the empire. And their influence on the character of the people cannot fail to have the most beneficial effect. As a writer in the *Athenæum* observes:—"Every Station may be regarded as a kind of missionary colony, where the discipline of punctuality, order, and sobriety, and the certain penalty of neglecting them, are now being preached to the working classes all over these islands, by the silent eloquence of example." A beautiful sight was presented in the recent soiree of the Railway Mechanics' Institute at Wolverton—a town which is entirely the growth of the railway system. There, 500 mechanics, in the employment of the London and North-Western Railway, sat down to tea with their wives and families, to the number of some 1500 persons, cheered by the presence of the Company's Chairman, Mr. Glyn, M.P., Mr. M'Connell, the Company's Locomotive Superintendent, and numerous other officials of the Company. Mr. M'Connell testified to the high intelligence and orderly conduct of the workmen under him:—"There were employed there no less than 500 mechanics, who were engaged on the work of 220 engines, running upwards of 3,000,000 miles in the course of the year, and conveying upwards of 1,000 tons per week. Such a working stock, it was evident, required a large amount of mechanical force to keep it in order and repair. Artisans of nearly every class and description were congregated together, and if Wolverton were transported to-morrow to the wilds of America, there existed within it all the elements of production necessary for the comforts of life. Every one acquainted with its history would admit, that its population had been most exemplary in conduct, and that, considering the many districts and parts of the kingdom from which they came, it was really gratifying to find how few causes of complaint there were against them. The people and workmen had indeed been orderly, respectable, and well-conducted throughout."

Captain Huish, the General Manager, also furnished some striking illustrations of the magnitude of the concern, and the honesty of the Company's servants:—"The Company employed rather more than 10,000 persons, and about 140,000 people traversed their lines every week. Now the public were not, generally speaking, very grateful. Every one of those people, on an average, had three parcels of some kind or other; or, in other words, there were about half a million of bandboxes, and carpet-bags, and such articles, conveyed by the line every week; and, when it was considered that of these passengers a large proportion were ladies, who almost invariably left everything behind them; and when he told them that the Board of the Company had not to pay for one of those parcels oftener than once in three months, they might be deeply—they ought to be deeply—grateful to their 10,000 servants."

At a similar convivial entertainment, given on New Year's Eve by Mr. Salt, the Manchester Goods' Manager of the same Company, to the servants employed under him, that gentleman remarked upon the excellence of his staff of workmen,—that they were unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other on any railway in the kingdom. He showed the great extent of traffic upon that portion of the railway, and the little loss or damage sustained. It was because he had sober men to work with. He said that, during the last year, there had been in and out of Manchester, by that portion of the London and North-Western Railway, 180,000 tons of goods; 150,000 trucks; 2,000,000 of packages; and 120,901 letters received and forwarded.

It is delightful to see the directors and head officers of this Company going hand in hand with the workmen, encouraging and aiding them in founding and supporting schools, institutes, and churches, for their moral and spiritual culture. These agencies are now diligently at work at Wolverton, as well as at Crewe, another of the great locomotive centres of the company, where there is a church, a mechanic's institute, three large day schools, and various other means of improvement provided and mainly supported by the company.

While such are the benefits of railways, as regards the moral discipline of the labourers employed upon them, and while the public at large have derived from them advantages of the most decided and striking character,—the owners of this valuable property—the shareholders, continue to look on with feelings very much akin to those of hopelessness and despair. "Oh, ye of little faith!" we are disposed to cry out. Railways are but in their infancy—their traffic has only begun—the public have scarcely yet become familiarized with their novelty—their extraordinary powers and capabilities are not yet one-twentieth part developed; is *this* the time to indulge in such hopeless feelings? Try their powers—give them time—watch their working closely—let the railway interest have time to shape itself into proper form, and to develope its immense and yet untouched resources; and shareholders, be assured, will themselves participate in the solid advantages resulting from the magnificent invention. A great deal remains to be done yet: many improvements, especially in the working of railways, have to be made: there is a large profit to be derived from the saving in coke alone, which is now uselessly consumed in dragging along ponderous engines and carriages, to the fearful deterioration of the permanent

road. Thus, you will often see an enormous locomotive of six and twenty tons weight, rolling out of a station with some twenty or thirty passengers behind it, seated in ponderous carriages of great weight. What is the consequence? A great quantity of coke is burned to get along this tremendous dead weight, while the rails are crushed and squeezed out under the wheels, the chairs are broken, the sleepers shaken out of their places, and a great expense is incurred in constant repairs and relayings. There is a large profit to shareholders, to be derived from the saving to be effected in this one department alone. Light carriages and light engines must be adopted, and will be, so soon as engineers, a very experimentative class, can be induced to abandon their expensive crotchets. The extension of cheap branch railways, in the course of a few years, may also be confidently anticipated. When it is understood by landowners, as it soon will be, that the rental of a farm traversed by a railway, is at once increased in consequence of the great saving of transport of agricultural produce to and from market, that the farm of two hundred acres, as proved by Mr. Smith, of Deanston, is worth more to a farmer by above £100 per annum, from the fact of its having the conveniences of railway transit, than another farm at a distance from a railway; we shall soon find landowners forming branch lines to traverse their estates, and thus increase the value of their farms. The rail will supersede the highway, and the railway station the toll-bar. But all this requires time, and the landed class are, it must be confessed, rather slow to avail themselves of the advantages of improved methods of cultivation as well as transit. Shareholders may meanwhile look forward with hope; for we believe there is nothing in the present state of railway property to preclude them from ultimately enjoying a fair share of the profits so justly due to them, for the public spirit and enterprise they have displayed in embarking in those magnificent national undertakings.

THE SHRIMP FISHERS.

One fine morning in July, two ladies were walking on the beach of a fashionable watering-place in the south of England. They were simply dressed, and seemed to enjoy the fine sea view and bracing air with all the zest of those to whom a quiet, country ramble was a novelty. It was early in the day, some hours before the time when the gay world think it correct to be seen abroad, and the ladies had strolled on for a considerable distance without meeting any one; when their attention was attracted to a little girl, who was seated on the wet sand, close to the water. She was pale and thin, and her clothes, although clean, were miserably scanty and worn-looking. She was gazing intently at the rippling waves of the advancing tide, moving backwards occasionally as the water reached her feet.

"What are you doing there, my little girl?" asked the elder and stouter of the ladies.

"Waiting for my brother, ma'am."

"Where is he?"

"Out in the water, please, ma'am, fishing for shrimps."

And the child pointed to a small dark object, standing in the water, a long way out from the shore; which, when it approached, proved to be a boy holding a shrimping net over his shoulder.

"Have you many, Tom?" asked his sister, eagerly.

"Pretty fair, Sally—about as many as will make a sixpenny dish."

"Oh, then, we'll have some supper to-night!" cried the girl, clapping her hands.

"Are you ever without supper, child?"

"Very often, ma'am, when mother is too sick to go out to wash, and when Tom can't catch any shrimps."

In reply to further questions from the lady, the children told her that their father had been dead for some time, and that from ill-health their mother was able to earn but little. That on this day, however, she had gone out to do some washing, and would not return until evening. That they lived in a small cottage about half a mile from the shore, and that, finally, they had had no breakfast this morning, except a very small bit of dry bread each.

"Describe to me exactly where your cottage is," said the lady.

The little girl did so.

"Now," said the lady, "here is a shilling for your shrimps; you can take them to Martin's, the baker's, leave them there, and say that Mrs. Wilmot will send for them."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried both the children, "and shall we leave the change there for you too?"

"What change?"

"Sixpence ma'am; you gave us a shilling, and the shrimps are worth but sixpence."

The lady smiled: "You may keep the sixpence," she said, "and here is another shilling, which I will give you, to perform an errand for me."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am."

"You will take this letter, and put it in the post, in the village of I——, three miles off. May I depend on your doing so carefully?"

"You may, indeed, ma'am; we will go with it at once."

So the little girl taking the letter, and the boy shouldering his shrimping net, set off with joyful hearts to execute the lady's commission; conversing on the way about the pleasant surprise it would be to their mother in the evening, to find they had earned "two whole shillings." "We can't exactly say *earned* either, Sally," remarked Tom, "for I'm sure we're doing but little for it. 'Tis all that kind lady's goodness in giving it to us."

"Now," said the lady, who called herself Mrs. Wilmot, "the coast is clear, Maria; let us go to these poor children's cottage, and try if they have spoken truth. I have often, as you know, given away large sums in charity, without taking the trouble to investigate whether they were well spent or not. Now, this I begin to think was wrong, and that more real good may be effected by a small sum judiciously expended on the deserving poor, than by large ones lavished in indiscriminate alms-giving."

"I fully agree with you," said her companion, and both ladies proceeded in the direction pointed out by Sally.

After a pleasant walk they reached the cottage, having easily recognised it by the description. It was small and low, but newly white-washed, and very clean.

The latch yielded readily, and the ladies entered. There was but little furniture in the cottage—a deal table, two or three chairs, and a press-bed, formed nearly the whole. In the grate, a few embers were burning, and over them was suspended a pot filled with hot water: a wooden box containing some coal stood near the fireplace.

"This I suppose," said Mrs. Wilmot, looking at the pot, "was prepared for boiling the shrimps. I think it would be great fun to put something more substantial into it, and make the poor widow fancy that some fairy had visited her abode in her absence. What do you say, Maria? shall we turn ourselves into marketwomen for the nonce? You know it will not be the first time that *I* have acted such a character to the life."

"I will do anything you like," replied her friend, "but, how shall we commence?"

"Just look about for a basket, while I mend the fire."

And taking an old black shovel with her jewelled fingers, she very dexterously put down some coal, and

arranged the fire, so as to ensure the pot boiling, but not *too* fast.

"Well, Maria, have you got a basket?"

"Yes, here is an old one in this cupboard; but, poor creatures! I don't see a vestige of any thing eatable in the house."

"Oh! we'll soon remedy that," said Mrs. Wilmot, merrily; and taking up the dilapidated basket she swung it on her arm, and walked out.

"I'll be the servant, Maria, and you shall be the lady. This reminds me so of old times," she added, in a saddened tone, "when I used to go to market for my poor mother, and be so happy on pay-day, when I could take her home a sweetbread or a chicken."

They walked on until they reached a butcher's shop.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Wilmot. "I want the best leg of mutton you have got."

No calf that had ever fallen beneath the butcher's knife, could have possibly exhibited a more innocent look of open-mouthed astonishment, than did that worthy at his customers' entrance.

He bowed very nearly to the ground. "Why, your ——" he began, but, a significant gesture from Maria restrained him.

"This lady, Mr. Brown, is Mrs. Wilmot," she said, "and we are in haste, can you let us have the mutton immediately?"

"Oh, certainly ma'am. I beg your ladyship's pardon a thousand times, but you see—"

Again was his eloquence checked by a frown from Maria; while her friend taking out a splendid purse, whose network veiled without hiding the number of golden coins within, said with an amused look:—

"I shall pay you now Mr. Brown; and as the leg of mutton seems really a fine and heavy one, I think, instead of carrying it myself, I shall ask you to let one of your messengers bring it for me to the grocer's, where I want to make some purchases."

"Oh! certainly your—Madam," replied the butcher, with another *salaam*.

"Bill! Bill! make haste, I say; slip on your best coat, and carry the basket for the—for this lady;" he added, with a parting salutation, even more profoundly reverential than the former ones, as the ladies left the shop.

They then, attended by Bill, went to the grocer's; where Mrs. Wilmot procured an abundant supply of tea, coffee, and sugar, which being well-papered, were nicely packed in the basket, with the mutton. The basket, I should mention, was a new one belonging to the butcher; for poor Widow Jones's one being of much too frail a nature to sustain the mighty *gigot*, was left at Mr. Brown's. There was still a vacant space, which Mrs. Wlimot speedily filled with bread, cheese, and bacon. Master Bill had to invoke the aid of an auxiliary "boy," and between them they carried their substantial freight in safety to the cottage. At the door Mrs. Wilmot paid them handsomely, and dismissed them. She then placed the leg of mutton in the pot; but, struck by a sudden thought, took it out again.

"Help me, Maria, to pour off this *hot* water, and to fill the pot with *cold*. I find I have nearly forgotten how to do 'plain cooking,' and was near spoiling Mrs. Jones's supper, by putting the leg of mutton down in boiling water."

The pot being satisfactorily arranged, the ladies proceeded to lay a clean coarse cloth, which they found tidily folded up, on the table. They then placed, in tempting order, the bread, cheese, and other contents of the basket; completing their arrangements by filling a kettle with water, from a well near the cottage, and placing it on the fire to boil, in company with the iron pot.

Then carefully fastening the door, they walked away; talking gaily of the pleasant surprise which awaited the widow and her children.

Let us now turn to the interior of a splendid mansion, situated about three miles from Widow Jones's cottage. It had been taken for the bathing season by the Duke of St. Albans; and on that evening the Duke and Duchess were entertaining at dinner a number of distinguished guests. It was nine o'clock, and the company were still at table, when a slight disturbance was heard in the anteroom.

"What is the matter, Curtis?" said the Duchess, addressing the servant who stood behind her chair.

"Please your grace, I shall inquire."

And having left the room, the dignified official returned in a few moments, and reported to his lady, that a poor woman, who had somehow obtained admission into the hall, was most urgent to see Her Grace, and would not go away, although repulsed by the attendants.

"Let her remain," said the Duchess, "I will speak to her presently." And rising from table, she retired with the ladies.

"Show the poor woman up," said the Duchess, as soon as she and her guests had reached the drawing-room.

There was a brief delay, and then were ushered into the splendid apartment, a decent-looking, though poorly-dressed woman, and two children.

They paused, awe-struck, at the door, and the Duchess advanced towards them, with a kindly smile.

"Oh, mother," whispered Sally, "that's the very lady that bought the shrimps."

"And that gave us the two shillings," added her brother.

"Oh, your ladyship—your Grace," said Mrs. Jones, "I couldn't rest satisfied to-night, without knowing whether it was you that came, like an angel, and left us all the fine provisions in our cabin. Mr. Brown's boy Bill, told me it was your Grace that bought 'em, and settled 'em all with your own hands; but, indeed, I could scarce believe him, only for the children knowing you now."

The Duchess laughed heartily at the amazement of her noble guests.

"I hope the leg of mutton was a good one, Mrs. Jones?" she said. "I assure you, ladies, 'tis not the first time I have bought and boiled one—it was not often that poor Harriet Mellon could boast of having anything so good for dinner. But, Mrs. Jones," she continued, "I have made many inquiries about you, and have heard a satisfactory account of both you and your children. Come to me to-morrow, and I will do something for you, which you will like as well as even Mr. Brown's leg of mutton."

Then cutting short the poor widow's almost incoherent thanks and blessings, the Duchess dismissed her, and spent the remainder of the evening in gay conversation with her guests.

True to her promise, on the following day, she made arrangements for placing Tom and Sally at respectable schools, and provided amply for their mother's comfort. The boy and girl are now grown up: they are both extremely well-conducted, and in the way of earning a respectable livelihood.

Fervently and gratefully do they bless the memory of their benefactress—the generous and eccentric Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans.

I will relate another anecdote of this remarkable personage, which places her frankness and honesty of character in a striking point of view.

A grand *déjeûner* and *fête champêtre* was given at their suburban villa, by the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, to the *élite* of their London friends.

A magnificent repast was laid out in tents: exquisite music, and every means of recreation were provided for the guests, who wandered at pleasure through the beautiful grounds. A gay party, composed of some of the noblest in the land, came to seek their hostess. Considerably to their amusement, they found her standing near the principal refreshment marquee, engaged in, apparently, a most engrossing *tête-a-tête* with a very singular figure. This was a little mean-looking, withered old man, dressed after a most antiquated fashion, in a snuff-coloured coat, knee-breeches, and large silver buckles in his square-toed shoes. The Duchess laid her plump hand on his shoulder, and gently pushed him towards the tent. "Now, go in there, my dear Sir," she said, "and make yourself quite at home. I know, of old, you don't like the attendance of those saucy liveried lacqueys, so I have just seen myself that all your favourite dishes, and everything you can want, have been placed within your reach at the upper end of the table, and have ordered the servants to withdraw; so now like a dear good man come in, and lunch as you used to do with us long ago in the dear old city. I'll just look myself that you have got everything." Then kindly drawing the old man into the marquee, the Duchess seated him in the place of honour, and left him, saying: "Now, dear Sir, when you have done, be sure you come and find me. I have a thousand things to talk to you about."

As she turned to leave the tent, she found herself surrounded by the noble guests who were seeking her.

After the usual salutations had been exchanged, Lord L. addressed the Duchess, with a smile.

"May I inquire," said he, "the style and title of your Grace's friend? He is really quite a distinguished looking gentleman."

"Yes, my Lord," said the Duchess, with dignity, "he *is* distinguished, and highly so, for integrity and benevolence. He is head clerk in the bank of my late husband, Mr. Coutts, and was deservedly esteemed by him, as the chief builder-up of his fortune. While ever I possess a house, he shall be welcomed in it as a dear and honoured guest; nor shall I regard any person who may think proper to despise his humble appearance. But for his honest and strenuous exertions, I should not be where I am to-day; nor yet honoured, my Lord, with your valuable acquaintance."

MRS. DUMPLE'S COOKING SCHOOL.

BY SILVERPEN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

HAVING once broached the idea of cooking schools, and enlisted in their behalf the warm sympathies and admirable knowledge of Margery Dumple, Alderman Rudberry lost no time in debate as to their utility, or the possibility of their being brought into existence like any other of the forms of industrial education. He therefore sought out the promoters of such ragged schools, as lay within a reasonable distance of the Dolphin, and which conducted on the industrial principle, retained the majority of their scholars through the mid-day hours. From these he learnt, as if by one assent, how valuable would be a supply of plain, wholesome, well-cooked food to their several schools; the two main difficulties against supplying destitute children with a *self-earned* mid-day meal having hitherto been rather the expense of cooking, and the want of needful premises, than the prime cost of the food itself; for there were scores of honest citizens, wealthy salesmen, and butchers of the great markets, and dock merchants, down to the thrifty shopkeepers of the surrounding streets, who would willingly give kindly gifts of meat, rice, and vegetables; what was further wanting was a capable and willing hand to superintend, and to teach the change of these materials into savoury soups, Irish stews, and good plain puddings, and through such teaching, rear the hard-working mechanic a thrifty wife, and bless the citizen with a household treasure, that besides setting on her cap jauntily, and having a silk gown and a parasol in her box for Sundays, could roast a leg of mutton brown and with gravy, and boil a dish of potatos, with a reasonable hope that when arrived at table, they should neither be mistaken for roasted chestnuts nor for stones. It was therefore arranged in the first instance with two schools, that at sixpence a head for a week of five days, such sixpence to be strictly the product of the children's own earnings, there should be supplied a daily meal of such savoury but plain dishes, as in honest Margery Dumple's judgment were advisable as well as practicable.

Next came the scholars, for as Mrs. Dumple justly reasoned, it would not, in the first instance at least, do to take girls thoroughly untrained. Alderman Rudberry therefore made the city charity schools his chief places of selection, where girls in blue, or green, or brown gowns, white tippets, mob caps, and bare arms, had been duly taught their samplers and their catechisms by a prim mistress, and their curtseys and their walking order by a cocked-hat-beadle, full of reverence for the parson but of contempt for the clerk, and his psalmody. As well he might make choice within such rigid bounds of irrefragable orthodoxy, for none gave so many Easter buns, or so much Christmas pudding, or begged Mayday holidays, or went so far as to bribe with a silk gown the rigid protestantism of strict mistresses, to go beyond the facts of Jonah's whale, or Aaron's rod, to some little matters of geography and history, as did Alderman Rudberry; and therefore as he went up and down the several schools, selecting eight towards the first twelve scholars Mrs. Dumple was to undertake, he little knew what mingled hope and fear quickened the ruddy current of many a heart hidden beneath the trim quaintness of bygone days. For the selection too which he made, the alderman, bachelor as he was, might have been taking lessons for a fair portion of his life, from portraits of a Sir Joshua of the past, or a Watson Gordon of the present, so inimitably did he pick out the sweet faces from the multiplicity of prim caps that passed in review before him: but there I think Alderman Rudberry was exactly of my opinion, that beauty has usually a connection with truth, let people say what they will. Be this as it may, most certain it is that when the eight stood forth in their first interview with Mrs. Dumple, in the alderman's parlour, never since pious citizens first made pious bequests for the furtherance of parish learning, did eight sweeter faces glance from their quaint framing of band and frill. Their names were as follows:—

Anna Hillman.	Mary Aston.
Grace Lawrance.	Alice Taylor.
Julia Bunyan.	Barbara Longmark.
Rose Clarkvoice.	Jessie Hayler.

And when to these were added the two daughters of two of the alderman's Spitalfield weavers, and the little god-daughter of a poor brother of the Charter House; there were three more, thus named:—

Henriette Bonccœur. Ursula Penn.
Nelly Chester.

Making eleven scholars, and leaving to Mrs. Dumple's choice one vacancy; which for the present was all she desired.

The third, and hardest thing of all, was the Dolphin itself, for not only was there his spreading tail and his once-gilded fins to take into consideration, but the four maid servants, and Tummus into the bargain. However, most things went on pretty smoothly till the appointed morning, when the worthy Alderman arrived with a surveyor, in order to look over the Dolphin premises, with a view to such alterations as were needful; it being one of

Margery's provisos, that her own immediate dwelling should remain the same, and that the cooking kitchen, or kitchens, should be formed out of Tummus's particular region—the stables. He there found those of the Dolphin in great consternation, for Tummus having been taken ill the over night, with what Becky gave her opinion was "quinsy, as he couldn't speak," was now confined to his chamber, whilst Margery and Cis, her cook, were gravely closeted in the before-mentioned little parlour in deep discussion as to a series of domestic remedies. However, when the worthy Alderman had somewhat consoled Mrs. Dumple, she consented to put on her hood and clogs, and step with him and the surveyor across the yard, to the great range of stables, the largest of which, according to one of Tummus's mighty boasts, heard often and far beyond the Dolphin's bounds, "had held two hundred 'osses with only the inconvenience o' th' fat man in the crowd, ven he vos a lee-tle hot," but which when reached was locked, and no key could be found. As it was natural to suppose that Tummus held it in possession, Becky was dispatched to his domicile above one of the stables, but soon returned without it, "poor Tummus, shaking his head, missis," said Becky, "to say of course there isn't one." But the good Alderman, a little more versed in Tummus's whimsicalities, than Becky or Mrs. Dumple, repaired in person to an adjoining stable of somewhat reasonable dimensions, mounted a sort of ladder, and entered the chamber, which, time out of mind, had been dedicated to the especial service of the head hostler of the Dolphin. It having now been so long the peculiar domicile of Tummus, and a place wherein his innocent eccentricities had had full play, Alderman Rudberry was not at all surprised to find it what it was, or that Tummus, among other things, having long ago dismissed a stump bedstead, had formed himself a nightly couch within the body of a roomy post-chaise, which somewhere about the days of Goldsmith, had been the pride and glory of the Southwark inn. Its front had been removed, and the wide old inside-seat lengthened out as to hold a comfortable bed formed of stage-coach cushions, whilst the clumsy doors, with their glass bull's-eye windows still hanging on either side, and the roof (as was the case with the sedans and coaches of a hundred or more years ago) still letting up and down, the whole formed, in the estimation of the Dolphin's hostler, "an uncommon convenient bed, which none o' the Dol'fin's four-posters, though clad in dimity or chintz, came anigh." Equally too in keeping were the ancient saddles, bridles, bits, whips, and other riding, and coaching gear, which hung around the walls, in a mode which would have warmed the heart of an antiquary of the turf. But let the rustiest bit and snaffle hang there in peace; for out of them the coming oyster sauce, and the Dumple Irish stew, human nature will show its tears and smiles!

"Tummus," spoke Alderman Rudberry gently, as he rapped his finger upon the top of the chaise, as if it were a snuff-box; "I'm sorry you're ill, and I will come and talk to you presently, but your mistress wants the key of the large stable."

At this, the top of the chaise was slightly heaved up, a night-cap was seen, and its tassel shook negatively.

"Well, well," spoke the Alderman, quite coolly, "I'm sorry for it, we must resort to the kitchen poker, that's all." So saying, the Alderman moved as if to retrace his steps. At this the chaise-top was deliberately raised up, more of the tassel, and then the night-cap itself was seen, then the most melancholy face of Tummus himself, as if in full reality he had now taken the decadence of the Dolphin to heart, then a large, old rusty key was thrust forth, and then once more the tassel shaking negatively, down plumped the top of the chaise, and a groan declared pathetically from within that the key of the Dolphin's citadel thus delivered up into the hands of the Moabites and Philistines, nothing was left for the ancient hostler to do but to shut himself up for ever in the post-chaise, and set out with it, then and there, on its journey of oblivion.

Alderman Rudberry made no reply, but descending with the key to where Mrs. Dumple and the surveyor waited, it was put in the lock, with difficulty turned in its rusty wards (for the stable had not been opened for at least two years), the door pushed open, when a scene presented itself which fully astonished both the old landlady and her friends. Every stall in this vast stable was a mushroom bed, and though it was evident that since the stable had been shut, crop after crop had sprung up and perished, still was the floor, the rotten litter, even the disused stalls, white as a sheet with what had sprung and grown like a gourd in the night. Nor was this vegetation the mere coarse fungi, common to damp and confined places, but the edible flesh-coloured champignon of the mushroom tribe, which is raised in hotbeds for the London markets.* When their astonishment was somewhat abated, and Becky and Cis been called to view the prodigy, the Alderman and the surveyor crossed to the further end, and thrusting back a rude wooden shutter, found that it looked out on to a large plot of ground, totally disused, and only covered with the rubbish of fallen bricks, rusty iron, and old wood, whilst a few docks and nettles, grew rankly here and there as in a city grave-yard.

"What place is this?" asked the Alderman, turning round to the hooded old landlady.

"Why, belonging to the Dolphin; it was in my poor Jonathan's days used as an extra yard for country carts and waggons, when the inn was over full. But now it has not been used for many years; I thought, however, that trade might thrive again, and so I've never liked to let or sell it, though often offered large sums of money. We are all given to hope, Mr. Rudberry."

"Yes, of those things that have the seeds of vitality in them, but not of those which are utterly perished. And to hope to keep this old inn to its old use, is to attempt to rock a full grown man in the cradle of his babyhood. No, no, my dear Margery—nor is there any cause for sorrow that it is not so, for on the graves of the men of yesterday rise the homes of the generations of to-day. That it is so, is nature's greatest law, and therefore it is for us to sow, and tend, and harvest, in accordance. But," he continued thoughtfully, in a few minutes, and still with his arm resting on the dusty rotten shutter ledge; "you must let me buy or hire this bit of land, Margery, for if the cooking school prosper, I may make an important use of it." As he said this, Alderman Rudberry smiled, and then turned to business with his friend.

The premises were found to be of enormous extent, and covering a space of ground, which, for London, was marvellous. Stables, one after another, coach-houses, granaries, waggon-sheds, all of which, at a comparatively trifling cost, were convertible into kitchens, store-rooms, sculleries, and bedchambers above. After this thorough survey, the Alderman and his friend adjourned to one of the Dolphin's fairest rooms, and there, after a savoury luncheon, presided over by the dear old landlady, proceeded again to business, which was not finished till a late hour.

That evening, somewhere about nine, as Margery was thoughtfully sipping her accustomed glass of negus, Becky bore in a message, that Tummus having risen and

* A fact; many of the great stables on the northern roads, which in the days of coaching glory accommodated a daily average of from two to three hundred horses, were, when first disused at the opening of the lines of railways, thus converted by a process of nature into vast mushroom beds, which with little or no care or cost, supplied for a considerable time, this coveted luxury to the London markets.

crossed to the kitchen, respectfully begged to speak to her for a minute or two.

"By all means," said Mrs. Dumple, kindly, "let him come in, and make him a glass of negus, Becky, nicely hot, and with sugar and nutmeg."

In a minute the renowned hostler came respectfully in, looking with a more woful visage than the Dolphin had ever seen, and with such disregard to his ordinary attire, as to be enveloped in a coachman's old great coat, to which was added the warmth of a large scarlet comfortable.

"I am sorry you're ill, Thomas," said his mistress kindly, and with difficulty making him take the seat Becky had set, "but you must have the doctor, you'll soon get better then."

"I should, mum, if doctors could cure 'arts, but as they can't, I must be contented to go off slowly with wexation. For on course missis, fil-los-si-fer as I may be in some things, I can't see the Dol'fin a going to pieces in the fashion it will be, vithout coming to a stand still."

"But, my good Thomas," reasoned the surprised old gentlewoman, "you yourself told me how beneficial it would be, if poor girls were taught to cook. Why yourself spoke of the Irish stew, as if it were worth being remembered."

"Yes, mum, it's wery true, and I meaned vot I said; but it vos cooking taught in the Dol'fin kitchen, and in grates as has always bin grates, and not in stables turned into other things. I do regard you, missis, and the dear old place, ay, that I do; but ven I shall see bilers and saucepans instead o' 'osses, and hear a hissing and a frying instead o' them sounds as are come natural to me from long use, my 'art 'll go clean out o' me, missis,—I know it."

"Well, Thomas Brownsmith," began Mrs. Dumple, gravely—

"No, mum, my name's Dol-fin, if you please. Tummus Dol-fin"—

"I have humoured your whimsicalities," went on Mrs. Dumple, not appearing to heed this interruption, though scarce able to restrain her smiles, "I have done my honest duty by you as a mistress; if, therefore, you cannot be contented with circumstances, which I, in my old age, cheerfully and willingly submit to"——

"But, mum," interrupted and argued Tummus—"*You* 'll have the Dol'fin rooms, the Dol'fin stairs, and all the Dol'fin things jist about you as you've bin used to for so long; vhilst as is natural, the minnit von old stable goes there'll be another, and the place as has bin so long mine, the chist-lid where I've scored my reckonings, the chist itself vere my best vaistcoats and shirts are, that old precious Dol'fin chaise, in vich I'd hoped by-and-by to shut down the vindecs, and go my last journey in; the bits, the vhips, the snaffles, and dear old master's saddle, all must go, missis—all must go; and so, missis, though I *can* bear a deal, I shan't be able ven it comes to *that*."

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Dumple, energetically, as she rose and hastened quickly round the table towards her honest servant. "I mean no such thing—indeed I don't, my good Thomas; Cis and Becky know it; indeed they do. For it was only this very morning that I said, over and over again, to our good friend Mr. Rudberry, whatever else is changed or altered, Thomas *must* have his old room, and the stable beneath left untouched. For, besides that he has gathered about him many things of the old inn's better days, poor Mope the owl, is used to the old cage beside the window, and the old goat, Billy, would miss the rack and manger he has been so long used to. No, Thomas, this *is* what I said, and this is the first time Margery Dumple's servants have done her honest care for them an injustice." So saying, the old gentlewoman settled down into the nearest chair, and sobbed in the wounded tenderness of her pitying soul. It was not often she shed tears, but these were real ones.

"Mrs. Dumple, mum, missis, dear missis," began the contrite and repentant hostler; "jist lift your head, and take your face out o' yer han-ker-cher, or those tears 'll quite finish me off, and I'll shall be doing sum-fen desperate with a razor. I am unfeel'in, I am a monster, I am unjust, I know it, mum, I know it, for the Dol'fin lives in the very middle o' my 'art, and I can't help be'in tender on these here pints. But all 's right now, mum, and a little o' yer gruel 'll set me straight agin; for only leave me jist enough o' th' old place, as may give me at times a wision o' th' old Dol'fin in its pride, and I'll peel ta'ters and onions, stir saucepans, and turn roasts, and even put on an apron if you vish it; anything, mum, so the Dol'fin don't quite svim away and be heard of no more by them as has known him so long."

So restraining her tears, wiping her eyes, and forgiving her honest servant, Mrs. Dumple rang for the nicely sugared and nutmegged negus, and harmony was restored, Tummus declaring, as he made his departing bow, "that the morning's sun 'd shine on him a renowated cretur."

As the Alderman was a thorough man of business, and like a good chronometer, never lost a fraction of time, the great Dolphin yard in Southwark was soon filled with bricklayers and carpenters, and at the end of two months from the day of commencement, the great stable was turned into an admirable kitchen, duly fitted with steam-boilers and ovens for cooking, on a large scale; and an adjacent stable, of smaller dimensions, into another kitchen, neatly fitted up with tables and dressers, and with twelve small kitchen ranges, fixed separately at intervals in one long wall. One large waggon-shed was turned into a larder, another into a store-house for vegetables, whilst formed out of other portions of the buildings were pantries, closets, and a scullery; above these, one of the ancient granaries was converted into a dormitory. The area of the yard itself was turned up, rolled, and gravelled, the pump and old watering-troughs removed, and in place of these a plot of turf laid down.

During this time Mrs. Dumple had not been idle. In the first place, divers sorts of spices had been pounded, sifted, and nicely placed in very clean and labelled bottles, as were also certain herbs, such as mint, thyme, sage, and sweet savoury. Then an old city warehouse had been visited, and rolls of blue and purple print for gowns, linen for cooking-aprons and towels, and muslin for caps bought and sent in; and when Becky had been duly to the several schools, to the miserable homes in Spital-fields, and to the quaint room of the poor brother of the Charter House, with whom the little god-daughter took tea that afternoon, and had made sure of the measure of the eleven coming scholars, Mrs. Dumple and her maids set to work, cut out and sewed, and neatly marked and numbered small caps, frocks, and aprons, in which, seeing that order and propriety are an absolute and necessary portion of all social lessons, due instruction in the civilizing art of cookery was to be taken.

On the appointed evening, therefore, when, as Tummus said, "the Dol'fin had fairly put on his vhite apron," the eleven scholars came, and were duly received by Mrs. Dumple, in her own private parlour close to the bar, where, after each had received a welcoming glass of the Dolphin ginger-wine (which, according to Tummus, "was fit to put life in a dead man") and a slice of Cis's plum cake, Mrs. Dumple folded her cambric handkerchief on her knee, and made the following little speech, Tummus and the four maids being permitted to be auditors:—

"My dear Girls,

"You are come hither to learn of me, who have had much experience in these matters, one of the most useful, yet strange to say, most neglected things in domestic life—PLAIN COOKERY. ('Hear, hear,' from Tummus, and

'hush,' from Mrs. Dumple.) I want to instruct you in nicely roasting a small joint of meat, so as not to serve it with a spoonful of hot water in the dish, but with a nice proportion of good, thick, rich, savoury gravy; I also shall teach you how to boil potatos, so that they be mealy and well done; also to make mutton broth, Irish stew, good melted butter, and plain rice-pudding; and perhaps to these I shall add some general information on domestic economy and management. I therefore hope, my good girls, that you will be attentive, steady, cleanly, honest, frugal, and industrious. In that case you will not only reap much advantage, but, when fully competent, be able to take good places of all-work, or return to bless your parents' homes. But my exertions, or those of Alderman Rudberry, will depend entirely upon your individual conduct."

After this address, and the scholars' dutiful promises, they retired to the Dolphin's ancient kitchen, supped, and then Mrs. Dumple went in and read prayers, after which they retired to the new dormitory, where, in due time, the fine old lady followed, pressed the head of each upon its pillow, and audibly prayed God to bless her honest, though humble labours, as He will—dear, merciful Margery Dumple,—for any form or approximation to truth is His. The infinitesimal point obeys the same laws as the sun which moves in majesty and splendour through the universe.

For the first fortnight the eleven scholars were duly instructed by the four old women-servants in doing household duties, such as bed-making, chamber-sweeping, grate-polishing, and washing, ironing, and the care of furniture and linen. At the end of that time, the great kitchen being entirely ready, Mrs. Dumple gave her first lesson. It was Monday morning, ten o'clock precisely, the steam flowed round the great stew-pan, the onions and the potatos were peeled, when Mrs. Dumple, in a plain chintz gown of lilac colour, a neat unadorned cap, and a Holland apron, the hue of snow, crossed to the new kitchen. There seated in an easy-chair, a little table before her, and a wide dresser round her, so as to form three sides of a square, and the girls duly standing in their neat attire, five on one side and six on the other, she thus began:—

Irish Stew.

Remove the potatos to one side of the dresser, and the onions to the other, and then six slice the potatos and five the onions, into nice even slices (a potato on a plate was brought to Mrs. Dumple, and she showed how). Now remove the sliced potatos by degrees to the largest cullender, and nicely rince, after them, the onions—(this was done). Now, five or six girls go to the larder, and fetch the twelve necks and six breasts of mutton, with which Mr. Whiteman, of Newgate market, has so kindly furnished us, and then, attending to the mode in which Cicely, my cook, will remove the superfluous fat, and nicely cut up one breast and one neck, follow her example. Whilst four or five are doing thus, let two attend to the stew-pan. (Mrs. Dumple was obeyed, and this preparation of the meat being duly in progress, she turned her attention to the two girls now at the stew-pan.) Now, Rose Clarkvoice and Jessie Hayler, pour in the bottom of the pan half a pint of water; now place nicely in a close layer of the fattest meat, now sprinkle over the tin measure, marked number two, full of salt, and number four, full of pepper; now a close layer of the sliced potatos, next an equal one of the sliced onions; now half the same quantity of pepper and salt, and again meat, seasoning, potatos and onions. With a little of Cis's superintendence this was all accurately and nicely accomplished, and the immense stew-pan being full, one pint of water was poured over all, the lid of the stew-pan pressed tightly down, and Tummus, who had taken upon himself this portion of the duty, was called in to turn on the steam, which he did with as an immense amount of hissing force as if he were rubbing down the mighty steed of an Alexander, or a Nimrod of Brobdignag.

"And now girls," spoke Mrs. Dumple, as she produced her ancient pinchbecked watch from her side-pocket, and without which (the gift of Jonathan on her wedding-day) she would not have risked the accurate roasting of a sparrow, "it is just precisely a quarter to eleven—at half-past twelve the stew will be done—and will not require to be touched till the lid be permanently raised,—though, if the stew were in a saucepan over an ordinary fire, two things would have to be particularly observed—it must be stewed slowly, and on no account allowed to boil, whilst it might want an occasional stir: though the great art of cooking this excellent dish is, that by close covering the savoury aroma is kept in. And so, girls, as there is leisure, clear neatly away, and put some plates into the steam-closet to warm, as Alderman Rudberry, Mr. Whiteman, and the parish officers, are coming to taste the stew at half-past twelve o'clock precisely."

And certainly half an hour before that time, such a splendid, savoury, life-giving aroma began to flow up, and down, and around the ancient Dolphin at the gateway, that passers-by stopped to ask what it was; for, as Tummus said, "it operated like galwanism."

But of the stew itself, and of the human pity and the human good which flowed out from its tasting, I must speak next week.

AUNT MARGARET'S WEDDING RING.

It was a quiet still evening, in the summer of 184—, when the light was growing too faint to mark the shadows of the noble trees which stood close to the gate of a pretty rustic villa, in one of the midland counties of England; and all nature seemed sinking in the still, quiet repose, which hovered in the waning twilight; that Mrs. Sumner and her two daughters, Rose and Margaret, were sitting in a small comfortably furnished room, with folding doors opening upon a green lawn, which with its gravel walk in the centre, and flower beds upon its edges, reached to the roadside. They were enjoying the light refreshing breeze, which, after a burning day, wafted around them the odours of the pinks and roses in the parterres, and the sweet-scented jasmine and clematis which climbed emulously over the latticed porch. It seemed as though the closing flowers, conscious that the coming night would hide their beauties from the sight, were anxious to gratify another sense, by the rich perfume which rose up like incense from the altar of nature.

Mrs. Sumner wore a widow's cap, and a dark gown, which told at once that that tie had been broken, which only death can dissolve; but, the gayer coloured dresses of her daughters showed that the bereavement which she had suffered was not of recent date—an inference which was confirmed by a glance at her face. In her youth she had been a beautiful blonde, and now on the shady side of forty, time had dealt so lightly with her, that she was still attractive. It may be indeed, that the subdued light was favourable to her appearance, and concealed some of those traces which passing years will leave, even on those whom the troubles of the world press most lightly. There was, however, no grief to be discovered in her features, although one might fancy its marks had been there, and given place to that quiet motherly solicitude—just tinged with a shade of melancholy, which seemed to be their prevailing expression. This seemed to be deepened, as sitting in her easy chair with her fingers between the leaves of the book, which she had closed as the light waned, she threw now and then a watchful, half-anxious glance at Rose, the eldest girl, who was reclining moodily upon a couch, deeply absorbed in her own thoughts.

Margaret, the younger daughter, a girl about fifteen, with the lightness of childhood dancing in her eye, and the staidness of coming womanhood in her attitude and deportment, had pushed aside her embroidery frame, and was playing with a pet spaniel, whose gambols showed his delight at the notice bestowed upon him by his youthful mistress. She was the image of what her mother might have been at her age, with her light flaxen ringlets, and full liquid blue eyes, speaking more of tenderness than intellect, and her small slim fairy-like figure. She too seemed to share her mother's anxiety respecting her sister Rose, and occasionally ceasing her play with the dog, looked half timidly towards the couch.

Rose, as you might see when she stood up, as she at length did, while something like a sigh came from her lips, was a very different person from her sister. Some four or five years older, she was far more womanly in appearance, and in her full, tall, but exquisitely moulded figure, brilliant complexion, dark sweeping curls, and keen black eye, you could not detect the faintest resemblance to her quiet mother.

She was very beautiful, it is true, and it needed not a second look to assure you that the white forehead, so broad for a woman, marked the possession of considerable intellectual power; but, the first look told too that an imperious pride was a prominent feature of her character. In truth, those who knew the family were perfectly aware that Rose Sumner, young as she was, was not only her own mistress, but the mistress of the whole household. Losing her father while yet a child, her high intellect and strong will soon gained an unlimited ascendancy over the by no means powerful mind, and yielding temper of her mother, who, proud of her daughter's abilities and beauty, and loving her with all a mother's tenderness, could not exert sufficient firmness to control that higher nature which so much needed governance; and as for Margaret, she was always considered as a mere child, and seemed perfectly contented to be thought so. She considered her sister as the most gifted and beautiful of human beings, and was only too happy to submit to her whims, and to be the slave of her caprices, to think of repining.

Indeed, she treated Rose much as a reverential and tender daughter might be expected to treat a fond, but, somewhat exacting parent; while upon her mother she lavished all that simple girlish confidence which usually subsists between sisters. If she could have analyzed her own feelings, which she never thought of doing, she would have found that while she felt admiration with a little fear for Rose, she loved her mother almost like a sister.

Independent of the sigh we have noticed, there was a dark shade of discontent, disappointment, and anger, upon Rose's fine haughty face, which told that something had occurred to ruffle her temper, and accounted for the glances her mother and sister had bestowed upon her; but, she was not in the habit of sharing her griefs with them, and so great was the distance between the relatives who all fondly loved each other, that neither Mrs. Sumner nor Margaret liked to ask her the cause of her depression.

The fact was, that Rose had an hour before left the cottage, in company with John Wilde, the son of a neighbouring gentleman. John was a fine, handsome, spirited young fellow, the heir to an ample property, and Rose and he had been for some months betrothed with the consent of both their friends. They had been playmates together, wandering hand-in-hand happily through the lanes and verdant fields, and romping in doors; and as they passed to womanhood and manhood, their childish affection deepened into a warm love for each other. When Rose was sixteen, and John eighteen, Rose was more a woman than John was a man, and had a more decided mind, for the female character ripens and matures much more rapidly than that of the sterner sex. She then ruled her lover as she had before controlled the generous, careless boy who strayed so devotedly by her side, and sat at her feet wreathing chains of primroses and daisies for her, which she wore as proudly as a little queen; but two or three succeeding years made a great change in their relative positions. John had passed through his boyhood and youth, and had completed his education at Cambridge, and had grown up into a well informed, earnest, determined man, with enthusiastic views and high ambitions for the future. His boyish generosity and good temper remained as unclouded as ever, but with his ripening intellect and widening knowledge, and deeper thought, had come a cool spirit of calculation and self control, a sense of dignity developed itself, and with that too a small tinge of pride which, after all, was at the bottom of his character. He still loved Rose dearly, and admired her beauty, and appreciated her talents more deeply than ever, but the first thing that struck him unpleasantly, and cast a shadow of doubt over the till then unclouded sunshine of his affection was, the position which Rose held in her own home, and the uncontested domination she exercised over her mother and sister.

When a lover begins to think his affection for his mistress is often in danger, it is taking the bandage off Cupid, letting the bright daylight into the room darkened for the exhibition of dissolving views, or looking through a telescope, and finding that the hills which look so smooth in the distance, are really barren and rugged. By the quiet light of thought, the lover often sees faults and imperfections to which the glare of passion blinds him, and so John Wilde thought he found that Rose —his Rose—not only ruled her mother and sister, but him; that she had always ruled him, as the little queen wearing the boy's flower wreaths—as the budding woman coquetting with the youth—as the betrothed, making her future husband the slave of her will—and would she rule him as a wife? that was the question. John's love said no! but his intellect said yes; and his growing pride burned in his cheek at the thought, and told him that he must be the head of his own house. John had begun to think, and by its light the glow of feeling seemed to wane, just as a powerful jet of artificial light grows faint in the sunbeam.

Perhaps his love for Rose was like Margaret's for her sister, (but without its womanly fear and consciousness of inferiority of will and intellect,) rather a love of admiration than a confiding tenderness.

At all events, and that was the result of John Wilde's meditations upon this unpleasant topic, he would not be too hasty or unjust. He was too tender and too generous, and (fatal quality) too proud too for that. Rose's and his love had been a long one, it was not to be broken off lightly or in a moment. All the county looked upon her as his future bride, and he must not, without just cause, expose her to the tittle-tattle and scandal of the gossips. Besides, a twinge of conscience told him that he ought to have known all this before. Well, he would wait and be patient, he would observe her still more narrowly, he might be mistaken, and if he was not, then he would remonstrate with her. So said his heart—remonstrate with the wind! said his head.

He followed his heart's promptings, but could not blind himself to the fact that Rose was a domestic tyrant. How unpleasant that watching was—how chilling the want of confidence it bred—how irksome the restraint he felt himself under. Rose, with her keen perception, soon saw there was something unusual, and inquired its cause, and when her lover was unwilling to tell her, insisted upon knowing, and soon showed such an amount of spirit and determination as gave John the opportunity he had promised himself to wait patiently for. And when he told her the fears which agitated his heart and darkened his future hopes of happiness with her, her rage

knew no narrow bounds. The curb had come too late, she had become so habituated to command that she had never thought of submitting, and she thought her lover owed her a more unconditional obedience than her submissive mother and sister paid to her. She was proud and rash, and John firm and determined, and a little proud too, and the lovers parted, for the first time in anger.

That was an unhappy night for Rose—in the silence of her chamber, for Margaret slept with her mother, the proud beauty bitterly reviewed the events of the day, and saw for the first time, that she was treating the man just as she had treated the boy, and became aware what a change had taken place in the character of him with whom her future lot was cast. She felt too how deeply she loved him, all the more deeply for the new phase of character he had displayed to her. Her pride told her that her husband must be capable of taking a dignified position in society—that he must have the qualities to rule others while he submitted to her. She did not dream of a separation, to lose him would have been madness then, but the thought never entered her mind. Her love had grown up with her, and become part of herself; it was not a passion, it was an instinct. The storm would pass over, and John Wilde be at her feet again.

And how felt John that night? He had been enchained too long to be free. His temper soon cooled down and he was sorry for what had passed, but he felt that he was right, and against his reason hoped that Rose would see her fault and amend it. He would wait.

After a day's absence, the lovers met again, and mutually refrained from adverting to what had passed. For some weeks Rose, controlling her haughty spirit with difficulty, was more guarded, gentle and yielding, and the mother and sister felt as though they had been drawn closer to her, and John was more attentive and tender than ever, but pride had become too constant an inhabitant of Rose's fair bosom to be ejected so easily, it required deep, heartfelt suffering to make her humble, and before long the vice broke out again like a partially smothered fire, with more intensity than ever.

From this time the quarrels of the affianced pair became frequent and more violent, and that very night John and Rose had parted for ever. That it was which clouded her beautiful face, her pride repressed all other sign of emotion, for while she felt that his love for her had gradually faded into cold friendship, her love for him was as warm—warmer than ever. Her mother and sister suspected that a quarrel had happened, but forebore to ask how far it had gone, and did not imagine that a serious separation had taken place.

We left the ladies in the quiet parlour while we stepped aside to narrate these particulars. Neither of them had spoken, there was a visible restraint over the whole party. Suddenly the gate creaked upon its hinges, and the girlish Margaret bounded out upon the lawn, crying "Here is Aunt Margaret!" and in another minute the niece and the aunt, with their arms intertwined, laughingly entered the room.

We must introduce Miss Margaret Sumner—"Aunt Margaret," the only sister of Mr. Sumner's deceased husband, to the reader. She was on a visit to her sister-in-law, but had been spending that afternoon at the house of a neighbouring friend. As she took the shawl from her tall, commanding figure, and removed the bonnet from her luxuriant black hair, a striking resemblance to her niece Rose was apparent. She was twelve or thirteen years older, and still a beautiful woman, though there was a deep, quiet sadness in her look and the tone of her voice, which told of trouble past, and that trouble too had perhaps banished every token of haughtiness from a face to the full as well calculated to express it as that of Rose.

Margaret was her aunt's favourite. The tender gentleness of the younger girl won upon her heart, and while Rose was perhaps more humble to "Aunt Margaret" than to any one else, Miss Sumner often thought, sadly enough, how likely her niece's diposition was to cloud her future destiny. She had determined to speak to her on the subject, and warn her of her danger, a resolve which was strengthened when she saw Rose's frowning brow, and when Margaret whispered to her that she was afraid Rose and John had quarrelled again.

As Miss Sumner was thinking thus, Margaret, who held her aunt's hand affectionately, said, "Dear Aunt, I have often wondered why you wear a wedding ring. You were never married."

There was still enough light to see that a deeper melancholy stole across Aunt Margaret's countenance at this remark, and the gentle Mrs. Sumner quickly said "Margaret, love, come to me," and when her daughter approached, whispered "that is a sorrowful tale—don't mention it again."

But aunt Margaret, though deeply pained by the allusion of her favourite niece to the wedding ring which circled her finger, was a woman of great strength of mind, and she hushed the feelings and memories of old sorrows which were rising in her bosom, because she perceived that, at the expense of some bitterness, she had an opportunity of administering, by way of example rather than precept, to her proud niece Rose, that reproof she had contemplated! So raising her head, which had fallen upon her bosom, and chasing away with a faint and sad, but tender smile, the cloud that shaded her handsome face, she said, without making any reference to Rose, who had seated herself upon the couch, and with her small foot was pettishly and restlessly tracing the pattern of the carpet:—

"Margaret, I will tell you a true story about this wedding ring, and then you will no longer wonder why I wear it without having been married, and you will see too why I never shall be married." Her voice lowered as she continued:—"it is a sad, melancholy tale, seldom absent from my memory, of faults of my own which have embittered all my existence, and my heart will bleed afresh, while I recall the circumstances, but it may be a useful lesson to you, and teach you to shun that pride and impatience of contradiction which has caused me so much misery."

Rose started, ceased tracing the pattern with her foot, and fixed her eyes upon her aunt, and Margaret, seated upon a cushion at the speaker's feet, looked up gaily and half incredulous, saying, "Pride and impatience, Aunt Margaret, you proud, why we all know how gentle and kind you are."

"Pretty little flatterer," said the aunt, smoothing down the curling hair of her favourite, "you would persuade me I dare say that I am an angel; but I am very different from what I was," and with true womanly feeling she sighed as she glanced at the darkening mirror upon the wall, "much changed, but I hope and believe for the better. I have had a sore trial, but perhaps sorrow has done for me what pleasure never would—humbled my pride and made me more tolerant of the feelings of others. Listen, Margaret, while I tell you how it happened."

And the gentle Margaret did listen with earnestness, and the proud Rose too, with more interest than she would have liked to acknowledge to herself (for the small voice within is often too still to awake a conscious attention), while her aunt went on.

"Twelve or thirteen years since I had the reputation of being a beauty, and I believe not unjustly, for I know I was very much like my brother, your poor father, Margaret, whom you do not remember, and he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. We were the only children of a rich family, and I, for your father had been some years married, was thoroughly petted and indulged, perhaps spoiled. I was never contradicted, and with a

heart as yet untouched, was as happy as the gratification of my every wish could make me, but that was not to last long. Adjoining our estate was that of the Waldrons, an ancient and wealthy family, with the members of which we were on terms of friendship. Mr. Waldron had an only son—Henry Waldron, who was some six or seven years older than myself, and of whom I had not seen much, for while I was still a child, he had entered the army and seldom visited our neighbourhood.

"When very young, he had married, it was said in obedience to his father's wishes, a wealthy heiress, who left him a widower within a few months of their marriage, and at the time I am speaking of, Captain Waldron's regiment was under orders for India, and he was paying a visit of a few weeks to his parents before leaving England.

"It was under these circumstances that we met, and at the parties and balls which welcomed him during his short stay, I often found myself in the society of the young widower, not altogether involuntarily, I think, for Henry Waldron was just the being to captivate a haughty, romantic girl like me. I had a far higher opinion then of bravery and power than I have now, and thought far less of gentleness and tenderness, and though he had high and noble qualities, and his deep voice could become as soft and musical as a woman's, it was his manly, sunburnt face, and fine commanding figure, and gallant bearing that first cast the spell over me.

"I soon found too that his look rested upon me oftener and more admiringly than upon any of my young friends, and that he sought opportunities to be near me, and pay me attentions which he did not bestow upon others, and when after a short interval of which you Margaret cannot yet appreciate, the hope, and fear, and joy, he became, with the consent of both our friends, my accepted suitor, I cannot tell you how happy I was.

"Both my love and my pride were gratified, for while I doted upon him, dreamt of him, lived for him, he humbled himself to my every whim, and caprice, and rendered me unyielding obedience. I, like a foolish girl, thought my power over him unbounded, and did not look deeply enough into character to see, that beneath all the lover's tenderness there was the strong will of a determined man, who was not likely to waver in his love, nor to give up a long cherished purpose.

"Our courtship was to have been a brief one. The day was already fixed for our wedding. Henry, devoted as he was to his profession, had in consequence of my wishes determined to leave it, and a house was engaged for our residence. All looked bright and joyful, too bright alas, to continue, for my pride and self-will cast a cloud over the prospect which—" and here Aunt Margaret's tears flowed freely, "shut out the sunshine of our happiness, sent him to an early death, and—made me what I am."

After a minute or two's pause, during which any one looking around might have seen that Margaret's face was bowed down and hidden by her curls, Mrs. Sumner's head turned away, and Rose's countenance buried in the cushions of the couch, Aunt Margaret resumed:—

"I had seen upon Henry's hand a wedding ring, this very ring I have. It was the only ornament he wore, and on my asking him, he told me that it had belonged to his deceased wife. I desired him to give it me, and for the first time in his life he gravely refused my request, saying that she had given it to him upon her death-bed, and that he had promised never to part with it. I was impatient of contradiction, and my pride was wounded to think that he preferred the memory of his former wife to me, so I said pettishly, 'You loved her better than you do me, Henry, or you would not refuse me that ring.'

"He answered, 'Margaret, I never loved any woman as I do you, but my promise to the dead was a sacred one, and I may not cannot break it. Do not ask me,—anything but that.'

"I replied in tears, that he could not have any affection for me, or he would not refuse; and growing more indignant, prompted by my evil genius, my pride said that now he was pledged to me, he had no right to think of another. More harsh words passed, not on his side but on mine, for though he was firm, he was affectionate, and remonstrated with me sorrowfully upon my caprice. I remember it now, but then I was blind to his affectionate bearing, and thought that his sadness was occasioned by his memory of the past, and not by my misconduct. That thought stung me still deeper, and I hardly know what I said. I was proud and passionate, and would not hear of reconciliation, and we parted that evening with, at least, one link of the chain that bound us together loosened.

"Oh! what bitterness of feeling kept me from sleeping that night. I was tossed with jealousy, and irritated with my lover for what I madly considered his faithlessness, but I did not think of parting with him. No, I could not have borne that. In my heart I loved him too well for the idea to enter. Still I had no thought of yielding or giving up my determination, it became more fixed in my mind, and I rashly resolved that with that very ring I would be married.

"The next evening Henry and I were to meet at a ball at a neighbouring mansion, and there my pride and anger still ruling me, I treated him as distantly as I could. I danced and laughed, and flirted with others on purpose to vex him, and I thought I had triumphed, when as I whirled past in the dance, I saw him leaning against a pillar with his brow knitted, and his eyes following my every movement. At last, tired out, I resumed my seat, got rid of the danglers, who, in my new character (for I was not a flirt) fluttered round me, and looked for Henry to escort me to the refreshment room. He saw the movement, and was at my side in a moment and I took his arm with a thrill of gratified pride, fancying that I had conquered.

"We neither of us spoke till he had attended to my wants, and then laying his hand—the hand on which glittered this ring, on mine, he said in a low, constrained, deep tone, which I never heard him use before, 'Margaret, why have you behaved so unkindly to me to night?'

"I pouted as I answered—'Because you have refused me that paltry ring.'

"'And,' said he, 'is it because I may not break a promise, which is as sacred as my promise to you, that you have been flirting and torturing me?'

"I blushed as I uttered the untruth, 'I do not know I have been flirting'—and laughed maliciously as I asked, 'are you jealous?'

"'No, I am not jealous; I can see that your spirits are assumed; but I can see, too, that you are bent upon making me unhappy, because I do that which I ought to do. Is this to last? Are you resolved to have this ring, or to drive me mad?'

"My heart answered 'no,' for I was awed by his tone, and would gladly have retracted, if I could without humbling myself; but my pride told me that I could not, and whispered to me that I had only to hold out a little longer and conquer; so, keeping up an appearance of firmness, I said, 'I shall do as I like, till you prove that you love me as you say you do, and I am determined that that ring shall be my wedding-ring.'

"He grew pale, and knitted his brows, and pressed his lips together more firmly than ever, and I trembled with fear and agitation, as I saw the working of the muscles about the mouth before he answered, in a voice marked with emotion—'That cannot be: it is your own choice: good-by,'—and left the room.

"How long I sat there I hardly know. I was recalled

from a painful reverie, which seemed like a sorrowful dream, by my mother, who came to seek for me, and who was surprised at my appearance, and not feeling fit to venture again into the ball-room, I begged her to take me home. I smothered my distress till I threw myself into a corner of the carriage, and then sobbed and cried convulsively, and it was not till after we reached home that I found self-control enough to confide my sorrow to my mother, who sought to soothe and comfort me, and advised me to be more careful for the future. Alas, the opportunity was gone. The sleepless night—the long, lingering morning hasted away with feverish anxiety, and about noon a servant of Mr. Waldron brought a note, addressed to 'Miss Margaret Sumner.' I tore it open with fearful haste, for I knew Henry's handwriting; but instead of comfort and hope, it brought me only despair. It was short and cold, and said in a few words, that he deeply regretted the past, but feeling that we could not be happy together—that we both had too much pride and determination—he had suddenly left home that morning to seek, amid other scenes, to forget that happiness he had looked forward to, and that we should never meet again. With it came a note from the elder Mr. Waldron—a hard, stern man—to my father, regretting that the projected alliance had been prevented by circumstances which Miss Sumner was aware of.

"My brain was on fire, and my heart throbbed as though it would burst; what followed I know not; for some weeks I was delirious, and when my reason returned, and the frightful memory of what had taken place flashed upon me, my frame almost sank in the conflict which followed. With some remains of my old habit of command, I insisted upon knowing the worst; and the future, which lately looked so sunny, became a dark, dreary desert to me, when I learnt that Henry Waldron had rejoined his regiment, and sailed for India.

"I will not try now to recall the agony of the few following months, but I became so weak that my father resolved to remove for change of scene, and for the best medical advice, to London. Here, tenderly and skilfully treated, and never suffered to be alone with my sorrowful recollection, I slowly recovered my strength, but I was no longer the merry, thoughtless, careless, proud girl I had become. I need not tell you, Margaret, what I had become, for you know me, and I have changed but little since.

"I heard but little of Henry for some time, for a coldness had sprung up between the families, and all I knew was that he was earning high distinction as a skilful and chivalrous soldier. That much I gleaned from the intelligence which, from time to time, came before the public. In the deepest recesses of my heart I had a hope that he would come back covered with honours, and that I might then humble myself to him, and be happy—for I felt that he had loved me. But, one morning, the the newspapers contained the account of a fearful battle, in which thousands were slain covered (so the writer said) with glory, for a great victory was the result. But what was the glory to me? The victory might have been a defeat—it was a final defeat to the hopes of at least one heart—for among the names of the slain was that of Henry Waldron.

"I will not attempt to describe my feelings; fortunately for you, you could not comprehend them. I felt as though I was his murderess. I knew that it was I who had sent him to the slaughter; that but for me, we might have been happy together, instead of me mourning his loss, and he lying beneath the burning sun of India, on the red battle-field, among heaps of slain, a mangled corpse, for birds and beasts of prey to devour. In my grief I raved and cursed myself, and those who caused wars, and those who talked of joy for victories, when they ought to put on mourning for the woes they occasioned: but when the first transport was over, worn out by its violence, I sank into a state of moping, apathetic idiotcy, from which I did not awake for months. At last my constitution triumphed, and I was restored to health, but it seems to me as though since then I had almost lost the capability for deep or violent emotion.

"It was, perhaps, more than a twelvemonth after that dreadful morning that, as I was sitting with my mother, a servant presented me with a card, saying a gentleman wished to see me. The inscription upon the card was 'Major Macdonald.' I went to the room where the stranger, a sunburnt man who had lost an arm, rose at my entrance. With some embarrassment, he presented me a small packet, saying that Henry Waldron, when he fell covered with wounds, had drawn the ring which it contained from his finger, and desired his comrade to convey it to me, and that, on his return to England, he had taken the earliest opportunity to find out my address, and call upon me to discharge his promise to his friend, in whose praises he was eloquent.

"Though I so well remember now what passed, I scarcely understood it then. It came upon me like a lightning-stroke, and my mind was for the moment paralyzed. I reached out my hand mechanically to receive the packet which was offered to me, but my mind refused to form a sentence, or my lips to utter a word. The Major saw, perhaps, in my face what was passing within, for he feelingly expressed his regret that his visit was one calculated to call up mournful feelings, and took his departure.

"Since that time, my dear girls, this ring has never left my finger. My proud prophecy was fulfilled. I said that it should be my wedding ring, and it was—it wedded me to his memory, and I shall never wear any other. Years have enabled me to look calmly, though sorrowfully, upon the past—to recognise my faults and pray for their amendment, and to acquire sufficient control to tell you my tale, in the hope that you will never suffer that pride and petulance which have blighted my hopes to throw their evil shadow over yours."

When Aunt Margaret had concluded, and dried her eyes with her handkerchief, the tears of Margaret and her gentle mother were flowing freely; but what of Rose, the proud, haughty Rose? She was sobbing, as though her heart would break, for she did not merely sympathize like her sister in her aunt's sorrows, but saw in the tale what might be her own fate, and before many minutes were over, she had confessed at once her faults, and her fears that they had estranged John Wilde from her for ever.

But Aunt Margaret was not only a judicious, tender adviser, but also a firm active friend, and the next morning she saw John Wilde, and though we do not know what passed between them, we do know that before many hours he was at the feet of the humbled, blushing, happy Rose, who now, thanks to Aunt Margaret's wedding ring, is a devoted wife and an affectionate mother.

The lesson may be worth learning to others besides Rose Sumner.

Notices of New Works.

Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics. By D. F. M'Carthy. Dublin: James McGlashan.

This is a volume of the miscellaneous productions of a poet of "young Ireland," consisting of original poems, ballads, and lyrics, national songs and translations from the French, Spanish, Italian, and German.

Some of the national songs made their first appearance through the newspaper organs of the young Ireland party, at the period when the whole of the European world was alive with political excitement and emotion, and the warm blood of the Celt was fevered by ardent

and enthusiastic writers, with tales of the ancient power, learning, and glory of their country and race. We hardly know whether we have to thank the political excitement which has passed away, or is at all events assuming a healthier tone and milder aspect, for these effusions of the Irish muse. We suspect not, for Mr. M'Carthy is evidently a poet at heart, with sentiments of tenderness which spring beyond the narrow limits of race, and embrace all the human family; and with an universality of feeling which struggles against, and sometimes overcomes the vivid nationality of the Irishman; but there is no doubt that the political excitement of Ireland, and the memories, fears, and hopes to which it gave rise, have done much to tinge the poems of Mr. M'Carthy and those of most of the late Irish writers with a melancholy, and sometimes even morbid hue.

Those who look superficially on the character of the Irish, who think of them as a people who make bulls; who are familiar with them through that vivid wit, for which they are celebrated, and who recognise and appreciate their powers of humour, would suppose the Irish to be eminently qualified to succeed in the field of comic literature; but those who know them better perceive qualities, which, while they will prevent the sons of Erin from being professional fun-makers for the world, give them a higher and holier vocation. It is curious to observe, both in these poems and in most of the productions of the Irish press, the fact that the wit and the feeling of the people are almost entirely disassociated; the one seems to have no necessary connection with the other. In consonance with the purely impulsive character of the race, the exercise of both seems to be to a great extent involuntary and uncontrollable. The mind having once taken a channel follows it for the time with forgetfulness of all the qualities, which are not, by its immediate associations called into action. Like the stream without proper self-sustaining character of its own, it takes its hue from the skies above and the soil beneath, and reflects, as in a mirror, the willows which shade its banks. Like the stream too, when all is bright and sunny, when all around it is calm and serene, when the bright sunbeams suffuse its surface with a glow, and no breath of wind disturbs its waters—the Irish mind is clear, transparent, and soft, and reflects the figures which fall upon it with a mellowness and softness of outline, which enhance their beauty and makes them doubly attractive; but when the storm sets in, and the gusts of adversity ruffle its surface, and the clouds of trouble and disaster hang dark and forebodingly overhead, it loses its clearness and brightness, becomes sombre in its colours, and distorts, and renders ugly the images it before made so beautiful. Just as the quiet brook in some far highland glen meanders peacefully, murmuring over a smooth bottom, between banks blooming with the heather flowers, till it reaches a broken fall, rough with rugged stones, and there becomes a troubled, foaming, roaring, mountain torrent; so the Irish mind progresses, lovingly and brightly, through the channels of hope and joy, and rushes recklessly, loudly, and fiercely down the rapids of fear and woe.

The true Irishman is, as a rule, only witty upon trifling things and small occasions. If a neighbour's pig roots up a garden patch, or a horse tumbles into a ditch, or man, woman, or child place themselves in a ludicrous position, then the Irishman breaks forth in quips, and quirks, and odd conceits, and becomes, for a time, in all but the obsequiousness, the counterpart of the jester of the old baronial hall; and even in the midst of his most serious moments, this tendency to run riot in the world of fun and mirth is irrepressible upon the slightest provocation; but arouse the pathos of his nature, or appeal to his ambition, and he is no longer witty unless by accident. His mind aspires to the grand and majestic; his natural power for lofty and sometimes grandiloquent imagery and comparison appears in all its force; and soaring far above the region of quips and quirks and subtleties, even the lowest peasant gives birth to strains of natural eloquence, of which the splendid and gorgeous orations of Burke, Grattan, and Sheridan are refined examples.

Indeed, that imaginative character which fills up so large a portion of the national mind of Ireland seems inconsistent with mirth and humour, and never, so far as we know, acts in unison with it. The Irishman indulging in his jest, and giving vent to the natural poetry of his imagination, seems to represent two as different characters as Hercules toying with the spindle, and the Hero of the Skin and the Club slaying the Nemæan lion; or, to use a more modern simile, drawn from the "Ivanhoe" of the Wizard of the North, as Wamba the jester, with his sword of lath and his shield of brawn, braving the Jew at the tournament, and the same Wamba transformed into a valiant, courageous combatant, when his master Cedric and his train were set on by the bandit-like troop of the Norman robber-noble. He lives alternately in the sunbeams of wit, and the gloom of thought, now carelessly, recklessly, and childishly simple and extravagant, now enthusiastically and self-forgetfully devoted to the feeling or sympathy which has aroused his impulsive nature.

There is another trait too in the Irish character which has over them a great influence, and which seems to be but little understood by those who rule over them. We mean the power which the memory of the past has upon them, and the extent to which they are influenced by their recollections and ancient traditions. That too is a component part, which helps to make up the strain of melancholy which is so prominent in the Irish. Almost all minds which dwell upon the past, whose chief characteristic is memory, are melancholy. The past, softened by the magic of distance, looks fair and calm, compared with the stern, rugged realities of the present, and the comparison generates a lingering fondness for that which has passed away, very unfavourable to the exercise of mirth. Those, who forgetting the past, and ignoring the future, are busied and buried in the ever fleeting present, are practical, and too often hardly selfish and unsympathizing. While those who look forward to a future of knowledge and progress are thoughtful, and solemn as an anthem pealing through the groined arches of a gothic cathedral, where the shaded light struggles in through the tinted windows, and fills the place with a mystic twilight glow. We almost think that it is scarcely fanciful to venture on pointing out the three races which represent these three phases of the human mind. The Celtic mind seems to be the abode of memory—the Anglo-Saxon mind of England and America that of practical present purpose, and the scientific, hopeful mind of Germany the habitation of the aspirations for the future. And this, too, is curiously consistent with the besetting sins of the minds of these great divisions of humanity. The Irish mind dwelling with the dead glories and triumphs of its race, and acted upon by the sufferings which are heaped upon it, is too apt to become morbid in its tone, and burying itself in the past to grow indolent and apathetic as to the present, and to leave the future to fate.

The Anglo-Saxon mind, with its practical tendencies, is too apt to breed that selfishness of individualism and exclusive personal dependence, which make the Englishman appear so unsociably and unamiably distant in the eyes of his continental neighbours; and the German mind with its longing to anticipate the future, and to become oblivious of all else, can scarcely be expected to be aught than uncertain, undefined, abstruse, and mystical: but this is a subject which, instead of being hurriedly glanced at in a notice of a meritorious volume of Irish poetry, deserves a chapter to itself.

It is very difficult for the cool-headed, calculating Englishman to understand the feelings which flow through

the impulsive, enthusiastic Irish heart. The nationality of the people is an enthusiasm and a faith, rather than a political doctrine. They do not learn it but they imbibe it. They do not hold it as an opinion, but it dwells deep-rooted in the recesses of the heart as an instinctive natural feeling. They draw it from the mother's breast, they nurse it by the old tales and legends which they hear around the turf-fire, and every mountain, and stream, and grey crumbling ruin is eloquent with some recollection of valour, some tradition of glory and power; and the darkness of their present misery only makes them cling with more tenacity to the brightness which has changed into gloom.

It may be thought that we have wandered far from our subject in thus making the poems of Mr. M'Carthy the occasion to prompt an analysis of the Irish character, but as the true poet (and in his sphere Mr. M'Carthy is one) reflects the colours and forms by which he is surrounded, so it was necessary to pourtray the national character which he represents, in order fully to comprehend this volume, with the stirring energy of its national songs, the warm feeling of its love strains, the wild remembrance of the savage feuds and daring deeds of the strong-handed, bold-hearted chiefs of old, the gracefully mystic recollections of the fairy tales and legends of the Isle, the fond lingering over traditions of ancient power, and glory, and learning, the clinging to claims of descent from the sages and fireworshippers of the East, and the chivalry of Spain, and the deep, tender, absorbing appreciation of the loveliness and beauty of nature which is so universally an ingredient of the poetic mind.

Of the national songs and poems contained in the volume we shall here say but little, for the very sufficient reason that they are for the most part of a political nature, and are tinged with the darkest feelings, and most injurious prejudices of the national mind. We find there bitter enmity to the "stranger" and occasional denunciation of the "Saxon crew," things which must be forgone and forgotten before the Celt becomes indeed a freeman. Among these National songs too we hear the wail of woe and despair for the famine and plague which have devastated, and rendered a wide scene of poverty, misery, and death, one of the fairest and most fertile Isles of the world. Every man, with a heart beating in his bosom, feels and expresses the deepest sorrrow for these visitations. Every such man might adopt the eloquent questioning of the following fervent lines.

"Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair,
In this land, on this sod,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?
* * * * * *
Do our numbers multiply,
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below,
That our bodies, as they rot,
May fertilise the spot,
Where the harvests of the stranger grow?"

No one who shares the better feelings of our common nature will answer these despairing questions with anything but an emphatic negative, or will not be penetrated with grief at the dirge-like moan of hunger-pinched, disease-stricken men. But those who see clearly the defined shape of the present, and look onward to the uncertain outline of the future—those who are prompted by the better spirit which guides and ennobles an age of peaceful aspirations and humane effort, will know, too, that such evils are not to be remedied by exciting the passions of multitudes—are not to be alleviated by memories of perished military power—are not to be changed for the better by an appeal to "the God of Battles." No, no; the time has gone by when

"The holy text of pike and gun"

might have been the foundation of a useful discourse. The sword is no longer, if it ever was, the redresser of wrongs; blood spilt in torrents will only deepen and not wash away miseries. The bold heart is as much needed as ever, but the "strong hand" is not so useful now as the clear head, which sees that the only road to prosperity and happiness is to be entered by the gate of which that power, which is Knowledge, keeps the keys. We are glad to find, for this reason, in Mr. M'Carthy's volume, the following truthful and heart-stirring poem, of which, instead of using the common phrase that "it ought to be printed in letters of gold," we will say it ought to be engraved on the hearts of all true men:—

THE VOICE AND PEN.

"Oh! the Orator's voice is a mighty power,
As it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar!
What burst the chain far over the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless pen and the voice of power,
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the voice and pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny Man's rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee—"No arms have ye,
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are our's, with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen!"
Tyrants beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the voice and pen!

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around!
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound!
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men:
And they'll quickly say—"Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the voice and the pen!

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke!
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst
That fettered the minds of men!
Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust,
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again!
And the world will say no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the voice and pen!"

We gladly turn from the collection of national songs, poetic and spirited as they are, but connected with such gloomy reminiscences of the past, and such a dark actuality as the present, to that portion of the volume in which Mr. M'Carthy treads the common, natural ground of poetry as a worthy compeer of the best spirits of the age—where his mind, casting off the troubles and perplexities of the world of man, revels free and joyous in the world of nature, and drinks in all a poet's inspiration from the skies and hills and streams—the bright sunbeam and the many-hued flower—the green leaf and the opening blossom, and all those sights and sounds instinct with peace and hope and joy, which kind, ever-producing Nature exhibits to her favoured sons. It is refreshing to turn from the weary labour of man to the valley where the lilies, clothed in beauty, "toil not, neither do they spin;" and it is still more exhilarating to leave the angry strife and turmoil of politics, the gibe, and jest, and taunt of adversaries, and the flowers of speech of party orators, for the flowers of the field, opening their petals to the

sweet kisses of life-breathing May. We can fancy the joy of a child of nature and poetry expressing itself as in the following lyric:—

SWEET MAY.

"The Summer is come! the Summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sun-light struggles between;
And like children over the earth and sky,
The flowers and the light clouds play;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

Oh! many a time have I wandered out
In the youth of the opening year,
When Nature's face was fair to my eye,
And her voice was sweet to my ear!
When I numbered the daisies, so few and shy,
That I met in my lonely way;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

If the flowers delayed, or the beams were cold,
Or the blossoming trees were bare,
I had but to look in the Poet's book,
For the Summer is always there!
But the sunny page I now put by,
And joy in the darkest day!
For never before, to my heart or eye,
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

For, ah! the beloved at length has come,
Like the breath of May from afar;
And my heart is lit with her gentle eyes,
As the Heavens by the evening star.
'Tis this that brightens the darkest sky,
And lengthens the faintest ray,
And makes me feel that to heart or eye
There was never so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!"

From the longer pieces contained in Mr. M'Carthy's welcome book we have scarcely space for any extract, but there is one to which we should be tempted to give the preference over all the others, and from which we may cull a stanza or two. It is called "The Bridal of the Year," and we take almost at random this beautiful allegorical verse:—

"For the Year is sempiternal,
Never wintry, never vernal,
Still the same through all the changes
That our wondering eyes behold.
Spring is but his time of wooing—
Summer but the sweet renewing
Of the vows he utters yearly,
Ever fondly and sincerely,
To the young Bride that he weddeth,
When to heaven departs the old,
For it is her fate to perish,
Having brought him,
In the Autumn,
Children for his heart to cherish.
Summer, like a human mother,
Dies in bringing forth her young;
Sorrow blinds him,
Winter finds him
Childless, too, their graves among,
Till May returns once more, and bridal hymns are sung."

And to this Bridal, where the "Sweet-faced Summer" becomes the "Green Earth's Bride," the guests are invited—the high and low of Flora's children.

"Lilies with pale, high-bred faces—
Hawthorns in white wedding favours,
Scented with celestial savours—
Daisies like sweet country maidens.
* * * * * * *
'Neath her hat of straw the Peasant
Primrose sitteth,
Nor permitteth
Any of her kindred present;
'Specially the milk-sweet cowslip,
E'er to leave the tranquil shade."

And other guests, too, come from "the over-peopled town."

"From the fever and the panic
Comes the hard-worked, swarth mechanic;
Comes his young wife, pallor-stricken;
* * * * * * *
Comes the boy whose brow is wrinkled,"

To sip the balmy air they so much need. "And the Student leaves his porring"—for

"From his book-enchanted den
The stronger magic of the morning drives him forth again."

And the Artist, too, as he should,

"From his easel forth doth start,
And from God's glorious Nature learns anew his Art."

And last, but greatest, the "sum and total of the others"—the representative of the great heart of universal humanity, and the exponent of its divinity—comes the Poet,

"——— with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing."

And,

"Singing from his golden psalter,
Comes he now to wed the twain—
Truth and Beauty—
Rest and Duty—
Hope and Fear and Joy and Pain,
Unite for weal or woe beneath the poet's chain!"

Thus and in such presence the "mystic rite" is celebrated, and the guests,

"——— with vows fraternal,
Pledge each other
Sister, brother,
With the wine of Hope—the vernal
Vine-juice of Man's better nature—
Vintage of Man's trustful heart.
Perseverance
And Forbearance,
Love and Labour, Song and Art,
Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may start."

And in the midst of such jubilations and gratulations, the Bride and Bridegroom wander where

"——— their steps have led them quickly,
Where the young leaves cluster thickly;
Blossomed boughs rain fragrance o'er them,
Greener grows the grass before them.
* * * * * * * *
At their coming streams grow brighter,
Skies grow clearer,
Mountains nearer,
And the blue waves, dancing lighter
From the far-off mighty ocean,
Frolic on the glistening sand."

This is true poetry—the poetry at once of the senses and the feelings—and a fair sample of the remainder of the book, of which we hope we have said enough to induce our readers to take a peep at the fairy legends and old traditions enshrined amid its pages.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The secret of success is—What is it? It lies in the pursuit of intelligence, temperance, and frugality. If the great fortunes which dazzle the misjudging poor be analyzed, they will be found, in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient, and simple toil, which had an endurance and faith behind, and an object and hope before it. So, too, with success, in whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievement shall require profound and ceaseless labour. The price of success, in isolated cases, is the devotion of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the prudent exercise of his own energy and judgment. The little spring in the mountain rock becomes a brook, a torrent, a wide rolling river, and a part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and bravely forward.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

THE flowers have glad voices, but, unlike to human words,
They carol not in joyous songs as do the merry birds;
Their teachings have no echoes like to those of earthly sound,
But softly fall as dewy gems at night upon the ground.
Their syllables are mute, but have a potency and power,
And utterings of magic worth have birth in ev'ry flower.

Oh! flowers indeed have voices: in looks and words of love
They utter syllables of peace—a language from above.
Like gentle tears of sympathy, or sounds which come in sleep,
So o'er the heart as calmly do their hallowed voices creep;
And ringing like the fairy bells in summer's softened air,
They move the soul to gratitude, and bid us bend in prayer.

Oh! who can tell the poetry and magic words of powe
Which dwell within the petals of each meek and lowly flower?
Or who the holy thoughts of love and ecstasy can count,
Which spring from this fair ministry as from exhaustless fount?
And while their light like sunny sheen along our path doth shine,
They whisper gently in our ears a language all divine.

Sweet songs of home, and music dear to every human heart,
Which kindle gladdening sympathies, and joyous life impart;
And if in tears of grief the troubled spirit fain would gush,
They soothe us by their gentle voice and stay the torrent's rush;
And while this tide of human life like pulsing water rolls,
They make their mute appeals of joy to calm our weary souls.

They sing to Him who piled on high the mighty wheeling fane,
Who strewed the storm-beat rock with seeds, and shed the gentle rain;
Who gathered in His hand the giant worlds which roll afar,
And called a ray of beauty from each orb and rushing star;
Who built without foundation the arching dome on high
Of that cathedral boundless, whence roll anthems of the sky!

And thus they teach, and sing, and preach, at twilight and at noon,
At morning blush, at eventide, and 'neath the silent moon;
When stars are shining overhead and dewy midnight reigns,
They whisper to our souls of peace and break our binding chains;
That so from day to day our hearts may bound with love serene,
Still yearning after nobler thoughts, and keeping ever-green.

J. S. HIBBERD.

LOVE AND TRUTH.

ALL lingering and lone near the glade of a wild wood,
That smiled in the glow of a rich autumn day,
I spied a fair lassie so gentle and nymph-like,
That spell-bound I stood while she thus trilled her lay:

"Oh, leaves fa' and wither when cold winds come blowing,
The gowanie hides in the sod where it grew;
But bonnie's the greenwood and sweet's the wee blossom
When warmly and softly the wind whispers through.

"So thus with the heart, when touched careless and coldly,
All in it endearing and lovely will flee,
But let but the warm breath of kindness waft round it,
'Twill bloom like the daisy and bud like the tree."

Right pleased with a truth she gave song to so sweetly,
I ventured a greeting in Love's faltering tongue,
For I knew where such warblings came gushing so brightly,
The heart, like herael', must be pure, fresh, and young.

Now Time in his onward course often will find us,
Wi' our little lone bud a-climbing the brae;
Or whiles in that dear glade adown by the breckan,
Where Beauty and Truth first enhallowed the lea.

(*Aberdeen Herald.*) IAN RATHROBERT.

DIAMOND DUST.

HOLIDAYS—the elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life.

THE love of nature is no idle quality, it is rich in the best results.

WOMEN'S ignorance of their duties, and the abuse which they make of their power, deprive them of the most beautiful and precious of their advantages, that of being useful.

THE gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

THE idle call is a heavy tax, where time is counted gold.

ENTHUSIASM—that effervescence of the heart or the imagination, which is the most potent stimulus of our nature, where it stops short of mental intoxication.

DRESS—external gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity.

THE tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel; which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.

HEROISM is active genius; genius contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

WHEN a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign,—that the dullards are all in confederacy against him.

As the best part of Beauty is that which no picture can express, so the best part of the Poet is that which no words have told. Had Shakspere lived for ever, could he have exhausted his thoughts?

FOX-HUNTING—tossing up for lives with a fox, and running the risk of being in at your own death, instead of that of the animal you are pursuing.

HE is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.

A MAN may travel through the world, and pass it thick with friendship.

OH the blessing of a home, where old and young mix kindly, the young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion.

A MAN'S nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest.

THE world has a sure chemistry, by which it extracts what is excellent in its children, and lets fall the infirmities and limitations of the grandest mind.

THE best thoughts are ever swiftest-winged, the duller lag behind.

PERSECUTION—disobeying the most solemn injunctions of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it.

IT is madness to make Fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.

A HORSE is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue not wealth.

MODERATION is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful.

GOD draweth straight lines, but we think and call them crooked.

DUE reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 3, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Request Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, June 15, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 60.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

ADVANCE OF THE WORKING CLASSES—WHY DO NOT THEY RISE HIGHER?

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports of distress among the working classes, which from time to time reach our ears, and the intense competition to which all must submit who depend upon their labour for their subsistence—the weak going to the wall, while the strong and skilful keep the crown of the highway—there is yet sufficient reason to believe that the condition of the working class generally does not deteriorate, but is gradually and steadily improving. It would be painful and deplorable were it not so, at a time such as this, of rapidly increasing knowledge and civilization among men. Even the very worst conditions of social existence at the present time are not so bad as those which have prevailed at former periods of our history. The golden age of past times, when closely looked into, resolves itself into a state little removed from barbarism, when a few great proprietors monopolized the land and people alike, and the labouring man was but a serf, without liberty, without property, without recognised rights of any kind. That the working classes suffered intensely in those times, all history testifies, though newspapers were silent—for as yet they were not. The press is a birth of comparatively recent date, and to its labours chiefly are we indebted for the faithful pictures of the actual condition of the working classes of the present day. In former times no one cared for the people, they suffered in silence, died, and were forgotten; for the world was occupied mainly with the doings of statesmen and politicians, battles and revolutions, court intrigues and state quarrels, though all the while there was a strong undercurrent of misery and wretchedness. There was no Health of Towns' Commission then, no popular associations to improve the condition of the people, no peace societies, no reform movements, no temperance societies, no land and building societies; for the people had not yet discovered the enormous power which lies in the co-operation and association of their means and energies for the common good. Now, a host of active agencies are at work; an evil is no sooner pointed out than a remedy is proposed; laws are devised for the amelioration of the general lot, wherever practicable—or at least, if not yet enacted, they are undergoing the necessary sifting of popular discussion and agitation. Our wants are greater, our notions of life are more elevated than they have ever before been. We have become more exacting, and are more dissatisfied; all this induces active exertion and bespeaks social progress. We have panperism and suffering, it is true; but it may be, and doubtless it is in a great measure the growth or condition of the civilization which we now enjoy. Poverty is made more galling by the comparisons which it provokes with the luxury and comfort existing by its side; where the condition of poverty is general, its degradation is scarcely felt. Poverty is itself a strong stimulus to action in a civilized state: it necessitates benevolent exertion on the part of the intelligent and the wise. It is probably one of the strongest incentives to progress, forbidding us to rest until we have subdued and overcome it; it is this very civilization we have reached that makes us so alive to it—that makes us inquire into it, and feel so anxious to discern its true remedy. What is more popular now than what is called "the condition of England question?" We begin to feel that as poverty is the result mainly of our imperfect institutions and social arrangements, so may better institutions and arrangements be brought to bear in the removal of the evil. Social suffering may thus be but the transient integument protective of some initiative good, which will drop off as the flower matures and the fruit ripens to perfection.

Working men generally estimate their social position by their wages, and the amount of necessaries and comforts they will secure; and if we inquire into the wages of workmen in past times, as compared with the current wages of the present day, we shall find that the workman has not retrograded, but materially advanced. Mr. Macaulay has produced abundant evidence to show that the wages of labour, towards the close of the seventeenth century, were greatly lower than they are now. The average wages of the agricultural labourer was only from 2s. to 3s. a week with food, or from 4s. to 5s. without food—a rate of wages very much lower than that which prevails in even the most poverty-stricken of the agricultural districts of this day. And at the time of which we speak, be it remembered, food was often very high in price—wheat being as much as 70s. a quarter. Private foot soldiers at the same time were paid only 4s. 8d. a week, and there was never found any difficulty in obtaining thousands of English recruits at a very short

notice—another evidence of the low remuneration then paid to the labouring classes generally. The average wages of English mechanics and manufacturers at the same date, was about 1s. a day; and it was not always that they could get as much. But there were no newspapers then to advocate the working people's cause, and they must either take what was offered them or starve. And what are the wages of such labourers now? The mason and carpenter who was then able to earn only from 6s. to 7s. a week, with food dearer than at present, now earns from 25s. to 30s. a week; while the artisan and clothworker, who frequently had considerable difficulty in getting more than 4s. a week, is now able to make from 15s. to 20s. Even during the Commonwealth times, which are still cherished in some of the country districts as the "golden age" of England, a turn of great prosperity being yet spoken of in some parts of Yorkshire, as "Oliver's days," it is an ascertained fact that, with the price of food rather higher, the workman received rather less than one quarter of his present wages. The workman then rarely tasted meat—hundreds of thousands of families never touched it, and sugar, tea, coffee, and such like, were luxuries for the most part beyond their reach. At that time children's labour was by no means unknown in the manufacturing towns. At Norwich, which was then the chief seat of the clothing trade, a little creature of six years old was thought fit for labour. Several writers of the time, and among them some who were considered as eminently benevolent, mention with exultation the fact—that in that single city, boys and girls of tender age created wealth exceeding what was necessary for their own subsistence, by twelve thousand pounds a year. The existing Factory Bill, which deals so tenderly by the juvenile labourers in factories, shows certainly quite another spirit from that which prevailed in remoter times.

If we come down to a more recent date, we find the condition of the labouring man still inferior to that of the present day. In 1730, the daily earnings of the bricklayers employed at Greenwich Hospital (as appears from the records of that institution), averaged 2s. 6d. a day, with corn and all other necessaries of life higher in price than they now are; the same description of labourer now receives from 4s. 10d. to 5s. a day. Even as late as the year 1800, Mr. Sydney Smirke states on good authority, that the wages of a good mason in London were only 16s. a week, with wheat at 90s. 6d. a quarter; whereas the same labourer now receives from 30s. to 33s. a week, with wheat at under 50s. a quarter, and all other necessaries of life very much reduced in price. As Mr. Macaulay well observes—"the more carefully we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely one exception, old; that which is new, is the intelligence which discerns, and the humanity which remedies them."

The working man is now more of a citizen than ever he was before. He is a recognised power, and many are already knocking at the door of the constitution, and calling loudly for his admission within its pale. For him mechanics' institutes, newspapers, benefit societies and all the modern agencies of civilization, exist in abundance. He is admitted to the great domain of intellect; and, from time to time, great thinkers, artists, engineers, philosophers, and poets, rise up from among his order, to proclaim that intellect is of no rank, and nobility of no exclusive order. The influences of civilization are rousing society to its depths; and daily evidences are furnished of the steady rise of the industrious classes into a position of respectability and great social power. Discontent may, and does, exhibit itself; but discontent is only the necessary condition of improvement, for a man will not be stimulated to rise up into a higher condition unless he be first made dissatisfied with the lower condition out of which he has to rise. To be satisfied is to repose; while, to be rationally dissatisfied, is to contrive, to work, and to act, with an eye to future advancement.

It might be asked—Do the working classes generally avail themselves, to the full extent, of the advantages which they now possess as compared with the men of their condition in former times? They have within their reach the means of mental improvement, self-culture, and the development of the best powers of their nature, the press teems with publications devised for their instruction; mechanics' and operatives' institutes are founded and maintained for them. Do the working men avail themselves adequately of these means of improvement? If so, how are we to account for the fact, that not one-half of the members of mechanics' institutes generally belong to the working classes? There are more than a hundred beershops and public-houses supported by the working classes, to one mechanics' or other educational institute; and a competent authority has estimated that the family of each working man in England expends on an average £19 a year in drink, whereas for 12s. or 15s. a year they might, if they chose, become members of the best mechanics' institutes; but the beershops thrive, while the institutes droop. Is there not reason also to believe, that working men are not sufficiently careful to economize their means, with the view of accumulating a little store of capital to secure their independence, and shelter themselves and families when sickness or old age comes upon them? There are few mechanics receiving 30s. a week who might not contrive to save a trifle, which, in the course of a few years, would accumulate to something important. A large proportion of the better paid mechanics and artisans might insure their lives for the benefit of their wives and families, living respectably the while; but the number who so insure is as yet extremely small. Half-a-crown a week laid by in the Savings' Bank would be something towards providing against the evil day; but how very small is the proportion of working men who think of such a provision! A large proportion of the well-paid mechanics and artisans might easily lay by weekly more than the sum we have named, were they to abstain altogether from investing in the beerhouse. And unless they do so make up their minds to economize and save, when employment is abundant, it is our belief that the working classes will fail to rise into a position of independence and true respectability. This subject has been well discussed recently in the columns of *The Builder*, and several working men have there taken up the question warmly, and spoken several strong truths on the subject. One of them writes as follows:—

"I am a married man, with a wife and five children, who are dependent on my exertions for their support. Being a working mechanic, my income is (when employed) £1 10s. a week. My parents, thirty years ago, were similarly situated, with about one-third of this income. From them I learned a lesson of economy. The great question with me is, what quantity and quality of the necessaries of life are most conducive to promote health, strength, and happiness. Guided by the wise in former ages, and by my own experience, I have long since come to the conclusion that man's real wants are comparatively few. I have found, therefore, in past years, that two-thirds of my income will sufficiently supply myself and family with the necessaries of life; that one-sixth of the same will meet the casualties of loss of employment; the other sixth, which is 5s. a week, or about £10 a year, is laid by for sickness or age. This trifling sum, with interest and compound interest, in a few years will make a poor man comparatively rich. Now, I am persuaded that there are thousands of working men who, if they would make an honest statement of what they spend foolishly, would find the amount of money so spent much

more than I pretend to save; and they are often laying themselves under the necessity of giving 20 per cent. for pledges of their property, when at the same time they might, by resolution and good management, be receiving instead of giving interest for money. Let these hints be received in the spirit in which they are given. Let them excite an honest ambition to raise ourselves from that state of degradation in which too many of us are found. Better times approach but slowly to the sluggard and the profligate; I might rather say, they are always retreating from him, while the industrious and frugal are overtaking them every day."

Our own opinion is, that the working classes very much under-estimate themselves, and do not assume that social position which they are really entitled to occupy. They are wanting in that proper ambition which every man ought decently to cherish. They themselves seem, by their attitude, to encourage the notion that there is something degrading in labour; than which nothing can be more false. Labour of all kinds is most honourable and dignifying; it is the idler who is, above all others, undignified and socially useless. It is because the working man does not aspire, does not value himself properly, that his position remains so equivocal, and relatively inferior; measured by the rate of remuneration paid to workmen, they are equal to most of the classes which we peculiarly regard as respectable. Nearly all our skilled mechanics and artisans are better paid than the average of our working curates. The working engineer is better paid than the ensign in a marching regiment; and the foreman in any of our large manufacturing establishments is generally better paid than the army surgeon. A London mason receives 30s. a week, while an assistant navy-surgeon receives only 14s., and after three years' service 21s., with rations. The majority of dissenting ministers are worse paid than the higher class of our skilled artisans and mechanics; and the average of clerks employed in warehouses and counting-houses receive wages considerably inferior to theirs. It is our opinion that working men might, and ought, to occupy a social position equal to that of any of the classes we have named, were they so disposed. What is it that prevents their rise in most cases? It is, we fear, the want of due mental cultivation—the neglect of their intellectual powers—the want of early education. It is, after all, the education and culture of a man's mind that determines his position in society; and it is because, as a class, the working class are inferior in those respects to others, that they are as yet excluded, self-excluded in many cases, from the social and political privileges which they are entitled to enjoy. We believe that by the spread of knowledge only—by the education of the children of the working classes in public schools, and their after education in the mutual improvement societies, people's colleges, and mechanics' institutes, that the working people of England are to be elevated in all ways, morally, physically, and socially; and it is, therefore, with no small share of hope and joy that we hail the important movement, recently started by an association of working men in the metropolis, for the Promotion of National Secular Education, as of the most important of all means towards this great end.

Pen and Ink Portraits.

ERRAND BOYS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

High up in errand boy ranks, stands "the doctor's boy," familiarly known amongst his compeers as "the doctor," and who, if not a M.R.C.S., is at least an *attaché* of the learned profession which gives those titular initials. The world, in its superciliousness, may think but little of him, but then, the world is not everybody, but merely one of the larger of the concentric circles which surround everybody, and "the doctor's boy" amongst others. Each individual exists in his own particular world, a kind of terrestrial planet, perhaps better known by the name of "circle of acquaintance," and the special orbit by which our sub-gallipot is surrounded, looks upon him as a species of wisdom constellation, darting rays of medical science upon its ignorance, to use his own especial term, "free gratis for nuffin," and he plays at physic with the same perfection that pugnacious juveniles play at war. Being on shaking-hands terms with himself, and possessing a large fund of Anglo-Latin brain teazers, got by heart from the gilt bottles on his master's shelves, he can clench an argument right through, instanter, to the perfect annihilation of other boys' understandings, and thus he comes to be regarded with respect, which is not at all decreased by his known association with the sombre great man of the neighbourhood, who is supposed to initiate him in the dread arcana of most mysterious medicine. To him, his uniform is as the apple of his eye, the robe of honour which betokens his professional noviciate.

Enveloped in the magical garb of science, he walks about as if encircled in a water bubble, which wants but the slightest puncture from a query to disperse itself around, almost drowning you with a cataract of words. The key-hole of the consulting room, or one of the crevices in its door, is the medium by which he peruses his pharmacopeia, the hand book to his own private practice. Observation begets imitation, consequently he soon acquires the solemn shake of the head, and the precise and proper nerve-thrilling pressure of the thumb and finger upon a patient's wrist. Not unfrequently he studies the use of the stethoscope, by operating upon a younger brother with his mother's kitchen funnel. He is imbued with the proper orthodoxy of his profession, and hath a fit and proper antipathy to "quack," or even advertising M.R.C.S.'s. He regards new heretical practices as dangerous to the public health, and considers a knowledge of phrenology or of mesmerism, as a proof of deranged intellects, and as the *coup* state of common sense itself. He, even more than his master, regards medicine as a science of practice, not theory, and reading but little, makes the very utmost of what he does read. Like his master he calls the patients by the generic name of "cases," and he will tell you of a terrible case of scarlet fever, or a bad case of a burnt child just come in, with as much *nonchalance* as your boot-maker does of a case of American overshoes just received, in fact, in time of sickness, his brain is as full of cases as a bonded warehouse. He is the primary lecturer of the unfledged medical apprentice, and in the elongated cupboard which rejoices in the ostentatious title of "Surgery," surrounded by myriads of pots, bottles and jars, and over the pestle and mortar (the novitiatory vessel of medical life) a friendship is sworn, not unworthy of "Orestes and Pylades." Like most other boys (at least of the world) he holds between his teeth a two-edged weapon of wit, and is never at loss for a reply. Manifold are the duties of a doctor's boy, and great the labour, of his legs in particular, for when he does not sleep under the counter, or in some secret recess of the learned bedstead which occupies a corner or recess of the surgery under the disguise of a bookcase, they, (the legs) must be at the street door at an early hour of the morning, well oiled with good will, and ready for a long day's perambulation. Then, when he has swept up the surgery, and by dint of much friction made the counter as slippery as a sheet of ice, and worked up the scales to the brilliancy of a looking-glass, cleaned numberless little phials and placed them upon the many twigged bottle tree indigenous to "Doctor's" shops, in such a manner that ignorant little boys who come in for some more castor oil "for the baby," frequently have dark doubtings as to the possibility of their being ever-

blossoming bottle plants from which "Doctors" pluck bottles as plentifully as gooseberries from a bush. Yes, then he has to "get himself up" for the counter, or his rounds, as may be, for the first, if he has been sufficiently long in the establishment. If admitted to this duty he is in high glee, and packs bottles and pills in such a manner that none but chemists can, some importance and great care being necessary in this department, he performs it *con amore*. His next heaven, which by the way he can never reach except in a small establishment, and then seldom further than to an ounce of "cold drawn," a box of "Cockle's," or a pen'north of hair oil, is serving; when not employed in the latter, he sits behind a small desk at the end of the counter, having before him, sometimes a real, but frequently an imaginary list of patients, to which he adds the name of any new sufferer who may call to see the doctor, and nicely he distinguishes between the "Advice Gratis" and the old established paying cases. How grandly he supports the professional dignity when, during the doctor's absence, he is vicegerent of numberless bottles and gallipots. It is no use telling "the doctor's boy," that Mr. —— must come directly, for he will tell you "he can't, and that's all about it," and show the before mentioned list, besides telling you of the terrible "case," "the doctor" was up with all the night before. The doctor home from his visits, the boy prepares to take out the ordered medicines, and who does not know the doctor's boy with his livery jacket, gold-laced hat, and queer little covered basket? And who is he like, or to whom can you compare him, but himself? What a tax upon his memory is this duty, and how important its proper and careful execution! One cannot glance at him without thinking at the same time that he is a messenger of life and death, either greatly depending upon *his* intelligence, and yet how rare are accidents from his want of care. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of names, numbers, and of bottles in his basket to be delivered, he is as cool as his master at a "post mortem" and setting at defiance the old axiom about "Time and Tide waiting for no man," he never goes his rounds without endeavouring to fasten the drag chain upon the wheel of the former old gentleman. Whether he considers it vulgar or not to be seen in a hurry, we know not, but he seldom makes haste. This may be from his love of social intercourse with other boys in the streets, with whom he has always time and inclination to play at "marbles," or leap-frog, and to discuss the merits of theatrical pictures in shop windows, or if of a literary turn, by flattening his most prominent facial organ against the panes of glass, in order to clearly understand the contents of the first page of a periodical exposed for sale. And who that has ever heard of the old axiom "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," can blame the "doctor's boy" for "loitering" a little upon his errands? For, like his master, the hardest worked of all professionals, he must snatch moments of amusement from every little crevice which he can find, among the countless hours of toil wedged so firmly in the basket of his life. His is the old tale of the "horse at the mill" a perpetual grinding of the same corn for the production of his daily bread. See him now, reader, gently jogging his onward way, and prithee let him loiter. If he is slow, he is sure—if you hurry him you may flurry him, and getting physic in haste, like a wife by the same precipitation, you must at leisure repent, or to say the least, instead of its castor oil, Mrs. Jones's baby may get the cough mixture intended for the asthma case in the next street.

Not least prominent among the whirligig planets of the "Errand boy" orb is the "Tiger," we mean the veritable and inimitable London Tiger, who to be acknowledged as such, must be the "picked" of his race, and as much set apart by nature for his express calling as the "Life Guards," for as the latter are chosen for their extreme natural altitude so is the body guard of a modern "Blood" sought for the opposite quality. He must be a *multum in parvo* edition of humanity, sufficiently diminutive to repose in the pocket of his master's box coat, yet large enough to manage a "cab horse." He must have the size of the mouse the strength of the elephant, and the eyes of the lynx—he must be "well up" in the winning horses of the three last "Derby's" "Doncaster's" and "St. Leger's," and be able to form a tolerably good conjecture of the favourites for the next. Like his master, he can make, if he never reads, a book. He must outstrip the ostrich in speed, and run of an errand with the rapidity of an electric telegraphed communication. Being perfectly *au fait* at effect, and as anxious for its exhibition as a lady with a new brougham, he has the new cab, spotless as his own boots and buckskins at the door, at least an hour before it is wanted, disposing of the first half, with gently putting the horse through its paces up and down the street, hanging, with innate pride, his highly pipe-clayed gloves over the apron, with one eye nervously fixed upon his master's door, when, at the least signal, he leaps from the vehicle, arranges the apron, touches his hat with the quickness of thought, but is too well-bred to mount till the horse has started, when after having watched with the glance of a cat at the first movement of a mouse, getting his little legs up to high-pressure running point, with supernatural activity he runs a few yards and springs as suddenly, upon the fast disappearing cab as only his forest sponsor can upon its prey. As crests upon the helmets of mediæval barons were emblematic of high, so are tigers in the cabs of modern lordlettes emblems of "fast" blood, and we think too frequently significant of the pace of their masters' morals. The ancients endeavoured to profit by the intellectual culture of their slaves. These moderns, though perhaps deeply learned in the latter fact, draw the curtain of ignorance tightly over the eyes of their servants, that it may profit their own whimsicalities; and consequently reading, writing, and arithmetic is required of the tiger, only as far as it may render him capable of delivering a note, chronicling a memorandum, or paying a toll-keeper, and the increase of his mental, like that of his physical stature, however beneficial it may be to his *future*, is the grave of his *present* employment. To remain in high favour, he must be as non-growable as if struck out of humanity complete with one blow of the die, like the crested button upon his coat. We sorrowfully regard him as a misappropriated atom of the Creator, one of the many excrescences on the surface of civilization, an eruption from the gourmandism of luxury, a lamp of light burning in a mistaken atmosphese, one of the edges of God's intellect turned awry, and blunted for mental progress, by the pleasures of, to use the mildest term, the thoughtless.

The "tiger" mania has much subsided amongst the higher classes. They are becoming to be thought as ridiculous behind vehicles, as the forest animals themselves would be deemed dangerous in their shafts. The emancipation of this race from the thralls of ignorance is at hand, the tiger is becoming "beautifully less," and fast taking his place in minor history, by the side of court fools, and dwarves;—notwithstanding the faint efforts of the fast young gentlemen of the middle classes, who, struggle now and then to produce a copy of the high-life tiger, from the boys employed in their fathers' counting-houses or shops.

We have heard of the infantine legend, which teacheth the economy of nature, in "cutting up all the old moons into little stars;" so the *old* tiger, who having rebelliously grown out of tigerhood, and thereby extinguished his own brilliancy, becomes reduced from the state of a planet of his orb, to a domestic satellite, well known as page or footboy; and 'tis well that the imitative facul-

ties of the English have generated so vast an amount of pseudo-grandeur—for the many little domestic theatres in which this feeling is exhibited, are so many homes, resting places for the run-to-seed tiger. A small family has large ideas slumbering, which being ruffled by a "wind-fall," begin to effervesce, boil, bubble, and froth into genteel notions, and the half-way hope of a footman is the product. They must have a page, who, though in all cases individually the same, is the polished specimen of the identical material, out of which is wrought the tiger, having an affinity with each other, yet being separate and distinct. The page is a remarkable exemplification of the instinctive antipathy of human nature to "retrograde." The rough edges of the tiger may be smoothed down by the domestic halo which surrounds the dinner table and impregnates the kitchen, into a social animal; but the page can no more return to the savage-making atmosphere of the stable, than can a good City cheesemonger relapse into the wild ideality of the Ojibbeway Indian.

Happy is the footboy, who is the first of his race in his situation, for then is his uniform fitted to his size, and he is the type, form, and pattern of his descendants, for like the armour of the ancients, or the gorgeous garments of our ancestors, is his uniform handed down as a kind of universal fit. They may boast of the perfection of the abstruse science of coat cutting, but the tailor's art must have neared perfection, and have performed its *chef d'œuvre* when it produced the footboy's jacket. The coats and armour of our predecessors were made "near the mark," and possessed a padding admissible of alteration, but not so the page, the first of his race must be fitted as tightly as the pattern dresses of the tailors' wooden men, or, as if cut out of a fashion book—and all his successors, at least while the habit is at all tenantable, must fit as tightly as the first, the latter being a *sine qua non* in a boy on approval: surely nature must mix in the composition of those marked out for the profession a solution of gutta percha or india-rubber. "It's a great bore this expense," said a lady to us one day, who to our astonishment was giving her page a glass of diluted Geneva. "I am obliged to do it daily." "For why, madam?" was our innocent reply. "Because I like the boy. His obesity increases most obstinately, and we can't afford to throw away money upon a new jacket." We smiled, but inquired no further, the inference was obvious. The lady, who by the way had risen from the obscurity of a housemaid's position to independence, had carried with her the superstition that "strong waters" retard the growth of animals. Multifarious are the various duties of the footboy, and to perfection he performs them, if kept in a good state of drill by the lady of the house. See with what grace he touches his hat, if he has it on, and if not, his hair in saluting you. Remark with what earnestness he will tell you that "Master's not at home," though you may have seen him pass across the hall just before; how accurately he measures the length of your patience, and opens the door when your foot is turned to leave the house, after a quarter of an hour's knocking; he has by heart the kitchen maxim, that "a good servant knows himself too well to attend upon the first ring." Notice again on a sultry summer's day, how nobly he bears up against the heat on a "state" occasion, when perhaps, it is but the extreme tightness of his dress prevents him from melting away—how happy is he in the "retort courteous," acquired from his vast practice with the housemaid and cook, with whom by the way, he is seldom at peace, for the boy with the tyrant notions of a Lordling of the creation, looketh upon female servants as but weak women, whilst he himself is of the world. The servants in return designate him "a small puppy;" upon the whole, the position of a page among the feminine members of the kitchen, is as equivocal as that of a marine among sailors, and though it is only upon occasions that the bubbling discontent felt by both parties boils over the brim of propriety, the passions are continually simmering, and war breaks out, when the one encroaches upon the time or dignity of the other. "My place indeed," says cook; "me clean the scuttle, you impertinent feller, no; I know's my place, and see if I don't tell missus when she comes down, how you only cat-lick'd it yesterday morning, when you was learning them nasty songs three yards for a penny." "Well, cookey, and missus wont think so much o' that neither, as she will of some people who asks big sodger cousins on Sunday evenings into other people's kitchens, to drink other people's teas, and so and so, cookey," replies the boy. "You im—— Now, that's a good boy, you know it's only my fun";—and peace is proclaimed between them. Not to speak of the twelve dozen knives and forks, the twelve pairs of boots and shoes, and the profusion of habiliments, that make their moving appeals to him for their diurnal rub, the footboy has not the easiest position in the world. He is a domestic chrysalis, waiting with anxiety the lapse of a few years, to develope him into a full-blown footman.

When the heavy counterpane of night is gradually thrust aside by the deep grey streaks of early morn; when the snow is spread for a moment like a huge mantle of purity on the pavements; when the hoar frost tints the trees in the squares, the lamp posts, every little ledge and crevice, making murky London upon a level (the only time it bears the happy resemblance) with the sweet country, shaming the fog-demon of the town with a contrasting hue, and making him hide his hideousness, like a new made bride her blushes beneath the hallowed sanctuary of her veil; when nature visits once more the busy haunts of man, stamping her signet upon his habitation with salutary sarcasm, reminding him in the midst of his artificial abstraction—his idolatry of £. s. d. pleasures and passions—of the pristine starting point, when nature alone was adored and held rule in hearts pure as her own snow. 'Tis on such a cold biting morn in crystal glittering winter, when the servant shudders as she leaves her bed, when ladies remove from their sleeping to their breakfast rooms, wrapped in furs like hot rolls in flannel, to keep them from nature's purifying chills, that the veritable "errand boy" of London is to be seen to the best advantage running along the streets, sustaining his circulation by an occasional slide in the gutters, and flapping his arms about like the sails of a windmill.

'Tis then that his portrait may be seen with drapery, *en suite*, and typical of the hardihood of his life; 'tis then that he puts to the blush the *fancied* troubled; 'tis then that the rough gem shines in its natural setting, when in defiance of frost-bitten nose, benumbed fingerends, and as far as feeling goes, toeless feet, he trips along to his work, with a joke for every milkman and housemaid he meets upon his way. His duties are many, and he performs them rather with the sureness of the tortoise, than the swiftness of the hare. If attached to a shop-keeper, his ambition is pointed to the counter. If in a manufactory, he is the hand-boy of the workmen—much hath he to put up with, and many tempers to please. If his master has a family he hath necessity for much diplomatism, for he becomes the bosom friend of the young master and mistress, and as however juvenile young masters and mistresses may be, they still know their social position. He is in some sort like the favourites of princes, the higher their favour, the more likelihood of their tumbling headlong by a "trip up" of arrogance, though we are not quite sure that the pride sometimes exists on the part of the errand boy, for he regardeth himself as a little man, being conscious of the dignity of labouring for his own living—and in the petty squabbles, notwithstanding that he has always before him the fear of losing his bread, he never forgets the independence of labouring boyhood.

His pay may be counted better by pence than shillings, and the greater part of this passes on Saturday nights, from himself to the family existence fund, the odd pence he obtains for over-time, or by chance, he saves—as his tastes point—for a treat at the theatre, where he studies costume, and expands his ideas of the beautiful upon tinsel pictures, which form the pride of his household walls—in a love for pigeons, in which he sometimes amasses a little fortune, a taste which enriches and amuses him, to the great annoyance, and at the expense of the mortar on the neighbours' house-tops—or again in rabbits, in which, not unfrequently, he becomes an extensive dealer. The amusements of the more intelligent, or rather of those who have the fortune to be placed within the circle of intelligence, are wrought from instruction, and they become steady and persevering members of a Mechanics' Institution; in which they have great pride, and look upon as an *alma mater*; and many of these when they enter the ranks of life as journeymen, have a substantial knowledge of science, literature, and art, that would put to the blush many of their contemporaries in higher life, on their escape from the ancient seats of learning. Among the smaller epochs of errand boy life, may be considered Monday, their clean shirt and apron morning, in which they revel with the delight of a sanitary epicure. And the most important day, the looked-for of the whole year, is "Boxing-day;" and how they groaned at the innovators, who, some time since got up the Anti-Christmas-box movement. Its success would be the death-blow to their greatest privilege—one of the sweets which changes to honey the vinegar of their labour. This day is to them a veritable paradox—a profitable holiday—a holiday for the gaining, and not the spending of money. It is a day which relieves them from penury and gives them temporary affluence. It gives amusement to their minds, while it enriches them, and if they are prudent (and they have more of this quality than is supposed), the gains of this day are deposited for a "new suit," after having deducted a very small portion for the enjoyment of the pantomime.

Many and various are the charges brought against the errand boy, the bolt of discontent is habitually levelled at him. He is either too short or too tall, too stout or too lean, too strong or too weak, too sharp or too dull, in fact, he is ever running over with some fault or other. Why it is this very repletion of qualities which forms the paper upon which Nature engraves her promissory notes of after manhood. Faith! one would think that the *too*-much-fault-finding seniors had (from some secret spring at their beginning, like a jack in the box, or the shell from a mortar) been fired into the world perfect and complete for all after purposes; like a special train on the rail of life, passing from one end to the other, without calling at the intermediate stations of childhood, boyhood, or youth. Man, with the inherent selfishness of his nature, and steeped in the dog-and-manger feeling, though ever regretting the sunshine of his early spring and the happy careless days in which he then revelled, is still to be found cavilling at the stupidity, shrewdness or wilfulness of boys in general. Envy, envy, sheer envy! Old boys, or, in other terms, men, having quitted the shell of youth, ungratefully stamp their foot upon it. But Man, like the snail, should ever keep it in his trail, for though in ideas he will frequently retrograde to the most primitive boyism, nature has placed her veto against his physical return to that happy state, into which, could the strongest once re-enter, his colleagues in age and wisdom might entertain well-grounded fears for his ever troubling himself with the big world again. The strong memories of adolescence, floating like pure waters amongst the thorns and briars of onward growing age, are the ever refreshing stream which buoys up the willow drooping heart of man's disappointment. Boys, honour the good old philosopher who, on his dying day (perhaps deeming that *he* was about entering the purest and freshest state of boyhood) gave his scholars a holiday. Old youth, copy this ancient, and the spirit from which arises the vapour of imitation will do somewhat to increase the kindliness of the relations of age, and improve the spirit of your race.

WILLIAM DALTON.

HAVE A FLOWER IN YOUR ROOM!

A FIRE in winter, a flower in summer! If you can have a fine print or picture all the year round, so much the better; you will thus always have a bit of sunshine in your room, whether the sky be clear or not. But, above all, a flower in summer!

Most people have yet to learn the true enjoyment of life; it is not fine dresses, or large houses, or elegant furniture, or rich wines, or gay parties, that make homes happy. Really, wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the higher sort; these depend not on money, or money's worth; it is the heart, and taste, and intellect, which determine the happiness of men; which give the seeing eye and the sentient nature, and without which, man is little better than a kind of walking clothes-horse.

A snug and a clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it be wholesome; windows, into which the sun can shine cheerily; a few good books, (and who need be without a few good books in these days of universal cheapness?)—no duns at the door, and the cupboard well supplied, and with a flower in your room!—and there is none so poor as not to have about him the elements of pleasure.

Hark! there is a child passing our window calling "wallflowers!" We must have a bunch forthwith; it is only a penny! A shower has just fallen, the pearly drops are still hanging upon the petals, and they sparkle in the sun which has again come out in his beauty. How deliciously the flower smells of country and nature! It is like summer coming into our room to greet us. The wallflowers are from Kent, and only last night were looking up to the stars from their native stems; they are full of buds yet, with their promise of fresh beauty. "Betty! bring a glass of clear water to put these flowers in!" and so we set to, arranging and displaying our pennyworth to the best advantage.

But what do you say to a nosegay of roses? Here you have a specimen of the most beautiful of the smiles of Nature! Who, that looks on one of these bright full-blown beauties, will say that she is sad, or sour, or puritanical? Nature tells us to be happy, to be glad, for she decks herself with roses, and the fields, the skies, the hedgerows, the thickets, the green lanes, the dells, the mountains, the morning and evening sky, are robed in loveliness. The "laughing flowers," exclaims the poet! but there is more than gaiety in the blooming flower, though it takes a wise man to see its full significance—there is the beauty, the love, and the adaptation, of which it is full. Few of us, however, see any more deeply in this respect than did Peter Bell:—

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

What would we think or say of one who had invented flowers—supposing, that before him, flowers were things unknown; would it not be the paradise of a new delight? should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence till now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creating Power, which bade the earth bring forth, not only that which was useful as food, but also flowers, the bright consummate flowers, to clothe it in beauty and joy!

See that graceful fuchsia, its blood-red petals, and calyx of bluish-purple, more exquisite in colour and form

than any hand or eyes, no matter how well skilled and trained, can imitate! We can manufacture no colours to equal those of our flowers in their bright brilliancy—such, for instance, as the Scarlet Lychnis, the Browallia, or even the Common Poppy. Then see the exquisite blue of the humble Speedwell, and the dazzling white of the Star of Bethlehem, that shines even in the dark. Bring one of even our common field-flowers into a room, place it on your table or chimney piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is ever cheerfulness about flowers; what a delight are they to the drooping invalid! the very sight of them is cheering; they are like a sweet draught of fresh bliss, coming as messengers from the country without, and seeming to say:—"Come and see the place where we grow, and let thy heart be glad in our presence."

What can be more innocent than flowers! Are they not like children undimmed by sin? They are emblems of purity and truth, always a new source of delight to the pure and the innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, is one that we should not like to consort with. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice to all,—to old and young, to rich and poor, if they would but listen, and try to interpret their meaning. "To me," says Wordsworth—

> "The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Have a flower in your room, then, by all means! It will cost you only a penny, if your ambition is moderate; and the gratification it will give you will be beyond all price. If you can have a flower for your window, so much the better. What can be more delicious than the sun's light streaming through flowers—through the midst of crimson fuchsias or scarlet geraniums? Then to look out into the light through flowers—is not that poetry? And to break the force of the sunbeams by the tender resistance of green leaves? If you can train a nasturtium round the window, or some sweet-peas, then you have the most beautiful frame you can invent for the picture without, whether it be the busy crowd, or a distant landscape, or trees with their lights and shades, or the changes of the passing clouds. Any one may thus look through flowers for the price of an old song. And what a pure taste and refinement does it not indicate on the part of the cultivator!

A flower in your window sweetens the air, makes your room look graceful, gives the sun's light a new charm, rejoices your eye, and links you to nature and beauty. You really cannot be altogether alone, if you have a sweet flower to look upon, and it is a companion which will never utter a cross thing to anybody, but always look beautiful and smiling. Do not despise it because it is cheap, and because everybody may have the luxury as well as you. Common things are cheap, and common things are invariably the most valuable. Could we only have fresh air or sunshine by purchase, what luxuries these would be; but they are free to all, and we think not of their blessings.

There is, indeed, much in nature that we do not yet half enjoy, because we shut our avenues of sensation and of feeling. We are satisfied with the matter of fact, and look not for the spirit of fact, which is above all. If we would open our minds to enjoyment, we should find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. We want some loving knowledge to enable us truly to enjoy life, and we require to cultivate a little more than we do the art of making the most of the common means and appliances for enjoyment, which lie about us on every side. There are, we doubt not, many who may read these pages, who can enter into and appreciate the spirit of all that we have now said; and, to those who may still hesitate, we would say—begin and experiment forthwith; and first of all, when the next flower-girl comes along your street, at once hail her, and "Have a flower for your room!"

THE SHAWL-FAIR OF MAKARIEF.

Makarief, a petty place on the Volga, lies midway between north and south, between Europe and Asia, and in the centre of the Russian empire. The fair takes place in summer, and this gives time to the inhabitants of this vast empire, as well as to strangers, to return to their homes before the setting-in of the severe season. For centuries, merchants from every nation, from every country, however distant, flocked into Makarief, and rendered this fair the most important in Europe. From one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand people are usually assembled at it, and the effect of the motley crowd, in so many different costumes, of the Babel of so many different languages, beggars description.

Forming the vast medley, are found Russians from every province of the empire, Tartars in great number, Kalmucks, Bokharians, Greeks, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and even Hindoos from the colony of Astracan, Germans, and French, and English, also come to the fair, but generally speaking, the western Europeans play only a secondary part, whilst the Russian and oriental merchants hold the first place.

All the articles, that must be separately sought in different places of the most considerable trading cities, are collected at the fair of Makarief. Old rags, and the furs of the black fox and the ermine; beech-wood boxes of Caviare, and splendid mahogany wardrobes; coarse felt and Lyons damask; Russian sail-cloth and Cashmere shawls; glass beads and orient pearls; wooden shoes and English boots; Tartar mantles and Parisian fashions; harness for horses and richly bound books; in short, this fair combines everything, from the actually necessary article to the richest and most recherché invented by European and Asiatic luxury.

This variety of merchandise, and the assemblage of buyers and sellers from every country, presents a singular spectacle, and occasions odd scenes. A poor Tartar buys from a man from the Black Forest, for a few rubles, a wooden cuckoo-clock, whilst his neighbour, the Bokharian, counts down a thousand rubles for the large watch, playing twelve waltzes, which he has just purchased. Here a cunning German, a wine-merchant, concludes a bargain with a Greek for some hundred hogsheads of Greek and Moldavian wine, which he intends to pass off for the produce of French and Spanish vintage; there, a Prussian merchant exchanges with an Armenian a handful of pearls for some thousand quintals of iron—that most useful of metals, which forms the most important branch of Russian commerce, and of which the greater number of the countries of Europe lay in their stock at the fair of Makarief. Tea is also one of the principal commodities, its sale at Makarief sometimes amounting to the enormous figure of two millions of rubles.

The shops present nothing like the brilliant display of the warehouses of London or Paris; far from it! For instance, booths containing value for many millions, such as those in which are heaped up the rich furs of Siberia, are in a by-place, at a distance from the crowded parts of the fair. They must be sought out, and when found, what is presented to view? A few chests, some covered with mats or common carpeting, others bare; two men quietly seated beside them, not appearing to care for customers. But at whatever hour of the day you enter these booths, small cups of tea are handed you before

any inquiry is made whether you are intending to buy or merely attracted by curiosity.

Other small shops, equally modest in appearance and position, contain also immense riches; these are the places where pearls are sold.

In a petty, mean booth, covered with matting, sits a man almost in rags. Before him, on an unsteady table, are a few sheets of yellow or blue paper: these sheets are covered with pearls of every size, from those called *seed*-pearls to those forming a necklace of from eight to ten thousand rubles. The defective ones, irregular and of little value, are frequently bought by the rich Russian peasants and artisans, to decorate the heads of their wives. The pearls termed *choice* pass from owner to owner, and are thus scattered throughout Europe.

The Kachemyr, or Cashmere shawls, are brought to Makarief in large bales. The sale of these costly articles is accompanied by singular ceremonies. The sale is always carried on before witnesses, this being the prescribed custom in all matters of importance.

Having been invited to be one of these witnesses, I repaired to the fair with my colleagues of the moment, the buyer and his broker, who was an Armenian,—for it is through the medium of men of that nation that the traffic in the precious commodities of Asia is carried on.

We entered an unfinished stone building, without a roof, and were introduced into a kind of cellar or vault. Though the abode of a Hindoo *millionnaire*, the only furniture of the cellar was eighty-four chests, ranged one above the other along the walls. The most costly lots are sold without the purchaser being allowed to see more than the mark on the shawls. He is not suffered either to unfold or examine them, and yet he knows every shawl, even to the most minute particular, from a catalogue procured by the Armenian broker with great difficulty, which, according to a mark woven in the shawls themselves, describes, with the most scrupulous accuracy, the quality and defects, the beauty and the flaws, in each shawl; tells the name of the manufacturer, that of the master who has completed it, its dimensions, the kind and number of the flowers or palms, the colour, &c. With this official document in the pocket of the merchant, nay in his head, too, as I have sometimes seen to my surprise, a lot of the shawls is sold without being seen, so to speak. The brokers, who have paid dearly both in trouble and purse for the catalogue, ask, as may be supposed, a high price for it, charging for a single copy in proportion to the value of the lot, from two hundred to six hundred rubles.

The buyer enters with the witnesses and his brokers (for sometimes he has two) and they sit down. Not a word is uttered by the buyer; the whole treaty is carried on by the brokers, who are perpetually going from him to the seller, whispering to each alternately, and at every conference taking them separately to the farthest corner of the room. Matters go on thus till there is sufficient reduction in the price first named, to give some hope of final agreement between the parties, though, as the demands of the seller are exorbitant, the difference between them is still very great. The shawls are now brought, and the two parties begin to communicate directly. The seller extols his merchandise, and appraises it highly; the buyer casts on it a contemptuous glance, and deigns not to unfold it, while rapidly comparing the marks and numbers.

This part of the proceedings over, the scene becomes more animated. The buyer makes a direct offer, the seller gets up and walks away; the brokers follow him remonstrating, and bring him back by force; they push and drive him back and forward, hustling him in every direction, and a clamour ensues, baffling all conception. The Hindoo merchant is perfectly passive in their hands, allowing himself to be pulled about, and even bruised and beaten.

When the tumult and conflict have lasted a certain time, and that they think the Hindoo is yielding to the force of persuasion, they proceed to the third stage of the business, which consists of striking hands, in token that the bargain is closed. The brokers have now a great part to play. They seize on the seller, and seek to force his hand into that of the buyer, who holds out his hand, repeating his offer with loud shouts. The Hindoo resists, struggles, escapes from their hold, wraps his hand in the wide sleeve of his robe, and repeats with a whine his first price.

Now an interlude comes on. They part, break off the contest and pause—but only to get breath for a fresh onset. The tumult, the shouts, the struggles begin again, till at length the two brokers again seize the hand of the seller, which this time, notwithstanding his resistance and clamorous lamentations, they succeed in forcing him to put into that of the buyer.

Suddenly succeeds the most perfect quiet. The Hindoo appears ready to shed tears, muttering his regrets for having been too hasty in closing the bargain, while the brokers congratulate the buyer. They now sit down again, and proceed to the delivery of the goods.

It is needless to say that in all that has been described the parties were only playing a part; but that part must be enacted, as a matter of course, for the Hindoo must appear to have been forcibly assailed and defrauded. If it should appear that he has not been dragged about and bruised, that he has not received a certain number of blows in the ribs and on the head, that his right arm is not black and blue, from being squeezed in the endeavour to force his hand into that of the buyer, he spends the interval to the next fair in repenting of his bargain, and it henceforth becomes still more difficult to make him hear reason. Hence the most esteemed broker amongst buyers is the one who possesses talent enough to maintain the conflict for three hours, to torture, shake, and pommel the Hindoo, till, quite out of breath, he at length yields his hand to the grasp of the buyers.

The price first named always undergoes an immense reduction. In the bargain to which I acted as witness, the Hindoo had asked two hundred and thirty thousand rubles; he not only agreed to take one hundred and eighty thousand rubles, but to pay the broker two per cent.

The bargain concluded, we all sat down—buyer, seller, brokers, interpreter, and witnesses,—cross-legged, on a handsome carpet, with broad fringe, spread purposely on the floor. Sherbet was brought in pretty porcelain cups; instead of spoons we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, with a silver handle fastened on by a ruby, an emerald, a turquoise, or some other precious stone. It was not till after partaking of refreshments that we proceeded to the delivery of the goods. Whilst the broker and the interpreter were notifying aloud the bargain that had just been concluded, a Hindoo again brought the bales, opened them, and held up each shawl successively. The marks were verified a second time, and everything being found to agree with the catalogue, new debates arose as to the term of payment. At length, as everything under the sun must have an end, the discussion terminated, and all present fell on their knees and betook themselves to prayer.

Great was the diversity of creed between the men thus met together in prayer. There were Hindoos, worshippers of Brama and of multiplied idols; Tartars, who believed their fate to depend on the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsees, fire-worshippers; a Kalmuck officer, who honoured in the Dalai-Lama, the living image of the Deity; a Moor, who reverenced I know not what unknown god; and besides these an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself, all three Christians, but of different communions. While ardently desiring that unity of the Spirit, which is the true bond of peace, and uplifting a fervent

prayer for the light of truth to be given to all, yet I could not help admiring this remarkable instance of toleration—all simultaneously offering up, each in his own language, and according to his own mode of worship, the tribute of adoration to the Deity.

Prayer over, the shawls were delivered to the buyer in all due form, and the bills of exchange, after undergoing the strict scrutiny of every one present, were handed to the seller, and then a huge silver vessel, something like our large coffee-pot, was brought in by a servant. It was nearly two feet high, richly chased, and inlaid with pearls and precious stones. A cup was placed before each of us, and filled from the large vessel with a beverage made of sugar and water, the juice of sweet oranges, various kinds of spices, and a little rum. Salutations were exchanged and the cups emptied, and I do not think I ever tasted a more delicious drink.

And now the assembly broke up, and I returned to my lodging, indulging in speculations upon the impulse given to multitudes by this splendid product of the Eastern loom; and as, in my mind's eye, I beheld the shepherd in the mountains of Lahore keeping watch over the Kinghesian goats, whose costly fleece furnishes so soft a down, and the slave learning the art of dying, spinning, weaving, and forming the most beautiful and the most varied patterns; and then the Hindoo merchant, selling at Makarief the shawls to other merchants, who, in their turn, bear them to every capital in Europe: as thus I beheld, in fancy, the countless numbers employed, the various toils endured, the industrial resources developed, I could not help regarding, with complacency, the extravagant luxury which makes this costly article almost a necessary to some of our fine ladies.

SONG.

Though Fortune may frown on your journey through life,
And Adversity's shadow hang o'er thee,
If you will but look onward with Faith and with Hope,
You'll discover a prize on before thee.
Then laugh at pale Sorrow,
And joyfully say,
"The bliss of to-morrow
May outvie to-day!"

Let "Love" be your watchword and "Hope" be your song—
Let Friendship entwine us together;
Oh! much might be done if mankind would resolve
To look gay in Life's stormiest weather.
Then laugh at wan Sadness,
And try to beguile
Fainting hearts into gladness,
By Hope and a smile!

Frederick G. Lee.

A SUMMER DAY'S ADVENTURE.

"It came before me like a thought—
A dream remembered in a dream."

Many a trick does fancy play us, even when, with eyes wide open, we scan the visible forms on which they rest; but who can answer for its vagaries when once allowed to wander after the unknown and the unseen; at one time tantalizing us with the pertinacity with which it leads us to some far spot of earth's surface, where we never have been, or are likely to be; then inspiring countless plans to visit and learn all about it, haunting us with all bright imaginings, connecting it with many another fibre of our hearts, until at length our very pulses quicken at the sound of its name.

The source of this mysterious attraction is often hard to be traced, hard to tell whether we should ascribe it to some reminiscence, or to some presentiment; whether the shadow of some coming event is flung across our path, or whether the influence rises up from the mists of the half-forgotten past. Were the day-dream to be based on the rules by which modern philosophy—"the philosophy of sleep"—would govern the night-vision; we should content ourselves with tracing its foundation solely in the things that have been; but individual experience will often lay claim to a wider range, and in the instance about to be related there would seem a mingling of both. For I can hardly recal the time when the name of Adare was without a charm for my imagination, and it is only by dimly retracing the impression step by step, through long-past years and days, that at last, with recollection half-bewildered, I come to a pause almost on the very threshold of life, and find myself included in a noisy merry group, at full play in the far end of a large, well-carpeted, well-curtained room. Was it only a dream?—that bright flickering fire-light—those joyous, ringing voices—the flitting figures—the dancing, the singing, the shouting of that half-score of youngsters, myself the youngest, doing our best to emulate our elders in keeping a merry Christmas in the olden time. Suddenly there is a pause—ah, yes! it is all remembered now—the noise was hushed—the fairy feet stood still; soft tones of entreaty from an older and quieter circle round the fire stole upon our listening ears; then a glad shout, and a spring, and a gathering round the chair of one favourite guest; a twining of soft little arms round her neck, a shower of kisses on her cheek, and a clamour of requests and exclamations, as each young voice vied with the older ones imploring for a story; and then a collecting of footstools and low cushions, a struggle for the snug corner of the hearth-rug at her feet, and then a hush of stillness and expectation, while the sweet, clear, gentle voice began—"Were any of you ever in Adare?"

There was another little pause, and more than one of the grown-up members of the party had an answer ready, when the mournful creak of the door behind our backs interrupted all reply, and made many a little head turn round with a foreboding start: there, true enough, within the far shadow, gaunt and grim, stood the nursery-maid, ready to pounce on us like an ogress, as she growled out her hateful, mechanical sentence, "time to go to bed."

A firmer settling into all our seats—a desperate effort at passive resistance—a grasping of the hands and garments of indulgent neighbours, was the instant result of this announcement; but our tyrant was inexorable; even maternal fondness would not infringe the settled rule; so, by a sort of compromise, the youngest became the first victim, and struggling, screaming, and protesting, I was borne away on a very different journey from the spirit-wandering on which I was about to enter with such relish. Never can I forget the transition from that happy social group, all expectation, all enjoyment—from the genial warmth of the cheerful room, to the cold, frosty air; the stone-flagged, moon-lit hall, the dimly-lighted staircase, the lonely nursery; smiles replaced by bitter sobs; indulgence all at once exchanged for peremptory command; imagination, in short, on untried wing, brought harshly down to the realities of life, and sorely bruised into the bargain with the fall. My head lay at last quietly on the pillow, my thoughts the while reverting to the uncommenced story, while Adare, and all that might have happened there, flitted in a thousand disjointed fancies through my brain, whether in sleeping or in waking is now more than I can tell; but of this much I am sure, that for many an after year the dream continued, shaping its shadowy outlines according to each circumstance that revived it, so that in any after period of my childhood or my youth, had I been suddenly asked to what place I would best like to go, no doubt but my lips would have involuntarily uttered the syllables of Adare.

But we change with the current that sweeps us on: I

became my own master, free to rove and roam; I travelled in other lands where the obscure little shrine of my early predilections had never been heard of: nothing happened to recal it, and the disappointment and the dream of childhood, alike, were faded or forgotten, when one evening, while staying at the house of a friend, some new arrival casually mentioned having made his journey through Adare. The word was electric—every link of memory instantly vibrated; fresh as ever was the charm of the name; hurriedly I asked a hundred questions, and to my surprise and delight, though almost mortified at my ignorance, I discovered that I had been all the while within twenty miles of the spot.

And now, I had but one solitary day; imperative business called me far away on the following one, not knowing if ever such an opportunity might offer again; but whether or no, my fancy could admit of no further postponement, now that its gratification was at last within my power, so with impatience almost amounting to agitation, I exclaimed "Whatever happens, this time I must see Adare."

"The friends with whom I was sojourning laughed at my impetuosity, they could not thus lose me a day sooner than they had expected, for the present at least I must abandon my whim; sorely perplexed was I, between reluctance to seem ungracious, and still stronger reluctance to forego my expedition, when a very unexpected ally came to my relief, in the person of a certain dark-eyed, mirthful, mischief-loving young lady, who with the usual discernment of such persons in such matters, had detected some incipient signs of admiration on my part, during the earlier stages of our acquaintance, and had thought proper to make them the excuse for some rather mortifying reprisals.

Now, to my astonishment—for there had been a sort of tacit understanding, that we were in opposition—Miss Emily came forward, and with that demure glance which I had so often seen covering some premeditated transgression, declared "she thought it quite a pity to thwart a wish on which my heart was so evidently set"—ah! Miss Emily, had you but looked a little nearer home—"that for her part, she too, had never visited Adare, though always hearing it was so well worth seeing; that nothing could be more delightful than an impromptu excursion there; all might go, and if it must be the last day all were to spend together, why it would be something to make it the pleasantest too."

There was in this speech much of a mixed nature, making my visit to Adare almost a secondary matter: much that was provoking and yet encouraging; much of bitter and of sweet, now in the look, now in the words and tone; but none of the others of the party seemed gifted with such nice discernment, and in a moment Emily's gladsome "Will you come—and will you—will you?" had gained a joyful assent from each individual present. Then came the question of ways and means, and suddenly, our good-natured host was threatened with a slight twinge of the gout, which he strenuously protested would leave him tied by the leg the next day: while his bustling better-half, at the same moment, as suddenly remembered the morrow was the very day for bottling her gooseberry wine, and on no account whatever could that be postponed, or regulated under any auspices but her own.

We each and all declared against excuses evidently invented to make room; insisting on our unlimited powers of compression, our unwillingness to see *their* places any otherwise filled, but while they laughingly protested it was no mere excuse, they prophesied that before the journey was half over, horses and springs would be none the worse, that the bulkiest and weightiest had remained behind; while cold chicken being voted the order of the day, something like mercy might be extended to the poultry-yard, on the ground of a diminished party.

"But I hope that you young people," added the old lady, somewhat anxiously, "when all together in a strange place, will behave yourselves particularly well, no wild pranks I beg; you, Mr. Bowen, are one of the steadiest, so I think I must put you in my husband's place, and give all the rest into your charge."

I was about to answer most readily, making myself responsible for the good conduct of the party, when something in Miss Emily's demeanour, admonished me that it would be rather a hazardous pledge: already there was, evidently, one rebel against my authority, so determined at once to arm myself with full powers, I gravely and deliberately replied, "You may indeed rely on me, dear madam, I shall feel quite honoured in accepting Mr. Martin's place, and to the best of my power act the parent for this one day, to the young friends you entrust to my care."

With some difficulty I kept my countenance, but my speech told exactly as I intended; the good lady's eyes quite glistened with admiration of my high sense of duty, my young companions, much amused, commenced a rehearsal at once, and I was greeted from every side with the title of "papa;" but better than all, Miss Emily, for once, was quiet and silent, and I was just flattering myself with having brought her to order at last, when the buzz subsiding, her silvery voice was heard deploring in accents, unusually plaintive, how lonely it would be not to have also a mamma.

She had drawn nearer as she spoke, and I was able to enquire unheard, and in all humility, whether she would on this occasion wish to assume the office herself, being about to add some expression of my gratification at the prospect of so fair a partner, when turning on me her flashing eyes, with a look sufficiently expressive, there needed not the threatening gesture of her little hand immediately following, to convince me that chastisement, in one shape or another, would surely follow any further suggestion of the kind. And then recovering herself in a moment, as if the tranquil current of her feelings had never been disturbed, the young virago, in the calmest voice, repeated her observation now fully within hearing of the real mamma, who at once caught it up, exclaiming eagerly, "Indeed Emily, you are quite right, I must depute some one to that office too, but then you are all so——"

"Miss Parkes," interrupted Emily, gently.

"Oh, yes! Miss Parkes, exactly; where is she?" cried the old lady, looking round, but nowhere was this antiquated specimen of spinsterhood to be seen; and now fully up to Miss Emily's drift, I had just time to say with some indignation, "If you wish for a grandmother she may answer remarkably well," when the subject of my remark stood before me, summoned from the other end of the room by the quick glance of Emily's mischievous eyes. It was two to one; I had to make peace on any terms; gladly would I have cut down the tall, bony spinster to the fairy proportions of childhood, gladly allowed her the privileges of earliest youth, and made her my youngest daughter on the spot; but no, she was affronted even to the verge of spoiling all our sport, Emily unmercifully fanned the flame, and nothing but the old lady's insisting, in a style as peremptory as it was complimentary, that Miss Parkes should be her deputy, and hold office with me, reconciled her at last to my unintentional slight.

The joke was too good to let drop, not one of my companions would have wilfully annoyed me, especially on a party intended for my amusement, and a farewell one too; but there was no resisting Emily's laughing lips and eyes—the thousand droll ways in which she made the enforced connection tell—my aversion—my colleague's satisfaction at being placed all at once in the post of honour; during the whole day it was never lost sight of, until at last feeling the mirth contagious—

partly amused, and partly consoled by finding myself on any terms an object of so much attention to this bright little lady—I began with some spirit to enter into it myself.

And now the tables were turned, as far as Emily was concerned, the joke gradually lost its relish; with the power of tormenting, her amusement seemed to vanish; once or twice, when in confidential consultation with the mistress of the ceremonies, I detected her rather watchfully regarding us, and could see there was something particularly distasteful to her in the quiet attentions imposed by the relative position; but fortunately I possessed sufficient tact not to overdo the matter, forbearance enough not to create a triumph out of mortification growing more visible to me every hour. Accustomed to being a first object, Emily was but one of the many now; I attended to her wishes merely in common with the rest, and the spoiled pet was evidently anything but pleased with my impartiality: yes, Miss Emily, it was now my turn to show some little discernment: yours awoke very early—mine was of slower perception—but slow and sure.

All this while have we been at Adare, and not one word of description—not one word of delight. What about the ruins—the river—the lvied bridge—the verdant turf—the bowery glades? What about the realization of my enchantment—my early dream? The spell is broken, but not by disappointment, there they are—all fairer, lovelier, than even I imagined them; the sunshine is brighter, the companions more dear, the spirit to enjoy more elastic than ever; then why am I silent? The day is over, and with one long sigh of satisfaction, one full respiration of contentment and joy, the joy of an early, a later hope, in one hour fulfilled. I have turned away from those miles of landscape, now flooded with the golden light of the west, to one little, quiet, shaded spot, and looking there, the past is all forgotten, or rather it is all explained.

There, beneath a spreading tree, apart from the rest, paler than of wont, quieter than ever, silent, apparently out of spirits and undoubtedly tired, sat Emily, quite worn out by the excitement of the day: just then a few rain drops fell heavily, a distant growl above the woods, and a quick flash of lightning made us all start to our feet. The ladies, and especially Miss Parkes, all began to scream very prettily, flying in all directions for shelter, some thinking of their bonnets, some more of themselves, for my part, I confess, I thought only of Emily; she had not screamed, she had not stirred, but she looked towards me, and her cheek, the moment before so pale, came suddenly back to its rosiest hue. Hastily calling on the other cavaliers of the party to render their assistance where it was needed, I seized a large shawl from a heap on the grass—though some association between it and Miss Parkes darted confusedly into my mind at the moment—and tenderly wrapping Emily in its ample folds, I hurried her away by a short pathway instinctively chosen, had safely housed her in the village inn, and enjoyed a tête-a-tête, that might have been an hour long, though it seemed but a moment, before the rest of the party, dripping and breathless, came in.

What a glance poor Miss Parkes threw at her shawl, lying high and dry on the sideboard, as she shook the drops of rain from some yards of her dress, descending beneath Emily's smart little cloak, for which she was a world too wide and too long; and with what an air of distress did Emily, who had now quite recovered her spirits, come forward to examine the damage, and act the penitent, in all but her laughing eyes.

"Forgive me, dear Miss Parkes, for allowing myself in the distraction of the moment, in every sense of the word, to take your place; there was I, flying for shelter through the trees—your shawl—which Mr. Bowen recognising—"

"Oh, that is too bad," interrupted one of her young friends, seeing Miss Parkes beginning to simper, and evidently inclined to put a literal interpretation on the saucy Emily's word; but, to do the good soul justice, she graciously accepted my sincere apologies, and, as if making allowance for the temptation, never once upbraided me with my desertion of my honorary post. She performed her own part of the duty to admiration, looking most assiduously after the welfare of all her nominal daughters; examining whether they had dry feet, dry garments, what they most wanted, what was best to be done; reminding me of my duty, by appealing each moment to "papa," with a pertinacity that entirely restored Emily's smiles; and at length seeing the rain falling in heavier torrents, the clouds growing darker and darker, and finding our united weather-wisdom could augur nothing hopeful, with an air of authority supremely amusing, she rang the bell for the landlady, and inquired whether the party could be provided with beds.

Completely were we all taken by surprise: our forethought had never extended so far: how we laughed at her look of importance—at the landlady's puzzled face; clearly not knowing what to make of the party at first, then reckoning us all off in couples on her fingers, and in imagination distributing us amongst her vacant beds; but those apparently falling short of the numerical strength of the candidates, even when thus paired off, she had to commence all over again, resorting to a more ingenious device:—"You see, ladies and gentlemen, we are so crowded for to-morrow's fair: it is surprising unlucky—but, there's the yellow room, and the room over the parlour, have two beds each; if some of the young ladies had no objection, once in the way, to sleep in the room with their papa ——"

A renewed burst of laughter interrupted the good woman's speech, scarcely controlled, while with looks of mock supplication, I whispered to my fair companions, "can you possibly betray me?" and doubly revived when Emily, spokeswoman as usual, turned gravely to the landlady, with this suggestion, "Oh, you know, there's mamma."

"Dear; yes ma'am! I beg pardon," exclaimed the landlady, turning on unfortunate Miss Parkes, who, for the first time throughout the day, seemed not half to relish the joke, "it is easily settled so—there's the blue room for you and the gentleman; and the young ladies and their brothers can have the two double-bedded rooms."

A fine family doubtless, and an excellent arrangement, at least so the landlady evidently thought, little expecting to find her proposition received with an ejaculation on my part, which I shall not mind repeating now, and a fresh peal of laughter from the others, at the disconcerted face of Miss Parkes, so uproarious that it more than verified all good Mrs. Martin's apprehensions, and completely neutralized our attention to decorum throughout the former part of the day.

Apparently scandalized at the absence of filial and conjugal respect exhibited by the whole party, the good mistress of the house hastily quitted our presence, and the minute after, we could hear her below stairs sounding notes of preparation, and issuing her orders in such peremptory style, that, one and all, we must inevitably have submitted to her arrangements—at least so the youngsters endeavoured to persuade Miss Parkes—had not the clouds shown themselves merciful at the last moment, and allowed us to make a timely retreat.

I have reason to know that Emily is an altered character, having manifested genuine symptoms of repentance for her sauciness that day. At any rate, good Miss Parkes was not one to feel malice, and her kind honest face never beamed with more cordial indulgence, than when Emily, in her own winning way, requested her to exchange the borrowed shawl for one, far more costly—though

not half so dear; and, throwing her arms round her neck, partly to hide her own blushing cheek, whispered softly in her ear the reason why.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

I GAZE on thy tiny face, my May,
With many sad doubts and fears,
And I fain would lift the veil, my May,
That covers thy future years.

But whatever thy God sees fit, my May,
To inflict of grief and care,
Be sure that thy mother's heart, my May,
In each and all will share.

I covet not wealth for thee, my May,
Nor beauty, so highly prized:
I've known the owners of both, my May,
Unloved, and oft despised.

But I pray for thy portion to be, my May,
The tender and loving heart,
That early thou'lt learn to choose, my May,
The wiser, the "better part."

And ever may'st thou possess, my May,
So much of peace, hope, and love,
As shall make thee a heaven on *earth*, my May
And fit thee for that above.

M. E. H. W

MRS. DUMPLE'S COOKING SCHOOL.

BY SILVERPEN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

IN fact so extremely savorous was the great Irish stew, and so finely compounded into one perfect aroma was the pepper, the gravy, and the flavorous onion, as to make Alderman Rudberry smell it before he alighted from his carriage, the poor brother of the Charter House as he stepped in at the gateway, and the six or seven gentlemen of the vestry, even though as they came along they were much abstracted by a grave discussion on parish rates.

But, when they entered the kitchen and severally smelt it in perfection, when they saw the simple apparatus, the nice order, the comely and neat appearance of the girls, and lastly tasted the stew itself, their admiration was still more self-evident; whilst it might be remarked, in particular, that Alderman Rudberry, after the first spoonful, set down his plate, gazed with a bland smile upon the scholars, and then going to the window before-mentioned, looked out through its now glazed cavity, with a dreamy, abstract sort of benevolence strongly written on his face, as if he had mentally travelled onward into a future, full of pleasant, homely, cheerful scenes, just as after rough ploughing, and the winter time, we live to see the flitting lark amidst the greenness of the springing corn, or later, hear the rustle of the harvest's ripeness.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Dumple having retired to change her dress, now returned nicely habited in her shawl and bonnet, for it had been arranged that she should accompany this sort of deputation to the adjacent Ragged School, the great Irish stew, still sacred in its stewpan, going before in the Dolphin's largest handbarrow, and in the especial care of Tummus and his "second-best vaistcoat;" for Margery's favourite servant was decidedly of opinion that the making public *such* a dish, as the Dolphin's Irish stew, was an event of vast significance and worthy of due honour.

"And now, gentlemen," said excellent Margery, as she led the Alderman and his friends down the great kitchen towards the lower one, vastly pleased that her admirable dish had elicited such earnest praise, "you see how by a little method all this has been done, and how easy by the same attention to order and cleanliness, a large number of Ragged Schools might be supplied with cheap, wholesome, and well-cooked food, whilst, at the same time, practical means would be at hand for training successive classes of female children."

"Yes, yes, I understand so far as to the training up useful servants and good wives," somewhat impatiently interrupted one of the churchwardens, who though a schoolmaster, was by no means eminently gifted, "but I don't see how this food could be conveyed to any distance,—it is in fact an impossibility——"

"No more, my dear sir," replied Mr. Rudberry, with a smile, "than that a pieman, or a hot potato man should carry his bright rubbed tin and its little charcoal fire from St. Giles's to Mile End, and find when he got there that his pies or potatos were "all hot." This point has been taken into consideration, and when we once find that Mrs. Dumple's Cooking School does well in all other respects, depend upon it we shall not lack means of transport, either as to celerity, or to keeping 'all hot.' The one thing will be achieved by a luggage cart, and a good-paced horse, the other by setting the stewpans over a portable brazier. Not a point has been forgotten, sir; the renowned Tummus may yet in some sense be the Dolphin's hostler."

"And there is another thing to be considered whilst looking at the possibility of these cooking schools," said Mr. Whiteman, the benevolent salesman before spoken of, "and that is the probability of the increased supply and low price of meat; two things tending to this more than others are—cheaper transit by railways as new lines are opened, and the increased power which knowledge is conferring on the agriculturalist and stock-feeder, of converting the produce of the land more cheaply and speedily into the best descriptions of animal food; for till our lower class of population be better fed and better housed, the schoolmaster is comparatively useless."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Dumple, "if food is to be good and plentiful, as God pray it may be, never was there a better time than now, to teach the rising population how to use it with advantage and economy—and so step here with me if you please, for my good children are not to be made simply cooks for hospitals, taverns, or schools, but also for humble fire-sides and narrow households." Thus saying, the worthy old landlady of the Southwark Dolphin stepped into the lesser kitchen, and showed its twelve small fire-places, its separate dressers and closets, and her own chair, wherein she would preside over the nicely-roasting small joints of meat, the nicely-baking small puddings, the well-boiling of potatos, and even an occasional ascent into the higher regions of melted butter and oyster sauce.

"That will be whenever I have a dinner party, my good Margery," spoke the Alderman, "for if there be anything in the whole art of cooking, which comes like vanity and vexation of spirit from a common hand, it is—oyster sauce."

Mrs. Dumple smiled whilst she added "Ay, Mr. Rudberry, that is only because, like my Thomas, you are too partial to what he calls 'Dol-fin vays,' but I shall strive to add some other things to these lessons, which I am sure, even you will say, would, if known and practised, add largely to the worth of better cooking; amongst which will be, the setting each one of these twelve small fire-places in order, as if children had to sit beside it, and that those who toil to bring home the daily bread were expected."

So adding this little piece of morality to her practical text, Mrs. Dumple showed the beautiful arrangement of

this novel school-room; and presently, it being fully time, she took the Alderman's arm and proceeded with him and the little party to the Ragged School in the neighbouring street, whither Tummus had already conveyed the Irish stew, and assisted the mistress to distribute it amongst the children. These were in the full enjoyment of their savoury meal, as Mrs. Dumple entered the boy's schoolroom, and so intent were all upon the business in hand, saving those who had finished their share, that scarcely a look of curiosity was raised.

"Do they like it, do you think?" asked Mrs. Dumple, softly, of her favourite servant, who, leaning against the wall beside the empty stewpan, was contemplating, with a philosophic air, the scene before him.

"I think so, mum," replied Tummus, as in a moment he resumed his wonted attitude of respectful deference, "for you see they don't look as if they vos doing much in the way o'study jist at present, or unless they be like the Emp'ror of Cha-ne I once read on, who couldn't make his dinner vithout birds' nests and nightingales' tongues. No, they say they never tasted sich a dish afore, a matter I think uncommon likely, as depend upon it, mum, not one on 'em ever put up his 'os at the Dol'fin, or called a vaiter in to order sich a dish."

Mrs. Dumple smiled as she listened to her servant, and then turned away, for the Alderman had bidden every lad that had enjoyed his dinner lift up his spoon, which being done by the entire school without a single exception, it clearly convinced him, that the savoury dish had been fully and worthily appreciated.

"As this is the case, my lads," he said, "that you have enjoyed a meal worthy of a king's palate, it is as well to let you know the condition on which one like it may be daily eaten. *That condition is work.* Each one who works steadily in his industrial class, through the morning or previous evening, as the case may be, will be reckoned to have earned at least the necessary penny for this daily meal; thus it will be his own and not a charitable gift; a needful distinction to make, my lads, as you must learn to understand. But, he who does not work will not be permitted to eat. It is God's law, and he who would be well thought of by his fellow men must obey it. Therefore, let the savour of this Irish stew teach you the most needful lesson you have to learn, which is—that if you work, be honest, be frugal, be sober, and care-taking, a meal as good as this may bless your lips each day of your life—but if you be idle, drunken, dishonest and wasteful, nothing of the kind can be permanently yours, for the riotous profusion of crime and profligacy wastes like ice in the sun!"

Though not a word was spoken in reply, the look of earnest intelligence which might be seen on many of the laddish, eager faces, convinced the worthy Alderman, (who, by the way, was always dropping a little economical seed into untilled land of this sort,) that the lesson was for the most part understood; so taking worthy Margery's arm, he proceeded onward into the girls' schoolroom. As these had been served first, they had wholly finished their meal, and now, under the care of the mistress, were washing up the tins and spoons with which, through Mr. Rudberry's bounty, they had been supplied. One little tin only remained as it had been served, and this stood at the end of the long writing table, and before one of the younger girls, who was leaning forward with her face hidden, and resting on her arms. This sight of untouched food amongst children who rarely tasted a comfortable meal excited the good landlady's curiosity, and she enquired of the mistress if the child were ill.

"I scarcely think so, replied the mistress, in a voice only sufficiently audible for the landlady's ear, "but the poor child, though young, has much sensibility; and if I mistake not, the thought of her mother's destitution and death makes her heart too full to eat. I think this is so, for though perfectly destitute and friendless since her mother's death some short time ago, she is too good a child to feign or make believe," and as she spoke, the kindly mistress bent down and touched the child's face. It was raised, and though her eyes, as the mistress had conjectured, were dim with tears, Mrs. Dumple saw in them a vision of her youth, her father's sunny orchard, and the re-born face of her favourite playfellow, a neighbour's child.

"My dear," asked Margery, quite nervously, "was your mother or grandmother's name Lockly?"

"I do not know ma'am," spoke the child, with the voice and manner of a better life than that around; "mother was always very secret about her history, it was the thing she most tried to hide."

"Ay," replied Mrs. Dumple, "we are sometimes mistaken in faces, as I may be with yours, but, as the mistress speaks well of you, and you are so friendless, my servant Becky shall step round, and enquire more about you, for it may be in my power to be your friend."

The child did not even say "thank ye," to this promise of Mrs. Dumple's friendship, but, with a sort of vacant apathy rose from the form, and, with the mistress's permission putting aside the food to take home with her, was presently lost to the good landlady's sight in the crowd of other children.

It happened, however, that though this child's face was constantly in Mrs. Dumple's thoughts, the business of the school delayed Becky's intended visit for several weeks, for, the plan of the school succeeding, people began to be interested in its method of management, and to come to and fro "in a vay," as Tummus argued, "to make the Dol'fin feel hisself young again." For at first people had laughed at the absurdity of such a thing as a Cooking School; some on the grounds of bad economical policy, and others at the folly of supposing that any of the thousand points of education rested in a saucepan; but those who had had, for any length of time, dealings with degraded, ignorant, and helpless portions of the population saw the matter in another light. The great difficulty, hitherto, in introducing the industrial principle into Ragged Schools, had been the need of bodily refreshment appropriate, and close at hand, during the short time which necessarily intervened between the hours set apart for the different processes of mental and industrial instruction. For in these hours of leisure, where were children to go who had no homes; or if so, only places which desecrated that name? Of whom were they to ask a meal in either instance; or how possess it at all, unless it were stolen in the streets through which they prowled; and how when out on an errand of the kind, like famished dogs, what learnt lesson, what moral rule, what schoolmaster might limit the lust of crime, or reasonably expect the child back to his restraining hand? And yet, what schoolmaster could gain the attention of hungry children, or engraft upon a mind, worn by the morning's labour, the moral lessons of the afternoon? Either thing was an impossibility! There was, therefore, policy in the plan, which brought this needed meal to the schoolhouse door, provided the child were made to feel that it was his, only on the condition that it was purchased by so much labour, so much self-denial implied in this labour; and this was the coin just as if it were in the shape of a penny, a shilling, a guinea, he *must* give before it were his. The only philanthropy, in the whole case, being, that those who had time, opportunity, and knowledge, were willing like kindly parents, to order that that which was thus earned should be brought to the possessor in the shape most beneficial both to his moral and physical nature.

Before, therefore, Becky had made those enquiries which Mrs. Dumple had so long intended, the three great Ragged Schools in the neighbourhood of the Dolphin, which mainly owed their existence to the exertions and charity of Alderman Rudberry, were supplied by the Cooking School with a daily meal

Thus, in the course of a few weeks, Margery's eleven pupils had, in addition to the several times repeated Irish stew, assisted at the making of mutton broth, pea soup, rice milk, and a marvellous sort of cheap haricot, made out of fragments of cold beef, and greatly enriched by spice, fried onions, and stewed carrots, and were therefore now supposed to be in a fitting state to receive their first lesson in the lesser kitchen, in the more sacred duties of home and homely life.

It was a lesson as to roasting meat,—a great primary lesson, as it were, concerning brownness and gravy—and this was it. Cicely having closed the door and retired, Mrs. Dumple, in her neat morning dress, walked leisurely down the kitchen, and saw, that in eleven out of the twelve little fire-places, that the fires burnt clear and brightly, and where they did not she took the poker, cleared the bottoms from black coals and cinders, and gave that little electrical stir which permits the flame to go upwards, and puts a soul even in a fire-place. Next, she had the cinders swept up, and then the very clean little dripping pans being put on their respective stands in front of each fire, some plates and dishes in every little hastener, a basting spoon, a dredging box, and a clean preserve jar set on every girl's table, as were the several small-sized joints of meat from the respective pantries, Mrs. Dumple retired to her presiding chair, and spoke in this loving way to her scholars.

"My dear children,

A well-roasted joint of meat is such a rare thing, as to make me hope you will well attend to this lesson, for scarcely one other I can give you equals this in value. The usual way of roasting, for instance, a fine leg of mutton, is to tie it on a string, or to hook it on a bottle jack, and set it down before any sort of fire, black or bright, as chance may be, and to leave it to its fate, without dredging, without a sprinkle of salt, without basting. And when it is supposed to be done enough, it is pulled up, like a trout out of the water, thrown on a dish, and (my girls I never have patience when I speak of this thing,) a little hot water is poured over it, and (Heaven help my indignation,) *called gravy. It should be called liquid make-believe, not gravy.* And all this without reference to what is in the dripping pan; the delicious gravy, the excellent dripping, into which, if a few large red hot cinders drop, it is all one, as the cook with sublime indifference thrusts the whole into her grease pot. Well, this pale, sickly-looking, half-cooked, graviless joint, being called roasted, is sent to table, to fill half those whose misfortune it is to partake of it, with severe repressed disgust, and make many a man sigh, as the ill-conditioned morsels choke him, over the folly of his wedding day. But, learn from me the despised art of roasting, and making gravy, and in houses where you may be servants, no sigh of this kind will ever be. One golden rule in all roasting is, my dears, not to be afraid of a *dredging box*. In many middle class houses, and especially in those innumerable regions of hot water gravy, London lodging houses, where unhappy people are taken in, and themselves and their meat "done for," maids and mistresses look upon dredging boxes as if they were rattle-snakes, for of course brownness and gravy are no helps to the grease pot. But, now put down your eleven joints, and let us see in what way the dredging box is serviceable."

ROASTING MEAT.

"Now the joints being put nicely before the fire, let them twirl some five or six minutes, so as to warm, (this was done,) now sprinkle a pinch of salt over each, and lightly, though entirely dredge with flower, and so, that some be lightly spread over the dripping pan. (This was all nicely achieved, except by the two girls from Spitalfields, who, from the first had been the dullest pupils, whilst Nelly Chester was the brightest, and therefore Mrs. Dumple arose and assisted them.) Now that the flour has adhered somewhat to the meat, baste gently with the fat which has dropped. (This was done.) Now, the meat being about half roasted, ladle out into the jar several spoonfuls of the clearest fat, being particularly careful not to remove any of the real gravy or brown particles at the bottom of the dripping pan, (a flat dripping pan is preferable,) baste again, and lightly flour. (This was done.) Now, my children, as the meat is within ten minutes of being done enough, baste the joints well, remove with the ladle all the clear fat remaining in each pan, and dredge all the unbrown places on the joints carefully. (This was done.) Now, that I see the joints are nicely and thoroughly brown, take from the teakettle which is boiling on Nelly Chester's fire, each of you a full teacupful of water, pour immediately into the pan, stir in all the brown gathered round, and sprinkling in another pinch of salt, baste your meat well for the last time. (This was done, the meat was richly brown and frothed, and there was, instead of hot water, a dish of gravy to pour over each joint, worthy of the most learned epicure.) And this," concluded Mrs. Dumple, "is, with small difference, the art of roasting."

During the period of this roasting, the several girls had each one some half dozen potatos in a small saucepan over her own fire: first, putting a little salt in the water, next watching them, so that they only boiled gently, and when enough, pouring the water very carefully off, and then drying them for a second or two over the fire, and lastly, setting the saucepan at a distance on the hob, pressed down, within each, a clean folded cloth, by which means the vegetables were kept hot, whilst the steam had room to escape. In this way, when the cloth was laid for dinner, which it was in the larger kitchen, and the several joints put on one dish, and the potatos in another, so pleased was Mrs. Dumple with her scholars' progress, as to promise them a holiday that very afternoon, to which was joined the permission, that for an hour previous to tea time, they should go up stairs with her, and help her to arrange the great linen chest. And to show how much she was in earnest, no sooner was dinner over, than Cicely was ordered to make a due number of rich short cakes, well filled with currants, and nicely sweet with sugar, so that the tea when set forth should look quite in holiday fashion.

This kind desire was carried out, and evening sinking on the faded glories of the Dolphin, the good landlady retired to her little parlour, and sitting down quietly by the window, to which, the minute he saw the shadow of her cap, Billy the goat trotted across the yard to rest his old grey beard upon the window-sill, it pleased her to hear the children's merry voices from the kitchen, as they played blind-man's-buff with Tummus; for it brought back in some degree the pleasure of her own childish days. However, it was not long before Becky came in to say that the schoolmistress of the neighbouring Ragged School would like to speak with Mrs. Dumple, concerning the child she had so kindly noticed.

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Dumple, apologetically, as the schoolmistress entered, and took the chair the old servant had placed for her; "it is very remiss in me, after my promise, to have thus ——"

"Do not apologise, madam," interrupted the mistress respectfully, "our obligations to you are already great; but the poor child is now even worse off than when she attracted your notice, as she had then a nightly shelter, but that is lost to her now, as the woman who gave it, has been obliged, through extreme poverty, to go into one of the Union-houses. I think too, ma'am, you will the more readily help the poor child, as from what I have learnt since your visit, your conjectures are right, and the child's grandmother was named Lockly before she married."

"I knew it—I knew it—" and Mrs. Dumple listened breathlessly.

"It appears," continued the schoolmistress, "that some year or two after you had left the country that she married a person named Field, and went with her husband to keep an inn in the North of England. For some years this flourished exceedingly, but after, owing to the opening of so many railways in the neighbourhood, the business so fell off, as at last to compel them to quit it, and with the little property they had saved to retire to a small cottage in a neighbouring village. Their only child, a girl of then about seventeen, would, in order to assist her parents, go out to service, which she did as barmaid in an inn. Here she remained till she was about twenty. Then, at the solicitation of her mistress, who loved Emma as her own child, she accepted a situation as housekeeper to a gentleman of large fortune, living not many miles from here in the most beautiful part of Epping Forest, who had written down to this mistress of the inn to procure him a clever country servant, capable of conducting a house like his own. Emma went, and stayed two years, and then suddenly made her way to London, carefully concealing her name, and never, from what I hear, again corresponding with either those in the place she had left, or her parents. Soon after this, this poor child was born; but though she had a home to go to she never went, but supported herself by the needle, till her health gradually declined, and she fell into a rapid consumption. Though thus needing assistance, she did not make known her condition to a living soul, but lived upon the sale of her clothes and what few things she possessed. At her death, which happened suddenly, this poor child was left utterly destitute, and it was not till the other day that her landlady, in moving some few old things from a closet in the room her lodger had occupied, found the packet of letters, which give such little information as I possess. I have written into the North, but find the child's grandparents are both dead."

"And the father?" questioned Mrs. Dumple.

"He is wealthy, and lives in Epping Forest, as I have said. He is wealthy, as many things stated in this poor girl's letters show, as they speak of his going to Ascot, to Newmarket and to Doncaster, and that he spends large sums of money in collecting old things belonging to post chaises and stage coaches. But rich as he was, and perhaps yet is, it appears the poor girl scorned to apply to him."

"As was doubtless right," said Mrs. Dumple, "So bring the child to night, and she shall not want a friend.

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth was an astonishing, and, we believe, a solitary example of great genius without geniality—of creative power without wide sympathies. Enthusiasm he had, and it was both deep and constant; but it was all for external Nature, which became, as it were, the mere material for his art. For human nature he cared only in its picturesque aspects. Hence, even amidst the extravagance of admiration, amounting often to fanaticism, which his partisans express, we see little of love. Wordsworth is oftener read and oftener quoted than any modern poet, but what stranger has a personal regard for him? Do we not all feel that this magnificent intellect which holds itself superbly aloof from all the erring, struggling, hoping, loving crowd—which can be excited to tears by a daisy, but has only cold sermons for mankind—which moves in a small circle of emotions, sacrificing man to Nature, is, on the whole, shut out from our hearts, though our gratitude and sympathy make us yearn to place him there? We speak in mournfulness, and not in bitterness. To us he was wholly a stranger, and over his tomb, had he been an enemy, we could utter no asperity. If we speak at all, it is because a strong impulse moves us in paying a last tribute to his genius, to draw the moral from his own exclusiveness. Let us hasten to add, that his influence on men has been both extensive and unmixed *good*. He has visibly coloured the thoughts of his generation, and nowhere has he left a soil. Whatever there was of positive in his influence has been good; his defects are not moral errors so much as moral deficiences. He may be limited—he is not perverted. He has deepened the feelings and widened the souls of many, but none has he misled.—*Leader*.

WOMAN'S ECONOMY.

Governor Barbour, of Virginia, in an address before an agricultural society, says:—"Let every man have the fortitude to look his affairs in the face, to keep an account of his debts and items of expenditure, no matter how long or black the list; if he don't look into it his neighbours will—and more, let him show it to his wife, if he has one. If a prudent woman, it will be of service; if imprudent, it will do no harm; but there are few of the latter, and I cheerfully bear evidence to the care and economy of woman. When in a situation to observe, I can safely say, that I never knew a woman, left to the care of an embarrassed estate, that did not extricate it, if it was possible."

HOOD'S POETRY.

Best of all in Hood is that warm humanity which beats in all his writings. His is no ostentatious or systematic philanthropy; it is a mild, cheerful, irrepressible feeling, as innocent and tender as the embrace of a child. It cannot found soup-kitchens; hospitals it is unable to erect, or subscriptions to give; silver and gold it has none; but in the orisons of its genius it never fails to remember the cause of the poor; and if it cannot, any more than the kindred spirit of Burns, make for its country "some useful plan or book," it can "sing a song at least." Hood's poetry is often a pleading for those who cannot plead for themselves; nor has this advocacy of his been thrown utterly away.—*Gilfillan*.

SECRESY.

For once that secresy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as a friend, is entrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of the heart, should be secret. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul. To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue, without the context. There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mental confidence, however slight. And, in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential, which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secresy. It is meant for them, or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So, that when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears to anybody that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself, for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence, would have been said, in the same words, at any time, aloud in the market-place. In short, that he is the average man of mankind; which we doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself.

UMBRELLA—an article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Oh, what can this be that, with earnest endeavour
We seek for in vain—yet keep seeking for ever?
Oh, where is the charm that has baffled for ages,
The wise and the witless—the saints and the sages?
We go on pursuing, we go on believing,
Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving,
We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown,
And behold in its shape the "Philosopher's Stone."

The child looketh out on the sunshine and moth,
And he sees what the alchymist toils for in both;
Let him play in the beam, let him capture the fly,
And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye.
But the heat and the light make him weary full soon,
And he finds we may tire of the summer-day's noon;
The insect is crushed, and he sitteth alone,
Sighing over his childhood's "Philosopher's Stone."

The man in his prime is still doting and dreaming,
Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming,
And he thinks the alembic yields all he desires,
When Affection's elixir is formed by its fires.
He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove,
That some dross is not even transmuted by Love;
And full many a bosom will mournfully own,
It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

Old Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth at length,
That the gold in *itself* holds the spell and the strength;
And he scrapes and he gathers in coffers and lands,
And imagines he then has the charm in his hands.
But he findeth, alas! that he cannot miss all
Of Mortality's cypress and Misery's gall;
Though monstrous and mighty his heaps may have grown,
Even wealth is a failing "Philosopher's Stone."

We pant after that, and we toil after this,
And some wisp-light delusion still beacons to bliss;
We hang over Life's crucibles, fevered with care,
Ever eager to find the great talisman there.
We get sweet distillations and magical fumes,
The rich fragrance beguiles and the vapour illumes;
But we find when the perfume and mist-cloud have flown,
That we have not secured the "Philosopher's Stone."

Oh! what folly it seems to be striving to gain
Heaven's alchemy-secret with efforts so vain;
Why struggle for bloom of celestial birth,
While neglecting the flowers beside us on earth?
Let us keep a "good Conscience,"—*this* talisman seems
To come nighest the charm of our chemical dreams,
'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne,
And the only enduring "Philosopher's Stone."

ELIZA COOK.

REMEMBERED HAPPINESS.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood past, with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is, most probably, the recollection of their past pleasures which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

DIAMOND DUST.

NEW, bold, and aspiring ideas are born only of a clear head that stands over a glowing heart, as the most precious and juicy vines grow on the side of volcanos.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

THE highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.

POLITENESS is the art of making a selection from what one thinks.

THE present is a bright speck between the darkness of the future, and the twilight of the past.

DISCONTENT—unhappiness at the non-possession of that, of which the possession would not make us happy.

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by the clouds of sorrow; as stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well.

PHILOSOPHY is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world.

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint; the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

PRAISE—that which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

SOME men are like unmanageable ships. They have every rope but the most needful of all, and that is the one which guides the rudder.

LET a man be treated as a brute and he will become more brutish than a brute; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

THE world always laughs at those failures which arise from weakness of judgment and defect of penetration.

GREAT men are generally so by one great act, or this is father to all the rest.

NONSENSE—sense that happens to differ from our own.

BEFORE an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and after it is digested, it comes too late; there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

SILENCE never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

THERE needs but one wise man in a company, and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion.

INDUSTRY needs not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting.

GALLOWS—a cure without being a prevention of crime.

HE who restrains himself in the use of things lawful will never encroach upon things forbidden.

THE passions are warm friends to themselves, but bitter enemies to others.

PRUDENCE is the mother of generosity and charity.

THE excellence of aphorisms consists, not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words.

SLANDERER—a person of whom the Greeks showed a due appreciation, when they made the word synonymous with devil.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No 2, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 2, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, June 28, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 61.] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

THE duty of economy cannot be too often or earnestly urged on those who have any fund of wages or income from which savings can be made. It is not only because "means" give a man a status, as well as a power among his fellows, but because those "means" are necessary to his independence, and to his well-being and happiness as an intelligent member of society. He who has no fund of savings on which to fall back, in event of loss of employment, and consequent loss of weekly wages, is worse off in many respects than a slave: he is dependent on the charity of his neighbours; he has to beg from strangers; and is driven to the pettiest and most miserable shifts to live; or he is sent to the workhouse with his wife and family, where he is supported by a tax levied on the working and earning part of the community. No free-minded man can think of either of these methods of support without a shudder; and, if he is wise, he will make haste to adopt the only way of avoiding each and all of them, which is, to store up, in the days of his health and strength, a sufficient fund of savings to keep him in his old age; to maintain him during sickness, or periods of loss of work; and to support his wife and children in event of his death.

We have already in these columns referred to the admirable expedients of Life Assurance and Benefit Societies, the latter of which have, of late years, been established and supported to a great extent among the labouring classes. Their principle is capable of extension in many other ways,—as, for instance, in the provision of annuities for old age, and in the insurance of sums payable to children on reaching the age of fourteen, when they have to be put out to apprenticeships, or payable at twenty-one, when about to start business in life for themselves. Many of the new insurance societies offer facilities for insurances of this kind; but we do not see why the working classes should not themselves provide them, in connection with the benefit societies of their own order.

Another important means of securing independence by the accumulation of small savings, to which we are now about to direct the reader's attention, is that presented by Savings' Banks. Insurance and benefit societies are simply expedients to provide against the casualties of sickness and death; but savings' banks, while they enable working men to effect the same objects, do more than this—they furnish the means of laying by a store of savings, which may be made available at any time. For instance, a workman falls out of employment, or a servant out of place. If the workman or the servant have been in the practice of consuming all that they earned during the time of their employment, which is by far too often the case; if they have been living from hand to mouth, and have laid by nothing on which to subsist now that they are thrown upon their own resources, their case is about the most pitiable that the humane mind can imagine. They are destitute; the workman's wife and children go without bread; they are turned out of their home, or are kept there by the charity of their neighbours; and as for the poor servant-girl, what her fate too often is, let the piteous streets of London bear witness.

But if the workman or the servant has saved something, either at home or in the savings' bank, then they are enabled to break their fall; they obtain at least a breathing-time, and they can take leisure to look about them before hastily engaging themselves to another master or mistress. Ten pounds to many may appear a very small sum; yet, to a workman, it may be a passport to independence. It will enable him to remove to a locality where there is a demand for his labour, or to improve himself by going to see better modes of handicraft; and the clever, well-informed workman will invariably be preferred to one who is the reverse. With ten pounds, the workman may get to Canada or the United States, where his labour is in request; whereas, without it he is virtually rooted to his native spot, like a limpet to the rock. If he is a married man with a family, ten pounds will save his home from wreckage, and the dear household from destitution, in event of his falling out of work; and most probably it will keep the wolf from the door until better times come round. Ten pounds would keep many a servant-girl from ruin, give her time to recruit her health, perhaps wasted by hard work, and enable her to look about her for a suitable place, instead of rushing into the first that offered. And if ten pounds be good, then twenty pounds are exactly twice as valuable in all these respects.

We do not value money for its own sake, and we should be the last to encourage a miserly desire to hoard amongst

any class; but we cannot help recognizing in money, as society is at present constituted, the means of life, the means of comfort, the means of maintaining an honest independence. We would therefore recommend every young man and every young woman to begin life by learning to save; to lay up for the future a certain portion of every week's earnings, be it little or much; to avoid consuming every week or every year the earnings of that week or year; and we counsel them to do this, as they would avoid the horrors of dependence, destitution, and beggary. We would have the men and women of every class to be able to help themselves—to rely upon their own resources—their own savings; for it is a true saying, that "a penny in the purse is better than a friend at court." The first penny saved is a step in the world. The fact of its being saved and laid by indicates self-denial, forethought, prudence, wisdom. It is the beginning of independence: it is the germ of future happiness; it is an illustration of self-help, in its humblest form it is true; but if you "help yourselves," then it is said, that "Heaven will help you."

Many persons will not begin to save, because the sum they have to begin with is so small. Never mind! Be it only a Penny, begin at once: put it by—do not touch it. You will add another to it in time; and by subsequent additions, pennies will grow into shillings, and shillings into pounds. The saving of even a penny will begin the habit, and the adding of other pennies to it will educate that habit, until the habit of economy becomes confirmed, and the indulgence of it becomes necessary to personal happiness. It is no argument against economy to say that it may be abused, and that men may grow into misers. Religion itself has been abused, and even Christians have burnt each other; but is that any sufficient reason why we should refuse to be religious? But, granting that economy may produce misers in some cases, we would ask, is it not worth running even that risk, if, by the habit of saving, we can avoid beggary, crime, and wretchedness for the multitude?

Happily the means of laying by savings are now-a-days numerous, and the attention of society and the Legislature is being devoted to the subject, with the view of increasing the security of the banks of deposit of the industrious classes. Savings' banks are of comparatively recent origin in this country, and have not yet reached that systematic method of working, and that degree of security for parties investing their savings in them, which it is so exceedingly desirous they should attain.

The first Savings' Bank was set a-going in Scotland as recently as the year 1810, by the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, of which parish that benevolent man was the minister. And here we cannot help remarking, that the power of the parish clergyman was never exercised for a holier and more christian purpose than by this good man. We regret to say it, that for any useful purpose, a large proportion of our parish clergy might just as well be constructed of cast iron, as of their present material of flesh and blood. The position of a clergyman in a parish is one full of power for doing good—for teaching the people intelligent ways of living—for improving their natures in all ways, and developing their capabilities for a high social, intellectual and religious life; instead of which most of them are busily engaged in threshing straw a thousand times threshed, bringing off only chaff with the dogmatic flail, the result of which is, that their parishioners are kept miserable, poor, and ignorant indeed.

See how this Rev. Dr. Duncan worked! He saw the working people of his parish, in times when employment was abundant and wages were good, consuming the whole of their gains; and, instead of saving the surplus of their wages, spending it in useless or criminal indulgences—such as strong drink. He saw that a double evil was produced in this way; first, upon the working classes themselves, and their families; and next, upon society at large. He found that, by merely teaching religious dogmas from the pulpit, which, perhaps, a large proportion of the parish did not care to come and hear, he could not grapple with the evil. After weighing the subject over in his mind, he saw that he must begin by improving the physical condition of his parishioners; and, first of all, that he must make them self-dependent, thriftful, provident. The first step, he perceived, was to induce the working people to lay by their savings in good times, instead of spending them on hurtful excesses. With this view he established the Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell, in 1810, and upon this very model have been established nearly all the savings' banks which have since been started throughout the country. The workman found there was a great advantage in depositing his money in a Savings' Bank, over that of investing it in a Friendly Society. The sum so deposited was completely secured, and under his command; it was payable to him on demand, and was thus serviceable to him at all times and for all purposes.

Numerous parish banks of the same kind were soon established throughout Scotland, and within seven years from the date of the first experiment at Ruthwell, seventy savings' banks were established in different parts of England, four in Wales, and four in Ireland. In 1817, the Parliament passed Acts for the establishment of savings' banks in England and Ireland, and these were amended by repeated Acts of the Legislature down to a very recent date. And in the present session of Parliament, an Act has been introduced to remedy the defects of the existing law on the subject. It has been found, that the security of these banks has been of a very imperfect kind, and several defalcations, to which we need not here refer in detail, have proved the necessity for further improvement. The impression had existed in the minds of the public, that Government was responsible for the security of the deposits, and many of these banks were called "National Security Savings' Banks," but very falsely, as the result proves, for the Government refuses to make good the recent defalcations of the officials of the savings' banks. So far as the funds deposited are lodged with the Government, they are doubtless secure enough; but then, the defalcations that have taken place have been in funds that were never so deposited at all. Certainly this is a state of matters which cannot be allowed to continue; and we do not see any other certain method of escape from the difficulty, but by pledging the nation's honour and credit for the security of the poor man's deposit in the savings' banks of the country.

An able writer on this subject, in *Tait's Magazine*, urges, that society is "called upon to attempt, through the medium of savings' banks, to foster economical habits among our labouring population; and for the attainment of this end, to increase public confidence in these institutions, by guaranteeing their stability and solvency with the country's honour; making them really—not as they are now, in name only—National Security Savings' Banks; and pledging the credit of the Government for the safe custody, and on demand, the repayment of the poor man's deposit. The performance of such an engagement will undoubtedly entail expense upon the country; and it is possible that the practicability of such a scheme may be destroyed by the greatness of the expense. We think, however, that by an alteration of the present rate of interest, the actual outlay by the Government would not be much greater than it now is—possibly not even so great. Under any circumstances, however, it must be borne in mind, that could we but obtain a sound and secure system for savings' banks, its tendency to promote industry and independence among the working classes would operate most favourably in preventing pauperism, and lowering poor's rates; so that the *eventual* cost to the country by the adoption of even a more expensive

system than the present, might prove itself in the end to be a real economy."

It appears that the loss of the Government by the sale of stock on account of the savings' banks, in the year 1847, was not less than £237,856 3s. 9d.; and Sir Charles Wood stated in the House of Commons, in the recent debate on this subject, that the *annual* loss of the Government on account of the high rate of interest (£3 5s. per cent.) paid on account of savings' bank funds deposited with the Commissioners of the National Debt is £42,000. The present high rate of interest paid to the depositors in savings' banks induces numbers of persons, for whom savings' banks were never intended, to avail themselves of those institutions. The small depositors, the real working-class customers of the savings' banks, rarely think of the interest at all; it is the facility presented for accumulating small savings, which shall be secure, and available at any time, that offer the real advantages to them; and the reduction of the interest to the current rate paid by other banks, would be considered no disadvantage by this class, while the saving effected by the Government in the reduced rate of interest paid, might well be applied by them towards establishing the system of savings' banks on a sounder footing, and in making good, under any circumstances, the poor man's deposit on demand.

While we have referred to the above cases of defalcation, on the part of savings' bank officials, as calling for immediate and effectual remedy on the part of the Legislature, it is only just to state that, when the immense number of savings' banks now established are taken into account, together with the large accumulations of savings entrusted to them—which is now not less than Twenty-Eight Millions Sterling!—the defalcations referred to must be regarded as exceptional cases rather than as characteristic of savings' banks generally. Still we regard it as indispensably necessary, that there should not be the shadow of suspicion thrown on the security of savings' banks, in order that no impediment of even the slightest kind may stand in the way of the formation of prudent economy on the part of the labouring classes of the community.

It is to the credit of the French Government, that it has for a considerable time past taken the savings' banks under its special care, and pledged the security of the nation for the funds committed to them. The benefits which have been derived from these institutions by the poorer classes of France have been very great. Upwards of four hundred and fifty savings' banks have been established throughout the country, and considerably upwards of 600,000 families have committed to their keeping the savings of their industry. In 1844, the depositors included 40,000 soldiers and seamen, 40,000 national guards, 35,000 clerks in public and private establishments, 96,000 orphans, 46,000 widows, 250,000 workmen and domestic servants, and 140,000 labourers, showing that the classes for whose benefit they had been devised were availing themselves of their advantages to a very large extent.

An admirable auxiliary to the savings' banks has recently been contrived in Scotland, by Mr. J. M. Scott, of Greenock, who set on foot there the first PENNY BANK, by which he enabled poor persons, whose savings amounted to less than one shilling (this being the smallest sum received by the savings' bank) to deposit such savings, down even to the small sum of One Penny. The success which attended the experiment in Greenock, where, with a population of only 40,000, no fewer than 5,000 depositors were found to have deposited in one year £1,580 in the Penny Bank, induced benevolent and public-spirited individuals to start the same kind of institutions in other towns, both in Scotland and England. A Penny Bank has been established at Hull, in which, in the course of eight months, ending April 1st last, 6,000 persons had deposited £1,400, and the number of depositors was then on the increase. A Penny Bank has also been established in Commercial Street, Whitechapel, London, which is under the management of Mr. Scott, the original projector, in which 3,273 persons had made 15,889 deposits, amounting to £521 11s. 7d., between the 30th January and the 9th of April last. This bank is under the control of three trustees, twelve directors, and a treasurer; and the daily deposits are lodged at interest in the London and Westminster Bank, or invested in Exchequer Bills lodged with the Bank of England. Exertions are being made at the present time, to establish institutions of the same kind at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Huddersfield, Lancaster, and other places; and they so strongly commend themselves to all friends of social progress, self-help, and provident economy, that we expect to see them rapidly extending throughout the cities, towns, and villages of Great Britain.

We ought also to mention that a worthy clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Quekett, of Christ Church, in St. George's in the East, has set an admirable example to clergymen everywhere, in establishing a Penny Bank for the benefit of the poorer classes in his neighbourhood; and the result has been extremely satisfactory. 14,513 deposits, amounting to £972, were made in 1849. The number of depositors is limited to 2,000, and many are, weekly, refused till a vacancy occurs. The Penny Bank is open on Mondays, at the National School Room, from a quarter past twelve to a quarter past one o'clock, and eighteen persons are employed, during that time, in receiving the deposits. In a recent letter on the subject, Mr. Quekett says:—

"Some save for their rent, others for clothes and apprenticing their children; and various are the little objects to which the savings are to be applied. Every repayment passes through my own hands, which gives an opportunity of hearing of sickness, or sorrow, or any other cause which compels the withdrawal of the little fund; and the anxious desire of leaving a penny, to prevent the account being closed and another depositor supplying the place, is the best evidence that the institution affords essential benefit to those for whom it was designed, which is constantly the case. It is, besides, a feeder to the larger savings' banks, to which many are turned over when the weekly payments tendered exceed the usual sum. Many of those who could at first scarcely advance beyond a penny a week can now deposit a silver coin of some kind. No expense, beyond the first purchase of the books, attends the working; all the assistance is gratuitous; and the depositors purchase their own books at the bank."

We rejoice to see these noble efforts to improve the individual conditions of the people. It is really beginning at the beginning of all social reform, to begin with the improvement of the individuals of whom society is composed. We cannot reform men in masses: they must be dealt with one by one. And as is the individual condition of the units, so will be the state of society as a whole. Economy we regard as one of the first lessons a man should learn, one of the first duties he should practise, and, accordingly, hail the progress of savings' banks of all kinds, as among the foremost means of advancing the social improvement of the nation.

MRS. DUMPLE'S COOKING SCHOOL.

BY SILVERPEN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

THOUGH that old homestead-orchard in the Weald of Kent now showed its ruddy treasures in the summer, and its russet tints in Autumn to a newer generation, those of so many years ago were not altogether faded, but still flickered on the leaves, or hung in scarlet glory

far up among the boughs. Thus, as the rich fruit hung, the overladen boughs drooped low, and the sun's rays slanting through the leaves fell on the mossied paths, a group of merry, rustic children played up and down, two in closer companionship than the rest; who, now that the scarlet cherries peeped out so thickly from the boughs, sat hour-by-hour together through the summer days. One of these same children, Margery Dumple, living mentally again through all the beauty and innocent happiness of those long past days, took, that very night of the schoolmistress's visit, the grandchild of her once little playfellow to her heart, just as if no years, many of them tearful ones, had swept along her path; but, that the boughs again were green, the cherries scarlet, the sunlight falling through the leaves, and this the little childish friend she turned to. Good must be the nature that could do this so genuinely as Margery Dumple!

Perusing the poor faded letters till her spectacles were dim with tears, Mrs. Dumple found little, beyond what the schoolmistress had told her, which threw further light upon Emma Field's history. There was, however, in one letter, incidental reference made to a box, as if left for a time in a distant relation's care; and though the hope was vague, that such a box could be found, still, as the place of deposit was not far distant, Mrs. Dumple sent Tummus; who to her astonishment, in no great while, returned bearing a little paper trunk upon his shoulder, which was still tied by an old worn cord, and had a faded direction on its lid. The relation, as Tummus ascertained, had gone abroad, and the poor woman with whom it had been left had scrupulously preserved it. When opened, it was found to contain a few clothes, and some further letters, out of which, what appeared had uniformly been one name had been carefully erased with a penknife. But, enough was clear to show what had been the wretched girl's fate; how her beauty, her gentleness, her usefulness, had won this rich man's love; how from the very first few months of her entrance into his service, he had talked of marriage, and to make her more fitted for her place as his wife, she had taken occasional lessons in various accomplishments. These facts were testified by his several letters when absent at places like Doncaster and Newmarket. Then there was a break of many months, and when the letters began again, they told, vehemently told, the wreck which in the interval had been made; for they showed that the unhappy girl had fled in her great sorrow, never to return; and though letter after letter was there, expressing contrition, passionate grief, and yet more passionate love, and gave, if possible, yet more earnest promises, it was evident that such had never been replied to, or again trusted in; but, in an enduring, and a sort of expiating silence, the girl had sunk to her early grave. And Margery Dumple, in her pure, meek goodness, was the last one in the world to lift the veil the mother had thought fit to draw around the parent of her child.

In a short time, Emma was as much at home as if reared beneath the Dolphin, Tummus taking to her with vast affection, and Billy likewise; for hitherto the renowned goat had treated the kitchen, the cooking, and the scholars with much disrespect, and would have even waged war with the latter, had a fitting opportunity occurred, and turned over with much *sang froid* any stewpan, or saucepan which fell in his way; but, no nice little opportunity of this sort occurring, he relapsed into a state of sullen dignity, never lessened even in the society of Mope, his great ally.

As the weeks passed on, and the elder scholars were further led through the admirable mysteries of plain and savoury cooking, it began to be pretty apparent what were Alderman Rudberry's intentions, with respect to the desolate piece of waste land at the rear of the old inn. For now the dusty nettles, the dock leaves, the mouldy lichens, the old piles of wood, and heaps of rubbish were cleared away, there began to rise from the foundation the skeleton walls of a large and stately iron building, intended, as Tummus who had meditated much upon the matter, soon ascertained, as a model lodging-house for young men "like hisself, vithout incumbrances." This was probable, as the Alderman took a vast delight in its progress; and coming once or twice a week after his dinner-hour, now that the days were long, he would go over it with his great friend, the poor gentleman of the Charter House, and Mrs. Dumple, and then returning into the pleasantest parlour of the Dolphin, there take a cup of tea, and listen to Margery's cheerful stories concerning her scholars, or on rare occasions, tell one himself.

"My dear Margery," said Mr. Rudberry, one evening, as he and the poor gentleman sat with the tender-hearted landlady, and when such time had elapsed as to bring the great lodging-house to the eve of completion, "my satin-weaver Boncœur sought me out yesterday, and poured forth such an abundance of praise concerning a half shoulder of mutton, and some onion sauce, which Henriette cooked for them, in her visit home last Sunday, as to quite surprise, as well as please me, for he said, 'You Sir, and Mrs. Dumple, God bless her, *have* made a woman of my girl.'"

The landlady said nothing—only lifted up her white pocket handkerchief; but the act preached a sermon.

"And further good," continued Mr. Rudberry, "is likely to arise out of this day's cooking. For a neighbour of the Boncœurs, a small, but respectable master weaver of the name of Gregory, happening to dine there that day, was so well pleased, as to propose taking Henriette as servant and housekeeper, for his sister, who keeps his house, can spare little time from her employment as a pattern-drawer."

"I am glad of this," replied Mrs. Dumple, "though I shall part reluctantly with *my children*, (Heaven bless her! Margery said this from her heart,) and with some of them, I think, I cannot. Yet, you will hardly think it, but Henriette is the least forward of my pupils, and from the first has been the most difficult to instruct, on account of the thriftless, dirty habits, of which, with rare exceptions, poverty and ignorance are the mother. One thing is however strange. If I need dishes nicely ornamented with flowers, or gracefully arranged—as was the case, Alderman, with those little sweets I made and sent for your last dinner party—Henriette is the one to do it, for whilst the others, would stick, for instance, a white rose into a colourless blanc-mange—Henriette would dress the dish like a flower garden. The same thing holds good with respect to fire-side duties. It is therefore strange."

"Not at all, my dear Mrs. Dumple, not all," replied Alderman Rudberry, "Boncœur comes of the good old Nantes stock of Frenchmen, and is one of the finest pattern-weavers I have. He would, if left to himself, no more blend inharmonious colours, than nature herself! Henriette therefore inherits what comes of past cultivation and bright skies. The same rule holds good in a hundred cases throughout Spitalfields; and the poorest faded gown and shawl of many a needy weaver's wife would show a difference between the red-top knots of Shadwell or Limehouse."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dumple, kindly, "considering the chances that were against me in taking these untrained, untutored children under my care, I have succeeded beyond any reasonable expectation, and believing with you that there is much in this idea of fitness and propriety, in small things as in large, I have striven to teach these poor children such things of this sort as seemed well. For instance, many have laughed at my babyhouse of a kitchen, wherein I have sought to make each separate girl *perfect mistress of a humble home.*

But, the result will I hope prove the old landlady of the Southwark Dolphin to have been wiser than they; for each separate girl has gone through the duties of a humble home, its cleaning, its setting forth, its order, its management. I have said my dears, 'when I was a young married woman, though I was never poor, and through life have had servants to wait on me, still, there were many things which I considered it my right and duty to attend to. For instance, that the morning hearth was scrupulously clean, the fire bright, and myself in no slip-shod attire. That the dinner, at all times, was ready at the due hour, but especially if my husband had been absent—and the same rule holds good, my dears, if the meal were but of potatos—and that all should be set forth with propriety and cleanliness. Then, as your case may be, my dears, when nights are wintry, wet, and dark, let the coat by the fire, the dry shoes in the fender, and the steaming tea-kettle testify to love and care; for depend upon it, my dears, that small things like these bring full-grown angels to our hearths' ——"

"My dear Margery," interrupted the Alderman, as smilingly he touched Mrs. Dumple's hand. "I see you are preparing for the siege of my lodging-house."

"No," replied the landlady, "you mistake me. I mean these womanly duties to hold in many other relations of life beside that of wife; and I do not think that much can be done for the moral life of the lower classes, till they more prudently regard marriage than they do at present. No, I sincerely hope that the larger part of my poor girls will perform rather the part of good servants, good housekeepers, good sisters, good daughters, than that of wives—these first are more wanted."

"Be this as it may," replied Mr. Rudberry, gravely, "it seems you will not want for scholars, Margery, for the Board of Guardians of two of the city parishes have made an application to me, asking at what charge you will take twenty or thirty pauper girls, to instruct in housewifery and cooking. And this brings me to a subject, upon which for several weeks I have been desirous of speaking. That is, the sale of that mass of what, I must not offend you, Margery, if I call *rubbish*, and which takes up so much room, that might be turned to better account."

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs. Dumple, pettishly, if ever in her life she spoke so, "this would so interfere with my poor Thomas."

"Still, my dear madam," was the answer, "if half these things are really rubbish, and in the way, and yet would sell for a good price, for an old-fashioned snaffle, with a Brentford saddler's mark on it, was advertized for yesterday in the *Times*, at the price of five guineas, of course they would be better sold, and the room they take up made useful."

"Mr. Rudberry," replied Margery, with a solemn firmness, which plainly showed that her goodness and justice of character had their strong as well as their weak side, "the answer to your question must be made by my good and honest servant, Thomas. For the value of a few pounds shall never make me unjust to the harmless tastes of one who has served me and mine so long, so honestly, and so well. But, if you like to ring for him you can; his consent is mine."

This, Alderman Rudberry did—and after a due visitation to the pump, and to his "chist," for the "second-best vaiskit" Tummus appeared, full as usual of humour, respect, and faithful attachment to his mistress.

"Thomas ——" began the Alderman.

"Tummus, if you please, Sir. T-u-m-m-u-s D-o-l-f-i-n —that's the vay I spell it, ven I write—vich arn't often, Sir."

"Tummus, then," went on the Alderman, smiling good-humouredly, "you of course know that the committees of many Ragged Schools in distant parts of London have asked to be supplied with food from this Cooking School, as also that several parishes are desirous of sending pauper children here for instruction. Attention to these requests will, for one thing, require further room, I have therefore been suggesting to your mistress, that much of the old lumber of post-chaises, harness, and saddles might be sold."

For the instant one deaf, or looking through the window, without hearing what was said within, might have fancied that the renowned hostler had been struck by some secret projectile, so sudden was his change of position from one of respectful, good-humoured deference, to another really expressive of pain and disappointment; but, recovering his old manner by an effort, apparent, at least, to his good mistress, he said, with a mournful slowness that touched Margery to the very soul. "Is it your vishes, mum, that the Dol'fin should go off to the coffin-maker's this werry minnit—because, mum, the selling o'things that is nat'ral to him is putting out his last light with a pritty certain extinguisher."

"My good, excellent, much-respected Thomas," pleaded the good landlady, apologetically, "you shall do as you like—I'm sure you shall—only—only—Mr. Rudberry being so much our friend, why——"

"Dear missis" interrupted the hostler, with a genuine pathos which would have done honour to the written immortality of Sterne, "through life your vill has bin a law, and it shall be so now, though it vos to the putting my vinders up, and going my last journey. But I must have time to think on it, missis—as a man ought to have that's got to the writing o' his last vill and testament."

"Thomas," spoke his mistress, after a due pause, for though a keen observer might have seen divers wicked twinkles in the most secret corners of Alderman Rudberry's kindly eyes, still the two most interested in this discussion were pretty fairly in earnest. "I mean, most certainly mean, that nothing should be parted with that you particularly care for, or that once belonged to your honoured master, and my dear husband, Jonathan Dumple. But, fully considering the change made in any future plan I once thought to adopt, by my voluntary charge of my dead playfellow's little granddaughter, and my growing attachment to her and Nelly Chester, this good gentleman's little favourite, I think it is not improbable that when once the school is fully established, and some fitting persons found to carry it on under my occasional superintendence, that I shall remove to some secluded country place, not too far from town, and there, with my two children (the poor gentleman looked here at Mrs. Dumple in a way which said 'ay, now you've won my heart'), with you and such other of my dear servants as like to accompany me, farm a little, and supply vegetables to the school. As such may be the case, my good and excellent Thomas, you must see that there are many things here that we could not necessarily take with us, and therefore there is a show of reason in what Alderman Rudberry proposes; as many such things as you have been hoarding up are inquired for at a large price. But, as there is no immediate necessity for this change, take your own time to think it over, my good, and excellent Thomas, and if, when fully thought over you cannot make up your mind to——"

"I'll try, mum, I'll try, mum," interrupted the hostler, with a mournfulness which was quaint, though profoundly genuine, "but on course, missis, as I said afore, a last vill and testament is a solemn thing, and therefore, vith your leave, I von't be in a hurry." So saying, with a respectful bow, he hurried from the room, evidently not willing to be drawn into any further concession respecting the faded signs of the once Dolphin glory.

Thomas was quite right in his conjecture, for the Alderman was too much a man of the world to deal in anything like sentiment; so, if he had had his own will, the hostler would have been called back and the nail struck on the head at once, but Margery's negative too

plainly said "*I* am mistress of the Dolphin," though she only gently said, "No, no, Alderman, this subject must never be mentioned again, unless unprompted by my servant himself, for the experience of a long life has taught me that leniency and gentleness towards the innocent weaknesses of our fellow creatures, is one way of taking them by the hand, and leading them in matters of nobler and larger consequence."

But months went by, and no sign was made on the subject of the Dolphin's faded glories. The great model lodging-house, for young men "vithout incumbrances," reared its stately roof, small plots of grass were green, where, hitherto, the dusty nettles and the sickly lichens had sprung up upon the rubbish heaps and died; and it was not at all improbable that out of the two hundred and fifty compositors, printers, clerks, and better-class journeymen, who now made this admirable speculation of Alderman Rudberry's pay well, a few sometimes cast glances over the old pointed roofs of the Dolphin, particularly as their Saturday night's supper and well-cooked Sunday-dinner was supplied by the now famed Cooking School of Mrs. Dumple; and for my own part, I would not give a shilling for the bachelor who could eat sweet pudding and not think of those who made it; particularly when rumour gave it as opinion that such were young, and, as a majority, by no means uncomely.

As other things progressed, so also did the business of the school, both as regarded an increased number of pupils and of supplies of food to schools in various parts of London. This latter was now conveyed thither by contract, in light, well-horsed carts, at certain hours, and whilst the tins which kept the food hot, whether it were Irish stew, roast or boiled meat, or pudding rested on a brazier of lighted charcoal, they were secured from theft or adulteration by detector locks, capable of being opened by none, except by those who held the necessary keys. Nor was the speculation entirely a losing one, though of profit little might be said. But this was not a matter taken into account by those who had striven to thus create self-supporting Cooking Schools—it was enough if practicability had been proved—leaving to experience, and an economy, not sought in this instance, the realization of per centage on the outlay. Yet if there had been but fractional profit, there had been no loss. For the meat, by being bought in large quantities, and in the carcass, was easily and cheaply conveyed to town from distant markets, where its price was small; whilst the kindly gift of vegetables by many of Mrs. Dumple's long known and honouring customers brought the chief expenditure down to a low sum. Yet there *was* a profit—one of which Heaven kept, and yet will keep, if words be not mere dust and ashes—a gathering and a usurious reckoning!

Thus as time brought progress and stability, so it did change for some of the scholars. Henriette Boncœur went to the Gregories as their household manager, Rose Clarkvoice to occasionally assist her parents who kept a coffee-house, Grace Lawrence as servant to an elderly minor canon of St. Paul's and his maiden sister, and Julia Bunyan, as partly shopwoman, partly servant, to a decent couple keeping a small grocer's shop in the Barbican, and who were just of that thrifty class to fully estimate the admirable lessons Mrs. Dumple had, in this case of Julia, so successfully given. Yet all four scholars were so often going to and fro to the Dolphin, as to make a sort of pleasant fiction exist in good Margery's mind, to the effect, that they were still with her as scholars and dear children.

Yet, as the year rolled round once more, Mrs. Dumple's health began visibly to decline. Those who saw her daily, and could judge how many were her duties, now that the Cooking School was on so large a scale, clearly perceived that some change was necessary; for whilst she remained mistress of it, nothing but severe illness would prevent her sharing in its active duties. Accordingly, old Becky and Tummus, after many confidential conversations, came to the conclusion that "Missis must quit the Dol'fin," and therefore acting at once, on a desperate resolution, Tummus, that same evening, gave his mistress full and free consent to sell all the past glories of the Dolphin, with the exception of certain items entered on a large sheet of paper he gave to his mistress, and which, duly signed "Tummus Dol'fin," included one capacious yellow post chaise, "wherein, should his missis take to a country life, he should put in the two old posters so long out at grass, and take her a daily hairing."

Antiquarians, coachmen, brokers, and the general public, soon, therefore, saw it announced in the newspapers, that on a certain forthcoming day in June, there would be sold at the Dolphin Inn, in Southwark, a vast collection of such things as usually belong to a large posting establishment, and that many of these, from age and workmanship, would be found to be of interest to those who were collecting relics of the past days of stage coaches.

If, however, Tummus spoke cheerfully of this sale to his mistress, Becky, and the other maids, and determined he would rub, and dust, and clean, and honour even to the last these faded glories of the ancient inn; still, when he knew no other more curious eyes were on him than those of large-bearded Billy, or the aged owl, he gave way to an immense amount of genuine sighs; nor did his favourite tunes, though whistled dulcetly, console to any large extent. Yet, on the appointed morning, the bright June sun shone so resplendently on collar, panel, buckle, brass-work, curb, snaffle, and bit, as all these faded glories were set forth in due order in the court-yard, as to seem that Tummus really believed in the greatest axiom of his own peculiar philosophy, "that ven a man bid good-by to the world he ought to do it like a gentleman," and he fully carried this out by adding to shiny brass his "best vaistkit." Mrs. Dumple, too, had her point of honour. For after seeing to the "ordinary at one," and to the needful dishes for elaborate private dinners, should they be needed, she took her place, for the first time for several years, in her bar, dressed in one of her nicest satin gowns, and neatest caps, and looking quite the gentlewoman she really was by nature. Thus, it might be an hour past noon, and the auctioneer, refreshed by a glass of wine, was, mounted on a table in the middle of the ancient yard, descanting on the rare merits of a post-chaise, about as yellow as a long-kept orange, and as round as a hogshead, when there turned in beneath the archway of the Dolphin, a team of magnificent grey horses drawing a large and stately carriage. The Dolphin, in his greatest glory of paint and gilt, never saw a richer equipage. It was driven by a man past middle life, who bore on his jaundiced face the marks of long and recent illness, though without lessening its naturally cold, haughty, supercilious expression. But, though unmistakeably what usage pleases to consider a gentleman, for worldly breeding, rank, and riches were marked by every sign, from his spotted neck-tie to the silver housings on his horses' harness; yet, he was one whom few would evidently care to address, except such as see an idol wherever there is gilt. He threw the reins to the liveried servant at his side, and then, assisted in his feeble descent by two others from the rumble, he mingled with the crowd of brokers, coachmakers, jews, jockeys, and gentlemen of the turf, and after a searching glance round on what there was to sell, bid for, and bought everything, just as if a few hundred pounds were nothing to a purse like his own. At length, the sale closing with his eager purchase of an old Brentford snaffle, like one advertized for a year or two before; he brought it in his hand, and entering the bar, addressed the good landlady, who, almost from the first moment of the carriage driving into the yard, had been

watching him through the ambush of the tall flower pots and spirit bottles on the window ledge. In this she had been aided by Becky, who, from the first had confirmed her suspicions that he was the real author of the wrong to the unhappy girl, over whose faded letters they had so often made conjecture, and wept in concert. But, little dreaming of what was thus passing in the minds of the old lady and her maid, he ordered wine and sandwiches, and then followed Letty to a private room.

"It is him, it is him," whispered Becky to her mistress, "for Tummus has just told me, that he is the great sporting character, Mr. Knaresborough, of Forest Park, Essex, and you recollect, ma'am, that we more than once made out a K, as the beginning letter of the name scratched out. And besides this, I overheard one of the grooms tell Cis that his master had never been well since he had a disappointment seven years ago." "Disappointment," reiterated Margery, indignantly, "was a broken heart, a dishonoured name, an early grave, nothing more than a disappointment to *him?* But I will see, I will see if there is nature in him, or if his sorrow be a true thing. So get the wine, Becky, and take it in—whilst I fetch the child. She shall carry in the sandwiches, and perhaps he will see what I saw in her face—a memory."

So saying, agitated Margery Dumple hurried from the bar up the wide old staircase, into a room that had once been her children's nursery, and where Nelly Chester, now the most useful and comely of all Margery's elder pupils, was seated, teaching Emma some piece of needlework. Without a word, or other preparation, than thrusting back her heavy clustering hair, so like those tresses blown to and fro beneath those long-since green-leaved orchard-boughs, she led the wondering girl from the room; and when down stairs, and on the landing beside the parlour door, she took the plate of sandwiches from Becky's hand, and bid Emma go in with them. She did so—and the door was closed. But though they listened with acutest ear—though they held their breath, and never moved a step, not a sound was heard—nor did the child come back; till at last, a half-stifled scream of terror nerved them to go in—and there, speechless and rigid with terror, stood the child—her wrists tightly grasped in either hand of the swooning gentleman. He had dragged forth a miniature from beneath his waistcoat, and, as it now hung suspended by its ribbon, it was the same face as the child's, only years older.

For many days the gentleman lay stricken with fever, and insensible, in the Dolphin's grandest bed, though tenderly and carefully nursed by Margery and her maid. Then, as he became slowly convalescent, though still for weeks confined to his room, he heard from Margery's lips her simple duty to his destitute child—whilst he, in turn, tried to convince her how true was his contrition and sorrow; but, Margery shook her head—she truly said, "contrition is but poor reparation for wrong such as he had done."

It was only after long intreaty on his part, that she consented that his child should return home with him; and this only on the condition, that for the sake of her ancient playfellow she might, through visits often made, watch over the rearing of his child—so that through right teaching, and a noble sense of duty, Emma might tread for ever in the path her own unhappy mother had been lured from.

Thus, through this summer, going often in the best post-chaise, driven by Tummus, to see Emma at Forest Park, which was always a day of intense delight to all concerned; Mrs. Dumple and her favoured servants came greatly to admire a secluded homestead, amidst trees and fields, and picturesque brooks, and as the matter was mentioned to the Alderman, and he found, upon inquiry, that the owner was willing to sell it, it was at once bought, and there, before the autumn's russet should tinge the forest beech trees, Mrs. Dumple prepared to settle down, and in the company of Nelly, Becky, Tummus, Cicely, Mope, and Billy, see to good pails of milk, and to the rearing of homely vegetables, for her "good children" at the Dolphin.

Before, however, the old inn was dismantled, partly by sale, and partly by the removal of Margery's best effects to Holly Farm, or Rose Clarkvoice's excellent parents were inducted as master and mistress of the great Southwark Cooking School, Alderman Rudberry determined to give a grand farewell dinner beneath the four centuries' roof-tree of the Dolphin, not only to honour Margery Dumple, its last mistress, but also to let every intimate friend he had see swan roasted, and oyster sauce made—as well as be made heroes of fame by tasting both.

Accordingly, on the glorious day itself, after such a week's previous preparation, as the Dolphin in his best days of gilt had never seen excelled, a vast host of the Alderman's most cherished friends arrived one hour before dinner, and after a view of the Model Lodging-Houses, adjourned to the great kitchen, and there not only saw the magnificence of swan, (or rather cygnet) roasting, but heard from Mrs. Dumple's lips how Nelly Chester had prepared it.

"A two-year-old cygnet," said Mrs. Dumple as she laid her rich cambric handkerchief on the table before her, "is, when well cooked, one of the finest of rare dishes. This one, a fine specimen from Norfolk, was prepared yesterday—and this morning Nelly took two pounds of lean beef, and with it a due quantity of allspice, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, cloves, a little salt and pepper, and a wooden spoonful of brown sugar, and having grated and chopped all very finely together, put the mixture inside the swan, and over the bird a pound of butter thickly spread. She then took half a peck of meal, and with water, made it into a thick paste, and then adding a paper next the bird, rolled this paste round it, as you see. It has now been roasting two hours and a half, gentlemen, all of which time it has been kept incessantly basted. It is now within half-an-hour of being done, so that as soon we have repaired to the other kitchen, my Cis, in the absence of Nelly, will unroll this paste, and froth the bird with butter. It will then be served, with a paper rose on each wing, and one top and bottom of the dish. The gravy is made of the giblets and rich beef, flavoured with onion and shalot, thickened with flour and butter, and enriched with a pint of fine red wine, and two good-sized jars of currant jelly. This, gentlemen and ladies, is swan as you will taste it——"

The receipt, the sight, but especially the smell made everybody's mouth water; but, particularly that of a young unmarried bookseller of Paternoster Row, who, between the admiration of the fair cook, and the glory of the twirling swan, had enough to do.

After this, calling together her twelve original pupils, Emma, and Henriette, Rose, Grace, and Julia included, Mrs. Dumple adjourned to the lesser kitchen, and assisted by Tummus, who did not disdain to officiate on gala days of this sort, had twelve dozen oysters turned into sauce.

"Now, Thomas, open for each of my scholars a dozen oysters. (Tummus obeyed, with a dexterity which showed that he had had large practice.) Now, girls, take off the beards from your oysters; put (each of you) these into a little saucepan, with a small quantity of water and a blade of mace. Now, having simmered sufficiently, strain through a hair-sieve, and with this liquor, and that from the oysters themselves, make a rich melted butter: thus, four ounces of butter, two table-spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt and two of pepper, adding the liquor gradually, and stirring one way. Now, is the butter thick and rich?"—"Yes, ma'am." "Then put in your oysters; now keep your saucepans on the stove, so that the oysters plump and get hot—*but do not boil*, else all will be spoiled. Have you done so?"—"Yes, ma'am." "Now pour

into one tureen." And there, certainly, such a tureen-full of oyster-sauce was seen, smelt, and even tasted by the rich young bookseller, who would not wait till dinner-time, that everybody eagerly adjourned to the inn's best parlour, and there, in a little while, such a dinner was spread in the great dining-room, Alderman Rudberry in the chair, Mrs. Dumple at his right hand, and the poor gentleman at his left, as would have honoured the ancient inn in its palmiest and its noblest days.

* * * * *

It is now a glorious morning in May, two years and a half from the date of the memorable oyster-sauce. The sun—though the hour is yet early—falls richly through the tall, pointed windows of an old city church, so very old as to have seen many generations come and go, and lingers on the new-decked pulpit and its burnished candlesticks, on the reading-desk, on the altar newly carpeted, on the cushioned pews, and shining on the flowers they are decked with, shows that the dew of morning is yet on bud and leaf. In no great while, the old wooden gallery at the far end of the church is entirely filled by female children, nicely dressed, and who troop up the gallery staircase, headed by a comely matron, and two elderly women, who look as if they had been domestic servants, and after them comes the organist, and begins to play; and then people from carriages outside come in through the church-doors, richly dressed, as well as others on foot, and fill the pews; and you can hear, by the confused din, that a large crowd is in the street, as there is, for it has been noised abroad for the past month, by every newspaper, that on this day of May, eleven of the twelve original scholars of the now great Southwark Cooking School are to be married, and with a dowry to each from Alderman Rudberry of a satin gown, a bible, and a hundred pounds; and from Mrs. Margery Dumple, their honoured mistress, six pairs each of Russia sheets, and a silver teapot.

All this is true; for the young bookseller of Paternoster Row soon made up his mind, after the matter of the swan and oyster-sauce, to take a useful, a beautiful, and a not undowered wife, as the secret lines of Margery Dumple's will will one day tell; and Henriette Boncœur is about to be the real mistress of the weaver's home; and Grace Lawrence, having thought the choristers' master's voice a sweet one, is about to hear it perpetually, and yet not leave her old service of new love and duty to the ancient clergyman and his gentle sister, but bring her husband to their quaint old home; and Julia Bunyan has been persuaded by the thrifty grocers of the Barbican, who show their bank-book, and behave to the girl with the nobility of princes, to take their only child, a son, and pass from shopwoman into wife; and sweet Rose Clarkvoice, whose parents make such an admirable master and mistress to the great flourishing Southwark Cooking School, has won the heart of a substantial farmer of the Weald of Kent, who owns miles of richest pastures and russet orchards; and the rest of the girls, even to small Ursula Penn, have made pudding to large purpose for the Model Lodging-House, or else why do they now step in satin like the rest?

All move two and two, the eleven in silver-hued satin, as rich as that on which a vow was made so long ago, and a twelfth as a helper in the ceremonies, and this now the acknowledged daughter of a wealthy, relenting man.

The company is headed by Alderman Rudberry and dear old Margery, the poor gentleman and Emma Knaresborough, and followed by Tummus and Becky,—the former in no "Dol'fin vaistkit," but in a bran-new suit of blue, with a nosegay stuck in his coat, as big as a small cauliflower. As the rich satin sweeps the dusty aisle, some few, of envious heart, who look thereon whisper, as others have already done outside the church-doors, "what an absurdity to give the poorer ones a dress so rich and out of place;" but the brave, honest, manly, English heart of Alderman Rudberry is like the sun, which shows no difference in its beneficence.

The ceremony is soon over, for the eleven weddings are made one business of, and not the angels themselves could show a difference between the kneeling girls. After this they all adjourn to the vestry, where there is a giving and a tearful acceptance of the dowry, and an affectionate embrace from all round by Mrs. Dumple,—a part of the ceremony which Alderman Rudberry very reluctantly omits, and confines himself to a blessing,—not, be it observed, from any disinclination thereto, but that divers of the young husbands have a defiant look.

Amidst a great shouting from the crowd, the company set off in comfortable vehicles to Holly Farm, which they reach in time to find a grand dinner ready. After this, and a merry tea-taking, which both Mope and Billy help to enliven by their presence—for the former is in unusual spirits, and the latter proud in the greatness of satin favours—they visit Tummus's new region of "Dol'fin glory," namely, an outhouse, on the thatch of which he has mounted the veritable Dolphin, and in the interior arranged his treasured relics, "chists and chaise" included. Tummus thus duly honoured, they wander into the forest close at hand, and watch the sun sink down upon the fern and early leaves.

MY WALK TO "THE OFFICE."

No. IV.

The two Monuments.—Pride and Prejudice.—A meeting, with its import.—Mr. Percival, and Percival Hall.—Margaret and the "Honourable" Walter Quentin.—One false step, and all the consequences.—A country churchyard and its visitor.

A MONUMENT, the work of man, it may be to commemorate, and keep green in a nation's mind, a worthy deed, or perpetuate the memory of even worthless individuals, is cast, perhaps by the lightning's stroke, or by the blast of some great hurricane, to the earth from which it had been so elaborately raised; and then what putting shoulders to the wheel—what ingenuity is called to work upon the shattered stone! What art can do, what science can suggest, what money can procure, is put in requisition to reinstate it on its pedestal, and hide from every curious eye the slightest flaw.

A monument, the emanation of the will of God, to keep in man's remembrance the wonders of a world's creation, perchance by the whirlwind of its own passions, falls from the moral height of virtue, and lies an unhelped and helpless mortal in the ashes of its own repentance; and then what sneering and deriding words assault it as it sinks; what heavy weight of uncommitted guilt is laid upon its breast to keep it down; what barriers of pride and prejudice are raised against its upward progress to regain the path of honour and respectability! and all the world is called to come and gaze upon the flaws laid bare in the bosom of the Almighty's masterpiece.

And this, I think, arises not so much from the absence of the proper feelings of humanity, as from the overawing presence of pride and prejudice:—Pride suggests, and Prejudice confirms; the former says, "Impossible! what would be thought of it!" and the latter adds, "Certainly not—walk on the other side." It is not that the hearts of men do not throb and beat with anguish at another's fall, but that pride prevents its being known; neither is it perhaps, if each one could act independently, and by the dictates of his own feelings, that he would not lend a helping hand; but prejudice forbids it, till at last, from the constant supremacy of the bad over the good, the latter becomes so soundly dormant, as to be believed to be extinct.

And who shall calculate the gross amount of want, of

misery, of crime, created and fostered by these hugged and cherished twins? How they dry up the heart, how they paralyze the hand, how they distort the mind! cutting asunder the ties of blood, of duty, and of gratitude; setting parents against their children, children against the parents, and brothers at enmity the one with the other; the greatest enemies, in fine, that those of humble station have to battle with, the veriest plague-spots that society must cure, before it dares to hope for any gleaming of its own regeneration. But pluck them out, and what a step we take towards our earthly brotherhood! when heart will dare to cling to heart without a sense of shame, and hands of innocence will never scorn to raise from out the slough of guilt a struggling penitent,—and confidence reign free where prejudice now rules in despotism, and men would have a *chance* of holding up their heads without a blush in this world, and might so learn to live that they should never fear to bow in sweet humiliation in the great Hereafter Day.

I can hardly tell to what extent I might have carried these rambling speculations, had I not been called to more matter-of-fact affairs, by finding myself in the centre of a crowd of people, following two men bearing a burden with the greatest care, and seemingly returning from the bank of a canal some little distance from the road. A cold shiver came over me as they passed by, and never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind, as, turning towards them, a vacant glassy eye met mine. My curiosity and interest, as may be supposed, were instantly aroused, and upon inquiry, I learnt the following particulars, which preceded my meeting of the crowd, and that staring, glassy eye on this same morning of my walk.

Within an easy drive to town was situated, in a pleasant part of Surrey, the mansion of Joseph Percival, Esq. It was a fine-looking house externally, and nothing that could render it attractive to the eye, and important to the understanding, was wanting to complete "the grounds;" while inside, there was a peculiar stamp of the possessor's character on every piece of furniture that met your view; not a thing but was just as it should be—not a speck that could for a moment tarnish the family pride or the old Spanish mahogany; in short, it was one of those houses where there is much more than enough to make one comfortable, and yet no comfort is to be found; everything seems to have done its office in standing to be gazed at, and to be touched, or made free with, is quite out of the question, while to be easy in an easy chair is a thing to dream of. The family, with one exception, was on a par with the house; Mr. Percival himself was a gentleman, who had some very vivid recollections of having been descended from a friend of the Conqueror's—he might have gone farther, and said of Adam's; but this involved too large a relationship for the owner of the "Hall;"—and it is just possible that Mr. P. might have passed through life as a rich and good man, and slept with his fathers beneath the great mausoleum, but for what follows; for who could say a word against so great a gentleman as the friend of the rector, and the proprietor of the land? Did he not attend church regularly, and kneel upon his velvet cushion when he prayed? Did he not contribute charitably to the poor, for was not his name, and ancestors' names, written in golden letters on a board over the churchwarden's pew in the sacred edifice, and were not the poor grateful for such noble generosity? One might well think so, to see how dutifully they touched their hats, and bent so low; but which the recipient of these honours, being so accustomed to them, never noticed, for *they* were not descended from the Conqueror's friend, and had no landed interest in the neighbourhood, he believed.

But little more need be said of Mrs. Percival, than that she was the worthy wife of such a husband, with, if possible, a degree or two more pride, which she derived from being connected with a family having a title in its possession; as for Miss Percival and her sister, they did honour to the stock from whence they sprung, for if the experience attendant upon a life of fifty years had in any one particular smoothed the sharp edges of the father's dignity, in the daughters it was fully made up for in the proud and haughty demeanour of their manners, tone of thought, and actions. But there was yet another daughter; strange it may appear, but still the opposite of this; it seemed difficult to believe that by any possibility one so trusting, loving, meek, and gentle, could have claimed sisterhood with *them*. Her whole life appeared to be occupied in trying to make those about her happy and smiling; by thawing their shrouds of ice in the sun of her beaming eyes, or in seeking to rouse their better feelings into energy and action by the example of her own; but she never succeeded, and earned the indifference, if not dislike of the whole family for her pains; the father thought anything would do for Margaret—good things were quite thrown away upon her—as she had no idea of keeping up the pride of the family; Mrs. Percival agreed with her husband, and was shocked to learn that her youngest daughter had been seen emerging from a poor cottage in the neighbourhood; while the sisters,—well, I will only say, that perhaps had Margaret been less fair she might have been more loved. And all this time, what would not this poor girl, with her loving heart, have given to have met with one kind, tender bosom, into which she could have poured forth the deep, warm stream of her affections. Alas! the semblance of it came too soon.

Mr. Percival had been introduced to a gentleman, who had attracted his particular attention by his dignified manners and haughty mien, and after the most rigid inquiry, not as to character, but as to pedigree, discovering to his satisfaction that the descent, if not quite so clearly made out as his own, was nevertheless pretty fully demonstrated to go as far back as to the cousin of the identical friend of the Conqueror, to whom he owed his own honoured rank and fortune, he thought he was a most eligible match for one or the other of his *two* daughters.

The honourable Mr. Walter Quentin was not long without an invitation, and soon became a frequent visitor at the hall. He was one of those men who know nothing of honour but the name, and sneer at that; who, being blessed with talent, and the art of pleasing in a high degree, employ both for evil ends; who scoff at virtue while they wear its garb, and who, besides, not even comprehending the nature of the milk of human-kindness in themselves, look upon it as hypocrisy, assumed to impose upon an easy world's credulity in others; and add to this a handsome exterior, with a winning manner, and you have the "goodly apple with a rotten core."

But little progress was made on the part of the elder sisters in the affections of the "Honourable;" but not so was it with the youngest. He had at once detected her position, and the cause; and not a moment was allowed to pass that could be turned to his account, till at last—she knew not how it was—poor Margaret found herself narrating all her little inmost thoughts, and laying her heart bare unwittingly before the tempter's gaze. Oh, that was a fancied happy time for Margaret; sisters' sneers and parents' cold neglect were all forgotten in the ideal life of happiness she led; she basked in the sunshine of those guileless days, and stood rapt, as birds are when the serpent's eye is on them—a very Eve in Paradise.

This was the state of Margaret's feelings, when Mr. Quentin proposed to adopt a course that she had never dreamt of; he had arranged it all; and "no peace would his poor heart know until she consented to be his;" but, for reasons of his own, it must be private, not even mentioned to the family for a month or more. Margaret should leave her home, and meet his sister at a short

distance from the road, and then proceed to London, where all might be completed. It was in vain that Margaret pleaded and objected, her objections were all met with such plausible candour and appeals to his devotion, that had she had the heart she could not say him nay. Besides, had *they* any right to claim her confidence? he argued, had they ever acted as parents or as sisters? No; then why should she gratuitously make any other return than that which common sense and their convenience dictated, not affection or duty; as for the first, she could not be said to have any, and for the last, it could not be supposed that, as a daughter, she had any need to think about it.

Weak, shallow, and criminal as all this was, Margaret was too blind and too confused to see it, and with a beating heart, a flurried brain, and a trembling step she left the "Hall," which, whatever might be the character of its inmates, they *were* her parents still, and that was no less their mutual home. But Margaret is on the road, and I would pray you, reader, if you have not mercy and pity to blend with justice in your judgment, not to follow her.

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A fine, bright Autumn day was drawing to a close, and with the receding sun a sharp cold breeze arose, whirling the brown and crispy leaves in showers from their parent boughs—fit emblems of the Fall! And as the shades of evening closed upon the scene around, it brought with it too a fearful night to a weak-looking, fair, but haggard, wayworn girl, who emerged from a wood some little distance in the rear of Percival Hall. She carried, seemingly, a precious load, which, when she gazed upon, fresh tears would start apace, albeit sickly smiles were struggling through them. Eagerly she looked on either side as she left the friendly covert, and then, with faltering steps, proceeded towards the house once called her home; for she had been a daughter there, and known as Margaret Percival too by name;—alas, she knew no other now! Weaker and fainter she seems to grow as she nears the gate, till at last she holds on by the iron rails, and prays most fervently for courage to proceed. At length she pulls the bell, and as its tones reverberate through the still, cold air, it seems to sound a knell to this last hope of pardon, help, or sympathy. And oh, I pray you, you the owner of this house and land, turn not a deafened ear to one who humbly asks, who humbly hopes to be forgiven. Think for a moment! she is in the world's grasp now; in pity save her from its clutch. Disown her as a daughter if you will, but look upon her in that other light, a fellow-sinner with yourself; and ask if you were all to blame in this? And do believe me, Sir, she seeks not that you should forget her fault, but that you may remember in the olden time there was another Magdalen, who "loved much," and whose entreaties were *not* made in vain. Oh, if you can, forget the name of father which you bear—but recollect you call yourself a Christian in your prayers, and if you hope for mercy at another time, I pray you show it now to this poor wanderer from the narrow way, and hurl her not down headlong into that great gulf of misery and death which yawns for such, or, as thousands have before you, *drive* her to a life of crime or death of infamy.—But, no; there is but one hard answer to the sinned against and sinning: Pride cannot stoop so low as to forgive the daughter; Prejudice cannot so far forgot itself, as to receive the child of those who brought this wrong upon its unconscious guiltless head, and Margaret sinks, robbed as it were of every sense, a child of misery at her parents' gate.

The night, it would seem, was far spent, when recollection and a sense of her position roused the poor girl from her lethargy. But what a change has taken place; no tears fall down her sunken cheeks; no sobs of penitence and grief break from her bosom now; and as she passes her cold thin fingers across her brow, and gazes upward with a look of unutterable anguish, there yet appears no light of reason that can raise a hope of preservation this side the dread eternity. Onward she walks, still nervously pressing her living burden to her breast, as though endued with superhuman strength. Ever and anon she breathes a wild heart-rending prayer, to ask for some small share of that sweet mercy from her God which has been denied by man on earth. Thus, long after break of day, did she proceed, until,—but why pursue her farther? You, reader, easily can guess, without my aid, who 'twas I met that morning, with the vacant, glassy eye.

But there is something yet to tell; Margaret Percival was not dead; and in a distant county stands, near to a small and rustic church, a little cottage; an old woman and her husband live there, keeping charge over a fair, half-witted girl, who daily walks about that lone and still churchyard, plucking the wild flowers as they peep above the ground, to spread upon a little grave. She sits for hours by the grassy hillock, humming some dismal, melancholy strain, the while she plants the budding gems that mark the resting-place of her poor child; for though parental affection has conquered pride, and now affords to *her* a home, it hardly can be thought that prejudice could ever bestow a stone on *that*.

And, as she wanders carelessly, unheeded and unheeding, is she not there a living monument of what a want of principle first smote, and Pride and Prejudice crushed down—an *utter* wreck? J. St. Clement.

THE PIRATE.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart than those which were bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea-journeyer, than those which sped us to the haven where we should be; "and now may God have the ship in his holy keeping," the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, was heard and granted, we felt, as we trod on the deck of the stout craft, whose errand was to succour the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the forecastle and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landsmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker,

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first grey of the morning, that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly-looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvas, in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right. The vessel was sharp-built, of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvas usual to such a rig she was fitted to carry a lugger-sail, which, when spread before the wind, would add to her speed. In ad-

dition she was pierced for 22 sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, Captain!"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck instead of water-casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvas, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which, when it reached the truck, unshook its folds in the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia of the free-booter, the death's-head and cross-bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly—"and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, and the lock out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling-piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes; cut our throats, and administer to our effects afterwards;" replied the mate, walking forward.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther which, sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage-looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang, and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half-concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin-hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in tolerable English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verds."

"Why, they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time had broken into the main-hatch, and, in a rough commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain—for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hand behind him, and walked to-and-fro quickly for five minutes; then he said sharply, turning to me—

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow-men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with a fierceness which startled me—"if you lie to me, I'll nail you down to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned; "swear it by the Saviour, whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke, he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity," I replied, solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open and clearer in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind; and after a moment's hesitation, as though he half repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as no doubt he deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and made callous by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.

BRITISH MANNERS AND DRESS.

We, bold Britons, are no doubt the best people in the world, and far be it from me to say or allow that there are any better; at the same time I think it must be conceded that we are the worst-mannered nation in Europe; wherever we go, however respected we may be, we are invariably disliked, and often meet with rudeness, we have ourselves unconsciously provoked, from the inhabitants of that country, one of whose favourite maxims is that "la politesse doit être réciproque." This subject is not a new one I am well aware; but it is one of such social importance, that the attention of the public cannot be called to it too often. Although our bad manners are conspicuous enough abroad, in our intercourse with foreigners, our ill breeding is carried to a still greater pitch at home, in our communications with each other, and the very people, who when they know who you are, may actually overwhelm you with real kindness, are often positively rude, before they are made aware of your exact position.

After a residence of twenty years in various continental countries, I am very much struck, and I may say not a little amused by the airs which, as it seems to me, all people, more or less, give themselves; somebodies as well as nobodies, unless these somebodies unite birth, rank, and fortune, are vulnerable on none of these points; for the

peer who can boast of no good blood, the millionaire who is of no family, and the well-descended gentleman who possesses neither title nor fortune, have each their "*raw*," and are in a perpetual agony lest you should touch it; the last, however, less so perhaps than the two first. The fact is, every one is straining after something he has not, and looking down, or affecting to do so, upon those who possess what he lacks. Everybody seems afraid of committing himself, by being civil to those he wishes to consider less than himself, and the consequences are, that almost every one is either rude or servile; I could mention many cases in point, and perhaps the following anecdote will show the sort of manner which is disgusting in the eyes of foreigners, and ridiculous in those of every kind-hearted or clear-sighted person of every country. I was making a morning visit at the house of a lady at Paris, when Mrs. Oatfield was announced, and a portly, expensively-dressed woman sailed into the room; her clothes were well made enough and of the very best materials, but neither well chosen, or really fashionable. She eyed me with the utmost disdain, my simple dress and civil manners having evidently conveyed the idea that I could be nobody fit to know, especially as I did not, like herself, claim acquaintance with "lords, and dukes, and noble captains" in every second sentence, and she so unceremoniously shouldered me out of the conversation as it were, that I at last sat silent, listening and laughing sous cape. She spoke much of her county, and seemed to value herself greatly on being upon visiting terms with "a distinguished family there," not by-the-by very distant relatives of my own: she then discoursed upon the magnificence of a certain show-place, with an air which seemed to intimate that she herself derived some dignity from living in its vicinity merely, and became so excited by her own powers of description, that she condescendingly turned towards me, and asked me if I had ever chanced to see it; "I know it well," answered I, "having often staid there." "Yes," rejoined my friend, "Lord Loftower is a cousin of yours, is he not?" Had the poor woman been shot she could not have started more; I was immediately inundated by a civility approaching to servility, which so thoroughly disgusted me that I rose to take leave; she THEN discovered, as I was afterwards told, "that there was something indescribably ladylike in the quiet, unpretending simplicity of my dress and manner." Yet this woman was the wife of a wealthy country gentleman, and herself respectably born and educated!

One would be apt to imagine that the intercourse which has continued uninterrupted between Britain and the rest of Europe, for now nearly five-and-thirty years, would have taught us how very disagreeable we make ourselves by our rude, would-be exclusive airs, and induced us to adopt another more popular line of conduct; but no! although we see plainly all our neighbours' faults and follies, we continue, apparently, unconscious of our own; the old story, in short, of the "mote and the beam" proving satisfactorily, that human nature has not changed in eighteen hundred years. We are either wilfully blind or obstinate—certainly not ignorant, for all praise the urbanity they cannot, or will not practise; and every creature has visited the continent, where the effects of a contrary behaviour is pleasingly apparent.

Who, indeed, has not been abroad? The rich and literary make long tours and short residences; the confined or reduced in fortune long residences and short tours. Tradesmen and tradeswomen go to see the fashions; labourers and servants are met with everywhere; and beggars abound: it would be a curiosity to meet with a person who had *not* trod, at least, French soil. The other day, whilst resting upon a bench with a book in my hand, I was much amused by the conversation of two respectable-looking, but vulgarly-dressed women, who seated themselves by me, and very familiarly exchanged sentiments about people and things, more particularly high-life and fashion. One excused herself to the other for not living at the "West End," as her son was in business somewhere at the opposite part of London; whereas her friend, in crimson satin and velvet—it was August, gentle reader—seemed to expect increased respect, by asserting "*her* situation" was in a highly-respectable part of the town, inhabited by lawyers and the best merchants, although she confessed there were "no Lords or Baronets, and only one Knight." They agreed that six weeks on the French coast was productive of *great* advantage, for not only did their sons and daughters learn to speak the language with the proper accent, (little did they suspect, good souls! that six, nay sixteen years, often fail to give *that*,) but that they got rid of that *stiffness* which is so peculiar to the English. It has often occurred to me how much my young countrywomen might be improved were they a little more stiff, for the laisser aller of les demoiselles Anglaises is the theme of every French tongue; and many an under-bred girl, who is nothing worse than a pert flirt, would be shocked and humiliated, could she hear the observations made by the French on her want of retenue. The truth is, our opposite neighbours, more particularly the provincial French, are very ceremonious in their manners, although not at all so in their habits; and even the most profligate pay great attention to outward propriety of behaviour. "La coquetterie sans resultat," which is the literal translation of the word—flirtation—is to them unknown; they cannot comprehend it; and in all sincerity they look upon these pretty English girls, whom they compliment so extravagantly, to be as immoral in their conduct as they are really only silly or vulgar in their manners, and would as soon think of murdering as of marrying them, unless, indeed, they got money enough to render such a step excusable to their families. Although they deem it more polite in conversation to designate our careless, haughty, or blunt manners as eccentricity, they are not the less disgusted by them, and we, apparently, are often quite unconscious of the sentiments we inspire, and believe their flattering words with a simplicity that is quite incomprehensible, and continue to persist in saying, doing, and dressing as we like, even more pertinaciously than we venture on at home. As soon as the British cross the Channel, they seem to think they may wear anything old, and do anything odd; "for no one knows who we are." They go into a shop served by women without touching their hats, and march out again without salutation or apology of any kind. A pharmacien once, when I was in his magazin, lifted off a baronet's hat, saying, "It is customary, Sir, in this country, to uncover the head in the presence of ladies." The pharmacien was impertinent certainly, but the Englishman was not without blame. A little attention to the customs of those he was for the moment living amongst would have saved him from the insult. They ask their way, or other questions, in the street, and are surprised at impertinent answers from those who, in their turn, are equally amazed at "l' insolence de ce monsieur, qui m'a parlè, comme si j' étais son esclave, SANS ME SALUER," which a Frenchman of the highest rank invariably does, even when addressing the meanest porter. Again, a little observation might teach them also, that the appellation "dame" is applied to every married female above the order of mendicity, but yet many blind-hearted, thick-headed John Bulls persist in enraging respectable tradesmen by asking for the same article which that "femme," pointing to his wife, sold them yesterday. They reply by a stare to observations made by those who are inferior or unknown to them, although evidently meant only as a civility; they demand imperiously what they pay for, and cannot conceive why they are cheated. Let me whisper, my very dear compatriots, that those tradesmen and inn-keepers who do not repay

them in their own coin, invariably "put it in the bill." Every one abroad, who asks a civil question, expects, and generally receives a civil answer; those who do not give it *know* that they must be considered mere canaille; and let me ask, what *harm* does it do? How can it lower people's importance to practise themselves the small civilities they surely like to receive from others? bow when forced to pass, apologize when they unavoidably press upon another, give way "s'effacer," as it is called; in the street, instead of pushing aged ladies, for instance, off the pavement, as I witnessed three men do half-an-hour ago, in the garb, and it must also be allowed, the look of gentlemen, because it was somewhat nearer, and they *chose* to walk arm-in-arm.

I am far from insinuating that *all* Britons, without exception, are socially the unamiable beings I have just depicted, but the greater part assuredly are so, and in some circles at Paris are distinguished by the appellation of "Mongers" and "Mongeresses," probably from "monger" being often employed to designate certain trades, such as ironmonger, cheesemonger, costermonger, &c., &c., to mark their idea that such manners are more indicative of a tradesman than a gentleman; and, probably, Bonaparte might take his celebrated idea of calling us a "nation of shopkeepers" from the same cause.* In the Catholic churches, also, how reprehensible is the behaviour of the British in general—shocking as christians, and underbred as ladies and gentlemen. They are not asked or expected to be devout, only *decent* in their behaviour; not to ridicule *aloud* ceremonies they misunderstand; not to say in the hearing of priests and women things calculated to annoy and disgust them; not to quiz *openly* a bad painting of a sacred subject, or talk sneeringly of relics *before* those who are supposed to venerate them. They can observe silently, and sneer afterwards, when those are not present whose feelings can be hurt: there can surely be no good reason why Protestantism and unpoliteness should be regarded as almost synonymous terms.

But I might write pages, and yet leave many points unnoticed, as to where we might alter for the better: for instance, if anything is wrong with your dress, some one will good-naturedly tell you of it; whereas in England, should you offer the same civility to a stranger, you are taken either for a pickpocket, or the person addressed usually replies "oh," with a strong look or stare, and passes on, or perhaps rectifies what is amiss, and retreats without thanking his or her informant. The poor, indeed, are often very civil to persons who look as if they could reward them, but to those in a like station with themselves they offer no such attention. French, Germans, Italians, all possess that amenity of manner we are so lamentably deficient in; all are disgusted by our cold, haughty way of looking over people, pushing by every one without an apology by word or look, and doing even kind things in a disagreeable way. For my own part, I brought to England the manners that have stood me in good stead for many years, in three foreign countries, but after a twelvemonth's trial here, laid them aside as not only useless but dangerous to my respectability; for here if you do not assume, people will presume. If you think nothing of yourself they will think nothing of you, and treat you accordingly, unless you possess birth, rank, and wealth, *then* indeed you can *afford* to be polite, and will be thought only more charming for being so; but beware of "popular manners" if your position and pocket are low; they will but sink you lower in public estimation in this free and enlightened country. Our dress, too, is as remarkable as our manners, except in those who devote both *time* and *money* to its *study*, which I am far from approving of—how bad it is! The suiting or right contrasting of colours is totally disregarded. We see a blue bonnet with a green gown, a pink one with a yellow shawl, and sometimes all these colours together upon the same individual; satins, velvets, and even furs in summer; muslins, straw hats, and light boots in winter; an expensive material, with the freshness and fashion gone by, worn in preference to some slighter one that is new; because, forsooth, it looks as if it had cost money,—a right reason enough for "a nation of shopkeepers!"—and the other is to be had for a trifle. All fashions, when followed, we carry to an extravagant pitch; our hats are higher or lower; our petticoats longer, shorter, stiffer, and always more elaborately trimmed than elsewhere. No maid-servant abroad would wear clothes unfitted for her station; and if she did so, would possess sufficient good-taste to understand that crushed artificial flowers or feathers, dingy silk, and old-fashioned mantelets, cannot look a bit better upon her than they do upon the body who has discarded them as gone-by or shabby. No one of any rank wears dingy or soiled clothes; and an appropriate simplicity and freshness is more admired than the most expensive fabrics of a form no longer "la mode," or with the lustre impaired. I will not go further than the mere outside; were I to do so, the advantage would, perhaps, appear upon our part, for our UNDER-CLOTHES are good and clean. But why should we not *look* as well as be pure both in morals and dress? Many a vulgar, impudent English girl, in a dirty pink bonnet and flowers, and long-worn pelisse, has both clean linen and a really modest mind in the main; whilst the dame Française, whose deportment and dress are equally decorous, may be as little immaculate in her linen as in her conduct. I speak of the middle and higher order of the lower ranks only; our *populace* are as dirty, and appear much dirtier than their brethren on the other side of the Channel. If you give a French beggar a flounced gown, she takes off the flounce for patches; her British sister wears it flounce and all, if she does not sell it. *They* try to look as respectable as their means permit; *our* aim is to move compassion by dirt and rags. It must be conceded, I think, that in manners and dress we are at any rate far behind our continental neighbours; our consolation is, we say, that in *truth* and *steadiness* we surpass them. I do not dispute it; but while we keep our greater virtues, may we not adopt their lesser ones! Are we afraid of being too perfect? We need not fear it, much as we may improve, taste and urbanity are too foreign to our native character for us to equal, by imitation, what the others possess instinctively. Let us, however, do all we can do—aim at least at perfection, and, if possible, wipe away the greatest stains in our national character,—"Impolitesse et impertinence," and our want of taste in dress and decoration will no doubt be forgiven.

* Nothing can show how frequently coarse words are in the mouths of Britons than that their favourite oath is their usual appellation; the French rabble speak of "les G—d—n's," as often as they do of "les Anglais" or "les Jean Boules;" but when an old lady, who was walking with me, fancied that the children were shouting "Madame, Madame," and benevolently smiled and nodded to them, they instantly changed the obnoxious cry to "Bon jour, Madame," another proof that, with them at least, la politesse est réciproque.

Lessons for Little Ones.

SYLVIA.

"WHAT an awful temper our little girl has!" said a good woman to her husband. "She thinks nothing of defying you to your face; and as for me, she will not do a thing I tell her."

Now this good woman and her husband lived on the borders of Fairyland, and it is a pity they did not know it; for they would not then have despaired of their little girl, the fairies being, from time immemorial, famous for curing bad temper.

That very evening, Sylvia displeased both her parents so much that they locked her up in her own little room. But the naughty child pretended not to care; and, throwing open her window, for it was very warm weather, she sang a merry ditty.

She had not been there long before a little bird began to hop from bough to bough of a large elm-tree, as if dancing to the music, until at length it hopped right on to the window sill.

"I shall catch you, little bird," said Sylvia, ceasing her song. But the bird, which was different from any she had ever seen, being gilt all over, with a little red crest, kept out of her reach, and warbled,

"Come with me
Under the tree;
There you shall see
What you shall see."

"Dear me!" said Sylvia, "who ever before heard of a bird talking?"

The bird fluttered its wings impatiently, and sang again,

"Come with me
Under the tree;
There you shall see
Whom you shall see."

"That is different," said Sylvia. "Come, little bird, tell me what you mean, and don't speak in riddles."

But the bird only sang,

"Come with me
Under the tree;
There you shall see
Her you shall see."

"Oh! it is a lady, then, or, perhaps, a little girl. If you don't tell me, bird," continued Sylvia, her anger rising, "I'll kill you."

And she ran to the fire-place for the poker. But the bird flew away, singing as it did so, in a loud, querulous tone:—

"Farewell!
You'll repent;
I return
Whence I was sent."

After this, things went on worse and worse between Sylvia and her parents; and at length, finding her perfectly unbearable, they filled her pockets with gold pieces, gave her plenty of good advice, and turned her out on to the common to shift for herself.

As soon as their backs were turned, the child sat down amongst the golden broom, and hiding her face in her hands, cried bitterly. When she looked up again, she was astonished to find that night had come on, and that she was in total darkness. "Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go in the dark?" cried poor Sylvia.

"Never mind," whispered a little voice, "I will guide you."

She looked round for the speaker, but could see nothing save a glow-worm, who was just lighting her tiny lamp.

"Yes; it is only me," spoke the glow-worm again, "I will guide you."

So Sylvia rose from the damp earth, and followed the glow-worm, who threaded her way quietly between the furze-bushes. In about half-an-hour the little girl got tired, and asked her guide whither she was taking her.

"Wait a little, and you will see," answered the glow-worm, and not a word more could be got out of her.

So they continued their way through the furze-bushes, which seemed to have no end, and sadly pricked and tore poor Sylvia's legs. At length, the child's temper got the better of her, and she refused to go any farther.

"Very well," answered the glow-worm. "As you are obstinate, I shall leave you; but mark my words, you will repent it."

So Sylvia was left alone again, and would willingly have sat down and cried, but there was not even a stone to sit upon, nothing but the prickly furze. So she went on as well as she could, and in a short time she heard a kind of droning noise.

"Dear me!" she said softly to herself, "what can that be? It is neither a bee, nor a wasp, nor yet a moth, nor a dragon-fly. Oh!" she exclaimed, as something hit her face a hard knock, "don't hurt me, please. I am only a poor little desolate girl, who has been deserted by her parents, and has lost her way."

"And a naughty, ill-tempered girl," said the droning voice, close to her ear, "who will not be guided, and drives away her best friends. However, I have been sent to seek you, and guide you as far as the wood."

"Who are you, then?" asked the wondering child.

"Her Majesty's principal beetle, at your service;" and the large brown insect extended his wings and flew on before, droning all the while.

"How odd," thought Sylvia, "for beetles to live at court!"

They were soon out of the furze-bushes, and then Sylvia was glad; but her spirits again drooped, as they entered a wood where the trees stood so close together that it was with difficulty that she could follow the droning of her guide, who flew in and out just as he would have done in broad day-light.

"Stop! Mr. Beetle; stop!" she cried, and at the same moment her foot became entangled in a long briar, and she fell headlong into a bed of nettles.

"Now then, stupid!" cried the beetle. He was but a rough sort of fellow, and his residence at court had not had much effect upon his manners.

Sylvia rose up, with her hands and face smarting all over. "You are a rude, disagreeable insect," said she, foaming with rage, "and I won't go a step farther with you, if I have to wander in the wood all night."

"Good evening then, young lady," droned the beetle, and away he flew. And his voice came faintly through the thick wood, with this last warning, "Take care you don't live to repent it."

"Always those same words," thought Sylvia. "I wonder who will next offer to be my guide?"

As she thus spoke, the wood suddenly became as light as day, and she found herself on the margin of a tiny lake, as clear as crystal. In the middle of this lake was a green island, beautifully illuminated, and numberless little boats, crowded with gay company, were hastening towards it. An empty boat approached the spot where Sylvia stood, wrapt in amazement; and, without a thought, she jumped into it, and was carried with the speed of lightning to the island. A sentinel, clothed in bright armour, demanded the pass-word, but Sylvia was unable to give it, and would have been obliged to return whence she came, but for the good offices of a large frog, clad in a green livery, spangled with gold. With the authority of a gentleman-usher, he commanded the men to stand aside; and hopping on before Sylvia, led her to a ring of velvet turf, in the midst of which, under a tree whose leaves were of emeralds, stood a throne of pure gold. On this throne reclined a female figure, of extraordinary beauty, while a glittering throng of courtiers stood around.

"Let the child approach," said the lady, in a voice like the tones of an Æolian harp.

Sylvia had paused, trembling, on the verge of the magic ring; but at this command she stepped forward, and knelt before the golden throne.

"Brown-back," spoke the lady again, "stand forward, and say what thou knowest of this child."

"Little good, my gracious queen," droned a voice; and raising her eyes, Sylvia encountered those of her guide, the beetle.

"She is passionate, self-willed, and obstinate," continued he. "Her parents could not control her, and she

rejected my services with ingratitude, because a trifling obstacle beset her path."

"Enough!" said the queen. "Lucifera, what testimony hast thou to bear?"

"Very much the same, my gracious lady," answered a low voice; and again raising her eyes, Sylvia recognised the glow-worm.

The latter continued:—"Disobedience, self-will, obstinacy, and ingratitude, are the principal qualities in the character of this child."

"And thou, Cherrytuft," said the queen again, "what hast thou to say?"

There was a rustling of the emerald leaves over the throne, and a sweet voice sang,

"Alas! great Queen,
Forgive the child;
Repentance comes
[illegible]ke her mild."

The queen looked on Sylvia, and saw the tears running down her young face; and raising her gently, she said, "Dost thou then repent?"

That touch of mercy entirely subdued the child. She could not speak, but she kissed the white hand that grasped hers, and vowed, in the depths of her heart, no more to be the naughty girl she had been.

The vision vanished, queen, courtiers, lake, wood, and all; and in the grey light of the early dawn Sylvia beheld, rising before her, the white walls of her father's cottage.

* * * * * *

Years rolled on, and the child grew into womanhood. With each succeeding year her temper and character improved, until there was not in all the village a more loved or lovely girl than Sylvia.

FINE FUNERALS.

Death is the great teacher and censor of human vanity; but even death cannot repress the pride of aristocracy and of riches, endeavouring to make wealth and grandeur triumph over the law of Nature, and outshine others even from the coffin and the grave. If we look into the churches and churchyards, we see the most insignificant of mankind honoured with the most magnificent monuments of marble, the proudest trophies, sculptured urns, a flattering inscription, and a gilded falsehood. The walls of the sanctuary are hung with banners, escutcheons, helmets, and spurs, which display the emptiness of that pre-eminence which they are intended to emblazon. The poor body, which all this paint and finery attends, lies mouldering in the vault; and give it but a tongue to speak, would exclaim, at the gaudy sight, "Vanity of vanities! Mock not my humiliated condition with the contemptible pageantry that misguided my feet from the path of reason and happiness, during my mortal existence." The only means of being honourably distinguished is, to promote most effectually the general happiness of human nature, and to seek private good in public beneficence. Many a man, notorious for the meanest avarice, as little distinguished for beneficence as abilities, is decorated with the most sumptuous memorials which the stone-cutter can raise for money; while Milton, the glory of the nation, had no monumental marble. But all that the Herald's Office can effect, all that can be done by painting, gilding, and marble, cannot ennoble the greatest favourite of a Court, the most successful adventurer in the East Indies, or the most opulent contractor and money-lender, like a Paradise Lost. The nabobs find their influence cannot secure the esteem of a few contemporaries, though it may command their votes, much less of whole nations, and of late posterity. Money, the only god which worldlings worship, loses its omnipotence after the death of its possessor; and even the inheritor often despises the man who acquired it. The undertaker, the escutcheon painter, and the sculptor, are, however, employed to keep up the false pageantry of insignificant opulence; and a hearse, covered over with coats of arms, is used for the purpose of impressing the vulgar with a veneration for rank and riches; while, in the minds of men of sense, it excites ridicule, and converts a funeral into a farce.—*Knox.*

GENIUS AND TALENT.

There doubtless is a marked distinction between men of genius and men simply of talent. Talent repeats; Genius creates. Talent is a cistern; Genius, a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, analyzing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and in action looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which Genius takes giant leaps. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; Genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into *power*. Talent gives out what it has taken in; Genius, what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which Genius instantly cuts with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts; Genius, of thought. One has definite acquisitions, the other indefinite power.—*E. P. Whipple.*

NOSES.

Each organ of the human body, but more especially an organ of sensation, has a sort of existence apart—a separate sphere of being from the great commonwealth of which it is a member, just as an individual has his own particular ties and relationships distinct from the body of society, though affecting it sympathetically and remotely. Each organ has its affections and its pleasures; its misfortunes and its pains; its peculiarities, generic and individual; its own appropriate history, and its unchangeable destiny and fate. As the eye is supposed (wrongly) to be the most expressive of organs, so is the nose of man the most impressible. Tender in its affections, enlarged in its sympathies, soft in its character, it is, in this foul and corrupt world, more subject to unpleasant than to pleasant influences. During one season of the year alone does nature provide it with enjoyments; and, during the long cold winter, it is pinched and maltreated by meteoric vicissitudes. It is a summer bird; a butterfly, a flower, blossoming on the waste of man's countenance, but inhaling (not exhaling) odours during the bright period when other flowers are in bloom. During the whole of the rest of the year its joys are factitious, and whether they proceed from *Eau de Portugal, Bouquet à la Reine*, or *Jean Marie Farina*, it is but a sort of hothouse life the nose obtains, produced by stoves and pipes, till summer comes round again. Like all the sensitive, the nose is, perhaps, the most unfortunate of human organs, placed in an elevated situation; it is subject to all the rude buffets of the world; its tender organization is always subject to disgust. Boreas assails it; Sol burns it; Bacchus inflames it. Put forward as a leader in the front of the battle, men follow it, blindly, on a course which it is very often unwilling to pursue, and then blame it for every mischance. Whatever hard blows are given, it comes in for more than its share, and, after weeping tears of blood, has to atone for the faults of other members, over which it has no control. The fists are continually getting it into scrapes; its bad neighbour, the tongue, brings down indignation upon it undeserved; the eye plays it false on a thousand occasions; and the whole body-corporate is continually poking it into situations the most repugnant to its better feelings. The poor, unfortunate nose! verily, it is a sadly misused organ. It matters not whether it be hooked or straight, long or short, turned up or depressed, a bottle, a bandbox, a sausage, or an ace of clubs; Roman, Grecian, French, English, German or Calmuc, the nose is ever to be vitied for its fate below.—*G. P. R. James.*

[The following poems, by MISS MARY MEYLER, are extracted from a little volume just issued at Bath. The author, who is completely deaf to all sound, says, in her preface—"Cut off, from her earliest years, by a grievous affliction from the usual intercourse with her kind, she has sought in poetry a resource against many an hour of weariness and suffering, and found a consolation, even in her gloomiest moments, in recording the many thoughts which have flitted through her mind at different seasons, and under various moods."]

ABSENT FRIENDS.

When we meet round the board where the wine-cup shines bright,
And with many a loved one in gladness unite—
What a thrill to the heart's inmost spirit it sends,
To raise the full goblet and pledge "Absent Friends!"

Words of kindness and greeting may fall on our ear,
We may gaze on loved kindred long cherished and dear,
But chill must the heart be, from which ne'er ascends,
A sigh of remembrance, for far Absent Friends!

While friendship its fond spell can over us cast,
While memory looks back on the days that are past,
And love o'er our bosoms its empire extends,
We'll honour the soul-stirring toast, "Absent Friends."

SONG.

We dwell on the past, as if all of life's gladness
Within its bright record alone was contained;
Forgetful of many a moment of sadness,
Of tears which those pages so often have stained.

What bliss does not hope in the future discover,
How fondly we dream of those fast coming days,
Which fancy her magical mirage spreads over,
And paints a blest vision before our rapt gaze!

More blest were the present, if dearer we cherished
The joy that it brings us, nor waited the hours,
When the blossoms that spring in our pathway have perished,
To learn all their fragrance while yet they were ours.

Then while we look round on the loved and true-hearted,
The dear ones who long have been lost to our sight,
We'll forget that too soon, when by distance far-parted,
But memory will tell of the bliss of to-night,

Old Time, though he rob us of many a pleasure,
The sunbeam of hope o'er our prospect still casts;
And the frailty that shadows each dearly loved treasure,
But warns us to prize the rich store while it lasts.

HEART YEARNINGS.

"Oh, would I were a child again! a happy-hearted thing,
That careth not for earthly care!"—thus did the maiden sing;
"Oh, for the never-aching heart—the ringing laughter wild
That speaks the spirit's liberty—oh, would I were a child!"
And then that lovely maiden, her eyes all dimmed with tears,
Sat musing o'er the pleasures of her childhood's happy years.

"Oh, for my happy girlhood!" the weary matron sighed,
As in her loosened tresses a silvery thread she spied;
"A mother's heart hath many a care, and yet small thanks hath she,
Oh, for my life's bright spring-tide—it hath vanished rapidly!"
Then that care-worn mother knelt her down and sent her soul in prayer
For the little ones, soft slumbering, who were around her there.

"Oh, for my own bright fireside!—oh, for the pleasant sound
Of the voice of my best loved one, with our children gathered round!
Oh, for the blessed moments when, with all a mother's pride,
I clasped my 'household treasures,' and had not a wish beside!
Oh, for my happy fireside!"—and the aged mourner wept—
And her tears fell on the hillock green where her beloved ones slept.

The maiden that sat musing o'er the days of childhood bright—
The matron sad that sighed again for girlhood's spirit light—
The lone one weeping by her dead, with trembling, age-bowed frame,
None left to mingle tears with her—are not the three the same?
Then wish not for the happy past, but ever grateful be
For every present blessing that God hath given thee!

(From a Newspaper.)

DIAMOND DUST.

THE greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant.

AMBITION thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.

NATURE never sends a great man into the world, without confiding the secret to another soul.

THE time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

A SECRET is like silence, you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money, when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

THE imbecility of men is always inviting the impudence of power.

TIME—the vehicle which carries everything into nothing.

ANGER—punishing ourselves for the faults of another; or committing an additional error, if we are incensed at our own mistakes.

FRUGALITY is the best fuel of hospitality.

THE greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

DEFINITE principles and qualities are only realized when we are placed in definite positions, and when we grapple with definite objects.

THERE is nothing more necessary than to know how to bear the tedious moments of life.

MANY persons entertain false views of real life, who yet have the justest perceptions of human nature.

IN the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

PEOPLE often affect to be out of humour, to appear of consequence.

OLD young-men generally preserve their constitutions, and make young old-men.

FLATTERY—the hocus-pocus nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived.

THE clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

THE search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood.

THERE is nothing sooner overthrows a weak head, than opinion of authority; like too strong a liquor for a frail glass.

IF there be a curse that has come to earth as the crow flies, it is that of an ill-assorted marriage.

TOLERATION—being wise enough to have no difference with those who differ from us.

IT not unfrequently happens that those persons who, in society, carry all before them by their spirits and acquirements are, at home, the most restless and uncomfortable beings upon the face of the earth, because they cannot there find the very excitement which is almost necessary to their existence.

LIFE is girt all round with a zodiac of sciences, the contribution of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, June 29, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 62.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

THERE is scarcely any length to which people who have nothing better to do, or to think about, will not go, in order to set a fashion for others to follow, or to follow a fashion set for them by some high leader of the modish world. It is true, that, for the most part, these fashionable changes are absurdly trifling, and not worth five minutes thought to those whose attention is occupied by more important matters. For all the hard-working portion of the world care, the exquisites of the day may alter the cut and colour of their coats, or the shape of their hats as often as they please, and without any greater effect than to call up a smile. They may, if they please, revive the pointed shoes of the Tudors, or the Lincoln green kirtles of the bold foresters of old, or the feathers and slashed doublets of the roistering, swaggering, reckless cavaliers, or the sombre apparel, and steeple-crowned hats of Cromwell's puritans; and their wives and sisters may bring back the starched ruff of that stiff old Queen Bess, or may dance cotillons, or minuets, or trundle through interminable country dances in hooped petticoats, without doing much harm to themselves, or anybody else. These are the mere follies of fashion; they concern the covering for the person, rather than the person itself; there is not much danger of their being adopted by the more sober, reflective, and useful portion of the community, and even if they were, they would not prejudicially affect the health or comfort of those who follow in fashion's glittering train. They are too evanescent and changing, and limited in their duration and effect to call for more than a mere passing remark.

But there is a point where fashion's follies, like other follies, become positive vices, and then, too, unfortunately, they assume a more fixed and permanent character, and are at once more hurtful, and more difficult to get rid of. That happens when people become dissatisfied with the beautifully proportioned form which Nature has so wisely designated for the human race, and which is so perfectly adapted for the performance of those functions which are necessary to the health of the body, and the activity of the mind; and when not content with mere appearances, they violate nature by striving to establish a defect, which a vitiated taste has caused to be considered a beauty.

Of course, some folks will say, this does not apply to us. The enlightenment and knowledge of the nineteenth century has caused us to recognise the beauty and usefulness of natural forms, and the wisdom of the laws of health. We remember, indeed, reading in some book of travels, of a tribe of Indians, known as the Flatheads, who barbarously and ignorantly bound up the yielding heads of their children between two pieces of flat wood, and so compressed them as, instead of the noble arched brain and coronal of nature, to give them, in after life, a distorted, flat, angular form, than which we can conceive nothing more hideously ugly and disagreeable. We know, too, that the Otaheitan savages tattoo their faces, and thrust rings through the gristle of the nose, and feathers through holes bored in their ears, till their countenances almost cease to be human; and we have heard of incisions being made in the lower lips of some tribes, in which barbaric ornaments are inserted; but, we do not countenance such horrid disfigurements and barbarities as these. Nay, we look with no little disgust at those poor dark-minded inhabitants of the harems of the Mussulmans, who dye their finger tips and eyelids, and convert their arched eyebrows into an inelegant straight line, extending across the brow, in order to please and attract their sensual and capricious lords and masters; and as for that utter abomination, the poor cramped, pinched up iron-compressed feet, on which the Chinese women are compelled to totter about, the victims of "celestial" jealousy, we regard that with irrepressible indignation, and tingle with that feeling down to our finger tips, when we see in museums, or collections of curiosities, those little peaked shoes which speak so eloquently of barbarism and ignorance. No, no! thanks to Providence, we live in an age and a country where such things as these would not be tolerated; we know something of the laws of health and disease, we know what the "human form divine" ought to be, from such models as the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medicis, not to mention Bailey's beautiful Eve by the fountain, and a hundred other examples, which are hung upon the walls of our picture galleries, and exhibited by the statuary. We may be guilty of the follies of fashion; we may conceal our figures, and make them clothes-horses to exhibit the handiworks of the tailor or the milliner; but you must not charge upon us those vicious, artificial deformities, which belong only

to untaught savages, or to the dark ages of now happily civilized Christendom.

Good, worthy people, we can fancy them, in all sincerity and good faith, saying this:—Pitying black and copper coloured savages, and eulogizing the glorious remains of Grecian art, and self-satisfying themselves, and at the same time illustrating the truth of that passage which tells us how men carp at "the mote" in the eye of another, while they are oblivious of "the beam" in their own.

We are quite sure, however, that if they would only take up a book which we have before us at the present moment, entitled "Hare on Spinal Disease," and would, after perusing its pages, open their eyes and look around them, they would see plenty of instances of a vicious, fashion-sanctioned, artificially-caused deformity worse, far worse, than the flat heads of the North American tribe, the pigmy feet of the Chinese women, or the tattooed and mutilated visage of the South Sea savages, or of all of these deformities put together; to which the dyed nails, and finger tips, and eyelids, and lengthened eyebrows of eastern sultanas are by comparison positive beauties; and that if they will scrutinize, at least one article of modern dress, they will perceive in it with its steel, and whalebone, and stiffening, and wadding, and laces, an ingeniously-contrived instrument of torture and disease, worthy of the agents of the abolished inquisition. They would, perhaps, then discover that custom has blunted their own perception, till they have tolerated, nay, encouraged among themselves, and it may be in their own families a fashion, worse in its effects than those which they denounce the practice of in other lands, and as far removed from true beauty as the disfigurements of the savage.

Even poets, who ought to be the high priests of nature and the sworn foes of injurious artificiality, have caught the infection, and when they sing of raven tresses, and flashing eyes, and coral lips, and pearly teeth, and snowy necks are apt to add to their enumeration of female charms, "the waist of scarce a span;" as though loveliness could be found in crushed ribs any more than in cramped toes, or in flattened skulls, while, in truth, the tottering, waddling Celestial, or the scored Venus of a far southern isle is, as respects the extent, injuriousness and ugliness of her deformity, not so much to be pitied as the victim of a pair of stiff corsets possessing that object of envy and admiration "a very small waist."

We do not wish those who have hitherto thought otherwise, and we have no doubt that "their name is legion," to take our word upon this subject, but to take the best means of judging for themselves. They may put it upon what footing they please, either as a question of beauty or of health, of taste or utility, and judge it by standards which they themselves recognise as sufficient and correct ones. If they wish to test the beauty of the modern female figure, for example, let them take a walk to the Museum, where they will find all the materials for forming a correct judgment. In the first place, to select a figure, let them take that statue of a female divinity which stands upon a pedestal in the marble-room below stairs, and which they will probably see being copied, from many points of view, by youthful students. Observe how gracefully her head presses upon the rounded neck, and how justly that unites between the well-set, sloping shoulders to the swelling breast, and thence how the lines flow gradually downward, curving like a swan's neck to the waist. The small waist? No, the waist is positively the widest portion of the whole bust, for just there the ribs more pliant and yielding than elsewhere, are further separated than above, so as to allow for the due action of the diaphragm. The round waist? No that waist is oval, as it ought to be, to complete the continuous harmony of those consistently flowing lines which make up the beauty of the whole figure, and as it ought to be, too, to allow free play to the important organs beneath the ribs. Neither small nor round! Can it then be beautiful? Look for yourself, see how lovely it is—how gracefully pliant and yet firm, how fit to represent, if not a divinity, yet the divinity of humanity. What is the secret of all this beauty? The due proportion of each part and the absence of all approach to angularity. The statuary, true to nature, has not chiselled a straight line there, and his nature, you may be sure, never wore stays. If you wish to know all its grace, and ease, and loveliness, compare it with a small waist—it is possible that there will be one not far off—see how in the modern lay figure the curved lines of the ancient statue become straight, how the shoulders are thrust up and forward, how the arms are fixed as though in iron bonds, how stiff the carriage of the head and neck is, how constrained are all the motions of the small-waisted, how she is "curtailed of fair proportion" by tight-drawn cords, and then, if you cling to the modern instead of the ancient, if you do not say that Chinese slippers, and flat foreheads, and tattooed faces are not trifling deformities compared to that "small waist," if you do not admit that it is time men had done admiring, and poets singing such things—then we must give you up as one on whom Custom and Fashion has done its worst.

If the comparison be taken upon the question of uselessness or injuriousness, then we must call in Mr. Hare, and other high medical authorities who agree with him, to produce conviction. We are sorry that we cannot transport to our pages, for the benefit "of all and sundry whom it may concern," the frightful engravings of cases of distortion of the spine so often attributable to "tight lacing." The ribs crushed in, and raised, or depressed, one shoulder pushed up and the other lowered, and attenuated to a mere skeleton; the breasts a mass of deformity, the flexible bony column, which supports the back, twisted like a corkscrew, the collar-bones pushed out of place, and the neck like one of the leaning towers of Pisa. We are sorry we cannot give these engravings, because ocular evidence is generally so much more convincing than mere description, but as we are unable to do that, we must content ourselves by extracting from Mr. Hare's work the following picture of a case which came under his own treatment:—

"The left scapula, by its continued pressure on the ribs, had bent them in such a manner as to form a complete fossa, or bed; and these, by their juncture with the spine, had pushed a portion of the column under the heads of the ribs on the opposite side, four of the vertebræ having entirely disappeared, and, strange as it may appear, were not perceptible on a most attentive examination; the ribs, on the right side, formed an angular and nearly perpendicular ridge, which it required no small degree of care to distinguish from the spine itself, the entire trunk presenting a very extensive sigmoid distortion. The integuments on the left side had a most singular appearance, forming a duplicature, or double fold, which extended from below the left scapula, round the hip, and across the umbilical region towards the right side. She had suffered exceedingly from the pain in her back, which of late had greatly increased; and she had become so weak, as to be quite exhausted, if she took but half, or even a quarter of an hour's walk.

"The cervical vertebræ participated in the affection, having a slight curvature to the left side, with an inclination of the head in the contrary direction; this formed the upper part of the flexure, the largest curve being formed by the dorsal vertebræ to the right, while a slight one existed in the lumbar region, to the left. On suspending a plumb-line from the base of the occiput, its string showed that the column had diverged four inches and a half in the dorsal division, whilst the left ilium, at its greatest projection, was distant full eight inches, from the median line."

The outward deformity is, however, far from the worst part of such cases as these. The lungs, denied room to carry on the functions of respiration, become weakened and diseased, the heart, forced out of the commodious mansion formed for it within the natural curve of the ribs, alters its position and mode of action, intrudes upon the space allotted to other vital organs, and becoming diseased, languidly pours a stream of diseased blood through the suffering system; the liver pressed upon, in consequence of the derangement of the internal economy ceases to act its proper part in purifying the vital fluid; the stomach unable to act gives rise to indigestion and all its horrors, physical and mental, and the bones which have been compressed, grow rotten and carious, and incapable of supporting the frame, and the victim of a desire for a small waist passes to the grave, leaving behind her a diseased family, or is only partially cured, after years of suffering, by months, it may be years, of confinement in a recumbent position. What shall we say after this, of tattooing, or pinching up of feet, or even flattening skulls? If the unfortunate objects of those "follies of savage fashion" are nearer in point of beauty to the remains of ancient sculpture, they are also less likely to suffer in health than that victim of "the vices of civilized fashion"—a lady with a small waist. Their artificial deformities, ugly and disgusting as they are, leave them room to breathe, and power to digest their food, and bear no comparison in the amount of injury they inflict upon the present and succeeding generations, with the deformities and diseases induced by the dress which arbitrary fashion, opposed alike to grace and to health, imposes upon her blind votaries.

Of course, the extreme effects which we have noticed are produced only by an excessive abuse of the means commonly resorted to for forming, what is by courtesy called, "a fine figure," but a knowledge of the laws of nature teaches us that the human form is incapable of improvement by such means, that both beauty and strength suffer whenever they are resorted to, and that there are thousands of less marked cases produced by the habit, which are concealed by the sufferers. The best remedy we know of, is a study of true beauty as it is to be found in the works of both ancient and modern artists, who for the most part, all praise to them, do not yield to the "small waist" heresy against the material beauty of Creation, and the knowledge of such appalling facts as are contained in the work of Mr. Hare, to which we have referred.

THE POETESS.

"Thou shalt have Fame! O mockery! give the reed
From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine,
Give the parched flower a raindrop—and the meed
Of Love's kind words to woman."—MRS. HEMANS.

We will introduce the reader to a small, but elegant apartment, furnished with books, musical instruments, drawing implements, writing materials, and all the other etceteras which adorn a modern *boudoir*, where sat a young lady of about six or seven-and-twenty. She was not decidedly handsome, yet there was too much intellect expressed in her features for her to be denominated plain. Her figure was tall, perhaps too tall to be quite feminine, but it was so perfectly graceful, that her height could scarcely be deemed a detriment to her personal appearance.

She had been writing, but the pen had unconsciously dropped from her hand, and her thoughts were wandering amongst bygone scenes, and conjuring up forms and faces which were once familiar. Perchance a word or a name had awakened these memories, but be that as it may, the recollection forced some glistening drops, which trickl through the fingers of her left-hand as she leaned h head upon it.

"Shall I disturb you," dear Isabel, asked a soft voic as the door of the apartment was gently opened a fe inches, and a bright blooming face just peeped throug the narrow aperture.

The lady addressed started and looked up. "Con in, dearest Effy," she replied, dashing the tears from h cheek, and endeavouring to conceal their traces by stoo ing to pick up the fallen pen.

"Oh, I've such news, Bella," cried her sister, no throwing the door wide open, and triumphantly holdi up a pamphlet. "I have just lighted on such a glorio review. I don't know how it was it escaped us when v were searching over the Magazines yesterday."

"Read it, Effy," returned Isabel, in a tone so forc and unnatural, that her companion, looking at her anxiety and alarm, inquired—"Are you ill, Bella?"

"Ill—no," and she tried to laugh. "What mak you think I am ill?"

"Oh you seem so unlike yourself. Have I put to flig some of your poetic thoughts? If I have, pray pard me. I was so delighted with these remarks that I cou not help coming to show them to you."

"You are very kind, Effy," returned her sister, dra ing her to a seat by her side and laying her head affe tionately on her shoulder, "you are all kindness, a now I am all attention."

Euphemia read the review, glancing round eve minute, as she did so, to communicate her pleasure the expression of her countenance, but to her disappoin ment and concern, her smile met no response, nay, de pite of her utmost efforts to repress them, Isabel's tea at length began to fall in copious streams.

"What *is* the matter with you, my dear, dear Bella her sister now exclaimed throwing down the pamphlet a twining her arms around her neck.

"Nothing, but that I am very foolish."

"But there must be a *cause* for these tears."

"Have you never wept without exactly knowing wh Effy?"

"No. I really don't think I ever did. Surely th is not your case."

"It is."

"Then I suppose they are feelings peculiar to poetess."

"No, sister, they have nothing to do with the poete —they are all the woman."

"You are a strange creature, Bella, I dont know ho to make you out, I thought it would give you so mu pleasure and encourage you so, to hear these favourab opinions of your productions."

"Well, my dear, it has given me pleasure, and I do fe encouraged; but to own the truth, there are times wh I wish I had never written a line."

"You astonish me!"

"I never made the confession before, Effy, but I ha often felt that I would gladly give all my pleasures exchange for yours."

"Is it possible, that you can be in earnest?"

"I am, indeed. What are all my lonely, selfish ple sures, compared with those you feel in making othe happy, and in enjoying their affection?"

"But you do not live unloved, dear Bella."

"Oh no, I hope not. But——"

"And you have the means of conferring great hapr ness, though it is of a different kind to that I give."

"True; but there is nothing like domestic affectio to fill the heart of woman. Oh, Effy, I would yield the triumphs of fame, for the joy I see you experienci every hour of the day. The pleasure I derive from th flattering eulogium on my talent is not half so great that I saw you enjoying this very morning, while care

ing your infant. You little thought how I was envying you."

"Little indeed," replied her sister, laughing, "why I supposed you were too much engrossed with your books. But if you think that domestic pleasures are so desirable, why don't you marry?"

Isabel did not answer.

"I am sure," she pursued, "you have no lack of admirers. Surely you could find one amongst them with whom you could be happy."

"Admirers?" the poetess repeated.

"Well, by admirers I mean lovers."

"No Euphemia, admirers are not lovers. It is one thing to admire a woman, and another to love her."

"True, but in common parlance, admirers are lovers, and I meant that you had plenty of suitors; enough to satisfy any young woman, I think."

"Yes, my sister, I have more than I desire; but not one of them really loves me. They admire my genius, they think it would be a triumph to marry a woman who has been flattered and courted as I have been; but not one of them loves me."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked Euphemia, looking earnestly in her sister's face.

"Quite sure."

"Well, as I do not pretend to be able to read the heart, I cannot say that I am right; but I think I could almost answer for one of them."

"And which may that be?" Isabel asked, in a tone which betrayed some agitation.

"Oh, you guess, Bella, your own heart tells you who I mean. I am sure you do by your voice, so don't attempt to deny it."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I repeat what I before said, that I believe not one of those gentlemen, whom you are pleased to call my suitors, loves me—loves me, as I desire to be loved—as I must be loved, if I ever marry—loves me for myself—as a woman—not as a poetess."

"Well, I can sympathize with you there, dearest Bella. I quite agree with you that affection, so called forth, is the only foundation on which domestic happiness can be built. But it does not follow because you are more highly gifted than women in general, that you should not be capable of inspiring such affection. I met with a remark the other day (I think it was made by the poet Wordsworth), which is just *apropos* to your case. It was this:—'It is not because people possess genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius enough. A higher order of mind would enable them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties.'"

"I can see and feel that beauty," Isabel murmured, as her head once again sunk upon the shoulder of her sister.

"I know you can, dear Bella; and you would make some happy with some congenial spirit—one who could appreciate you. And is it possible," she asked, after a pause, "is it possible that you have never seen such a one?"

Isabel made no reply; but the flush which rose to her cheek was felt by Euphemia, though she saw it not.

"You have, my dear sister, I am sure you have," she rejoined; "come, confess. I thought you had no secrets from me?"

"Nor have I, dear Effy. You are in error. It is true," she said, earnestly, "I once thought there was one, but it was a mistake. He did not appreciate me. He took me to be what I never was, never could be—a vain, heartless woman,—feeding greedily on applause—grasping after fame. There, there," she hurriedly added, 'you must not probe me any deeper. The wound is healing, but it is a little sore still. Run and see if you are wanted in the nursery, and leave me to finish my stanza."

As Isabel spoke, she gently withdrew herself from her sister's encircling arm, and took up the neglected pen, upon which Euphemia, smiling through struggling tears, rose to comply with her wishes.

"What has become of your college friend, Thornton? I've not seen him here for a long time!" exclaimed Mrs. Selwyn, addressing her husband, when they were alone together in the evening.

"He is going abroad for a year or two," was the reply. "He told me so the last time he was here, but I don't think he is gone yet. What makes you ask, Effy?"

"Going abroad!" repeated the lady, without heeding the question. (Married ladies will be guilty of such rudeness sometimes, gentle reader.) "What is he going abroad for?"

"What do young gentlemen go abroad for, in general? I suppose he is going for the purpose of seeing the world, and studying men and manners."

"Nay, he has some other motive than that, I fancy."

"Perhaps you know better than I do, my dear? But that was the reason he gave me."

"You don't suppose that I am in his confidence, I hope!" cried Euphemia, laughing. "The fact is," she added, putting on a graver aspect, "I have a notion that he and my sister Bella like each other—I mean love each other—but that they don't understand one another."

"So you want to bring about a meeting, and set them right! Is that it?"

"Well, is there any harm in that?"

"No, not exactly harm, my love. You are doubtless prompted by an affectionate, sisterly spirit; but I have a horror of anything like matchmaking or manœuvring, let the motive be what it may."

"You cannot dislike such things more than I do, my dear Robert," answered Mrs. Selwyn. "But now just put the case to yourself, and suppose that you and I, five or six years ago, had taken some foolish fancy into our heads, and that it had led us to think we did not love each other, or were not suited for each other—would you not have thanked any kind friend who would have put us right?"

Here the lady looked affectionately in her husband's face, and finding it difficult to parry her question, he only smiled.

"I am sure you would," she rejoined. "And now I shall think you very selfish if you wont do a similar kind act to serve a friend."

"What do you wish me to do, Effy?"

"Only to ask Mr. Thornton to come and spend a few days here, before he sets out on his travels."

"And tell him it is at your particular request?"

"No! that would never do; he would think Bella had something to do with it, and she must not have a notion that such a thing is in contemplation; if she thought we sent for him, I verily believe she would receive him as coldly as if she were a piece of marble."

"I had no idea of any attachment of the sort," said Mr. Selwyn, "I never observed anything like preference on either side."

"That is because you are very dull in such things; we ladies are more quick-sighted, I saw it very clearly."

"Ah, you're very clever, Effy, but how is it, if they love each other as you say they do, that they do not understand each other."

"Oh! Mr. Thornton has got a notion into his head that women of genius are necessarily unfitted for domestic life; he said as much to me, and I stoutly opposed it, little supposing, however, at that time, that he had any liking for Isabel; but I found it out afterwards, and I think it a great pity that such a notion should separate them, for I am sure he would make her a good husband—I admire his character exceedingly."

"Well, I do believe that Frank Thornton would make any reasonable woman happy," Mr. Selwyn responded, "but have you any good ground for supposing that your sister is attached to him?"

"Yes, I have, though she has made no confession on the point. Indeed, she has been less communicative since I have worn this ring," she added, smiling, and holding up her left hand. "It is a general idea, you know, that married ladies cannot keep secrets, and I think there is some truth in the assertion."

"Then, after all, your discovery only amounts to a surmise, Effy."

"Nay, it amounts to a broad guess, at all events—something bordering on certainty."

"Then I suppose you must have your own way," he returned. "I dont know how it is, but you generally do, though I cannot say that you ever in one single instance demanded it."

"Oh! I know a better way of getting it than demanding it," replied the young wife, laughing.

The foregoing conversation will, we think, have explained the history of the two sisters, as well as developed their characters, which, though equally amiable, were widely different. It was a very delicate affair Mrs. Selwyn had taken in hand. Some shrewd matrons would have contrived meetings which would seem accidental, and then they would have whispered what was said by one party in confidence to the other; but she purposed no such thing; her plan was to bring the lovers within reach of each other, and then leave them to act for themselves. This she thought the safest, as well as the most honourable course.

Mr. Selwyn's invitation was accepted by Mr. Thornton, and he was received with frank hospitality. Isabel, it must be allowed, was a little distant, but not so much so as she would have been had she been aware of the purpose for which the visit was planned. A short residence under the same roof with an individual will often show more of the true character than very many occasional meetings, especially if those meetings are in public or mixed society. Mr. Thornton had now an opportunity of judging more correctly of the fair poetess than he had hitherto done. The consequence was, that his eagerness to go abroad began to abate a little; but as he had actually made several preparations for his tour, he could not express any hesitation on the matter, and his departure was, therefore, talked of every day.

"I hope, Mr. Thornton," said Mrs. Selwyn, as she and her sister were, one evening, sitting with him in the recess of a bay-window, watching the sun set; "I hope you will not come back from your tour infected with the prevailing mania for despising everything English. It's the fashion now-a-days, I find, for young gentlemen who have travelled to be so in love with French manners, German literature, and Italian scenes and music, that they are no longer deserving of the name of Englishmen."

Her guest smiled.

"I presume you never met with any who preferred foreign to English ladies," he observed.

'There, hold your tongue, I did not fish for that compliment," the lady exclaimed. "I think it scarcely likely, but their taste in that respect is vitiated likewise, though they are not truthful enough to tell us so. English women are suited to English scenes and English homes, and if they lose their relish for the one, they are not likely to be very well satisfied with the other. You are no cosmopolite at present, I think," she added, "for I heard you—only this morning reading (and I imagined thoroughly enjoying) Scott's beautiful lines:—

'Is there a man with soul so dead.'

Our poets have all true British hearts. Love of country is one of their characteristics. What says our sweet Cowper?—

'England with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country, and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found
Shall be constrained to love thee.'

And what our Thomson?—

'Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfined, e'en to thy farthest cots
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.'

Oh, I could go on quoting like that all the evening."

"And after all, perhaps, fail in accomplishing your purpose, if it be to make Mr. Thornton a convert to your opinions," said Isabel laughing.

"Nay, I am not quite so pertinacious as you suppose me to be, Miss Egerton," he rejoined. "I am always open to conviction. If I go, I hope it will be to return with a just estimate of the advantages and defects of other countries, and a true appreciation of the blessings of my own.

"Well, if you do that, no one can with reason complain of you," said Isabel. "Enthusiastic as my sister is in her love for old England, she is not incapable of that enlarged benevolence which leads us to sympathize with every human being in every clime, for such sympathies are not, I think, in the slightest degree incompatible with patriotism."

"We might, with as much reason, say that we cannot sympathize with our neighbours and friends, because we have a home circle which claims our *warmest* affections," Thornton rejoined.

"The enlarged benevolence which awakens feelings of universal brotherhood is a very different thing to the taste for foreign scenes and manners I was quarrelling with," said Euphemia.

"Undoubtedly. It is as unlike as the counterfeit is to the genuine coin."

The conversation next turned upon English homes—the firesides of the last century and those of the present day. Mr. Thornton could not cordially admire the prim manners and methodical usages of the former period, and he was far from desiring that the attention of females should be wholly confined to household economy and the nursery, still he thought it preferable to the modern systems of education, which, he said, fitted women for nothing better than to make a display of themselves.

Isabel said little, though she listened with much interest, but Mrs. Selwyn took upon herself to vindicate the ladies of the present day from the charge of frivolity.

"What say *you*, Robert, you shall be umpire?" she said, addressing her husband who now entered the room.

"I must know what the subject of dispute is before I can determine," he laughingly returned.

"Yes, certainly. Well, Mr. Thornton and I were talking of the education of ladies. He threw down the gauntlet in the cause of the starched dames of the old school; and I took it up in defence of the new."

"Ah, you want a moderator, I see," he cried, drawing a chair beside his wife. "I should have thought Miss Egerton would have decided the case, for I am sure she could bring matters to a just balance between you. However, as she pleases to be silent, I will do it myself."

Isabel only smiled.

"It is my opinion," he began, affecting to look very grave, "it is my opinion that woman has yet to learn her true position in society. I speak, of course, of the sex in general—present company are always excepted. Woman has been by turns made an idol, a household drudge, a plaything, and, in short, almost everything but what she was designed to be: but it is all our own fault. Give her the mental education which will fit her to be man's companion; give her those accomplishments which will sweeten her own lonely hours, and make those of her husband cheerful; give her the domestic training which will enable her to discharge home duties with credit to herself and comfort to him, and add to these that moral and religious teaching which will most effectually regulate her conduct in all.—Give woman these advantages, I say, and then we shall find there is less frequenting of club-houses and taverns, gaming-houses, places of public

amusement, and all such unhealthy, exciting scenes; man will become a *domestic* animal; and the world will have made a rapid stride in its onward progress towards perfection."

"Well done, Selwyn," exclaimed Thornton. "You have indeed drawn a just balance between the two schools; but you have put in a few very necessary additional weights. What do you say, my dear madam?" he added, addressing Euphemia.

"Oh, of course I submit to the judgment of my husband," she returned, laughing.

"I dont wish you to do that, my dear," said Mr. Selwyn. "Freedom of thought is the birthright of every individual, and I don't see why women should not enjoy it as well as we lords of the creation. I would only have them open to conviction, and not too proud to confess when in error."

"Jesting aside, I agree with you in every particular," said the lady, seriously.

"Ah, I know you do, my love," he rejoined; "and so does our silent, thinking friend, Miss Egerton. Indeed I frankly confess," he added, looking at the ladies, "I have founded my observations on home experience, and drawn my picture from life."

Whilst the above-related conversation was carried on, the sun had made his exit, and the shadows of the twilight were deepening into night. The day had been sultry, but a fresh breeze was now stirring, and Mrs. Selwyn proposed a stroll in the garden. No proposal could have been so welcome to her guest, for he just then felt disposed to say something which he could not say in the presence of two of the party. The shrewd reader will, perhaps, guess for which of the trio the communication was designed; if not, we will reveal this much. He contrived to detain the fair poetess, under pretext of watching the rising moon, whilst her sister and her husband wandered on to another part of the grounds. Then a conversation was carried on in low subdued tones, so we cannot be expected to repeat it; nay, it would probably make a disjointed, or even a ludicrous appearance in print; for declarations of love and offers of marriage (which from the sequel we conclude to have been the substance of the tête-a-tête) are not often either made or received in set phrases. A glance, a smile, a pressure of the hand, frequently answers the purpose of a lengthy speech, and strange enough, this unspoken language is generally understood quite as well, or better, than the most eloquent words would be.

The result of this evening's conversation was a change in Mr. Thornton's plans. His ardour for visiting foreign scenes, and studying foreign manners and foreign languages suddenly abated, and he lingered in the vicinity of the mansion of his college friend, even after he quitted it as a guest. Some months subsequently there was a little commotion in the house. The ladies were exceedingly busy with mantuamakers and milliners; and one bright morning the fair Poetess was led forth, clad in bridal ornaments, to pledge her faith to one who, to own the truth, had long held her heart captive. Thornton now set out on his trip to the continent, but it was accompanied by his gifted bride, whose rare mental endowments, and true appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, gave every scene a double charm.

It was not, however, amid these intellectual pleasures that Isabel's husband discovered her truest worth; but on their return, in the quietude of that hallowed spot called *home*, in hours when his spirits were jaded, and sometimes irritated by contact with the rough world without,—for it is then that woman becomes, in the fullest and strongest sense, the helpmate of man; it is then that she feels she is most efficiently fulfilling the high destiny for which she was created.

ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Biographic Sketch.

DR. ARNOLD.

It does one's heart good to contemplate the life of such a man as Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He possessed that quality of intense earnestness which gives force and energy to every purpose in life. He was full of strong sympathy for all that was true and good in our modern social movements, and of as strong antipathy for all that he conceived to be false and unjust. He did battle in the cause that he conscientiously felt to be right, with his whole heart and soul; and waged as uncompromising war against what seemed to him to be shams and falsities. He was of the stern stuff of which martyrs are made; for, when he once saw his way clear, and his conscience approved, he never hesitated to act boldly and energetically. We may not agree with him in all the views that he held and advocated; but we never fail to admire the undeviating and high-minded consistency of his life, and the purity of the views on which he acted.

The history of Dr. Arnold contains comparatively few incidents. He was a scholar and a thinker, acting upon the world through his school and his study, rather than taking an active part in its practical struggles and combats. He influenced it from without, and spoke to the men in action, as if from a higher sphere. Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795. His father, who was the Collector of Customs at that place, died suddenly in 1801, and left a large family to be provided for, Thomas (the youngest) being then only six years old. His aunt undertook the care of his education, and sent him to Warminster school in 1803, where he remained for four years, and then removed to Winchester, leaving there in 1811. As a boy, he was shy and retiring, but entertained numerous strong friendships, and also strong opinions, from which neither force nor fraud could move him, when he had once fairly got hold of them. He was fond of ballad poetry, and while at Winchester, wrote a long poem on the subject of Simon de Montfort, which obtained for him the appellation of "Poet Arnold." But in his school career there was, on the whole, nothing remarkable.

He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1811; was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, in 1815; and subsequently obtained the Chancellor's prize for the University essays in Latin and English. While at College, he formed many warm friendships, which continued throughout his life; and he often looked back with delight to his residence there, and trod over again in fancy the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood—Bageley Wood, and Shotover, with Horspath nestling under it; Elsfield, with its green slope; and all the variety of Cumnor Hill. He had an intense love of nature in all its aspects, and quite revelled in delight among the beautiful scenery of Westmoreland, where he had his rural home in the later years of his life. While at College, he displayed an inquisitive and contemplative turn of mind, and as his inquiries were directed to religious subjects, he was early beset by those doubts and scruples, through which every really strong mind has once in its life to struggle. Indeed, it may be affirmed, that there are very few minds, of a strongly rational cast, that have not to reach the firm footing of faith through the narrow and painful avenue of doubt and temporary unbelief. But Arnold succeeded in at length reaching what he felt to be the firm ground, with his nature strengthened by the struggles he had undergone.

In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford; in 1819, he settled at Laleham with his mother, aunt, and sister, taking in pupils to prepare them for the Universities; and in 1820, he married Mary Penrose, the youngest daughter of the Rector of Fledborough, Lincolnshire. He remained at Laleham for nine years, diligently improving his mind, engaged in the study of

Greek and Roman History, learning German in order to read Niebuhr, searching out the deep meaning of the Scriptures, and devoting himself to the improvement and culture of the minds of his pupils. He loved teaching, and seemed to live for it, entering into the pursuits of his scholars, making them feel in love with knowledge and virtue, giving them new views of life and action, and discovering to them the means of being useful and truly happy. He loved his pupils, and they loved him warmly in turn. He bathed with them, leaped with them, sailed and rowed with them, and entered into all their amusements as well as intellectual occupations.

His success at Laleham, and the high opinion which began to be entertained of him by leading minds, directed attention to Dr. Arnold, as the proper person to fill the office of Head Master of Rugby School, on the resignation of Dr. Wool, for a long time master of that academy; and on presenting himself as a candidate, he was at once elected to the office in December, 1827. In the following year he received Priest's orders; shortly after, he took his degree of B.D., and D.D., and entered upon his duties in August, 1828. He commenced his work with the ardent zeal of a reformer; he had long deplored the state of the public schools of England; he recognised in many of them, seminaries of vice rather than of virtue, and longed to try "whether his notions of Christian Education were really impracticable, and whether our system of public schools had not in it some noble elements which might produce fruit, even to life eternal." Many have expressed a regret that Arnold, with his fine powers of mind, should have devoted his main energies through life to the performance of the duties of a schoolmaster. But he himself had the proper notions of this high calling, and he felt that in forming, influencing, and directing the minds of hundreds of young men, who were to occupy, many of them, prominent places in society, at the same time that he was labouring to reform and to elevate the entire system of school education, he was really engaged in a noble and elevating work. He threw himself into this work with great zeal, at first feeling his way, but gradually acting with greater boldness and decision. He soon enlisted the boys themselves in his service, made them co-operators with himself in the improvements he had introduced, and the result was, that, in the course of a very few years, Rugby School was rendered one of the most famous and successful in all England. It would occupy too much space to detail the tenderness, the firmness, the judgment, the kindness, and the christian zeal which the master displayed in carrying out his great purpose, and to exhibit by what means he enlisted his pupils in the ranks of virtue, intelligence, and true nobility—teaching them to do for themselves rather than to depend upon others for success—treating them as gentlemen, and thus making them such—trusting them, confiding in them, stimulating them, and encouraging them. But there were many unruly spirits to be dealt with among an indiscriminate mass of three hundred boys; and mischievious tendencies, and bad feeling could not be altogether repressed among them. On one of these occasions, he exclaimed, "Is this a Christian School? I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a jailer, I would rather resign my office at once;" and on another occasion, when he had found it necessary to send away some unruly boys, he said, "It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or of one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

What he mainly aimed at, was, to promote the self-development of the young minds committed to his charge, by encouraging them to cultivate their own intellects. "I am sure," he used to say, "the temptations of intellect are not comparable to the temptations of dulness," and he often dwelt on "the fruit which I above all things long for—moral thoughtfulness—the engrossing love of truth going along with the devoted love of goodness;" and again, "I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realised; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man than a perverted or over-valued one." He longed to train men so that they should form their own opinions honestly, and entertain them decidedly. He could not bear that nondescript in society—the *neutral* character. "Neutrality, however," he observed, "seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear: I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason—that they then have a chance, at least, of appreciating truth keenly, and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy." "I would far rather," he said, "send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the greater number of exciting books of amusement, like 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby,' 'Bentley's Miscellany,' &c., &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetites of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for history and poetry." At the same time, for mere cleverness, whether in men or boys, without moral goodness and mental strength, he had little regard. "Mere intellectual acuteness," he used to say, in speaking of lawyers, for example, "divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive, and great, and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistophiles." "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." In speaking of a pupil of this character, he said, "I would stand to that man *hat in hand*." Once at Laleham, when teaching a rather dull boy, he spoke rather sharply to him, when the pupil looked up in his face and said—"Why do you speak angrily, sir? *indeed* I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said—"I never felt so much in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten." In such a spirit did Dr. Arnold enter and proceed upon his work of educating young minds, and the success that attended him was immense. He excited quite an enthusiastic admiration among his pupils, and many there are who confess that they owe to him the main bent of their lives and actions, and all the good that has followed them.

While thus diligently occupied among his pupils, and superintending, with an anxious eye, the whole business of his great school, Dr. Arnold took the most intense interest in the ongoings of the busy world without. He followed the public movements of the day with eager enthusiasm: he was a man who could not possibly be neutral, and he at once took his side with the cause of progress. Ours is not a political journal, and it is not needful that we should here enter into any detail of the movements of the Reform Bill period, which then enlisted all minds and activities on either the one side or the other. In his youth, Arnold had been a conservative; but the reading of history, of the Bible, and Aristotle, with a free mind, soon led him entirely the other way. His feelings were most intense, as to the neglect of the poor by the rich,

and the injustice and want of sympathy exercised towards the multitudinous classes of the state. "It haunts me," he said, "almost night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see anti-slavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and heathenism are existing among ourselves." Again, in 1840, he says:—"The state of the times is so grievous, that it really pierces through all private happiness, and *haunts me daily like a personal calamity.*" Again and again does he give expression to similar desponding views in his letters to his intimate friends. "It seems to me," he said, "that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world; with a population poor, miserable, and degraded, both in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such of concerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many, of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild." The money and the Debt, the increasing mortgages on our land and industry, oppressed his mind like a hideous nightmare. He could not rid himself of the thought of these things. He feared that "too late" were the words which we must affix to every plan of reforming society in England, and that we were already "engulphed, and must inevitably go down the cataract." "The English nation," he observed, "are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their conservatism till mustard poultices are put to their feet." The conduct of the higher classes, at the same time, roused his extreme ire. "There is," said he, "no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person."

He endeavoured to give his views on these subjects a practical direction, and laboured to organize a society "for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom." But the plan never came to maturity. He tried to establish a newspaper, but it failed after a few numbers. He wrote letters in the *Sheffield Courant* and the *Herts Reformer*, and endeavoured thus to rouse the public attention. "I have a testimony to deliver," he said, "*I must write or die.*" His scholastic studies were all prosecuted with the same views. His Greek and Roman History was "not an idle inquiry about remote ages and forgotten institutions, but a living picture of things present, fitted not so much for the curiosity of the scholar, as for the instruction of the statesman and the scholar." "My abhorrence of conservatism," he observed at another time, "is not because it checks liberty,—in an established democracy it would favour liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value." Yet Dr. Arnold, decided though his views were, might be said to belong to no "party," either in the State or in the Church. His independence was too great—his opinions were so entirely self-formed and elaborated, and held with such tenacity, that he was not a man who could jog quietly along in the train of any "party." He was strongly in favour of Catholic emancipation, and wrote an eloquent pamphlet in its favour; but, strange to say, for reasons which he stated equally strongly, he was opposed to the emancipation of the Jews.

On Church questions, his views were equally bold and decided. He stood quite aloof from High Church and Low Church alike. He was strongly impressed with a sense of what he termed, the "corruption of the Church," which, he maintained, had been "virtually destroyed;" for by the Church was now understood only "the Clergy," the Laity being excluded from all share in its administration. He inveighed, in an article of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, "On the Fanaticism which has been the Peculiar Disgrace of the Church of England,"—"a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology,—the superstition of a priesthood without its power,—the gown of Episcopal government, without its substance,—a system imperfect and paralyzed, not independent, not sovereign,—afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring,—objects so pitiful, that if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." For this article, he was brought to book by Earl Howe, one of the trustees of Rugby School, and called upon to confess whether he were the author. He replied, that the authorship of the article was well known,—that he had spoken undisguisedly of it to his friends; but he refused to give a direct answer to his Lordship's interrogatory, which would be "to acknowledge a right which I owe it (he said) not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England, absolutely to deny." The result was a meeting of the trustees, but Dr. Arnold was retained in his office without any further communication being made to him.

Dr. Arnold had an intense sense of the true religious life, and this it was which shocked him at its shams, and at the virtual Atheism in which men lived. "I cannot," he said, "understand what is the good of a national Church, if it be not to Christianize the nation, and introduce the principles of Christianity into men's social and civil relations, and expose the wickedness of that spirit which maintains the Game Laws, and, in agriculture and trade, seems to think that there is no such sin as covetousness; and, that if a man is not dishonest, he has nothing to do but to make all the profit of his capital that he can." He deplored that religion had become, among us, "an affair of clergy, not of people; of preaching and ceremonies, not of living; of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days and all places, houses, streets, town, and country." Alas! (he exclaimed) when will the Church ever exist more than in name, so that this profession might have that zeal infused into it which is communicated by an *esprit de corps;* and, if the 'Body' were the real Church, instead of our abominable sects, with their half-priestcraft, half-profaneness, its 'Spirit' would be one that we might receive into all our hearts and minds."

Into the questions raised by the Oxford Controversy, also, he entered with great warmth. He saw in it the essence of "priestcraft," which he hated, and characterised Newmanism as "the great Anti-Christian heresy;" but into his views on this subject we need not enter. Speaking thus strongly, it will be obvious that he could not fail to rouse a strong feeling of hostility against himself. At London, where he wished religious, not sectarian, examination to be introduced into the University, he was regarded as a bigot; while at Oxford he was regarded as an extreme latitudinarian. "If I had two necks," said he, "I think I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides." Nor would he aid the Sabbatarians in stopping railway travelling on Sundays, holding that the Jewish law of the Sabbath was not binding on Christians. Loud outcry was raised against him in many and various quarters, but still he was nothing daunted, even though old friends grew cool, and new ones fell away. The truth which he felt he uttered, and never ceased till his last breath to do so. In course of time, however, as the rancour of the strife subsided, and the great success of his management and teaching at Rugby became apparent, and as his works on Greek and Roman history made their appearance to show the magnificent calibre of his mind,

new and powerful friends came around him, and his fame spread wider than before. Lord Melbourne offered him the vacant chair of History at Oxford, in 1841, which he joyfully accepted, though he lived only to deliver the introductory course of lectures on his favourite theme.

It will be observed, from what we have said, that the prominent characteristic of the man was intense earnestness. He felt life keenly, its responsibilities as well as its enjoyments. His very pleasures were earnest; he was indifferent or neutral in nothing. He was always full of work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen the progressive movements of the age. "It boots not," he said "to look backwards: *forwaard, forward, forward,* should be our motto." "I covet rest neither for my friends nor yet for myself, so long we are able to work;" but, again he would say, "work after all is but half the man, and they who only work together, do not truly live together." "Instead of feeling my mind exhausted," he would say, after the day's business in the school was over, "it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work. I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once." He was a thoroughly "go-a-head" man, and rejoiced at all the signs of work and progress in this busy age. The delight with which he regarded the mightiness of the great Birmingham Railway was quite characteristic of him. "I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedge-rows, "I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct."

He was a great lover of men. When he met with one earnest and zealous as himself—and such was rare—he loved him with his whole heart. Chevalier Bunsen and Niebuhr were objects of his high admiration. Carlyle, too, was a great favourite. "What I daily feel more and more to need," he said, "as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I think that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip, or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life." And again:—"Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any one who is *in earnest*, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity." Hence Arnold disliked the mere theologians. "There appears to me," he said, "in all the English Divines a want of believing, or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false." And again—"I have left off reading our Divines, because, as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many very indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflexion of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it."

Interested as Arnold was in the ongoings of the outer world, he intensely enjoyed his own family and fireside. At Laleham, at Rugby, but above all, in his country home at Fox How, near Rydal, in Westmoreland, his heart ran over with expressions of joy and deep delight. Fox How was the paradise to which he retreated from the turmoil of the world. "It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness," he said, "that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it." When absent from Fox How, it "dwelt on his memory as a vision of beauty, from one vacation to another," and, when present there, he felt that "no hasty or excited admiration of a tourist could be compared with the quiet and homely delight of having the mountains and streams as familiar objects, connected with all the enjoyments of home, one's family, one's books, and one's friends." Among the delicious scenery of Italy, he said, that "if he staid more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a longing for Fox How; and it was his repeated wish that when he died, "his bones should go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha, with its deep and silent pools, passing by."

This true and noble man died too soon for himself and the world. He was suddenly cut off in the midst of his labours, on the morning of the 12th of June, 1842, in the 47th year of his age. He died; but he left a grand legacy of pure thoughts, earnest impulses, and noble aspirations to his race, and which, it is to be hoped, the world will not willingly let die.

THE DOG AND THE SPARROW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A SHEPHERD'S dog, half-starved by his cruel master, fled at length in despair. A sparrow met him, and struck by his care-worn look, "Brother," said he, "wherefore art thou so sad?"

"Alas," replied the dog, "I am hungry, and have nothing to eat."

"Dear brother, come with me into the town, and I will get thee something,"

They went thither, and, when near a butcher's shop, the sparrow desired the dog to wait while he pecked down a piece of meat. He flew into the shop, peeped around to see that no one observed him, and pecked and pulled at a steak which lay on the edge of the block, until it fell; the dog seized it, ran into a corner, and speedily devoured it.

"Now," said the sparrow, "let us go to another shop, and I will get thee another bit."

When the dog had eaten his second morsel,

"Hast thou had enough?" said the bird.

"Of meat, yes; but I should relish still a little bread."

"Thou shalt have it," cried the friendly sparrow; and they presently reached a baker's, where at length the animal's appetite was fully appeased.

They then turned on the highway, but the weather was warm, and the dog had just dined; he consequently soon felt that a nap would be very agreeable.

"Take a doze," said his companion, "and, in the meantime, I will sit near on a twig."

The dog stretched himself on the road, and presently snored. While he thus slept, a waggon approached, drawn by three horses, and laden with two casks of wine. The sparrow perceiving that the waggoner did not intend to turn it from the track in which the dog lay, cried shrilly—

"Waggoner, beware, or it will be the worse for thee!"

"'Tis little thou canst do to injure me," grumbled the waggoner, as he cracked his whip, and drove the waggon over the wretched dog, who was crushed to death.

"Thou hast killed my brother," cried the sparrow, "but it shall cost thee cart and horse!"

"Ha! ha! cart and horse," laughed the cruel man, as he jogged on; "what canst thou do, little Dick?"

The sparrow crept under the waggon-covering, and pecked hard at the bung of one of the casks until it broke away, and the wine ran out. After some time the waggoner looked behind, he saw droppings from under

the waggon; seeking the cause, he soon found that one cask was empty—

"Alas! poor me!" cried he.

"Not poor enough yet," said the bird, as he perched himself on the head of one of the horses, and pecked at its eyes. The waggoner drew forth his hatchet, and aimed a blow at the dog's avenger, but the stroke descended on the head of the horse, which fell dying to the earth.

"Alas, alas! poor me!" cried the man.

"Not poor enough yet," said the bird; and, as the waggon proceeded with the two remaining horses, he crept again under the covering, and soon pecked away the bung of the second cask: it also was quickly empty.

"Oh! poor me," cried the waggoner, when he discovered this new loss.

"Not poor enough yet," answered the sparrow, and he hopped on the second horse's head. The waggoner struck at him with his hatchet, but in vain: the bird mounted safely in the air—the blow killed the horse.

"Ah, poor miserable me!"

"Not poor enough yet," cried the sparrow, as he placed himself on the head of the third horse. Blinded by his fury, the waggoner now struck furiously here and there with his weapon: at last the one remaining horse fell dead.

"Alas! I am a ruined man!"

"Not yet," said the sparrow, as he flew away; "I can make you poorer still at home!"

The waggoner was compelled to leave the waggon standing in the road, while, full of sorrow and anger, he hastened home.

"Alas," said he to his wife, "I have had a day of disasters: the wine has run out on the road, and the three horses are dead!"

"Ah, my husband," cried she, "a strange, ill-omened bird has come hither, followed, methinks, by all the birds in the world. They are up above devouring the wheat!"

He rushed up, and found thousands of birds feasting on his corn; in the midst of them was the friend of the shepherd's dog.

"Oh, wretched man that I am!" groaned the waggoner.

"Not wretched enough yet," said the sparrow. "Waggoner, thy cruelty shall cost thee even thy life!"

He had lost all his wealth, and, with a heavy and angry heart, he sat down by the stove in his sitting-room. The bird sat without on the window-sill, and cried in a loud, shrill voice—

"Waggoner, it shall yet cost thee thy life!"

He seized his hatchet again, and flung it at the tormentor. It missed its aim, but broke the window-pane, and the sparrow hopped through, perched himself on the stove, and repeated the ominous cry—

"Waggoner, it shall yet cost thee thy life!"

Wild and blind with fury, the waggoner madly dashed against the stove, which fell in pieces: in his furious efforts to strike his winged opponent, chairs, tables, glasses were hurled and smashed. At last he clutched the bird.

"I will kill him," screamed the wife.

"No, no," roared the waggoner, "that were too mild a judgment; he shall die a slow death; I will swallow him alive."

So saying, he gulped him down; but the sparrow fluttered, and fluttered upward, even to his mouth, and stretching forth his head, shrieked—

"Waggoner, it shall yet cost thee thy life!"

The man ran for the hatchet, and giving it to his wife, desired her to strike the bird in his mouth. She struck—but the blow fell upon the waggoner's head, and he groaned and died, as the sparrow flew forth to the bright sky.

Notices of New Works.

Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay. David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street.

An old favourite—the author of "Voices from the Crowd," "Voices from the Mountains," "Town Lyrics," and other poems, makes another appearance before the public hand-in-hand with the spirit of Nature—the fittest company that a poet could choose—for a poet is the conduit through which Nature's spirit flows to the less gifted and less favoured of Nature's sons.

The volume is adorned by a well-executed engraving of the author, a glance at which will go far to confirm the faith of the disciples of Lavater. Perhaps some oversentimental folks will be disappointed that Charles Mackay is not a more romantic-looking man, that he has no flowing "amaranthyne curls," and that the simple black stock conceals the Byronic throat. Those who have formed their notions of a poet upon that ideal will not be prepared to recognise the quiet, unpretending, homely, country-looking gentleman, whom we might pass in the street without a second glance, or meet at an evening party without inquiring "who that remarkable individual" is, as a favoured child of the muses; but those who, taking no note of poetic fopperies, look more steadfastly at Nature's title-page, will see in the full, broad brow, over which the hair is so simply and plainly arranged, the tokens of intellectual power; in the large, full, but half-opened eye, an almost dreamy concentration and abstraction, and a capability for expression; in the finely-cut and delicate, but still compressed mouth, sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling, and a strong will; and in the whole aspect, the "*tout ensemble*," that appearance of almost childish simplicity, so often the companion of earnest enthusiasm, and often linked with the highest wisdom. It struck us that the portrait—particularly about the forehead—bore a striking resemblance to "glorious Robert Burns," but the expression was deficient of the vivacity, buoyant wit, and animal spirit which characterised the handsome face of that wizard of Scotch song. It seems to express less of active power, but then its passive power is greater, and there is more of self-composure and control in the face of Mackay, and, we think, the difference in their countenances well expresses the distinction between the two men. In both there is the same earnestness and childish simplicity, in both the same sympathy for humanity, the same fearless love of right and severe hatred of wrong, the same hopes for the future; and, if Mackay wants Burns's wit and humour, he wants, too, his irritability and often fretful impatience, while he has, as the characteristic of a more educated mind, greater acquired power of philosophic thought. We do not say that Mackay is so great a poet as Burns; that would be praise which we could not accord to a single lyrist of the day. Burns was one of Nature's giants looking down upon us human pigmies as one of his own loved mountains looks down upon a lowland plain; but then, like the mountain with all its natural power and grandeur, his lot was cast amid the hard, stony, sterile, desolate soil of a neglected, untutored portion of humanity, and it needed all his native power, all his godlike gifts, all his great heart and capacious brain to make the rocks yield gorgeous, fragrant flowers, while the tilled and cultured field waved yellow with its crops of grain. It would take the best characteristics of a Hood and a Mackay to equal the natural power of Burns, but it is no small praise to a poet, in these degenerate days, to say, that he belongs to the school of so great a master of the art, and that he is no unworthy follower of such a leader.

In denoting, more particularly, the class of poets to which Mackay belongs, it is necessary to glance at the literature of the past and the present, and to point out

their tendencies. For the purposes of drawing a broad and easily perceived distinction, we might divide poets into three classes, to which we should give the names of the poets of the past, the present, and the future. Of course, there are many other minor shades and sub-divisions, but for our present purposes, it will be sufficient to take the three great divisions we have indicated. Those whom we designate as the poets of the past might be called the poets of memory. Leaving the busy haunts of commerce and the strife of men, they delight in the pages of the old chroniclers, and the tales, traditions, and legends of the people among whom they lived. They sing of warlike deeds, and knightly feats, and battled towers, and festal halls, and "ladyes fayre," and greenwood life. These are the more material parts of their rhymed romances, drawn mostly from the records of history, while the legends supply the more fanciful and imaginative portion, in the shape of fairy revels, and the deeds of beneficent fay and malicious sprite. Those who remember the poems of Sir Walter Scott—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and others—will not need more examples of poetry of this character. Such poets supply the link between the past and the present. They are narrators and describers, weaving the web of their story upon an old foundation, and are akin in poetry to the prose school of historical romance writers. Memory is their principal characteristic and softness; the quality which belongs to memory often characterizes their verses. They give us the ideal of the past, and seen with their eyes, defects are softened down, and ruggednesses are made smooth. As painted by them, the bold heart and manly feeling of the rough baron render more amiable his despotism and pride, and the serfdom of the retainer is hidden by his devotion and attachment to his feudal lord. The rude plenty of the baronial hall and its boisterous mirth banish from our memory the rough oaken tables and settles, and the bare floor; the cheerful, blazing log fire, roaring up the ample chimney, diverts our attention from the crannied walls, through every chink in which rushes the cold winter wind; and the wild freedom of a forest life outweighs its hardships and privations. They soften down the rough past and make it loveable, just as distance softens down the aspect of a mountain. Those who live amid its crags find it bleak, and desolate, and barren enough; but the traveller, viewing it from the far-off plain, tinted by the ruddy glow of the declining sun, sees its peaks rounded, and its surface more smooth, and its whole aspect mellowed, and, in his mind, invests it with an enchantment which belongs to his position, rather than to its character. That is what the poets of memory do for ages which have passed away, making them, with all their serfdom and despotism, ignorance and superstition, seem to deserve the happy epithet of "the good old times."

The poets of the future are the opposite of these. Ignoring the past with all its joys and sorrows, and forgetting the present with its hard, cold realities of luxurious splendour and squalid misery, they leap beyond the coming day into the darkness of the unknown. To ordinary mortals, the past is an old, black-lettered, illuminated volume, with crabbed characters, hard to read in, and harder to understand, but still open to students; the present, a newspaper printed in fair, clear type; and the future, sealed pages of which the sun, at each revolution, opens one, on which to inscribe the events of the dawning day. To these, the prophet poets of the world, the past is past—dead and buried. The present is too cold, selfish, and hard, and real, and they alienate themselves from it in despairing disgust, while, on the wings of inspired fancy, they fly into the great void—the womb of Time—and interrogate the mystic utterances which are there forming themselves into articulate expressions, and the unformed, unshapen embryos of things which are to become the realities of another present than ours. These generally have not the softness of the poets of memory; their creations are rough, from their very indistinctness and mistiness; but they are coloured with all the hues of the imagination, adorned with all the imagery which the fancy calls up out of the abyss of shapelessness and darkness, and brightened by the longings and aspirations which hope promises to realize. Those whose minds fly strongly soar amid the darkness a higher and a bolder flight than their poetic brothers, fettered down by the records of the past to the semblance of historic fact. Of these Milton is, perhaps, the great exemplar; but by far the greater majority, confused by the boundlessness of the region, and appalled by the shapes which are conjured up amid the darkness which surrounds them, fly from the dark shadows back into the safe, certain light of the present. Faith and Hope are the pre-eminent characteristics of poets of this class—not the faith and hope, perhaps, which sustain ordinary men; such a faith, for example, as led on Milton in his "Paradise Lost,"—such a hope, in the future, as sustained Shelley in the consciousness that right would triumph and justice prevail, even while he denied a Divine Source of right and an eternal fount of justice. These poets of the future are the giants of humanity; but their huge frames are not so well knit or so closely compacted as the better defined, and finished forms of the poets of memory. Their gaze is too wide to be minute or always correct; the flight too high and far to be always unwavering, their grasp too capacious to be always secure and certain. They are rarely understood in their own ages; and when as false seers they die, and are forgotten, as true prophets another generation pays homage to their memory. They are men who live before their time; they have no prototypes in the world of literature. There they are, *sui generis*, and stand alone. The only class who at all symbolize them are those men whom the world calls Utopian—the social reformers of the era—who, trustful of the good that is in humanity, and aspiring to an universal communion of love and peace, when men shall cease to strive and "war no more," prophesy of "a good time coming," an age of material good and human happiness, before which the visions of poets pale and vanish, like the rainbow hues when the rain-cloud has spent its tears, and the sun shines brightly over the freshened earth. We too, have faith in the poets and men of the future, and hope for "the coming time;" but the glass is dim with the mists of uncertainty, and we are fain to confess that we *know* nothing beyond the bounded confines of the day we live in.

The other class of poets are those of the present. They possess some of the qualities of those we have already mentioned, but have attributes belonging to them alone, and stand out distinct from their fellows. They look back upon the past with the poets of memory, but they do not see it in the same soft gentle light. Their vision shows them the iron feudal despotism which pervaded the times of chivalry, as well as the pomp, and courage, and apparently light-heartedness of the period; they notice the dark ignorance which made men indifferent to aught but the immediate moment, and rendered them unable to reason upon the consequences of their acts. They observe dark ignorance giving a loose rein to the lowest passions, and perpetuating hereditary feuds, and sanguinary civil contests which were redeemed to the minds of the rude rough men of the period by the courage they evoked, and the deeds of daring and prowess which they called forth. And over the simple faith, and devout adoration of turbulent warriors, they see the gloom of debasing and degrading credulity, and vicious superstition. They have no love for the past. They would not retrieve it if they could. They regard it as a transition state, as a part of the long dim avenue of misery and suffering, through which man is to advance to comparative happiness. It seems to them that the past must have been, in order that the pre-

sent may be, and that their business lies with the *now*, and not with the *then* of the world. These poets of the present, too, look forward with the men of the future, and with as earnest a hope. In the same way as they regard the past as the basis of the present, so they regard the present as the basis of the future. In the same manner as they see the world advancing through bygone times to their present position, so they expect to find them progressing from their present standing, to another and higher. Their hope has more in it of calculation, than of mystery. Their faith is founded upon the comparatively clear insight afforded by experience and deduction. They see that mankind has never been stationary; they feel that human nature has never changed—that amid all the ebb and flow of circumstance, while all else around him has changed man the being has retained his individuality, and is the same at heart. Such thoughts as these teach them that the restless march of intellect must continue; that the strife of jarring interests must go on till there is nothing further to strive for. That the human race must be educated through much of wrong and woe, till self-interest is submerged in the pressing necessities which will call for attention to the interests of all. That science must minister to Mammon, and labour to over-gorged wealth, and suffering to luxury, till men grow wiser and better, but waiting that time all is rolling on under the iron sway of necessity; science growing stronger in its golden fetters; labour gathering strength out of its serfdom and suffering, accumulating a terrible power out of the excess of its degradation. The poets of the present know this, and turn from the past as a dead thing, which cannot hear the cry of millions for help, where help cometh not, and they look distantly at the unmade future, which they know that men are forging out of the materials of the present. These poets of the day need no supernatural machinery, no fay, no sprite, to pour wealth and happiness around, no archangel with face of light and wings of glory, and loud-speaking trumpet to call the nations from their grovelling wrong-doing. They have faith in the human means, and the material agencies which they see around them; they have faith in the power of good, and truth, and beauty, to awaken the human heart; they have faith in sorrow to purify and ennoble it, and call forth its better sympathies, and above all, they have faith in present effort—in persevering, unwearying, energetic industry, to brighten and cheer to-day, and prepare for a happy to-morrow.

This is a noble faith, a high creed, a pure doctrine, an enlightened morality. This is a fine manly tone of teaching sufficient for the temporal salvation of men. This is the highest philosophy of self-reliance, leading not to isolation and separation, but to that truly trustful, because intelligent dependence of man on man, arising from a knowledge of the good which is common to all, and the trustworthiness which may be the attribute of the many. This is the work of the poets of the present: of the Hoods and the Mackays of the nineteenth century, who go into the homes and the hearts of the people; who give their misery a tongue to speak to luxury in its palaces; who give to the virtues of the trodden down a voice to plead their cause with the more fortunate; who teach the worker his dignity as man, and his power in rightly-directed labour; who touch mildly and sorrowfully, but reprovingly and reformingly, the vices of poverty; who point out fearlessly the wrongs of the great, and the duties of the wealthy; who beat down with the wand of love the hatreds, the jealousies, the distrusts, and the contempt of divided classes; who seek to arouse the best sympathies of each and all, and to awaken the latent spark of effortful confidence and trustful hope, to a beal fire, lighting men banded together for true progress, through the night of wrong to the bright noon-day of right.

This is work for a true poet, a real teacher—a far higher and nobler vocation than heralding the deeds of those whose helmets are tenantless, and whose swords have rusted on the wall; a far greater mission than painting scenes where woman, belying the timid gentleness of her nature, looked approvingly, with bright eyes, upon splintered lances and wounded knights, and decked blood-stained victors with crowns of triumphs; a far more useful task than weaving high seraphic lays of beings with whom man has no sensible communion. These poets of the present are doing the real work of humanity, when they tell men, in earnest accents, that with the waves threatening to engulf them they have no time to throw away upon the yesterday they cannot mend, and that the surest way of making to-morrow happy, is, to take care that their efforts make to-day as good as possible.

This is the work which Charles Mackay is doing worthily and well, and it is in the spirit we have indicated that he has prefixed to this volume of poems "An Inquiry into the Alleged Anti-Poetical Tendencies of the Present Age." He recognises the fact that though "Poetry has been the preacher of virtue, the inciter of heroism, and the refiner of society," the "very name of poet has latterly been received with a sneer," because "the poet has been thought a trifler; the obstinate devotee of a defunct art, which, in its most vigorous time, was only fitted for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous." This is true, and, as Mackay points out, it has arisen in part from ignorance in general, in part from the want of self-respect in poets, and in part from the incapacity of the host of poets by courtesy, mere versifiers, who deluge the unwilling world with prose run mad; but we think, that, out of respect perhaps for the commercial people among whom and for whom he writes, he has omitted to mention a cause at least as powerful as any of those we have enumerated, namely, the increased and increasing power of the mere trading spirit, which with its cold selfishness and grasping avarice in excess, is killing human sympathy and kindliness, and threatens, if not counteracted by the practical poets of the present, to root out what remains of the poetry of money-loving England.

The ignorance to which Mr. Mackay alludes, is, an ignorance of the true functions and province of poetry—an ignorance into which men of the most powerful intellects have fallen. Lord Bacon, for example, in his "Essay on Truth" stated that "the proper element of poetry was *fiction*, as distinguished from, and the opposite of *truth*." What a heresy against poetry—what a want of knowledge of the very nature of fiction! Fiction is not necessarily "a lie," as Lord Bacon in the same Essay broadly calls it. A real poetic fiction is the ideal of the real—the real without its imperfections and blemishes—what the real should and may approximate to, but which it never can approach except through the teachings of poetry. Fiction may be poetic, but fiction essentially is rather the essence of truth than truth itself, and, as the great Plato said, it "comes nearer to vital truth than history" itself. This indeed, as Mr. Mackay points out, is the secret of the power of poetry—the vitality, the imperishability, the immateriality of its truth—its relation to the truth of human nature itself, as much as to the mere circumstances of which it treats. Mr. Mackay thinks that this misconception alone is sufficient to account for the disfavour into which poetry has fallen. We think it only part of the cause.

Mr. Mackay goes on to show the manner in which the province of poetry has been limited, often with the consent of the poets themselves. He says "You may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses, or write pastorals; you may be passionate, or musical, or merry, or melancholy if you will," but Criticism says, propounding its commandments like an infallible, intellectual divinity,

"You shall not touch upon religion," "You shall not meddle with politics," "You shall not travel into the regions of science." Against these dogmatic prohibitions Mr. Mackay very properly contends. He looks upon poetry with the eye of a poet, he feels it as a thing which is wedded to the every thought, feeling, and action of man; he knows that the heart is its fount, and nature its reservoir, and existence its practice; he sees that the world is a great epic, which the sun hymns and the pale moon and twinkling planets echo, till the stars of morning take up the divine strain. Life is to him a poetic drama, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic, but ever real, in which men play their parts, and he throbs with the feeling that wherever existence is, wherever truth, goodness, and beauty, wherever noble effort, wherever earnest thought, wherever suffering, there too is poetry, which only needs an apostle to make itself felt, as well as heard by man.

The attempt to divorce poetry from science, indeed, is as ridiculous as it is futile. As well attempt to divorce the sun from light and heat, the storm-lashed waves from their constant foam, the waving branch from the rustling wind, the bursting bud from the opening blossom. They are undivorceable, they are one, for poetry is the essence, the spirit of all. True poetry permeates true science. It is in it and above it. It takes its stand upon the rock of knowledge, and resting there awhile, and causing flowers to spring upon its rough hard surface, it rises on strong wing, and bidding the willing intellect to follow its pioneers—wonder and imagination, ever leads science on to higher altitudes, and greater, nobler triumphs.

The attempt to divorce poetry from politics is equally absurd. As well attempt to divorce it from the hopes and forebodings, joys and sorrows of men. True politics aim at the happiness of the governed, they are as susceptible of poetry as any other of man's efforts for good. By virtue of their being efforts for good they are indeed poetry, and the success of those who labour in the political world depends, so far as their effect upon the condition of the masses of men is concerned, upon the truthful earnestness and sincerity with which the politicians strive after the poetic ideal of right and justice, which they may never attain, but which each sincere effort must bring them nearer to.

What shall we say to the attempt to part poetry and religion? Let us first strike our pens through the gorgeous beauty and grandeur of the Songs of Solomon. Let us erase the bitter, heart-stricken wailings of the Lamentations. Let us forget the life-long, loving, sympathizing poetry of the founder of Christianity. Let us bury in oblivion the labours of the devoted apostles and the heroism of martyrs. When we have done that, we may begin (if Milton's memory too be dead, and Shakspere obliterated) to dream of the possibility of such a thing, but not till then. In truth, the reverential, adoring, contemplative spirit which is at the bottom of all religion is the very soul that prompts the first utterances of poetry, and it would be as possible to separate the poet from his inspiration and leave him a poet, as to separate religion from true poetry. Poetry is the universal spirit which runs through, and vivifies, all the ideas which concern man here or hereafter.

Of course, the poetry of science shows science applied not for the benefit of individuals or classes, but for the benefit of all. The steam engine with its load of artisans, and their wives and children, dashing away from the smoky town to the green fields, has poetry in its whirring, clanking motion. Of course too, the poetry of politics is in laws which make men good, rather than make them seem good; which keep men from thinking of crime—rather than prevent them from doing it, or punish them for its commission; which give to virtue and industry their opportunity, instead of degrading their possessors into alms-fed paupers. And of course, too, and if possible more certainly than all, the poetry of religion is that which includes all men, and binds them with a common bond of universal charity and love.

The expression of poetry in this sense, the utterance of its ideal truths is a task only to be performed by men of the highest order; men whose hearts and brains are one; men who have poetry in their thoughts and lives. The common every-day versifiers, the mere men of musical lines and pretty phrases, cannot come up to this mark, and their productions have given some colour of justification to those who think poetry a frivolous amusement; while the generality of poets of politics have not had hearts wide enough to be universal in their sympathies, and, by becoming the poets of parties and of sects, have made the limitations which critics would set to the field of poetry almost right. A few more true earnest souls like Hood and Mackay, and their prose type Charles Dickens, with high intellects and world-wide sympathies, will smother these prejudices, and restore poetry to its true dominion over the lives of men.

We will conclude with a few extracts from the longest poem in the book, "Egeria, the Spirit of Nature," which preaches a philosophy we should rejoice to see infused into men's minds. Here is one, teaching us that improvement must be gradual, and telling us to bear the present evil for the sake of future good, and to centre our greatest happiness in duty.

'Thou wouldst reform the world—reform thyself
Thou art too zealous. Why should men efface
Their old traditions, prejudices, laws,
Ideas, manners, creeds, and forms of faith,
Merely that thou shouldst build them up afresh
On a new model, such as earth ne'er saw?
Men love the old—they cling to what they learn'd
From sires and grandsires, and from grandams too.
Thou canst not make blank pages of their hearts,
For new philosophers to scribble on.
The old, old writing, stereotyped, remains;
A venerable lie outweighs a truth
That only saw the daylight yesterday.
An ancient error is a thing for love,
Not to be outraged with impunity.
What if men foolishly invoke on thee
The fatal thunderbolts? Will they descend
Because they crave them? Live unto thyself,
To Nature, and to God, and let the world,
Vicious or virtuous, roll as it is wont.
Hast thou a mission from Eternal Fate,
Which made mankind for good and not for ill,
To make them, or remake them, to thy bent?
If evil things take root, and fructify
In the fat soil and substance of the heart,
Shalt thou be stronger than Omnipotence
To weed them out? Art thou more wise than God,
Who, for His own wise purposes, permits
Or makes the evil which thy soul deplores?
Shall man transform the imperfect earth to heaven,
Or strive t'anticipate the eternal day,
Not of his fixing, but of God's alone,
When he shall grow to the angelic height,
And wear the white robes of the seraphim?'

The following passage depicts, powerfully and beautifully, the joy which is in Nature:—

'He looked, and at his feet,
Above him, and around, on every side,
He saw the tremor and the gush of life.
Leaf spoke to leaf upon the tree-tops high,
The knotted oak was comrade of the wind,
And waved in pleasure its extremest boughs;
It spread its roots in earth, its arms in heaven,
With sense of being. Daisies in the sward
Nodded their cups with joy; the hare-bells blue
Shook to the passing breezes with delight;
The very grass that nestled in the shade
Knew it existed, and enjoyed its life.
He looked again, and leaf, and blade, and flower
Were populous with happy living things.
The hare-bell cup was spacious as a world;
The rough rind of the sheltering oak-tree branch
Supported in its tiny villages
Myriads of creatures, borne on pinions bright,
Resplendent with all colours interfused.
The cricket chirrupped in his coat of mail;
The brisk cicada answered him aloud,
And rubbed the emerald armour of his thighs.
The glittering beetle trod the yielding grass,
Proud of his panoply. The buzzing gnat,
With jewelled brow and feathers in her hair,

Pealed her triumphal horn. The nimble midge
Danced as if dancing were supremest joy,
And shook her wings in gladness. Butterflies,
Conscious of beauty, sped from flower to flower,
And flaunted in the aspect of the day
Their robes of spangled tissue, fairer far
Than ever caliph for his blushing bride
Bought with the wealth of conquered provinces.
And countless hosts of scarcely visible things
Lived and were happy in each leaf and bud,
In every crinkle of the oaken bark,
In every dew-drop trembling on the flower.
To them a world. Most beautiful were all,
Whate'er their form, their structure, or their size:
And Julian blessed them for Egeria's sake.'

While its companion picture truthfully depicts the misery which goes to make up the sum of existence, and seems, during the transition from Ignorance to Knowledge, almost a necessary element to prompt man on in his struggles for virtue and happiness.

'"Behold, once more!" the radiant spirit said.
And lo! fierce war through all the woodland raged.
The emmets marched their armies to the strife,
And slew each other, as at Waterloo
Insensate men destroyed their fellow-men,
And all the ground was covered with the dead.
The hungry finch pursued the butterfly;
The hawk, down swooping from mid-air, perceived
The timid songster hidden in the boughs.
And dealt the blow of death; the spider spread
His intricate web, to snare the gnat and fly,
Proud of their finery; the beetle's jaws
Consumed whole nations for his noon-day meal;
The caterpillar crawled upon the leaf,
Among the calm, unconscious aphides,
Like Typhon 'mid the flocks of Sicily—
Gigantic horror prowled. "Complaining man,"
Whispered Egeria, "see the law of life.
The grass must wither, and the flower must fall.
The oak, whose rings mark centuries of growth,
Must perish in its season. All this life,
That sports and flutters in the breeze of heaven,
Like thee has sense of happiness and joy—
Like thee must pay the penalty of pain—
Like thee it toils to live—like thee supports
The burden of the elements, and yields
Obedience to the laws of time and space—
And is, like thee, inheritor of death."'

For, says Egeria to her votary—

'The great condition of all life is Death.
Wouldst have the bane, and not the antidote?
How couldst thou know the heat, if not for cold?
How comprehend the light, if not for dark?
How north, if not for south? How could thy sense
Interpret upwards, were it not for down?
Wouldst banish Death? Go back six thousand years,
And make a world where Death should never come,
A world without an evil or a toil,
Without the polar principle of pain,
And tell me what a hell such world would be!'

This is the lesson of endurance which men must learn before they can become happier or better, or before they can adopt the wise conclusions to which the questioner of Nature's Spirit came at last—a conclusion it would be happy for all could we engrave it upon the hearts of rulers and ruled, high and low, rich and poor, alike.

'To-morrow I shall mingle with the world,
And do my part as shall become a man.
With thy fair sister for my wife and friend,
I will indulge no more in dreams like these,
Nor feed my spirit on the airy food
Of speculation. Welcome, busy Earth!
I'll plough thee! till thee! from thy bosom draw
Wealth for the needy, raiment for the bare;
And for the widow and the fatherless,
The sustenance and blessing that they crave!
Welcome to bodily and mental toil!
Welcome to duty! welcome to my kind!
The world is mine to hold and to enjoy—
I'll live to Nature, and confide in Heaven.'

We must here conclude the extracts. The minor poems, which are written in rhymed verse, teach the same elevating, ennobling philosophy; and we hope that the popularity, which Charles Mackay has deservedly acquired, will procure an extensive circulation for his new contribution to that literature which is really calculated to refine and improve the people.

NOTES ON THE MONTHS.

JULY.

The year has now attained his manhood, and we are in midsummer; the sun is in full power, and at noon all nature is silent under his spell; even the bee hangs silent upon the flower; the mowers rest in the fields, and lay themselves down in the hot sun to sleep away the mid-day hour. Not a breath stirs, scarce even the sound of a wailing gnat is to be heard. The pulse of nature stands still. Glancing across the plain, you see the rarefied and glimmering air ascending from the heated earth. The trees are silent; every leaf is at rest; the most slender stem of trembling grass stands unmoved; the sea has forgot to murmur, and the very waves are still. They faintly kiss the yellow strand, as if in their sleep, and no longer leap laughingly to the shore. The tide of quiet beauty floods alike the earth, the sea, and the sky. The flowers send up their incense as before, but the birds are mute, and wait the descent of the sun before sending up their shout of song. The lark has sunk to the earth for a time, and cowers under the long grass.

The silence is broken by the muttering of distant thunder. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand rises in the west, the heat becomes more overpowering, the air more sultry, the sky is overcast, and peal after peal of Heaven's artillery resounds through the concave; cloud thunders to cloud, and the forked lightning instantly shoots in a brilliant stream from side to side of the heavens. The rain comes pouring down, and the parched earth is refreshed, and drinks in the moisture like a sponge. How delicious to walk out after a shower, and inhale the odour of the bean-fields, the aroma of the hawthorn blossom and the new-mown hay. The trees are cool and green; the crimson foxglove sparkles by the wayside; the woodbine throws aloft her trailing banners of floating green and gold; the gnats dance on the thin air under the trees, and the birds twitter and sing, though many of our most delicious songsters are, by this time, mute. The merry grasshopper keeps up a coil among the green leaves, and the noisy brook babbles under its shelving banks.

Vegetation is now at its height, the woods are thick with foliage, and, even at midday, a cool twilight may be found under their branches. The hedges are thick, and green, and full of flowers; the convolvulus has climbed and twined itself in all directions, enwreathing the hawthorn stems and the growing corn and the long grass, exhaling its delicious scent. The briony, too, winds its glossy trails around everything it comes near. Flowers grow profusely in the woods, under the hedges, in the fields, and along the wayside. The blue speedwell still lingers in July, and is loath to take farewell of summer; the dazzling pimpernel keeps time with its scarlet flowers: the tall wood-betony opens its rose-hued blossoms to the sun. Scabiouses, blue-bells, centuary, and wild roses, are out too, in full beauty, and the heath is now spread with its rich carpet of crimson.

Out-of-doors, the haymakers are at work, and sunburnt men and women toil through the long day in the fields; they are all out and at work; not a hand can be spared during haymaking weather. The mower sweeps the long grass to the earth, and after him come lads and lasses tossing it about in the sunshine. Many a joke rings from out the hay-field, while the work goes on until the late evening. Tinkling teams are heard bearing their loads of new-made hay into the rick-yard; you can scent the fragrance as they pass you in the lanes, and in good weather this work goes on under the light of the moon, for the farmer fears the sudden summer rain, and puts off nothing till to-morrow that can be done to-day.

The earth gives promise of her abundance in other respects. The green wheat begins to grow paler from day to day; the horned barley already rustles in the

breeze; the rye ripens fast; and the oats grow plump and pendulous. In our gardens the fruits are fast reaching perfection; all esculent plants are in full use; the rich juicy black currant is ripe, and the gooseberries are full almost to bursting. Ripe strawberries nestle under every leaf, and currants hang in long strips from their slender boughs.

Now is the season for bathing, whether in river or ocean. How delicious is a plunge in this thirsty weather! We almost envy the sheep-washers, up to their middle in the running stream, scouring the sheep; and the occupation of the waterman now seems cool and pleasant. But it is by the sea side that the luxury of the season is to be enjoyed; there you have a glorious expanse of water to cool your aching eyes. To watch the white sails of the passing vessels, stroll along the rocks on the beach, feel the cool breath of the sea fanning your cheeks, or plunge beneath a bounding wave, is, perhaps, the most delicious of all the luxuries of July—surpassing even that other more stomachic delicacy of "strawberries smothered in cream."

Sunrise and sunset are both fine in July; indeed, we can scarcely decide which is the more beautiful. The mornings are clear and warm; the lark still greets the sun with his morning song, though for the rest of the day he is mute. From a mountain top, from Skiddaw, Roseberry Topping, Snowdon, or finer still, Ben Nevis, the sight of the orb of day rising up from his chambers in the east is glorious. Even from any part of the line of our eastern sea coast it is a fine sight. It is still and dark, when a soft streak of purple upon the distant sea-line heralds his coming. Slowly a streaming pencil of golden light glitters and breaks along the sea, and the first blink of dawn has come. Everything about you is still undefined, but gradually the edge of the glorious orb comes into sight, "heaving his shoulder over the rim o' the world;" gems are straightway hung on every flower and shrub at your feet; the landscape comes out in its glorious light and shade; and a line of burnished gold lies across the sea up to the sun's disk. The fleecy fogs lying in the valleys melt away, and the green earth again lies before you in all its ravishing beauty.

Sunset in July is no less brilliant. Along the western sky the glow becomes richer and deeper as the sun goes down to his rest. White fleecy clouds, tipped with a golden carmine, hover o'er him, crowding around to catch his gaze as he sinks. The hills assume a deep violet hue, and the distant peaks are tipt with gold. The fleecy clouds have now stretched out into bars of rosy red, through which the descending sun's edge peeps with mellowed light, sending its streamers still up into the sky. Rich streams of gold play upon the waters, becoming fainter and fainter. He has now dipt under the edge of the earth, and still the warm clouds linger about his setting. The blackbird makes his farewell song; the distant mountain peaks disappear; twilight steals over the flowers; and the great, old stars come out, and shine silently into the sea.

LOVE OF POWER.

The pursuits and inclinations of mankind all tend to the acquisition of power; if not to that of predominant rule and sway, at least to the power of self-control and independent action. It is sought for and fought for, in every manner and by every means; in riches, in rank, in station, in knowledge; by fame, by open bravery and boldness, by artful cunning and submission, by pen, by sword, by trumpet, and by tool. But power, however pursued and obtained, is the coveted possession of man, and the cherished and aspiring object of his ambition; for the powerless are without influence or regard, and have no weight or voice in the world's affairs. But there is always a place reserved in the world for him who is in possession of power.

EIGHTEEN!

At eighteen, the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time we sit listening to a tale, a marvellous fiction; delightful sometimes, and sad sometimes; almost always unreal. Before that time, our world is heroic; its inhabitants half-divine or semi-demon; its scenes are dream-scenes; darker woods and stranger hills; brighter skies, more dangerous waters, sweeter flowers, more tempting fruits; wider plains, drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time! How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty! As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods. At that time—at eighteen, drawing near the confines of illusive, void dreams, Elf-land lies before us, the shores of reality rise in front. These shores are yet distant: they look so blue, soft, gentle, we long to reach them. In sunshine we see a greenness beneath the azure as of spring meadows; we catch glimpses of silver lines, and imagine the roll of living waters. Could we but reach this land, we think to hunger and thirst no more; whereas many a wilderness, and often the flood of Death, or some stream of sorrow, as cold and almost as black as Death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can be tasted. Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly earned, those only know who have wrestled for great prizes. The heart's blood must grace with red beads the brow of the combatant, before the wreath of victory rustles over it. At eighteen, we are not aware of this. Hope, when she smiles on us, and promises happiness to-morrow, is implicitly believed. Love, when he comes wandering like a lost angel at our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced; his quiver is not seen; if his arrows penetrate, their wound is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the barb which no leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—no agony ever in some of its phases, with many one agony throughout—is believed to be an unqualified good. In short, at eighteen the school of experience is to be entered, and her humble, crushing, grinding, but yet purifying and invigorating lessons are yet to be learnt. Alas, experience! No other mentor has so wasted and frozen a face as yours: none wears a robe so black: none bears a rod so heavy: none, with hand so inexorable, draws the novice so sternly to his task, and forces him with an authority so resistless to its acquirement. It is by your instructions alone that man or woman can ever find a safe track through life's wilds; without it, how they stumble, how they stray! on what forbidden ground do they intrude! down what dread declivities are they hurled!—*Shirley*.

COOL MALIGNITY.

It is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on human conduct and happiness; it is temper, under the shape of cool, deliberate spite, and secret rancour, that is most to be guarded against. "It is the taunting word whose meaning kills." The speech intended to mortify one's self-love, or wound our tenderest affections, it is temper under this garb that is most hateful and most pernicious; when inflicting a series of petty injuries with a mild and placid face, then is temper the most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power; but nothing ever disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life, it is to one's mind what a horse-hair shirt is to the body; and, like the spikes of an iron girdle, whenever it moves it lacerates and tears one to pieces.

THE fool, by pomposity of speech, striveth to be counted wise, and the wise, for holiday and pleasance, playeth with the fool's best bauble.

THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

How well I know, that long ago, ere Reason ope'd her eyes,
My spirit asked for "something more," with deep and earnest sighs;
How well I know that Childhood's glow flushed redder on my brow,
When wanderers came home at night, and brought a forest bough!
The town-born child had heard of streams, of woods and giant trees,
Of golden sunshine on the sward, and perfume on the breese;
And visions floated round me, that a city could not hide,
Of cottages and valleys and a Green Hill-side.

Oh! how my young heart panted for an unknown fairy land!
I longed to grasp the wild flowers that I read of in my hand;
I longed to see the ring-dove's nest, and wished to hear the tones
Of the sheep-bell on the mountains, and the ripple on the stones:
And if by chance a butterfly came flitting through the street,
The thought to chase its pretty wings ne'er stirred my tiny feet;
But I wished that it would take me on its journey far and wide,
And let me share its home-place by some Green Hill-side.

The wondrous tales of diamond mines, of silver and of gold—
The stories of kings' palaces that elder playmates told—
Not all the treasures of the earth, nor pearl-drops of the sea,
Could serve to form the Paradise so coveted by me;
But when they spoke of shady lanes and woods where they had been,
Of crimson foxgloves they had pulled, and bright fields they had seen,
Then, then, uprose the eager voice that ever loudly cried,
"'Tis these I love! Oh! give to me the Green Hill-side!"

Ah, me! it was an inborn love, and Fate at last was kind,
It gave me all my childish soul had ever hoped to find;
Fresh meadows and fair valleys, where a pebbled brook ran through,
Where bleating flocks were herded, and the brake and hawthorn grew;
I trod the Eden land of Joy my passion long had sought,
With ecstacy too glad for words, almost too wild for thought,
Till lulled in peaceful happiness, my song with gushing tide
Ran chiming with the mill-stream by the Green Hill-side.

That cottage, with its walls so white and gabled roof so quaint,
Oh! was it not a chosen thing for artist hands to paint?
With casement windows, where the vine festoon'd the angled panes,
And trellised porch, where woodbine wove its aromatic chains;
Ah! memory yet keeps the spot with fond and holy care;
I know the shape of every branch that flung its shadow there;
And 'mid the varied homes I've had—Oh! tell me which has vied
With that of merry Childhood by the Green Hill-side?

I dwelt in that white cottage, when the Winter winds were loud
In singing funeral dirges over Nature's snowy shroud
When my breath was turned to crystal stars upon the casement lead,
When the drift choked up the threshold, and the robin tumbled, dead:
I dwelt there when the rains came down, and mist was on the sod,
When brown leaves, dark and desolate, danced round me as I trod;
But still I climbed the open slope, and still I watched the tide,
And loved the gabled cottage by the Green Hill-side.

I have a hope—I have a prayer now living in my breast;
They keep beside me everywhere and haunt my hours of rest:
I have a star of future joy, that shines with worshipped ray,
That rises in my dreams at night, and in my thoughts by day:
My doting wish, my passion shrine invokes no worldly prize
That Fortune's noisy wheel can give to charm Ambition's eyes:
The grand, emblazoned gifts of place, let those who will divide,
I long for some white cottage by a Green Hill-side.

It is no fevered summer-whim that asks for fields and flowers,
With chance of growing weary when the roses leave the bowers;
It is no fancy, just begot by some romantic gleam,
Of silver moonlight peeping down upon a pleasant stream
Ah, no! I loved the tree and flower, with Childhood's early zeal,
And tree and flower yet hold the power to bid my spirit kneel:
I know what cities offer up to Pleasure, Pomp, and Pride,
But still I crave the cottage by a Green Hill-side.

Oh, Fortune! only bless me thus! 'tis all I ask below;
I do not need the gold that serves for luxury and show;
A quiet home, where birds will come, with freedom, fields, and trees,
My earliest hope, my latest prayer, have coveted but these;
It is a love that cannot change—it is the essence part
Of all that prompts my busy brain or dwelleth in my heart;
And doting Age will say the same that dreaming Childhood cried,
"Oh, give me but a cottage by some Green Hill-side!"

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

BOTH prudence and politeness warn us that a man should attend to his dress and to his *ad*-dress; in youth that he may please, in age that he may not *dis*-please.

LOVE is to a wise man what Scotland is to a Scotchman; he takes pleasure in it when he's *out* of it.

A FALSE friend is like a puddle that only looks bright when the sun shines upon it.

PHILOSOPHY is the common-sense of mankind digested.

A QUARREL is nine times out of ten merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

THE agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

WHEN the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is get it out of the world.

As mankind only learnt the science of navigation, in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars, so in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of life, we have fixed our hearts upon the sublime and distant objects of heaven.

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellencies. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is exacted as the payment of a debt to merit.

SHORT-LIVED as man undoubtedly is, he in many instances survives himself; his soul, his understanding, passions, fancy, remembrances, often die before his body.

ATTORNEY—a cat that settles differences between mice.

WORDS are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion.

HE who has provoked the shaft of wit cannot complain that he smarts from it.

To make an appearance beyond your fortune, either in dress, equipage, or entertainment, is a certificate of a much greater weakness in your character than to keep within it.

RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS—a mistake in those who have not an occupation to retire to, as well as from.

A PEN is the silent mouthpiece of the mind, which gives ubiquity and permanence to the evanescent thought of a moment.

THE gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 5 Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, July 6, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 63.] SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850. [PRICE 1½

OUR "ANGEL SIDE."

It has been the fashion, time out of mind, to dwell upon the evil tendencies of humanity, and to dilate upon the proneness of all the sons and daughters of man to do wrong in preference to right. There would almost seem to be a special faculty, powerfully developed, having for its express object the exaggerating of all the dark shadows with which life is chequered; and the result has been the belief of many glaring doctrines, the production of almost universal distrust and suspicion, and a wide-spread want of faith in the improveability of our fellow men.

It is this sort of feeling which has prompted a great majority of the wars, which has built frowning fortresses upon towering mountains, which has converted peaceful labourers into armed soldiers, thirsting for the lives of those who never did them wrong, which has made fertile fields scenes of wholesale slaughter, that has prompted all the selfishness and hard-heartedness which dim the bright sun of civilising commerce, and which has sanctioned revengeful punishment, instead of reformatory discipline.

There has been no lack of hero worship among us. There have always been voices enough to sing the praises of the great and famous; to elevate them almost to the position of demigods. But while they bow the knee to the possessor of recognised fame, and celebrate ovations in praise of those, around whose heads the circlet of glory glitters, they have run into the opposite extreme with regard to those who sin against society, or inflict injury upon its members. Perhaps this is the result of the tendency to take extreme views of either good or evil, but the effect it produces is to unduly elevate some, while it as unduly debases others. We would not willingly pluck a single laurel from the brow of the philanthropist, the poet, the philosopher, or even the warrior —honour to whom honour is due. Howard, visiting the prisons of Europe, and mitigating the sufferings of the wretches who there found an involuntary home; Shakspere giving a voice to the universal poetry of nature; Newton developing the law of gravitation, and opening the great laws which regulate the universe, or any one of the many great warriors who have conscientiously and bravely performed what (most wrongly we think) they looked upon as a sacred duty, are worthy of admiratio from their fellow men. But it might benefit us, an increase our humility and our sympathy for even th most depraved of our fellows, to think that the bes among us can be nothing more than man, while th worst cannot be degraded into anything less—that th most virtuous have their vices, and the most vicious thei virtues—that a common chain binds all within its magi circle—that there is, indeed, in the depths of all heart the touch of nature, which makes all men, from th monarch to the peasant, from the sage to the savag from the saint to the deepest-dyed criminal akin—tha no man, till he shuffles off this mortal coil, can dives himself of the duties of relationship to all the huma family, and that the highest, purest, holiest, sincere recognition of that natural tie springs out of, and sanctioned and rendered sacred, not by the vices whic all have, and by which they are allied to evil, but b the virtues which we feel are equally common to al when leaving the gloom we turn to the brightness or th "angel side" of humanity.

Good and evil, like plants of earthly growth, increas by culture; but in order that they may be cultivate they must be discerned and recognised. The great sy tem under which evil has grown up is one which tak note mainly, if not entirely, of the defects and frailti of humanity, which is intended to repress vices rath than to cultivate virtues, and hence has grown up th practice of imprisoning instead of teaching—of punishin instead of preventing—of relying upon force rather tha upon affection—of appealing to fear, the lowest and mo degrading of man's attributes, instead of to love, the highe and most ennobling of his qualities—in order to preve vice and crime. Few people seem to have thought th it is better to create truth than to punish error. The has been a want of perception of the fact, that good an evil may be compared to two spheres, spreading over an occupying the whole surface of the human mind; th as one is expanded the other is necessarily decrease and that the true way to diminish the sphere of evil by good gentle agencies—by high and holy teaching—b forbearance, patience, and charity, to extend the sphe of good. From this not being generally understood, th attempt has been hitherto to govern men through the vices, instead of their virtues—through their passio instead of their affections; the "angel side" of humani

as been forgotten, while its demon-like aspect has been rought into glaring prominence, and vice has grown nd spread like a foul ulcer, mocking in its power the l-directed and futile attempts to check its ravages.

All great agencies for good must be affirmative, not egative, and all efforts for the growth of good must ppeal to good, and not to evil. Here our system fails, it s negative rather than affirmative. All conventional codes f morality and law deal in prohibitions rather than romptings—in "thou shalt not," rather than "thou halt,"—and all of them direct their action to the repres- ion of evil instead of the promotion of good. Such a ystem must fail, nay, it must augment the evils against which it is directed, for the evil is recognised while the good is ignored. Well might Shakspere say, "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is buried in their graves." A reliance upon the good of humanity is the surest safeguard of society, the most powerful promoter of happiness. It is the prompter of love instead of dis- likes—of confidence instead of suspicion—of sympathy instead of estrangement, and if our "angel side" were as well known, and as perseveringly studied, as our darker lower portion—if good were acted upon for good, sincer- rity would beget sincerity, gentleness overcome force, and trustfulness disarm fraud, and in the glorious words of Charles Mackay, we might hope for the advent of the happy time when,—

> "All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
> All vice and crime might die together,
> And wine and corn, to each man born
> Be free as warmth in summer weather."

Then, indeed, men might beat "their spears into ploughshares, and their swords into pruning hooks," then the gallows might be abolished, prisons razed to the ground, the convict ship changed for the transport, and happy, willing, adventurous emigrants, leave their native land to rear empires, fit to shed additional lustre on that England which now poisons the most fertile spots of Earth, with the pestilential crime engendered under the potent, evil-breeding rule of repressive force, malignant hate, and distrustful suspicion. The death of that system, and the advent of loving kindness would be the herald of a coming millennium, brightening with redoubled lustre the "Angel Side" of "the world we live in," where—

> "The meanest wretch that ever trod,
> The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
> Might stand erect in self respect,
> And share the teeming world to-morrow."

We cannot think that men willingly prefer wrong to right, trouble and discontent to happiness and peace. They cling to present forms and usages, because their thoughts have not yet been sufficiently directed to the subject, and they know no better. Their lives and edu- cation have practically taught them to distrust humanity, and to bury in oblivion the "Angel Side" of man. Just as the keepers of ferocious beasts of prey are ever on the watch for the low growl and the destructive spring, so they look, too often, upon their fellows as enemies instead of friends; and just, too, as the lion tamer is ever ready to use his iron rod, so they are prompt to scourge the cri- minal, and to launch the thunderbolts of war against national rivals, aye, though experience proves to them that every stripe cuts the vice deeper into the one, and every victory embitters the deadly hate which rankles in the bosom of the other. The greatest good which could be effected, a good far greater than external laws ever can effect, would be the implanting in the hearts of men the truth that humanity has indeed its "Angel Side." The teaching them that there is a silken cord of love, binding every man to some virtue, as firmly as the iron chain of circumstance fetters him to evil, nay more firmly. If this could be done, Europe might disband its armies, and dismantle its fleets, or better still, march the one against misery and want instead of to deeds of blood, and send the other bounding over the waves bearing on the wings of the wind missions of beneficence and love, "tidings of peace on earth and good will towards men" instead of on errands of desolation and death. The knowledge that all have the "Angel Side," and that it only need be shown, to be loved and imitated, is the best knowledge that men can acquire, better than all the triumphs of science, nobler than all the conquests of art, richer than all the wealth of commerce. How are men to be imbued with the truth? Where are they to acquire the convic- tion? Unfortunately, the records of the past are more eloquent with the glory of force than the force of love, they give us more instances of conquests by the sword than victories of the heart, glorify that old idol, brute force, more frequently than the gentle true deity of love; they show us man the demon oftener than man the angel; but we turn gladly from tales of barbaric strife and igno- rance to a higher source. We look from the gross real to the equally true and fairer ideal, from "the what has been" to the "what may be," from the chronicles of history to the abstract truth of poetry, for the advocacy of the "Angel Side" of humanity. And first here, as elsewhere, comes the all-glorious Shakspere, reflecting, in his clear light, pictures of unchanging human nature as it was, and is, and will be. What a glorious perception he had of humanity in its twofold aspect; how plainly he saw both sides of the shield. He draws no monsters either of virtue or vice, the best have their bad aspects, the worst their good ones, the most virtuous are capable of some crime, the most vicious are equal to some glo- rious act of virtue. From the murderous Aaron of his *Titus Andronicus*, with all the love of his nature, tiger- like as it was, wakened to life by the magic touch of parental affection, to his Lady Macbeth, driven on by "vaulting ambition" to a king's murder, but yet dagger in hand, recoiling from dealing the death blow to the sleeping Duncan, because his white hairs recalled her father's, how plainly is this apparent throughout the whole range of his characters. We see, in all, the "Angel Side" of humanity opposing the worse promptings of the world, and ever ready to come forth at the touch of beauty and truth, or the vibrations of the golden chords of sym- pathy and love, but always shrinking back from violence, and hiding itself when bad passions stalked abroad in all the power of evil. How well Shakspere, studying the divine words that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," knew that like produceth like, that kindness breeds kind- ness, hate brings forth hate, and force is pregnant with counter-force. How well he felt that had some gentle voice, pleading for pity, awoke more powerfully in the stern lady's heart that kindly, loving remembrance of the past, which linked the sleeping Duncan with her grey- haired sire, and almost drove her from her cruel purpose, her lord might have been spared a traitor's death, and she saved from frenzy, might have displayed upon the page the bright purity of her "Angel Side."

And Byron, with his great heart and keen intellect, felt it too; he knew the mingled nature of our common heart. Look at his Lambro, that desperate old pirate—

> "the mildest mannered man
> That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,"

whose love for his daughter, the beautiful Haidee, was as fervent as the love of the most benevolent man for his child, and who, in all his wickedness, had qualities lying barren which, watered with the dews of affection, would have borne angelic fruit. He is never wholly lost who has left in him a love for the beautiful in nature and art, and—

> "A love of music * * *
> * * * and a joy in flowers,
> Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours."

Those were golden glimpses of the "Angel Side," glim- mering dimly through the darkness of a life of violence and strife.

And Milton, the glorious blind bard, who in his sonorous verse sung the "Wars of Angels," he must have felt it too, for, delineating the arch enemy of heaven, the fallen from on high, the great tempter of man, he, endowing him with thoughts and feelings of humanity, cannot make him all bad, cannot picture him all evil. He puts into the mouth of the overthrown archangel high sentiments, which the purest patriot might adopt, gives him a sympathy for his fellow fiends, engulphed in "that lowest depth," which might shame the faint benevolence of a Christian world, and bestows even upon Satan his "Angel Side."

Poetry is the first and last utterance of nature's own heart, the truest, best exponent of the voice of humanity. The aspirations of its highest examples must be true. If we had no other authority than that we would take our stand, but the cold chronicles of history itself are not dumb, they too recount, although more sparingly than we might wish, the influence of love and gentleness, and from its pages we take two bright examples:—Long ages past, beneath the sunny skies of Italy where rise the seven hills of once imperial Rome, stood front to front, armed for the strife, and burning for the onset, two opposing hosts—yet a moment, and foemen's hands had taken foemen's lives. But, suddenly, between the infuriated foes rush in, unmindful of danger, because securely sheathed in all the panoply of love, a host of women, with garments torn, and hair dishevelled, and tearful eyes—they throw themselves in the midst, with earnest entreaties and fervent prayers, and the stern warriors, melting into women, sheath their thirsty swords, and grow into firm enduring friends. Every one knows the story. It was the Sabine women torn from their homes by Romans, and become Roman wives, forgetting their wrongs in their new-born love, but remembering their own old ties of home and family affection, and interposing to prevent the combat between their fathers, brothers, and husbands, which had been stirred up by the violence offered to themselves. The battle could not have repaired the past, but would have wrapt the future in gloom. The love of those women created Rome, and linked together, in bonds of amity, the fierce men who aimed at each other's lives. What a lesson for nations, now that so many years have rolled by. What a picture, even among the barbarous accessories which form part of it, of the power of affection, of the brightness of our nature, when seen from its "Angel Side."

Pass on some thousands of years, and see Britain, the land of painted savages, risen to a wealthy and powerful community. Religious intolerance and persecution, however, have hidden the "Angel Side" of a great people. A ship spreads her sails in the broad Thames, and venturing across the stormy Atlantic, reaches in safety the distant shores of the western world. From that ship landed the Quaker Penn, with his peaceful following of Friends, seeking, in an unknown land, that liberty of conscience, and freedom of opinion, which hate and bigotry would not allow them to enjoy in their own. They found there the red men, the fierce but noble savages, who then exercised a sovereignty over the woods and streams, and lakes of the far West; and Penn and his Quakers, faithful to their peaceful creed, treated the red men as fellow men and brothers, and holding out to them the hand of peace and goodwill, bought in fair treaty the lands they required, and there settled the foundation of a great state. They had no arms; they practised no military discipline; they exercised no force; but lived in amity, safely, with the warlike hunters by whom they were surrounded. But, other settlers came, who were not actuated by the same peaceful hearts, and they drove the savages from their hunting grounds, and between them and the aborigines began a war of extermination. Stalwart backwoodsmen shot down the painted warriors in their native woods, and stormed their villages, and Indian braves fell on hapless white settlements, and consigned manhood, youth, and age remorselessly to the flames, or the axe, and the whole land was a scene of fear and turbulence. But, amid the storm, the Quakers fought not, they sat under their own vine and fig-tree and no man made them afraid; for unlike their fellows, they relied not upon the cunning of knowledge, or the force of arms, but upon the feelings and sympathies of the heart. They evinced to the savages the gentleness of true men—and the Indians requited them with the magnanimity and forbearance of brave warriors. They laid bare to each other their "Angel Side!"

And human nature has not changed—it is still the same as it was then; there is at the bottom of the human heart the same sympathy towards affection, the same well of truth, the same recognition of right. Nations and classes are not more inimical to each other than Romans and Sabines were. The lowest classes of civilized society are not more insensible to love and right than the untutored Indians of North America; they only require a mediator, with ties of love reaching from each to all; they only call for a substitution of attractive, developing gentleness for repulsing, repressive force. They want to see each other's "Angel Side."

And so, through all the phases in life, in the world and in the home, love is the true civilizer, the creator of unnumbered benefits. It is affection which links families together, with a stronger chain than laws can find to bind empires; and when that fails, no law can supply its place; no authority can gather together its broken parts, can weld them again into one. It is love that calls out all the good of which man, in the varied relations of life, is capable. Where that cannot enter, all good is barred out for ever; but, perhaps there never yet lived a being upon earth—perhaps there never was a murderer so brutal, or a robber so hardened—that some touch of human sympathy did not linger in him, and gild even his crimes with a holy ray of human sympathy, the best evidence that the lowest and most debased has still an "Angel Side."

A BATTLE IN SONORA.

In the midst of the vast states of the Mexican Confederation, that of Sonora has presented a distinct character, due to the vicissitudes of her struggles against the Indian tribes, by which the territory is surrounded. Perpetual collision with the aborigines has imprinted upon the manners of the inhabitants a certain savage disposition, distinguishing them from those of the other provinces, with whom they have nothing in common except the restlessness of feeling, ever seeking vent in ill-considered attempts to overturn everything like regularly constituted authority.

Some of the Indians, when not engaged in actual hostilities, betake themselves to the towns, where they hire themselves as labourers, and perform most of the drudgery so distasteful to the indolent Mexicans. In these sojourns they learn something of the white man's skill, and, at the first grievance, hasten back to their villages with increased means of resenting it. But civilization, however rude, is more than a match for barbarism; if at times successful, their triumph is only temporary; and one after the other they disappear from the land. The recital of one of their desperate, but useless struggles, may serve to give an idea of the provocation they receive, and the hopelessness of their resistance.

I had but a few leagues farther to travel to reach Guaymas, the only port of any note in the province, when I came to a place where the road crossed a little wood, forming an almost impervious thicket on either side of the path. On the left, several vultures were wheeling in the air, above the tops of the cork-trees and sumachs, and with loud cries of alarm and gluttony, ap-

eared to be preparing to dart on some prey beneath. I urned my horse in that direction, apparently much gainst his inclination, as he manifested a strong dislike o leave the beaten route. After penetrating for a short listance into the wood, a hideous scene met my eye; the lead bodies of seven Indians were hanging from as many trees, some by the neck, and others by the leg or arm. All were frightfully mutilated, and presented but few traces of the human form. The murderers had exasperated themselves against these corpses with an inexplicable ferocity. The axe and knife had each performed its sanguinary service. The executioners had broken the joints, dislocated and twisted the limbs in the most horrible manner, and, in derision, attached to the hands of their victims their *macana* (head-breaker or mace), made of iron-wood, and untwisted the plaits of their long hair, which swept the ground. The vertical rays of the sun, however, had cauterized all the wounds, and hardened and dried the skin of the savages; and thus, as it were, setting putrefaction at defiance, the bodies had assumed the appearance of mummies, and the human form, mutilated as it was, still terrified the swarm of vultures circling above them. The sight of arms left upon the ground, some whole, others shattered to pieces, proved that the struggle had been long and fierce; and the numerous traces of cattle mingled with the foot-marks of men, showed that the Indians had been surprised laden with booty. Was the sight before me a fearful example of bloody reprisals, or an evidence of unjust aggression on the part of the whites? This was a question I could not decide; and I was still under the impression of the horrible spectacle when I entered Guaymas.

The river Hiaquis pours itself into the gulf at a short distance from the city. Flowing from a distance, it traverses a fertile valley, where numerous villages of Indians, of the same name as the stream, are situated on its banks. They are the most powerful of all the tribes of the province, and occupy themselves with hunting, various industrial arts, and agriculture. Including women and children, their number is about 30,000; a great number of the men hire themselves in Guaymas as labourers or domestic servants, forming a connecting link between the savage and civilized races; but, at the least cause of complaint against the whites, they suddenly disappear, and unite with the thousands of warriors belonging to their tribe, to renew once more the cruel and ferocious war, which for ages has been going on between the Spaniards and the Indians.

On the day of my arrival, the city was one scene of confusion; all the Hiaquis had taken their departure the day before, determined to revenge the death of their companions, whose mutilated corpses I had seen hanging in the little wood. Now that danger threatened, the actors in this atrocity were loudly blamed for a deed which, on ordinary occasions, would have been regarded as praiseworthy. The rumour, however, of a rupture between the two principal chiefs of the Hiaquis tended in some degree to restore confidence among the inhabitants. One of them, named Banderas, had driven his rival, Ousacame, from their territory, and it was hoped that an alliance, favourable to the whites, might be formed with the latter, a bold and powerful leader.

A scout was sent out to watch the motions of the Indians, while the authorities, including the military officers, met at a tavern to deliberate on measures for repelling an attack, which they knew from experience would be made during the night. They relieved the dryness of debate with drinking and smoking, and had not long been seated, when the alcalde entered, with the news that the Hiaquis were advancing to attack the *Rancho*, a small village about four miles from the city. This intelligence interrupted the conviviality of the party, who started to their feet, all speaking at the same time, and giving advice which was lost in the uproar. In the absence of the general in command, Ochoa, a captain, assumed the direction of affairs: commanding silence, he addressed the company:—"Our place (he said) is at the Rancho, which without doubt will soon be attacked. It is now eleven o'clock; at two we shall march. Meantime, let every one take some rest, and be at his post when the hour strikes."

Although the night was far advanced, no one in the city had retired to rest. Fear is always magnified by darkness; at the least noise in the streets, the terrified inhabitants fancied they heard the yells of the Indians, and the women and children, for greater safety, were put on board the vessels in the harbour. At two, precisely, the men met at the rendezvous, riding up from every street, until a compact body of horse had assembled. The night was calm and beautiful; the slanting rays of the moon fell on the waters of the bay, across which boats were moving in various directions; the impatient stamp or neighing of a horse alone broke the stillness. Ochoa had just given the word to march, when a young man rode up at full speed, and halted breathless by the side of the captain.

"Welcome, Zampa Tortas," said the leader, "what news do you bring?"

"An Indian messenger is waiting at the gate for a safe conduct," answered the young man; "he has important intelligence for the chief of the *yoris* (whites)."

"He has nothing to fear; bring him hither."

The messenger had been sent by Ousacame, with a proposal to the chief, to join his force of 200 warriors with that of the citizens at the Rancho, provided the latter would do their best to exterminate the army of Banderas. The offer was accepted, and the troop put itself in motion. After fighting their way through a wood, they reached the Rancho, amid the hurras of the inhabitants, who unbarred the gates to give them entrance. The village consisted of a large square, intersected by two streets at right angles, leading to the four gates. The latter were firmly barricaded by trunks of palm-trees, which offer almost equal resistance to the fire or axe, and each one further protected by a small field-piece. Ousacame was already in the square with his warriors, the villagers mustered in equal numbers, and, with the division led by Ochoa, there were about five hundred men within the inclosure.

After all the preparations for defence were complete, not a sound disturbed the deep stillness of the night. Two hours passed; the moon was just sinking below the horizon, when, at last, a confused murmur was heard at some distance, rising from the valley; it gradually increased, until the tramp of feet was distinctly audible. The Hiaquis, confident in their numbers, neglected their usual precautions, and advanced with frightful shouts and yells. A dark and disorderly mass was seen rapidly approaching the defences, preceded by a flight of arrows that whizzed swiftly through the air. Then followed a flash and the roar of artillery: the grape-shot opened a wide passage through the threatening multitude, which immediately closed up again, and the battle began.

The foremost rank of Indians, driven onwards by the increasing host behind, dashed against the barricades, which they attempted to scale. The combat then took place, hand to hand, intermingled with frantic cries; the sword and the knife gleamed in the flashes of musketry, and blood flowed freely on both sides. The Mexicans who served the field-pieces, half-buried in the crowd, could only fire at long intervals. There was no need to aim, for the Indians thronged around the very muzzle. One among them, of gigantic stature, wielding a heavy axe, fought his way to the gate, and at every blow of his weapon a Mexican fell, or the strong fence trembled beneath the power of his arm. In vain did Ochoa call on his men to fire at the daring enemy, who had learned to use the axe by working as a carpenter in the city.

"Camote laughs at the white man's bullets," he cried; "he kills them like dogs." Another desperate struggle followed this bravado, and then, as if by mutual consent, a suspension of hostilities took place, or, rather, the Hisquis fell back, and kept up the contest at a distance. This partial success was favourable to the Mexicans, who were wearied by their efforts to repel the attack of swarming enemies, at all the four gates at the same time. Day began to break; the Indians, according to custom, had removed their dead and wounded, but the exchange of bullets and arrows was still kept up across the empty space outside the entrenchments. When light enough to render distant objects visible, Camote was seen sitting, within musket range, with his terrible axe lying across his knees:—"Camote's axe," he shouted, derisively, "is surer than the Mexican bullets; see, it is red with the blood of the whites."

A shower of balls was the reply to this taunt: but the Hisqui shook his head—"Let the *yoris* count their warriors," he cried again, with a gesture of contempt, "those bullets must have killed some of their own." Another Indian now took his seat by the side of the speaker, and falling over on his back held a bow with his feet, and shot an arrow with a force equal to that of the strongest arm. "The *zapatero*" (shoemaker), he screamed, "is taking the measure of the whites." The arrow passed through Ochoa's cap, grazing his scalp in its flight. An instant after, a second arrow, from the same Indian, pierced one of Ousacame's men, who fell dead at the foot of the barricade. The Hisquis seized the opportunity to renew the attack; the voice of Camote was heard above all the uproar, as he rushed to the gate, and grasping the cannon in his arms, shook it as a plaything. "Down with the fences," he cried, but at the instant the match was applied, a frightful yell succeeded, and the huge body of the Indian was blown into a thousand pieces. When the smoke cleared off, the Hisquis were seen flying in all directions; the struggle had now lasted for five hours.

"To horse, boys, to horse," cried Ochoa, "let us pursue them to the river; not one shall escape."

"Does the yori chief wish to exhaust the strength of his men, instead of sparing them to resist another attack?" said Ousacame, arresting the Captain's movement: "let them repose; for, when the sun is at the third of his course, the Hisquis will return in greater numbers."

The Mexicans approved this counsel, and disposed themselves to rest; many of them were badly wounded, and in need of assistance and repose: the killed had been removed to a neighbouring house, where they lay piled in a huge, disfigured heap: the Indians had dearly avenged the slaughter of their companions in the wood. The issue of the contest was still doubtful; the Mexicans grew dispirited. At length the sentry, posted on the highest house in the Rancho, cried out, "the Indians! the Indians!" and every man hastened to his post.

The attack was renewed with the same occurrences as during the night; at six o'clock it still continued; the Mexicans, though diminished in numbers, fought desperately, cheered on by the feeble voice of their wounded captain. The Indians, on their side, prepared for a final charge to carry the place by assault, headed this time by their chief, Banderas, who rode up and down the ranks, animating his warriors. The Mexicans gave themselves up for lost, when a war-cry arose from the centre of the Rancho, and Ousacame appeared, mounted on a noble horse, at the head of his troop. He had stripped himself entirely naked; his body, oiled from head to foot, shone like bronze,—a striking specimen of savage majesty. With a long sword in his hand he rode up, followed by his men, impatient to rush upon the enemy.

At the sight of Banderas, his mortal foe, the veins in his forehead swelled, and his lip, curling with rage, displayed the firmly-closed teeth within. "Make way for Ousacame," he cried, impetuously, and spurring his horse against the barricade, the animal leaped over, and alighted among the startled Hisquis on the outside. Another horse followed at a single bound,—it was that of Zampa Tortas. This heroic imprudence did not escape the vigilant eye of Banderas, who gave orders to seize his rival alive, with the view of putting him to the torture after the battle; but the execution was less easy than the command. Ousacame, although encompassed on every side, shook off the Indians who clung to his legs, with indomitable vigour. The muscular limbs slipped from their grasp, while those who escaped the wide sweep of his sword were trampled down by the horse, or wounded by the rude blows he dealt with his heavy iron stirrups. Zampa Tortas, who had hitherto been an unnoticed Custom-house clerk, imitated the Indian's prodigies of valour, and astonished friends and foes by his unexpected bravery.

"Dogs," howled Ousacame, urging his horse deeper into the tumult, "let Ousacame measure himself with Banderas."

But the Hisquis thronged closer around him, notwithstanding his courage and great strength. There was a brief interval, during which nothing was seen but the heads of a man and horse, moving wildly above a fierce and struggling human pyramid: the crisis of the daring chieftain's fate seemed to have arrived. At this moment the gates opened, and the two hundred Indians rushed with a whoop of defiance into the fight, followed by the whites, whose sinking courage was reanimated by the bravery of their allies. Panting, and covered with blood, Ousacame was rescued from the mass beneath which he was buried. A horrible slaughter ensued; Banderas fled from the field with all his men, leaving their dead, contrary to custom, on the ground. At sun-set all was over.

The siege of the Rancho had lasted fifteen hours. I was a spectator of the whole scene, having accepted Ochoa's invitation to join the party. Banderas, as I afterwards learned, was proscribed, and Ousacame became sole chief of the Hisquis.

Once more the power of the white man had prevailed: the efforts of the Indians to avenge an act of fierce injustice, had ended in still further dividing and weakening their own strength. The event left a melancholy impression on my mind, heightened by the reflection, that it was but a repetition of what had been going on, ever since the discovery of the New World by the Spaniards four centuries ago.

THE TWO BROTHERS;

OR, PEACE AND GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The visitor to the banks of the Wye must doubtless have remarked the high hill, upon which rises the village of Sellack. The path leading to it, from the neighbouring meadows, is as steep as if intended to reach the clouds, and caused the magistrate of the place to give it the name of Jacob's ladder. At the top of the hill stood the church, which, from a distance, served as a guide to the straying traveller; around it were scattered the dwellings of the inhabitants, stationed on the different platforms of the green hill, like nests in the wide branches of a lofty cedar.

At its foot, not far from Jacob's ladder, were two small farms, separated by a hedge of elder-trees. The two cottages so exactly resembling each other in their neatly whitewashed walls, in the thatched roofs, in the casements round which hung the honeysuckle in fragrant clusters, came upon the eye as twin sisters, so alike in garb and feature, as scarcely to be distinguished from each other.

In truth, both were built at the same time, by Tom and Jones Basham; not even a hedge divided them at

first. There was as little separation between the houses as between the hearts of the two brothers; but their close neighbourhood soon gave rise to innumerable quarrels, and, at the time our recital begins, the Bashams had long ceased to hold any intercourse with each other. Perhaps they no longer even entertained any affection for each other,—for hearts which have parted in anger unconsciously become embittered. We fill up with reproach and censure the void which wounded affection has left in our hearts, and by incessantly complaining to ourselves of those we have loved, we at length think we are quite right in hating them.

No one could tell the cause of quarrel, which, originating in some ebullition of temper about some trifle, and fomented by mutual recrimination, and by the injudicious interference of a third party, ended in an open rupture. It unfortunately happened, just at the time, that a fresh dispute arose between them about a piece of ground, which had to be decided by law, and though a fair and equitable division was made, both parties left the court still more exasperated,—for it is love, not justice, that softens animosity and soothes angry feeling.

In fact, the impossibility of a reconciliation between the Bashams had become, so to speak, a thing of public notoriety, all those who had failed in their endeavours to bring it about declaring the thing was hopeless. "Had not his Worship's exhortation been perfectly useless? Had not Farmer Soker got drunk three times in a vain attempt to make them take a glass together? Had not even Miss Bosin herself invited the two wives to her house, under pretext of teaching them to make gooseberry-wine, without being able to prevail upon them to shake hands?" But none of them seemed to remember, that he who would reconcile friends must make his appeal to feeling, not to reason. Divided hearts can only be reunited by gently touching some spring of feeling common to each.

Such was the state of things, when the curate of the parish arrived one day at the dwelling of Jones Basham. He was an excellent man; he had no family, but his parishioners were his children, and he was as welcome to every house as a gleam of sunshine in winter. His words were grave and gentle, and even the rudest of his village flock felt, he knew not why, his heart softened by a visit from him. To be with him seemed like the inhaling of a purer atmosphere, soothing, and cheering, and bracing. His was, indeed, pure and undefiled religion.

Jones Basham received the young pastor, as he was everywhere received, with a respectful and cordial welcome. The children were brought to him, and as he smilingly spoke to them, and stroked their little heads, stood timidly by his side, now and again stealing a glance at him through their long eyelashes. Taking the eldest by the hand, he said,—

"I have a favour to ask of you, George."

The little one looked up in surprise.

"To-morrow is Palm Sunday, and I have chosen you to distribute the loaves."

"I, Sir!" exclaimed the child, crimsoning with pleasure.

"Yes, you! come early that I may show you what you are to do."

The child seemed as if he longed to thank him, but stood twirling his cap and turning up the gravel with his foot, till his father came to his relief by warmly expressing his sense of the honour.

The pastor now accompanied Jones through his farm, which he examined minutely, inquiring into Basham's plans, and pointing out several alterations which Basham agreed with him would be improvements, but declared his utter inability to carry them out. "A hundred pounds," said he, "would be necessary, and I have not so much available, and as to borrowing it, it will set me hard to work to meet my actual liabilities."

"But the Lord has been pleased to grant you your health," said the pastor; "You are more fortunate in this respect than your brother Tom, who for the last month has been far from well."

"Is he suffering much?" inquired Jones, in a tone of embarrassment.

"I do not know, he expressed a wish to see me to-day. I am afraid he is careless about himself, he labours just as much as formerly, though experience ought to have made him wiser, for, if I am not mistaken, it was over-exertion that killed your father."

"It was, indeed," said Jones, affected by the recollection, "but why does he not consult a physician?"

"I have tried to persuade him to do so, but we have not one in the village, and he thinks his illness too trifling to send for advice to the neighbouring town; so that there is no chance of managing the matter, unless a doctor should by any accident pass by or be sent for by some one else in the village. Unfortunately it may be some time before such an opportunity occurs, and Tom's illness may increase, however I hope his youth and good constitution may carry him through it."

So saying, the curate, having now arrived at the garden gate, took leave of Jones Basham and repaired to his brother's. Arrived there, he announced to the little Fanny, whom he met as he was entering the house, that she should next day help in the annual distribution of bread in the church. Fanny, not a whit less proud or happy than George, ran to tell her father of the honour intended her by the curate. Tom soon appeared to thank the young pastor, who made most particular inquiries about his health. The farmer was still suffering, but seemed now much less occupied with his illness, than with a small legacy which his wife had just had left, and immediately began to consult the curate as to the comparative security of different banks in which he proposed to lodge his money.

The curate advised him in the first instance to pay off all incumbrances on his farm, and to make some improvements in it which he himself pointed out.

"I have just given the same advice to your brother Jones," added the pastor, "and he would gladly follow it, only that he is in sad want of money."

"I believe," observed Tom, "he has met with some heavy losses within these last two years."

"I fear that he is much pressed just now," added the curate, "and to judge by appearances, the legacy you have just received would have been more wanting to him than to you."

When the curate left, Tom remained a long time thoughtful. His brother was in want of money, whilst he had a sum of which he was actually at a loss to dispose. Formerly had such a thing happened, it would not have been long before he would have taken the leathern purse which contained his guineas to his brother Jones, and said to him. "You may have as much as you want, brother, and take a memorandum of what you keep." But now his offer would have been insultingly rejected, and this he felt he could not brook, or looked upon as an advance on his part, which he would have dreaded still more.

Nevertheless, to leave Jones without help, if he were really in want, was very hard. Even were every spark of affection extinct in the hearts of the two brothers, the honour of the Bashams would not permit that one should see the other in poverty, or unable to meet his engagements. The heart is not less quick in finding a pretext for kindness than it is for anger, and Tom, while fancying he still preserved all his old rancour against Jones, passed the night in devising how he could manage to be of use to him,

Jones, on his side, was not less pre-occupied. The few words let fall by the curate, relative to his brother's health, weighed upon his mind. The more he thought

upon Tom's illness the more his alarm increased. He feared it was become dangerous, and was uneasy at the little care he took of himself. He knew Tom had always been imprudent, not only taking no precautions against the attacks to which he was subject, but, when they did come, appearing to look upon them as a guest whom, though unwelcome, it would be too troublesome to attempt to dislodge. Any precautions that he did take were always forced upon him by Jones, who was himself a bit of a doctor. He was consulted by the villagers about their own corns, and their childrens' hooping-coughs and chilblains, and concocted drinks renowned through the village. He had acquired this medical knowledge from his wife's brother, who was a doctor, and every year spent a few days at the farm. Jones saw he could at once, by a letter, bring him to Sellack, where he might see his brother and judge of his state of health. But how would his visit be received by the latter? Would he not look upon it as an attempt at a reconciliation—as an indirect advance? Jones could not bear the thought.

Thus the night was passed by both brothers in uncertainty and doubt.

Meanwhile George and Fanny awoke before day-break, full of the ceremony in which they were to play so conspicuous a part. Dressed in their best, they repaired to the church with their respective families, who, for this day, were to occupy the seats of honour near the communion-table. Jones and Tom had always carefully avoided each other in the church; and it was, with no small emotion, that they found themselves side by side in the same pew. The faces of both flushed, as both at first instinctively drew back, and then, as if actuated by the same feelings, again advanced.

"He is ill," said Jones to himself.

"He is in trouble," thought Tom.

And they both took their allotted seats.

In the meantime, George and Fanny, who had seldom met since the quarrel between the families, were kneeling side by side, now and then exchanging a few words and smiles. The Bashams made every effort not to look at each other, but their eyes found a common object in the two children, and sometimes met as if by some irresistible attraction; the young creatures were a kind of neutral ground, a living link of a chain, insensibly drawing them to each other. Every joyous smile of George or Fanny was like a sunbeam playing upon their heart's hatred, and melting it away. Vainly did false shame and pride attempt to resist the genial influence. Nature was stronger than the strong.

And now each of them stole a glance at his brother.

"What a care-worn look he has!" said Tom to himself.

"How delicate he looks!" thought Jones.

And as these thoughts passed at the same instant through their minds, they stole a glance at each other.

At this moment the curate began to deliver his sermon, which, according to the usual custom of the good man, was short; but before leaving the pulpit, he pointed to George and Fanny, as they stood holding the baskets of loaves,

"You are aware," continued the curate, "that one of my predecessors established, at Sellack, this annual distribution, for which he left a provision in his will. His intention was, no doubt, to encourage you to live together in harmony, peace, and love; and it is no less the will of the God of love, who put this care for you into his heart, and therefore, my brethren, when these children go round the church presenting to you their baskets, and repeating, according to the direction of the testator, 'Peace and good Neighbourhood;' therefore it is I would exhort each one of you to examine his own heart, and when each one puts forth his hand to take his share of the common bread, to do so as a pledge of mutual forgiveness."

With these words, the curate quitted the pulpit, and George and Fanny began the distribution.

After going their rounds to the members of the chapter, they stopped at the bench occupied by their parents, and, as they presented the baskets, repeated in due course the words—"Peace and good Neighbourhood,"

The brothers were evidently confused. They looked up, and Tom saw the furrowed brow of Jones, and Jones the pallid cheeks of Tom; both were deeply affected.

"Peace and good Neighbourhood," was uttered in a half whisper, and their hands met in the basket.

And now the ceremony over, the two families left the church; the brothers walked out together, though no word was exchanged till they reached the churchyard.

"Methinks we have both just made a promise to God," said Tom, but without raising his eyes. "And for my part, I desire no better than to keep it."

"You cannot desire it more than I do," said Jones; "and if you do wish it, will you prove it by letting the children dine together at my house next Sunday."

"With all my heart," said Tom.

"And what is there to prevent your coming with them, Tom, it can do you no harm, and may do you some good, as by that time my brother-in-law the doctor will be with us?"

"I have no objection, Jones, on condition that you find use for the hundred guineas just left me as a legacy, and which I am quite at a loss to put out to advantage."

At these words, Jones quickly raised his head, and his eyes encountered the gaze of his brother.

"Ah, the curate told you I was in want of money?" exclaimed he.

"And told you that I was in want of a doctor?" replied Tom.

An exclamation of gratified surprise burst from the lips of both, as they rushed into each other's arms.

"Peace and good Neighbourhood," murmured a voice at their side; it was the curate, and shaking hands with them both, he said, "are not Peace and good Neighbourhood happy words?"

THE MARCH OF SUMMER

"Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence cast,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their water sheen,
That as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless, still themselves a lulling murmur made."
THOMSON.

And so, amid the green things of this ever-growing world, is renewed the sublimity and beauty of its primeval birth; each feature having its own time and season, and all being centred in the cycle of the year.

"Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep,
Yet all these mingled sounds inclined unto sleep."
THOMSON.

And so, too, do all sights and sounds that breathe softly over the soul, and becalm its troubled waters; for when sleep steals upon the spirit, it can glide out into its own world of beauty, and revel in joy among the creations of

the poet, and gaze upon the ideas and semblances which Nature floods upon it, and which are then personified after its own fashion of enchantment. There are times when Nature grows jubilant, and when the Earth bedecks herself as a bride, and becomes proud and wanton with excess of loveliness. Then she calls her rosy sisters from their leafy bowers and Paphian shores, and they twine her hair with flowers, and make her lips fragrant with sweet odours; and fling such a plenitude of beauty and perfume upon her brow, that the light of a new joy beams upon her face, and her heart throbs with the hope and assurance of perpetual youth.

Spring, Summer, and Autumn are the twin sisters of seasonal beauty, and each has consigned to her duties and labours of love, and missions of fruition and loveliness. When Spring gazes for the last time upon the green hills where she has been tripping with her silver feet, and sees the constellated flowers which she has sprinkled, like glittering dust, over every glen and glade, she sheds a tear of mute sorrow, that she must leave a world which her own sunny fingers have made so redolent of beauty; and her work being done, she resigns her sceptre to the golden-haired Summer; and departs to her own flowery home, till she shall be required once more to toil through blinding sleet, and cover the bosom of the frost-rent earth with verdure, and to awaken the echoes of the dark forests with canticles and songs. Now from the bright cloud-land comes the loving Summer, and as soon as her light feet have touched the expectant bosom of the earth, she flings wide her green doors, and looks with complacent gladness upon the sheeny tapestry, and bowers of floral enchantment, which the gentle Spring has enwoven for her delight. She sees a broad landscape hung with green foliage; rich meadows, glowing like billowy seas of flowers; and every bush and brake so glittering with golden dust, that it seems as though the heaven had rained down all its stars, and had powdered the very ground with dazzling orbs. And when she gazes on all this living beauty, her eyes flash with the utterances of her soul, and her cheek—flushed with haste and the hilarity of exultation, grows more lovely in its soft rosy blush, and her ruby lips tremble with a gentle smile—a smile of love—tender, ardent, and true. Her fairy form is robed in leaves and flowers of every hue, her sunny brow is veiled by silver showers, and her golden hair is enwoven with honeysuckles and harebells. Her temple is the wide arching rainbow; her priestesses are sunbeams; her ministers and vassals, flowers; her choristers are the sweet birds which pass their days in live-long melody and bliss; and her worshippers are all things in heaven and earth, which have beauty for their inheritance.

And now in the full possession of her kingdom, Summer commences her work of making perfect that which her sister Spring had so well begun. She glides through the deep woods, beneath shady hedgerows, and in dell and dingle, where a twilight obscurity reigns at noon, and then she breathes softly on tender buds, and kisses the lowly blossoms. She waters the meadows with soft showers, and wherever she finds a branch or a root, she sprinkles them all over with leaves and blossoms. And so profusely too, that even she herself is puzzled to know what flowers to wear upon her brow.

But when is it fairly summer-time? Is it when the first blossom opens on the water-flag, or the first leaf upon the robinia? Is it when the blackcap first utters its deep and joyous song, or when the nightingale has ceased to startle the echoes of the night? Is it when time has brought us once more to the mid season of June? Out upon dates, and almanacks, and registers, smelling eternally of quarter-day and taxes! It is summer-time when the fields of corn are coming into bloom, when the bean and the red clover give the full volume of their combined perfumes, to the lightest zephyr that flits from field to footpath; and when the red foxgloves hang out their speckled bells; while overhead the woodbine throws its trailing banners of floating green, and burnished gold. When the meadow-sweet flings its dreamy odours over the glassy stream, as if striving to bring it under a spell of enchantment. When rich sheets of aroma float over every hill and field from hawthorn buds, and new-mown hay, and each passing breeze seems intoxicated with perfume and delight. When little vagrant zephyrs come sporting along at short journeys, as if especially commissioned to sweeten your path as you walk along; when the hay-field, ready for the scythe, plays in gentle glittering undulations, as if it were a sea of beryl. When the rich pastures, starred over with the sweet, though lowly blossoms of the white clover, breathe balm and honey combined, and the industrious bees are flitting from flower to flower, softening the air with their drowsy songs of delight; when the trembling poplar salutes you with all its leaves, and the birds, many from trans-equatorial climes, are enjoying their meridian siesta, in order that they may pour forth their gratitude in vesper or in matin song; when high above our heads the grey clouds are sailing to the far off hills, as if they were hurrying on to other worlds to bear tidings of the beauty of this; when green nooks are like to shrines dedicated to the spirit of all beauty, shut out from the world, as if too sacred for the abode of any but silence, and to be disturbed only by the murmuring of the brook, as it tumbles over the bright pebbles, and the faintest whispering of the russet-coloured grasses, where green things only grow and wave; when the broad earth teems with sights and sounds and scents, such as adorn the gardens of the starry Beulah: and this is summer-time, and by the blessing of God, let us grow in renewed life, and health, and strength, finding beauty ever regenerate, and so remain content. How inaudibly glide the seasons one upon the other! The seed that falls upon the ground, the rounded dew-drops, the gushing flower and the withered leaf, all have the silent mission appointed them, of turning the mighty wheel on which the seasons roll; and so, while one season is waning and passing away, the work of the next is in silent progress, and thus there is no pause, no rest, no jar, but the fulfilment of one mighty cycle of change, from year to year, from year to year, again.

As spring is the season of buds, so summer is the time of blossoms; but not amid the rich profusion of mid-summer is the blooming of plants only, for when the forest is clothed in its deepest shade of leaves, and the meadow becomes a deep billowy sea of verdure, the flowers begin to wane. But when the Spring and Summer meet each other is the time of floral luxury. When Summer first dawns, there is such a plenitude of flowers, that we seem living in a world made of rainbows, and stars, and fragrant airs.

> "For who would sing the flowers of June,
> Though from grey morn to blazing noon,
> From blazing noon to dewy eve
> The chaplet of his song he weave,
> Would find his summer daylight fail,
> And leave half-told the pleasing tale."

On every hedge, the clematis now twines its delicate trellis work, and hangs its little fairy blossoms in countless myriads. And beside it the whortleberry is coming into bloom, and decking the hedges for miles with its red waxen cups. On the wayside, the red-poppy now glares in the sunshine; and the canterbury bell is hung with its urnshaped azure flowers; while miles and miles of hawthorn and wild roses are winding along the old brown highways, forming to the velvet meadows snowy boundary walls, sprinkled all over with a crimson hue. Now the streams are more beautiful than ever in their fringed embroidery of flowers. The golden marsh-flag throws its sunny shadows upon the pools and streams, and hides with its broad waving leaves the humble blossoms of the blue forget-me-not,—that gentle flower—

Whose very name is Love's own poetry,
Born of the heart, and of the eye begot,
Nursed amid smiles and sighs by Constancy,
And ever saying, "Love, Forget-me-not."

The white water-lily has for its companion the yellow water-lily, and they rear their heads above the piled velvet of their leaves, and look down into the clear water, to see images of their own beauty. Then by the edge of the stream, and almost down into the water, the meadow-sweet is so beautiful and graceful, that the wind which is too soft to make a ripple on the water bids its blossoms rise and fall, and nod dreamily to the blue sky, like some gentle spirit of the solitudes. And there are bushy clusters of willow herbs, with rich purple blossoms; and as their flowers fade, they send forth showers of snowy down, which make the hedge and copse look as though woven with a tapestry of cobwebs, or sprinkled with the down of the wild swan. And above these tower the white flowers of the water arrowhead; while far out in the stream lie broad masses of green water-cresses, which rock from side to side, like strange creatures floating on the tide as the current eddies its way between them. In the still bays and inlets there are always multitudes of green leaves, sprinkled all over as with snow flakes, for the white crowfoot produces such a profusion of its virgin blossoms, and they so glisten and glare in the hot sunshine, that they make the river look like a green meadow, which snow is falling fast upon. And among all this thick herbage and luxuriance of blossom, the water-fowl glide merrily, and gather plentiful meals under the thick coverts and greenwoods which lie in the deep waters.

How delightful are the little summer brooks and water runnels! who can tell how far they wander under old oaks, and through dark beechen woods, sometimes tumbling over rough chumps of timber, and quietly cutting their way through green banks of moss and harebells, which they keep always wet and fresh, even in the burning heat of June. Sometimes they go stealing along quietly in some deep dark valley, as if they were lurking about the boles and roots of the trees to sap the foundations of the forest; while, elsewhere, they come boldly into daylight, and form broad, slow pools, in which the wagtail and the robin may wash themselves. Then they go tripping merrily through the osier banks which fringe the green meadows, and diffuse freshness wherever they wander, like the voice of friendship and kindness, gladdening those under its influence. Now, they sweep through tall sedges, which rustle gently, and seem to nod their heads and listen to their soft music; and gurgling and splashing as they trickle over beds of shining pebbles, and ooze through the matted branches of the trees. Now, they meet each other in a quiet glen, and swell out into a broad river, with lazy ripples all over its blue surface, and which looks so cool in the sunshine, that the very clouds seem tempted to stoop down and drink; and the little waves come lopping along to warm themselves upon the sunny shore, and splash hastily against the stiff reeds, that stand always knee-deep in the water. Far out from the shore there are green islands floating as if at anchor, and covered all over with green ferns and flowers, and edged round with meadow-sweet, and purple loose-strife, and water-plaintain, and the blossoms of the brook-lime. No one can tell what strange creatures live upon such spots as these. From the shore you may see flocks of wild water fowl, and among the interlaced weeds on the banks, the shrew and the water-rat occasionally appear. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of the otter in pursuit of his prey, and you see him stemming the rapid current, and dashing hastily among the foam bells amid the eddies to and fro, then darting off in the direction of the current with the rapidity of lightning, and disappearing in the twinkling of an eye; then rising and cleaving his way slowly to the shore, with a large fish between his jaws, and then landing with his unfortunate prey, and with great complacency proceed to entomb the latter in his hungry maw. The very river itself seems possessed of sympathies and feelings of association, for it always goes slowly along at these sweet spots, and where there are golden uplands glittering with the blossoms of the broom and the furze, it creeps unwillingly, as if it so loved the green fields and flowery banks that it can be in no hurry to reach the sea, and would fain linger to gaze upon the blossoms and be kissed once more by some loving breeze, which has been sweeping over the flowers and which sings a merry tune as it goes on its mission of fruitage, and to bear the good tidings of summer-time.

As the months wear on, the blossoms fall from the trees, and the hawthorns grow grim and rusty, and seem to shrink as if ashamed that they cannot keep their heads covered with fragrant foam all the summer long. But then the grasses come into flower, and display a world of unrivalled beauty in their silvery panicles and silken tracery; sometimes plumed and pendent, like gorgeous feathers from some far eastern clime, mingled with graceful masses of deep waving foliage, and so powdered with yellow pollen, that we might think that manna had fallen from heaven as it did of old, and might be to us an assurance of plenty. In green lanes and quiet shady places, the blue speedwell yet lingers, as if loath to shake off the few remaining azure flowers, and seems to be listening, in melancholy mood, to the lisping of the young birds, which are just beginning to climb and flutter among the hedgerows. The centuary, with its pink starry flowers, is yet among its sisters of the field, and the tall wood betony heaves up its rich rose-hued blossoms above the scarlet cup of the time-keeping pimpernel, which opens its lowly but dazzling flowers at its feet.

But as high summer comes, the fields grow weak in song, and the forest echoes sink into their seasonal repose. The nightingale, whose lovely lay seemed to awaken in us dim memories of a world where the soul had wandered before it came into this, has now exchanged the pleasures of love for the solicitudes of paternal care, and has become so engrossed in the cares of his family that he can only utter a low choking kind of croak, like the grating of a gate, the hinges of which have never known the felicity of oil, or the voice of a frog afflicted with catarrh. The thrush and the blackbird, and the willow wren, and the hedge sparrow, and the cuckoo, are all becoming silent, for they know full well that summer has now quite enough to do to produce and ripen her fruits before autumn comes, and cannot pause from her work to listen to their songs. But in every direction there are crowds of young birds trying their wings in short flights, and chirping and twittering to each other and exulting at their success in attempting to go alone. The blackcap and the redstart still continue to sing, while a leaf of summer remains upon the trees, the former making the air resound with its full, rich modulations, which sink at times into the lowest strain, and then swell up again to a full burst of loud and joyful melody, and the latter making many short quick notes, and at the same time putting itself into a tremulous flutter, and suddenly breaking down; then rushing forth again with a quick succession of snapping chirps, shaking its tail at the same time, and breaking down again as before, as though it always forgot its song when it had uttered some twenty of the first notes, and was then utterly ashamed of itself, and felt its cheek hot with blushes and its heart palpitating with wounded pride.

What a strange chain of events would be linked together, in a faithful history of one summer's day. From the first faint blushes of the eastern sky, to the death of the last twilight shadow at eventide, there are more changes and metamorphoses than the literature of the whole world recounts. When the night goes for

to meet the morning on the hills, she always gets dazzled by the grey hue which overspreads the east, even before the twilight fairly comes, and when the black pall slowly unwinds and the soft light of a new day spreads over the yet sleeping earth, there is a quiet melancholy and a calm repose in the dim, unearthly light, which seems to belong to some other world. But no sooner has the last lingering star faded in the west, than the distant whistle of the blackbird, and the crake of the landrail, and the twitter of the first swallow, comes mingled with a clarion from the farm-yard, and floating sweetly on the cool breeze. Then the sky, so lately powdered with glitter-sparks, like a black canopy pierced with streams of fire, becomes an argent arch, fretted with fires of gold, and burns with growing streaks of flame. The tall trees cast their long shadows upon the crimsoned fields, and the mountain tops glow in the ruddy light of a new day; and the sun himself arises in the east, that god,—

"Who was a worship
Ere the mystery of his making was revealed."

To whom the shepherds of Chaldea made orisons at noon, and to whom Socrates and Pythagoras of old, gave homage and obeisance. The same sun which looked down upon our rolling world for untold centuries, topping its green forests, and setting its lakes and seas on fire, and which has seen it grow on from year to year in renewed beauty, ever hailing with a rapt joy, the blessed ministry of light:—

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold."
SHAKSPERE.

And as the day wanes on, the buds and leaves and flowers grow and blush in renewed loveliness, and the dews that lay like rounded pearls in the chalices of the blossoms are exhaled to the skies; and the sparrows chirp and chatter, and hurry to and fro, and the unresting swallow darts hastily over field and river, making the havoc of death among the swarms of insects which spread their powdery wings in the fierce heat of the morning sun. Towards noon, the open land gets covered with that clear trembling vapour, which the Scripture describes as "the clear heat upon herbs," and which quivers and dances in the sunshine, till the eye is blinded by gazing on it. At noonday, the heat is so intense, that the very winds are weak, and not a leaf stirs; the birds are silent, and the air seems made of molten sunbeams, hovering above the earth, and parching every herb, and absorbing as with insatiate thirst, every rill and water-brook. When the fervour of the noonday heat begins to subside, the air again becomes busy with the whirring sound of wings, and we hear sweet music in the air, like those joyous songs sung by the Rhodian children in the times of old. There are fresh swarms of flies sunning themselves in the broad light, or making giddy circles under shady boughs; having so little care for anything but sport, that it would seem they were expecting to live for ever; but they die in their conceit ere night-fall. So lives and loves each herb and creature of the earth, and man, renovated and born into a new life, grows and expands as do the leaf-buds and the flowers, in the light and glory of the gushing summer.

But each day, so glorious in its golden floods, and soft air, and shining leaves and flowers, must die in its turn, and glide like the shadows of the good and true, far away into yon down-stretching vestibules, where the eternal labyrinths are lustrous with the shining lamps of God. And what now is that sea of fire looming out afar, and burning so radiantly beneath the folds of the purple curtain of the sky? The heaven is free from clouds, but is melted into one vast iris of the west; and there the day goes down, to join the past eternity of days that have gone before, and taken all their glory with them. There is already one star twinkling upon the blue-veined forehead of the sky, while yet yon molten sea heaves and pulses, as if the day in its last expiring agonies was contending with the night for victory. But the fire tones down into the odorous purple of a blushing rose, and fills the face of heaven with a loveliness serene; while from the sunset horizon to the eastern star one soft azure twilight reigns. And even that slowly fades, and a deeper shadow comes down upon the waters, and wraps the mountain tops in a gloom solemn and profound. The day has died,—even as the dolphin, with each gasp becoming imbued with a new colour, and now all is darkness.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His hot day's task has ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night."
SHAKSPERE.

And the night, how lovely! how calm and still! the silence, how sublime! Not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf, or bird, or insect! not a stirring of the wind—not a sound or motion to disturb this hallowed quietude! The dewy sky above bends over soft and blue, like "the inverted bell of some gigantic flower," glittering with unnumbered dewy crystal drops, and fragments of golden dust, and breathing the fragrance of heaven. And the red moon rises among the tall trees, and goes thoughtfully and silently on her march, attended by her train of lights. In the vast shadow of the night, the cool dews come from their rainbow world of waters, in company with soft summer winds playing together in the frolic glee of mirth and gaiety. Far away, the black trees rock lazily from side to side upon the broad sea of grass, like giant hulks at anchor on the deep. Grotesque shadows are everywhere lurking about like gnomes and sprites of darkness, having evil purposes in view, which they dare not utter, even to each other, lest the red and blue flowers which grow around the knotted knees of the old oaks should overhear them. The corn furrows look like tall rows of purple silk, waving solemnly in the soft moonlight. The wild roses droop their pearl-flushed-cups with the increasing weight of dew. The daisy is sleeping silently in moonlight repose, while the zephyrs creep softly over the shut-up chalices of the flowers, as if fearful to awake them from their quiet slumbers. Oh Night! thou unseen power,—under whose spell all creatures fall prostrate,—having darkness for thy mantle, and a whirling dome of shining lamps for thy temple, let my spirit plunge into the black fathomless gulf of thy dark dominion, and mingle with the grim shades which haunt thy solitudes; and if there be one there mourning and seeking companionship with sorrow, that one will I embrace, and we will float away into the sea of silence lovingly together. Verily there is light and darkness, and the earth turns upon its axis.

"Father,
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms.
* * * * * *
Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."
BRYANT.

But Summer, though born to a heritage of beauty, and adorned with the richest blooms of earth, and the fairest dyes of heaven, must go back to her home when she has

attained her full beauty and maturity; and her sister, the proud and queenly Autumn, will claim her sceptre, and walk with complacent joy over the fields where the green fruits are hanging, and through the forests where leaves begin to fall. Slowly, one by one, the leaves and flowers fade and fall; the sweet songsters take their departure, for they cannot stay in a world which is becoming reft of floral loveliness; and when Time shall come again, after the lapse of one winter's frost, he will see fresh flowers in fragrant blow, and when he shall meet the gentle summer,—

> At this same place,
> She'll look as lovely as of old,
> For there will spring another race
> Of flowers, from out the upturn'd mould,
> That have been buried long ago.

Now, oh man! if thy soul doth pant and thirst for healthier waters, and for the broad stretching lawns, where grass waves green, and where one unfading summer flings its roses round,—wipe the labour dews from thy cheek, and with a free heart, commune with the spirit of the time: lie in the grassy arms of the old meadows, and feel the summer of perpetual youth upon thy brow.

All the ages of the past, dead and dusty though they be, shall unveil themselves before thee, with all of wisdom and truth for guidance, through the blood and foam which mark the grim eras of thy destiny. Thou shalt become an amœbean happy soul, no longer seeking to pluck the rose to blood thy finger with the thorn; thy fair life shall be one blush of beauty, and one breath of love; thy heart shall pulse with the music of a better world, and thou shalt feel the bloom of Eden's morn dwelling in thy cheek for ever.

ΦΩΣ.

THE UTMOST.

When our spirit grows faint with its burden of care,
And seems ready to barter its hope for despair;
Through this season of trial whate'er it may be,
There's a whisper of comfort for thee and for me.
'Tis a motto which patience and toil must reveal,
While onward—with shoulder pressed firm "to the wheel";
We conquer the bad, though we scarce win the good,
Still cheered by the thought—that we've "done what we could."

It may be but little, the most we can do,
But this matters not if our motives be true;
We shall never go wrong while we steadily try,
To redeem every hour as it passes us by.
Employment alone makes this life worth the living,
We must give our whole time, nor be grudging in giving.
God's work is unceasing for beauty and good,
And of us be it whispered "they've done what they could."

All "labour is holy," a sanctified thing,
To which life's best blessings and benefits cling;
Even Sorrow grows calm, and at last learns to smile
When Labour has taught her the time to beguile.
And Faith—the brave spirit, she loveth the best,
In the hearts of the true earnest workers to rest,
Where she breathes a low whisper so well understood,
In the tone of a blessing, "they've done what they could."

Oh, brave soul or feeble! whichever it be,
Let Faith's gentle whisper bring comfort to thee,
If strong in thy workings of purpose and will,
Let their powers be directed to battle with Ill.
If faint and afflicted, yet slow to repine,
Think *whose* strength was "made perfect in weakness" like thine,
Whose love was unceasing in working our good,
And *who* first breathed the words,—"She hath done what she could!"

Elizabeth P. Roberts.

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

William and Charles Grant were the sons of a farmer in Invernessshire, whom a sudden flood stript of everything, even to the very soil which he tilled. The farmer and his son William made their way southward, until they arrived in the neighbourhood of Bury, in Lancashire, and there found employment in a print work, in which William served his apprenticeship. It is said that, when they reached the spot near which they ultimately settled, and arrived at the crown of the hill near Walmesley, they were in doubt as to what course was best next to be pursued. The surrounding country lay disclosed before them, the river Irwell making its circuitous way through the valley. What was to be done to induce their decision as to the route they were to take to their future home? A stick was put up, and where it fell, in that direction would they betake themselves. And thus their decision was made, and they betook themselves towards the village of Ramsbotham, not far distant. In this place, these men pitched their tent, and in the course of many long years of industry, enterprise, and benevolence, they accumulated nearly a million sterling of money, earning, meanwhile, the good-will of thousands, the gratitude of many, and the respect of all who knew them. They afterwards erected, on the top of the hill overlooking Walmsley, a lofty tower, in commemoration of the fortunate choice they had made, and not improbably as a kind of public thank-offering for the signal prosperity they had reaped. Cotton mills, and print works, were built by them of great extent, employing an immense number of hands; and they erected churches, founded schools, and gave a new life to the district. Their well-directed diligence made the valley teem with industry, activity, health, joy, and opulence; they never forgot the class from which they themselves had sprung, that of working-men, whose hands had mainly contributed to their aggrandizement, and, therefore, they spared no expense in the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their work-people.

A brief anecdote or two will serve to show what manner of men these Grants were, and that Dickens, in his Brothers Cheeryble, has been guilty of no exaggeration. Many years ago, a warehouseman published an exceedingly scurrilous pamphlet against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the elder partner to ridicule as "Billy Button." William was informed by some "kind friend," of the existence and nature of the pamphlet, and his observation was, that the man would live to repent of its publication. "Oh!" said the libeller, when informed of this remark, "he thinks that some time or other I shall be in his debt, but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. It turned out that the libeller shortly became bankrupt, and the Brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had now an opportunity of revenging themselves upon the libeller, for he could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without that he could not again commence business. But it seemed to the bankrupt to be a hopeless case to expect that they would give their signature—they whom he had so wantonly held up to public ridicule. The claims of a wife and children, however, at last forced him to make the application. He presented himself at the counting-house door, and found that "Billy Button" was in. He entered, and William Grant, who was alone, rather sternly bid him, "shut the door, sir!" The libeller trembled before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once," exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; instead

of which, Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the supplicant, who expected to find written upon it "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," instead of which, there was written only the signature of the firm, completing the bankrupt's certificate. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" continued Mr. Grant, "my saying was true, I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat, I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repent that you had tried to injure us; I see you repent it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man, "I do, indeed, bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" and the answer was that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessaries of life, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will never do, your wife and family must not suffer; be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me—there, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will all be well with you yet; keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head amongst us yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his hand to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

In company with a gentleman who had written and lectured much on the advantages of early religious, moral, and intellectual training, Mr. Grant asked—"Well, how do you go on in establishing schools for infants?" The reply was, "very encouragingly indeed; wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in procuring better support to those that are already established. But I must give over my labours, for, what with printing bills, coach fare, and other expenses, every lecture I deliver in any neighbouring town, costs me a sovereign, and I cannot afford to ride my hobby such a rate." He said, "you must not give over your labours; God has blessed them with success; He has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth, if you give your time, I ought to give my money, You must oblige me by taking this twenty-pound note, and spending it in promoting the education of the poor." The twenty-pound note was taken, and so spent; and probably a thousand children are now enjoying the benefit of the impulse that was thus given to a mode of instruction as delightful as it was useful.

Mr. Grant was waited on by two gentlemen, who were raising a subscription for the widow of a respectable man, who, some years before his death, had been unfortunate in business. "We lost £200 by him," said Mr. Grant; "and how do you expect I should subscribe for his widow?" "Because," answered one of them, "what you have lost by the husband does not alter the widow's claim on your benevolence." "Neither it shall," said he, "here are five pounds, and if you cannot make up the sum you want for her, come to me, and I'll give you more."

Many other anecdotes, equally characteristic of the kind nature of William Grant, could be added. For fifteen years did he and his brother Charles ride into Manchester on market days, seated side-by-side, looking of all things like a pair of brothers, happy in themselves, and in each other. William died a few years ago, and was followed to the grave by many blessings. The firm still survives, and supports its former character. Long may the merchant princes of England continue to furnish such beautiful specimens of humanity as the now famous Brothers Cheeryble!

Lessons for Little Ones.

PROCRASTINATION.

"Come, come, Harry, get up, or you will be too late for the packet."

"My dear fellow, do let me alone. I have just looked at my watch, and it is only half-past seven; and where's the use of getting up now, when we don't leave till nine?"

"But you know, Harry, you are always too late. Do jump up, there's a good fellow. You will be nearly an hour dressing; then there is breakfast. You will see, we shall not have a minute to spare."

Harry lay grumbling and yawning for about ten minutes, then tumbled his lazy limbs out of bed, and slowly commenced his ablutions. As William had prophesied, he was nearly an hour in dressing; so that when he came down to breakfast, it only wanted five-and-twenty minutes to nine. He hurried over his coffee and bread-and-butter, and they might yet have been in time, as their house was within a stone's throw of the pier, had not Harry discovered that his gloves—his only decent pair—were missing.

Up and down the house he frantically searched for them; in his dressing-table drawers, on the mantel-piece, in his sister's work-box. At length, William's voice was heard below, shouting, "Harry, my boy, we have only seven minutes—we shall have to run for it!"

Harry was in despair; but luckily, he just at that moment succeeded in discovering the missing articles, which were crammed under his looking-glass. So he ran down stairs, where his mother stopped him to adjust his collar; and having hastily shaken hands with Mr. Ferguson, the two boys rushed off at full speed for the pier. The bell ceased tinkling as they arrived at the steps; and they had the mortification of seeing the packet slowly clear off without them, and plough its way across the river, its deck crowded with gay company, and a band of music on board.

"Well, it seems it is all up with us for the present," exclaimed William. "What say you, Harry, my boy—shall we take a little boat?"

"Oh, no! I can't bear those cockle-shells. We'll wait for the next packet; and, in the meantime, as I've got some money in my pocket over and above our fare, we'll go and see the Chinese Exhibition."

"But is it far? For we must not be too late for the next packet, or we shall never overtake our party till the fun's all over."

"Oh! never fear. The Exhibition is only three streets off; and as they'll stay all day at Beachy Cove, we shall come in for the last slice of the pigeon pie, and the drumsticks of the fowls—that's all; and the fuss and formality will be over. I always like getting late to a large pic-nic."

"But suppose they give us up, and leave nothing at all for us to eat!"

"Well, to provide against that, we'll buy a couple of veal pies and some gingerbread, when we leave the exhibition, and take them with us."

So to the Chinese Exhibition the two boys went, and much enjoyed the sight. Harry was particularly struck with the great golden gods in their temple, and lingered long beside the hapless robber, imprisoned in a cask, with holes for his head and hands. But his cousin drew him away, fearful that they should be too late for the second packet. So they left the Exhibition, and stepped into a shop, where they filled their pockets with veal pies, and gingerbread nuts, and apples; and succeeded, notwithstanding Harry's delays (who stopped to look into every toyshop and bookseller's window that they passed), in gaining the deck of the steam-packet, just as the connecting plank was about to be removed.

They soon landed on the other shore of the river, and here Harry's spirit of procrastination manifested itself in full vigour. Now that nothing but a longish walk lay between them and the pic-nic party, he thought that he might take his time, and he did so with extraordinary pertinacity. Loiterers have often a sort of good-natured obstinacy about them, which renders them immovable as rocks. This was just Harry's disposition; and William had the greatest trouble to get him on at all. A large jelly-fish, lying dead on the sands near the landing-place, first attracted his attention, as it glistened in the sun's rays with all the colours of the rainbow. Then he could not resist the inclination to pursue all the little crabs that crossed his path; and now and then a fine bunch of seaweed, or a wet pebble, gleaming far out on the sands, would tempt him to the edge of the retreating waves. Sometimes he would pick up a shell, or a piece of cornelian; then a worm-cast would attract his attention, and he would take up a bit of stick and begin to dig. At length, tired with his numerous excursions, he threw himself down on a grassy slope, at the base of the cliff that rose high above their heads, and declared that he could go no farther until he had had something to eat.

William remonstrated, for he was anxious to join the party in advance, but all in vain. The veal pies were devoured with considerable appetite, and then they continued their way, eating gingerbread-nuts as they plodded along the heavy sands.

Henry was now much quieter, for the sun had risen high, and the day was become exceedingly sultry. Besides, the sand filled his shoes, and he had to keep stopping to empty them. So he walked steadily enough until they reached the sand-hills, and then he said that he must have a slide. So placing himself in a sitting position on the top of the highest slope, he slid to the bottom; and then called out to William, who was waiting impatiently at a little distance, to come and have a game at "see-saw," for there was a plank all ready in the midst of the hillocks of sand.

"No," replied the latter, decidedly. "They will have dined by now, and gone on to the fort; and if we are quick, we can overtake them before they leave it. I want to see the cannons, and the shot, and the other curious things. So," concluded he, turning his back resolutely upon the sand-hills, "I'm off."

When Harry saw that his cousin was determined, and was already striding along at full speed, he got up and ran after him.

"Come, come, Will," said he, "its no use fussing in that way this broiling weather. We shall be in plenty of time, for I can now see Beachy Cove and the fort."

But William at this redoubled his exertions, and Harry was obliged to follow, panting and grumbling as he went. They arrived at the cove ten minutes afterwards, but found it deserted save by a servant, who told them that the ladies and gentlemen had left for the fort nearly an hour ago.

"Oh dear!" groaned Henry. "I wish, William, you would not mind going over the fort. We shall be too late, I know, for it's one of my unlucky days. It is odd that I never *can* get to places in time. Do, there's a good fellow, let us stay where we are, and have something to eat and drink. See, here are the baskets. What have you for us, James?" said he to the man.

"I'm afraid, Sir, there's nothing left, for a many things was forgotten. Mr. Jones forgot the fowls, and Mrs. Simpson never came at all, and so there's no pigeon pie, and they ate up all the tongue, and nearly all the pasties and tarts. See, here's three left."

"Hand them over then, for we're ravenous."

"I shall take my share in my pocket," said William, "and eat as I go, for to get into the fort I'm determined. But first give me something to drink, James."

"There's not a drop of anythink, Sir. There *was* half a bottle of sherry left, but as we was putting it back into the hamper, we let it fall, and it broke, and all the wine run out. But there's a spring of fresh water by the fort, Sir."

"Give me one of those small tumblers, then, and I'll drink when I get there."

The man began collecting the baskets to take back to the landing place, and as Harry did not like the idea of being left alone in that solitary spot, with rocks all around him, and the wide river expanding into the ocean in front, he reluctantly followed his cousin. But their ill-fortune had not yet deserted them. When they reached the fort, the sentinel told them that their party had just quitted it. They could not get in without the order, so there was nothing for it but to follow their friends,—who, the sentinel informed them, were gone by way of the woodlands,—or to give up their hope of overtaking them, and return home without delay.

The two boys were so thoroughly tired, that after a short consultation they agreed upon the latter plan. So setting off with all the vigour of a firm determination, and walking steadily along, they found themselves under the high cliffs in less time than they could have expected.

The sun was declining, and the cliff formed a welcome shade. A pleasant breeze came from the sea, and Harry begged his cousin to sit down for a little while, only for a little while, for he was so fatigued that he could scarcely drag his limbs after him.

"I verily believe," said he, "the others must be as strong as horses. How Miss Jones, and Miss Leggot, and Fanny Parry, and that fine affected Miss Tate, managed to walk as they have done, I cannot imagine."

"You forget," answered William, "that they set out in good time, and, therefore, had plenty of leisure to rest and refresh themselves. Besides, I dare say, they would get ponies or donkeys near the woodlands; and if we had overtaken them before they left the fort, we should have ridden also, instead of having to crawl home as we can with blistered feet. It is the last time, Harry, that ever I go on a pleasure excursion with you. You'd exhaust the patience of Job himself, with your whims and delays."

Harry could not bear to be found fault with, so he answered somewhat hotly, and a war of words ensued, which was at length ended by an exclamation from William.

"Look!" said he suddenly, "how the tide is coming in! We must make haste, or we shall be surrounded by the waves. Get up! Harry, get up! and run for your life."

Harry was much alarmed, for the cliffs were precipitous, and at one point jutted out very far, and he was quite unused to climbing. So putting forth his best speed, he hastily followed his lighter and more active companion. The waves rose rapidly, and before they reached the prominent part of the cliffs, they had to wade knee-deep.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Harry, as they at length rounded the point, and laying fast hold on William's hand, he emerged from the water, which now reached their waists. When they got to the landing place, a packet had just arrived, and they were soon on board, and in comparative comfort.

That evening, as they sat round the fire with Harry's father and mother, after making ample amends for their previous fasting at a well-filled tea-table, Mr. Ferguson drew from them a circumstantial account of their day's adventures. Having heard the whole, he took occasion to read Harry a lecture upon his spirit of procrastination, which had been the cause of all their disappointments, concluding with these words, which the boy had reason to remember in after life.

"Take care, Harry, that this unfortunate disposition of yours does not one day stand in your way in more important matters. Delay loses opportunity, and a loiterer never progresses to excellence."

Notices of New Works.

A Lecture on the Advantages of Literary and Scientific Institutions for all Classes. By CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D., Bishop of St. David's.

We notice this Lecture, delivered before the Carmarthen Literary and Scientific Institution, by the able author of the "History of Greece," principally for the purpose of noting the grateful fact of a Bishop of the Church, at length, appearing as the open advocate of these popular schools of secular knowledge. The time has not long since passed—if indeed it have yet passed—when mechanics' and literary institutions were frowned at, by those in high places, as schools of irreligion and freethinking; they were stigmatized as "godless" institutions; and young men were warned to avoid them. But they have made good their footing nevertheless; they have been founded by energetic individuals, chiefly belonging to the middle classes, in all our cities and towns, and even in many of our villages; they are rapidly extending their usefulness and influence, and are at length attracting the rather tardy support of the upper classes of society. In the northern counties, the clergy have stood forward prominently as their supporters, during the last two or three years; and this Lecture of the Bishop of St. David's shows that the example is extending in high places. This distinguished dignitary sees in the Literary and Mechanics' Institute only another form of National School. He says—

"I think all valid arguments in favour of national or primary schools, normal or training colleges, are equally applicable to such institutions as this. I think it impossible, without inconsistency, to advocate the one class of objects and repudiate the other. But still I am aware that this is only my own private opinion. I should be glad if it was universally admitted; but I am afraid that it is not yet quite time to assume that such is the case already. I am afraid there are still persons who reckon themselves friends to the cause of popular education, and who nevertheless rain institutions of this kind with more or less of jealousy and aversion. I am far from questioning the sincerity of such persons, so far as their professions coincide with my own views, because they go no farther. But I must think that they have placed themselves in a false position, and that if they are resolved not to advance in this direction, they have already gone too far. When it is once admitted, on whatever ground, that it is expedient to impart the rudiments of knowledge to childhood in any class of the community, it seems too late to moot the question, whether it is desirable or not that those who have received this elementary instruction should, in their riper years, enlarge their knowledge. If such progress is an evil, the best policy would be, according to an old maxim, to stop the evil at the beginning, not to wait until it has attained the stage at which it begins to assume a formidable aspect, but to prevent it from springing up at all. Those who endeavour to do this are no doubt consistent, if they continue their opposition throughout every successive phase of its development; but they must be sensible that their struggle against it will be growing more and more hopeless as it proceeds. If they cannot hinder the child from acquiring the first elements of learning, they will assuredly find it still harder, at a later period, to plant a barrier in its way, when it is reaching forward to further attainments. Once placed in its hands, the key of knowledge cannot be wrested from them; and the use made of it must depend on the owner's inclination, and the circumstances of his position, which it is impossible to foresee, or eventually to control. If we undertake to educate the great mass of the people, it should be with the conviction that knowledge, in itself and on the whole, is better than ignorance, and not with the vain hope that their subsequent acquirements will be confined within some narrow range, which we may perhaps trace in our minds, but which it is utterly beyond our power to limit and fence in at our pleasure."

After enforcing the great object of all knowledge, and defining the important distinction between education and instruction, he proceeds to illustrate the necessity of a large extension of knowledge among the members of the community. To those who discover "danger" in an increase of knowledge, he says—"It seems to imply a singular obliquity of vision, that any one should be able to descry danger in knowledge, who can perceive none in ignorance; and a strange thoughtlessness to forget that, if knowledge may be abused, it is also capable of being turned to a good use; whereas ignorance is at least equally liable to abuse, but can never be applied to any beneficial purpose." He shows that these institutions are the truest friends of the young man, because they enable him to make the best use of his spare time, furnish him with good books, which are the best of all companions, and excite and minister to that intelligent curiosity, which is one of the chief distinctions between savage and civilized man. "The central principle of right action must be sought elsewhere, but they are subsidiary to it; they foster its growth, they direct its energies, they furnish the means by which it is manifested and embodied in practice. They are a natural safeguard against the dangers of levity and recklessness. They are not remotely akin to self-respect, to sobriety of feeling, to consistency of conduct, to elevation of character. Every minister of religion must wish to have men of such habits for his hearers; every master must wish to have such workmen. I do not venture to say, that every woman wishes to have such a man for her husband; but I firmly believe that every wife wishes her husband to be such a man."

Dr. Thirlwall quotes, with much admiration, the account given by Sir C. Lyell of the rapid progress of popular institutes, similar to the mechanics' and literary institutes of this country, in the New England States of America, and their admirable effects on the morals and intelligence of the population. The following passages are given:—"We ought scarcely to wonder, after what I have said of the Common Schools of this city (Boston), that crowded audiences should be drawn night after night, through the whole winter, in spite of frost and snow, from the class of labourers and mechanics, mingled with those of higher station, to listen with deep interest to lectures on natural theology, zoology, geology, the writings of Shakspere, the beauties of Paradise Lost, the peculiar excellence of Comus and Lycidas, treated in an elevated style, by men who would be heard with pleasure by the most refined audiences in London." And how are these institutes supported? Partly by the voluntary munificence of individuals, as for instance:—"Munificent bequests and donations for public purposes, whether charitable or educational, form a striking feature in the modern history of the United States. I have seen a list of bequests and donations made, during the last thirty years, for the benefit of religious, charitable, and literary institutions, in the state of Massachusetts alone, and they amount to no less than six millions of dollars, or more than a million sterling." But the foundation of the whole is laid, by the people themselves, in the magnificent state provision which they have made for public schools. The Bishop again quotes from Sir C. Lyell—"The taxes, self-imposed by the people for educational purposes, are still annually on the increase, and the beneficial effects of the system are very perceptible. In all the large towns, Lyceums have been established, where courses of lectures are given every winter, and the qualifications of the teachers who deliver them are much higher than formerly. Both the intellectual and social feelings of every class are cultivated by these evening

meetings, and it is acknowledged that, with the increased taste for reading cherished by such instruction, habits of greater temperance and order, and higher ideas of comfort have steadily kept pace."

The glorious results of the public schools of the free States of America, ought to encourage all friends of popular education in this country, to persevere in endeavouring to obtain a similar provision for the uneducated, or half-educated children of our own community, and through them, of the adult labouring population, by means of mechanics' and other similar institutes. For on such institutes, as Bishop Thirlwall truly observes, in conclusion, "it mainly depends whether we shall be able to solve the great problem of our day, to unite liberty with order, stability with progress; that stability without which there can be no happiness, with that progress without which there can be no peace."

THE CLOCK OF STRASBURGH;

AN ALSATIAN CHRONICLE.

ALI-BEN-ZAR, a learned man, and of high mechanical genius, who flourished about the middle of the ninth century, came by invitation of its citizens to Strasburgh, to make a clock for the cathedral. The day arrived when his workmanship was to be exhibited to the public, and every bell of the city rang a merry peal in honour of the occasion. Noble, and citizen, and artisan, soon filled the church, and crowds besieged its doors, all equally eager to behold and criticize the stranger's work. At length their curiosity was satisfied. Precisely at noon, the veil that hitherto concealed it was removed, and the acclamations of the assembled throng attested the triumph of Ali.

The immense and complicated mechanism seemed impelled by some hidden spring. The eyes of the multitude followed, with admiring gaze, the saints of bronze, the gilded apostles, that in slow and stately procession crossed the dial-plate, bearing each a hammer wherewith to strike the hours. With almost breathless wonder, they beheld the sun and moon appearing, and again disappearing behind clouds, the planets circling in their orbits, the revolving year, the ecliptic, the equator, the solstices, the change of weather, all marked upon the broad dial-plate, with the dates of the principal religious festivals. Chimes of the sweetest melody played hymn-tunes, while the hours were slowly striking. Over all was a kind of dome, formed by the outstretched wings of eagles, cocks, and pelicans. A moment and all became again motionless.

A work so wonderful could not fail to excite envy in an ignorant age. The enemies of Ali-Ben-Zar pretended that he was about to leave Strasburgh, with the intention of constructing, in the imperial city of Augsburgh, another, and still more beautiful clock. A mob collected, and to secure that this masterpiece, of which they were so proud, should remain unrivalled, the barbarous wretches made the poor Arab pay for his life with his sight, for before they would let him go, they put out both eyes.

The blind old man, on the point of leaving Strasburgh, implored permission to touch once more the wondrous clock which was to immortalize his name. His request was granted. Guided by his daughter, he entered the cathedral, advanced with firm step toward the masterpiece of his art, and passed his hand over the springs of the machine, and over every part of it in turn; and then embracing it with all the tenderness of a parent about to part for ever from a beloved child, he hurried from the church, invoking the avenging justice of Allah upon the inhospitable city. The day after Ali's departure, the wonderful clock suddenly stopped; the apostles no longer came forth to strike the hours; the planets remained motionless in their orbits; the joyous melody of the chimes was hushed for ever, the cocks, eagles, and pelicans, ceased to flap their wings over the dome of bronze. Ali-Ben-Zar had himself destroyed his own work, and his vengeance bequeathed everlasting regret to the city, in whose archives his name is still enrolled.

POETRY AND PRACTICALITY.

To think that because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the varied beauty of nature, animate and inanimate; that the beams of the sun, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more with delight; that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualizes all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of civilization, is mere lunacy. As civilization increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow, the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with shadows instead of realities. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of heart, and enshrine them in noble words, set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poets who would do that have an arduous, but noble task. Such poets need not fear that they have fallen upon evil times for their vocation; if they be but in earnest with it, and will not make it their pastime, but the business and recompense of their lives. Let them put on their singing-robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature, and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in them for the advancement of their kind and the glory of their Creator, and there will be no risk that they will be allowed to sing in the wilderness—"no man listening to them."—*Charles Mackay.*

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration. Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves. Man has science—woman taste.

NOVEL-READING.

I regard the reading of good novels as one of the most useful, as well as the most agreeable, pastimes for young ladies. Good novels—that is to say, such as, like good pictures, represent Nature with truth and beauty—possess advantages which are united in no other books in the same degree. They present the history of the human heart; and for what young person, desirous of becoming acquainted with himself and his fellow beings, is not this of the highest worth and interest? The beauty and amiability of every virtue is, in novels, represented in a poetical and attractive light. The young, glowing mind is charmed with that which is right and good; which, perhaps, under a more grave and severe shape, might have been repulsive. In the same manner, also, are vices and meanness exhibited in all their deformity; and one learns to despise them, even if they be surrounded by the greatness and pomp of the world, whilst one feels enthusiasm for virtue, even though it struggles under the burden of all the world's miseries.—*Miss Bremer.*

AUTHORITY.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet exertion of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill; and we should sleep in tranquillity when it roared the loudest.

IT GREW.

Beneath some leaflets in the sear
Arose a floweret blue,
And though no other flower was near
Its quiet gentleness to cheer,
Or love it for its fairy hue,
It grew.

It grew upon a little mound,
Where dew was never seen,
Upon a hard and stony ground,
And where the scatter'd weeds around
Were yellow and not green,
Without a single drop of dew
It grew.

It grew, though not a single ray
Of sunshine ever came
To make its pretty petals gay,
Or scare its loneliness away,
Or warm its little frame.
Yet still, without a drop of dew,
Without a ray of sunny blue
It grew.

It grew beside a stony thrall,
That rear'd up far and wide;
And never saw the sky at all
Save through a crevice in the wall,
That open'd by its side.
But yet without a drop of dew
Without a ray of sunny blue
Without a fellow-floweret too,
It rais'd its fairy-tinted hue,
And grew.

And so some mortal flowers will grow,
And nestle into bloom;
And thrive as smilingly as though,
They'd never known the weight of woe,
Or struggled with the gloom.
Rear'd by some parent wall of sin,
No ray of virtue peeping in,
The little heart of hearts to win,
And share with them their woe.
But yet some crevice in the wall,
Will show the blue beyond it all,
And bid them prosper in their thrall,
And grow.

Johnson Barker.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH.

The breathings of a noble lyre are stilled;
Its minstrel, Nature's own, has pass'd away,
And wakes no more his spirit-soothing lay;
Yet not ungently were his heart-streams chilled,
His days were peace—his mission was fulfilled;
And now that Life's grim foe claims all he may,
The poet's deathless verse by thought distilled
Survives to shed its soul-illuming ray.
In his unspotted page mankind may trace
His spotless life; and learn how childhood's truth
May be preserved beyond the hours of youth;
May find, where Reason falters, Faith has place,
Led on by that deep spirit, as a guide,
That lost a minister when Wordsworth died.

T. Willoughby.

DIAMOND DUST.

The solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more ignorant and shallow than those who laugh both loud and long, content to hide their knowledge.

Destiny—the scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.

People seldom learn economy, till they have little left to exercise it on.

A consoling friend is the greatest enemy in sorrow. We generally wake up sorrow, by asking if it is not asleep now.

Masculine—gaiety; feminine—vice.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

There is an alchemy in *manner* which can convert everything into gold.

The man who follows a good example must of course be behind it.

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainly when all around is dark.

If you would get soon to Honour's temple, take a coach.

Those who are honest, as *the best policy*, are half way to being rogues.

In every art the most difficult thing to preserve is natural grace.

Advice that is given arrogantly or sharply, can scarcely be expected to be received with humility and gratitude.

Silence may be the sullen mood of an evil temper, or the lofty endurance of a martyr.

The higher the order of intellect with which one is brought in contact, the less one has to fear; true goodness is all charity, and true genius is the least presumptuous.

He who chooses to gaze perpetually on a debased picture of humanity gradually assimilates himself to his ideal.

What is fame but one loud spontaneous blast from a myriad penny trumpets?

Time is a ship which never anchors.

"*I can't do it*," never did anything. "*I'll try*," has worked wonders, and "*I will do it*," has performed miracles.

Genius, having intuitively what talent has to gain by toil, is less likely to be pedantic—values not that which is natural to it—dreams not of the exaggerated price put on it by others.

That grief is most sincere which shuns observation.

The want of leisure is often only the want of inclination.

Hold the gifts of Fortune so as to be ever ready to yield them back to her.

He who lives to *no* purpose lives to a *bad* purpose.

No man will ever fully find out what he is by a mere survey of himself. He must explore if he would know himself.

Snowdrop—Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in full dress.

There is a vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause—none from the awe of shame.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by John Owen Clarke, (of No. 6, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 5, Regnet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, July 13, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 64.] SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE CHILD.

" Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy ! "

THE worth of the Child is scarcely yet understood in all its significance. He is under-estimated alike by the individual and by society, though in him lie unfolded the germs of all our hope in " the good time coming."

In the child, posterity stands before us. He represents the promised land, which we view as from Pisgah's top, but on which we ourselves cannot enter. With him, the history of the world begins anew, and through his eyes we gaze into the distant future. He is the fertile soil of after-civilization, in which are planted, by parents, companions, and teachers, the seeds of fruit or poison-bearing plants, fraught with weal or woe to the ages that are to come.

Let the mother think of this,—that in the child she is educating at her lap, she may be laying the foundation of after centuries. The man of men, who is to guide the destinies of the next age, is now a child in leading-strings. Is he to be the war-god of a stormy universe, or the apostle of peace and unity among men? This depends mainly on the educator, who has now the direction of his spirit and the guidance of his will; for, the educators are as the hours which open or close the gates of heaven to the child—not as the child merely, but as the man. According as is the home, and the influences exercised over him in that home by the educators there, so will the child enter upon the world as the seed-corn of a harvest, or as the powder-train of a mine,—blessings or destruction being the issue. For the child is the lever arm of humanity, by which the whole race is to be moved and raised.

All things and circumstances exercise a formative influence upon the child. A repetition of circumstances is especially powerful in the formation of the physical constitution, the temper, the habits, and the whole character. The dropping of water hollows out the hard rock; but how much more influential is the power of circumstances over the child, who is all open to external agencies and impressions, from a look and a sigh to commands and compulsion. All that the educator can do, in the early years of the child's life, is to regulate influences—such as air, light and cleanliness, temper, goodnature, and love; and to exercise all the growing powers of the child's nature. The healthy physical power is the ground-work of the healthy moral, and intellectual man; and the exercise of the one is the first training of the other.

Every breath of air breathed, every object gazed at, every sensation experienced, helps to form the man. The child cannot be sent out of doors to play on the grass, to sport with its companions, without bringing home an influence on his eternity. Every flash of sunlight, every touch of the hand, every sight of the stars, engraves itself upon him, as the gentle dew-drop or the hanging mist affects the granite mountain. The very quietest influence, even silence itself, has power over the child; the mother's look of love as he plays about her knees, the father's nod of approbation, the sister's gentle fondle, the brother's forbearance; flowers, birds'-nests, humming bees, creeping ants, blue sky, daisied grass, shady lanes; all these send their impressions deep into the child's heart and mind.

How keenly the child feels! What an irrepressible outburst of grief when his toy is withheld—you would think his little heart would burst! It is restored! His tears are suddenly checked, and before they are dried upon his face the room rings with his gleeful laughter! But every such expression of sorrow or of joy has its influence, and throws a shadow or a light along his future years. Every first thing continues for ever with the child; the first colour, the first music, the first flower, the first grief, the first fright, the first joy, paint the foreground of his life.

Cheerfulness and happiness are the heaven of childhood. In play do these young beings find all their pleasure. Playthings, romping, and games as they grow older, are their little life. The pleasures of taste, too, are strong in the young animal nature; and through these a child's appetite may be educated. But it is in play that you see all the energy of juvenile life. Play is the first poetry, as eating is the first prose of the human being. In play, the child works off the overflow of both mental and physical powers, and trains them for healthy action. First, he plays with playthings, and next, with and among playfellows,—from both learning much.

From playthings he acquires the knowledge of form, weight, dimensions, and qualities of objects: he exercises his senses upon them—mouth aiding fingers—and when he has mastered all their details, he throws them on one side, or takes them to pieces. Many a plaything has been resolved into its primitive elements, in the child's eager desire to "know what it was made of." The girl makes the doll a friend, fondles and pets it, calling it by a name, and cherishes it till reduced to the bare wood. Facile imagination clothes it with the ideal and beautiful. Pictures also are a wonderful new world to the child. The veriest daubs are prized as treasures of art, and interesting information, attended with no small pleasure, is to be imparted through this medium.

From his playfellows he acquires his first knowledge of "the world." The play-ground is only the great world in miniature: there he encounters tempers, submissive and resistant; he acts and is acted on by other natures; there is he a comparatively free being; the restraints of home are not present, and he exercises his power of governing others, or learns to obey others; he matures his resistance, his forgiveness, his generosity, his gentleness, and, in short, every root and blossom which we find growing in the social world. The plays and actions of children are quite as full of meaning, in reference to their future, as ours are to ours. The early game is only the earnest of later years; and the child experiences in play his future life.

It is really amazing how much the child learns during the first years of his life, and how large is the amount of substantial information which he acquires even before he can walk. The thirst for knowledge of the mere infant is as universal as it is insatiable. He is laid out at the gate of a new world, and opens his eyes upon things, all of which are curious and wonderful to him. At first it is enough to gaze, but by-and-by he begins to observe, to learn, and his progress of instruction is amazingly rapid. Lord Brougham has observed that, between the ages of eighteen and thirty months, a child learns more of the material world, of his own powers, of the nature of other bodies, even of his own mind and other minds, than he ever acquires after, during all the years of boyhood, youth, and manhood. The knowledge which an infant stores up, the ideas which are generated in his mind, are so important, that if we could suppose them to be afterwards obliterated, all the learning of a senior wrangler at Cambridge, or a first-class man at Oxford, would be as nothing to it, and would, literally, not enable its victim to prolong his existence for a week. And all this knowledge is acquired by means of that irrepressible curiosity, and eager thirst to learn, which is implanted for such wise purposes in the child's mind. It then costs him no labour to learn; it is all pleasure; only when he goes to school and begins to learn by rote, does instruction become tedious and wearisome; and the keen appetite for knowledge grows jaded and listless. But instruction would never grow wearisome were the early instincts of youth properly directed, and the habits, then so plastic, carefully moulded by the intelligent parent or teacher.

Leave the child to the care of an ignorant nurse, and no culture in after life will remedy the evil you have inflicted! Or, let the mother be herself ignorant and unskilled, and what can you expect in the child but a half-formed, dwarfed and untractable nature, which afterwards expands, and exhibits itself fully in the ignorant adult man. "For the child," says Richter, "the most important era of life is contained in the years which immediately follow his non-existence, in which, for the first time, he colours and moulds himself by companionship with others. The parents' hand may cover and shelter the germinating seed, but not the luxuriant tree; consequently first faults are the greatest; and mental maladies, like the small-pox, are the more dangerous the earlier they are taken. Every new educator effects less than his predecessor; until, at last, if we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by all the nations he has seen than by his nurse."

But above all, how beautiful, and how impressionable, is the moral nature of the child. He is absolutely trustful, believing his father to be the greatest man, and his mother the most beautiful woman in all the world. They are all in all to him—pure, hallowed, and precious; for the child himself is as yet pure, and unfalsified by the age and by the world. He is a child of Eden, a flower-god, soon to fade and fall, as a harsh experience levels to the dust, one by one, all the pillars on which his childhood has leant. But the parent can fortify him by good example, by love which assimilates him to its own likeness, by pure and high thought, by lofty aims and purposes. The mother especially can direct those great universal teachers—incidental circumstances, and by their instrumentality shape and mould the moral being of her child. She can overlay the slumbering lion energies of its nature with the tender habits of a gentle heart, and all the bands of love. What lessons she thus administers, the child, afterwards the man, will never forget; the words she speaks, the example she sets, in the privacy of home, are not heard by the world; but, as in whispering-galleries, they are clearly heard at the end, and by posterity. The mother's smile, her beautiful example of patience, love, and forbearance, will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

Most important of all is the training of the child's Will; and no teacher can exercise an influence over this great power for good or for evil, such as the mother can do. It can be brought under the dominion of habit, through the constraint of love. The will is to be guided and directed by tender smiles and by gentle endearments, far more than by constraint and fear; and here woman is a teacher incomparably beyond all others. The future self-government of the man, his energy of character, potency in society, and usefulness of action, these are all in the power of the mother during the period of pupilage of that man when under her government as a child. The education of veneration, of conscience, of judgment, and of observation, with a view to experience, are in the same way in the mother's power.

The time arrives when the child grows out of the immediate reach of home influences, and takes a sudden leap into the world. He carries with him, however, the impulses he has received in the home, and, according to their force and direction, so is the current of his actions influenced. He is what he has been made; he goes according as he has been sent; acts beneficially or otherwise upon the social conditions around him; developes the soul-spirit of his youth, and sows fruitful seed to spring up in the remote future, or sink like a rain-drop in the ocean, or worse.

Let every home then be a school for the beneficent training of the whole Child's nature towards Good.

A LESSON IN LIFE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

If society ever be wholly corrupted, it will be by the idea that it is already so. Some cynics there are who believe in virtue, sincerity, and happiness, only as traditions of the past, and by ridicule seek to propagate the contagious notion. This is a vain and pedantic philosophy, that would turn all hearts to stone, and arm every man with suspicion against all others, by declaiming against the romance of life, as empty sentimentalism; against the belief in goodness, as youth's sanguine folly; and the hope of pure happiness, as a fanciful dream, created by

a young imagination, to be dissipated by the teaching of a few years' struggle with the world.

If this be wisdom, I am no philosopher. What is more, I never wish to be one, for sooner would I float along the bright and giddy current of fancy, to fall among quicksands at last, than travel through a dull and weary world, without confidence in the companions of my journey. That we may be happy, that we may find sincere friends, that we may meet the good, and enjoy the beautiful on earth, is a creed that will find believers in all hearts unsoured by their own ascetic philosophy. Virtue will sanctify every fireside where we invite her to dwell, and if the clouds of misfortune darken and deform the whole period of our existence, it is a darkness that emanates from ourselves, and a deformity created by us to our own unhappiness.

Yet this is moralising, and not relating the little episode which is the object of my observations. The axiom I wish to lay down, to maintain, and to prove correct, is, that married life may be with most people, should be with all, and is with many, a state of happiness. The reader may smile at my boldness, but the history of the personages I shall introduce to walk their hour on this, my little stage, will justify my adopting the maxim.

M. Pierre Lavalles, owner of a vineyard, near a certain village in the south of France, wooed and wedded Mdlle. Julie Gouchard. Exactly where they dwelt, and all the precise circumstances of their position, I do not mean to indicate, and if I might offer a hint to my contemporaries, it would be a gentle suggestion that they occupy too much time, paper, and language in geographical and genealogical details, very wearisome, because very unnecessary. Monsieur Pierre Lavalles then lived in a pretty house, near a certain village in a vine-growing district of the South of France, and when he took his young wife home, he showed her great stores of excellent things, calculated well for the comfortable subsistence of a youthful and worthy couple. Flowers, and blossoming trees, shed odour near the lattice-windows, verdure soft and green was spread over the garden, and the mantling vine "laid forth the purple grape," over a rich and sunny plantation near at hand. The house was small, but neat, and well furnished in the style of the province, and Monsieur and Madame Pierre Lavalles lived very happily in plenty and content.

Here I leave them, and introduce the reader to Monsieur Antoine Perron, notary in the neighbouring village.

Let me linger over a notice of this individual. He was a good man, and what is more curious an honest lawyer. Indeed, in spite of my happy theory, I may say that such a good man, and such a good lawyer, you could seldom meet. All the village knew him; he mixed up in every one's quarrels; not, as is usually the case, to make confusion worse confounded by a double-tongued hypocrisy, but to produce conciliation; he mingled in every one's affairs, not to pick up profit for himself, but to prevent the villagers from running into losses and imprudent speculations; he talked much, yet, it was not slander, but advice; he thought more, yet it was not over mischief, but on schemes of good; he was known to everybody, yet none that knew him respected him less on that account. He was a little, spare, merry-looking man, that sought to appear grave when he was most inclined to merriment, and if he considered himself a perfect genius in his plans for effecting good, his vanity may be pardoned, because of the food it fed on.

M. Antoine Perron considered himself very ingenious, and if he had a fault, it was his love of originality. He never liked to perform any action in a common way, and never chuckled so gaily to himself, as when he had achieved some charitable end by some extraordinary means.

It was seven months after the marriage of M. Pierre Lavalles, M. Antoine Perron sat in his little parlour, and gazed with a glad eye upon the cheerful fire, for the short winter was just terminating. Leaning forward in his chair, he shaded his face with his hands, and steadily perused the figures among the coals with a most pleasant countenance. The room was small, neat, and comfortable, for the notary prospered in his humble way, and seeking only comfort found it, and was content.

Suddenly a violent knocking at the door aroused him from his reverie, and he heard his old servant rushing to open it. In a moment, two persons were ushered into the room, and the notary leaped to his feet in astonishment at the extraordinary scene before him. Had a thunderbolt cloven the roof, and passed through his hearth to its grave in the centre of the globe, or had the trees that nodded their naked branches without the window commenced a dance upon the snowy ground, he had not been more surprised.

Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, and Madame Pierre Lavalles stood just inside the doorway. Never had Monsieur Perron seen them before, as he saw them now. Like turtle-doves, with smiling eyes, and affectionate caress, they had lived in happy harmony during the seven months of their married life, and motherly dames, when they gave their daughters away, bade them prosper and be pleasant in their union, as they had been joyous in their love, pleasant and joyous, as neighbour Lavalles and his wife.

Now, Pierre stood red and angry, with his right arm extended, gesticulating towards his wife. Julie stood red and angry, with her left arm extended, gesticulating towards her husband. Eyes, that had only radiated smiles, flashed with fierce passion, as the turtle doves remained near the door, each endeavouring to anticipate the other in some address to the worthy notary. He, aghast and perplexed, waited for the *denouement*.

"Madame," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "allow me to speak."

"Monsieur," said Madame Pierre Lavalles, "I insist——"

"But Madame, it is my——"

"But Monsieur, I say I will."

"And yet I will."

"But no——"

"Madame, I shall."

"Then be careful what you do; M. Perron, M. Lavalles is mad."

Then the lady, having thus emphatically declared herself, resigned the right of speech to her husband who began to jerk out in disconnected phrases a statement of his case. Seven days ago he had annoyed his wife by some incautious word; she had annoyed him by an incautious answer; he had made matters worse by an aggravating retort; and she had widened the breach by a bitter reply. This little squall was succeeded by a cool calm, and that by a sullen silence, until some sudden friction kindled a new flame, and finally, after successive storms and lulls, there burst forth a furious conflagration, and in the violent collision of their anger, the seven-months-married pair vowed to separate, and with that resolve had visited M. Perron. Reconciliation they declared was beyond possibility, and they requested the notary at once to draw up the documents that should consign them to different homes, to subsist on a divided patrimony, in loveless and unhappy marriage. Each told a tale in turn, and the manner of relation added fuel to the anger of the other. The man and the woman seemed to have leaped out of their nature in the accession of their passion. Pity that a quarrel should ever dilate thus, from a cloud the size of a man's hand to a thunder storm that covers heaven with its black and dismal canopy.

Neither would listen to reason. The duty of the notary was to prepare the process by which they were to be separated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will arrange the affair for you; but you are acquainted with the laws of France in this respect?"

"I know nothing of the law," replied M. Pierre Lavalles.

"Madame," said the notary, "your wish shall be complied with. But you know what the law says on this head?"

"I never read a law book," sharply ejaculated Madame Pierre Lavalles.

"Then," resumed the notary, "the case is this. You must return to your house, and I will proceed to settle the proceedings with the Judicatory Court at Paris. They are very strict. You must furnish me with all the documents relative to property."

"I have them here," put in the husband, by way of parenthesis.

"And the whole affair including correspondence, preparations of instruments, &c., will be settled in less than three months."

"Three months?"

"Three months. Yes, in less than three months."

"Then I will live with a friend at the village, until it is finished," said Madame Lavalles, in a decided, peremptory tone, usual with ladies when they are a little ashamed of themselves,—or any one else."

"Oh, very well, Madame—oh, very well."

"Not at all well, Madame; not at all well, Monsieur," said the notary, with a solid, immoveable voice. "You must live as usual. If you doubt my knowledge of the law you will, by reading through those seven books, find that this fact is specified."

But the irritated couple were not disposed to undertake the somniferous task, and shortly left the house, as they had come; walking the same way, but at a distance of a yard or so one from another.

Two months and twenty-seven days had passed, when the notary issued from his house, and proceeded towards the house where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles dwelt. Since the fatal night I have described, he had not encountered them, and he now, with a bland face and confident head, approached the dwelling.

It was a pretty place. Passing through the sunny vineyards where the spring was just calling out the leaves, and the young shoots in their tints of tender green were sprouting in the warmth of a pleasant day; the notary entered a garden. Here the flowers, in infant bloom, had prepared the earth for the coming season, for summer in her gay attire was tripping from the south, and as she passed, nature wove garlands to adorn her head, and wreathe about her arms. Early blossoms lent sweetness to the breath of the idle winds that loitered in this delightful spot, and the fair young primrose was sown over the parterres, with other flowers of spring, the most delicate and softly fragrant, that come out to live their hour in modesty and safety, while the earth affords them room, and before the bright and gaudy bloom of a riper season eclipses their beauty, bidding them, blushing, close their petals.

Early roses twined on either side the porch, and as the notary entered, nothing struck him more than the neat and cheerful appearance of the place. A demoiselle ushered him into a little parlour, where Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, and Madame Julie Lavalles, had just sat down to partake of breakfast.

A small table was drawn up close to the open window, and vernal breezes found welcome in the chamber. A snowy cloth hung down to the well-polished floor, and tall white cups were placed upon it to rival it in purity and grace. Cakes of bread, such bread as is only had in France, with delicious butter, and rich brown foaming coffee frothed with cream, were spread before them, and a basket of fresh spring flowers, sparkling with dew and beautifully odorous, scented the whole chamber with a delicate perfume.

The husband and the wife sat side by side, with pleasant looks, and so engaged in light and amiable conversation, that they hardly noticed the entrance of the notary. The storm had vanished and had left no trace. Flushes of anger, flashes of spite, quick breathings, and disordered looks—all these had passed, and now smiles, and eyes lit only with kindness, and bosoms beating with calm content, and looks all full of love were alone to be observed.

When M. Antoine Perron entered, they started; at length, and then recollecting his mission, blushed crimson, looked one at another, and then at the ground, awaiting his address.

"Monsieur, and Madame," said the notary, "according to your desires I come with all the documents necessary for your separation, and the division of your property. They only want your signature, and we will call in your servant to be witness."

"Stay," exclaimed Madame Julie, laughing at her husband, "Pierre, explain to M. Perron."

"Ah, Monsieur Perron," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "we had forgotten that, and hoped you had also. Say not a word of it to any one."

"No, not a word," said Madame Julie. "We never quarrelled but once since we married, and we never mean to quarrel again."

"Not unless you provoke it," said Monsieur Lavalles, audaciously. "But M. Perron, you will take breakfast with us?"

"You're a wicked wretch," said Madame Julie, tapping him on the cheek. "After breakfast, M. Perron, we will sign the papers."

"After breakfast," said M. Pierre Lavalles, "we will burn them."

"We shall see," said the notary. "Sign them or burn them. Madame Julie Lavalles, your coffee is charming."

The moral of the tale is this. After seven months' harmony, do not let seven days' quarrel destroy the happiness of home. M. Perron's conduct teaches us not to follow the directions of a person in a passion, until you have allowed him to cool and consider his purpose.

AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

THERE has certainly been awakened by the troubles of the present times an enlarged spirit of charity in the more comfortable classes, productive of much good in the aggregate, more good a great deal than, at first sight, means so limited and objects so few would seem to warrant our believing in. We must all of us be aware that in every circle there are many among us suffering from poverty, if not from want; many industrious respectable individuals and families, crushed by the difficulty of earning present subsistence, and the impossibility of providing a comfortable future. We also know that in almost every circle there are some who could help their less fortunate brethren, and a few who would gladly proffer assistance did they but understand how best to give it. A lady, a friend of ours, by no means a wealthy person, has for some years past set aside a portion of her income for charitable purposes—judicious charity—not a charity of half-crowns or half-sovereigns to relieve merely the distress of to-day, shifting the pressure of despair to the morrow, but a charity which withdraws the sufferer from among the crowd of the miserable, and placing him in the way of better things, enables him in turn to succour another castaway. Who is it says that if we who have, would each help *one other* who has not, there would be no wretched? Latterly, our friend has considered her charity best employed in assisting emigration; she has therefore, for some time past, sent regularly, every season, a family to Australia. The fate

of her *protégés* has been various. They have been more or less grateful to her, more or less successful, they were selected too carefully for any of them to have turned out ill, and she is satisfied that a greater amount of happiness has been secured to a greater number of her fellow creatures at no very alarming cost, than the same sum could have been the means of diffusing at home. It has frequently happened, that one part of a connection thus provided for, the rest has been drawn after the first settlers, silently and slowly, but surely, helping on the move of the home overplus towards that large field still unappropriated, and waiting to reward the industry of the enterprising.

From amongst the many letters this lady is in the habit of receiving from these rejoicing colonists, we select one to lay before our readers. The writer and her husband were servants in gentlemen's families, and, as is very common, after a long engagement, married, and with their joint savings entered into business, which failed them. They were introduced to her notice by some of her own household, to whom the wife was related, at a time when they and their children were almost starving. We have made no other change in the letter beyond suppressing some repetitions and correcting the orthography.

On board ship, May 10.

DEAREST MADAM,—I just write a few words to let you know that we are all alive and pretty well excepting me, and it goes very hard with me. I can say very little now, for the ship is in sight that is to take our letters, but we are within the line excepting 8 degrees, and we expect to cross by Sunday. We have had three deaths since we commenced our voyage.

May 16.

I refrained from writing on the 10th of May for the ship was going to France instead of to England. I now commence again, as I find myself more able than I have done of late, as I have not been well since we crossed the Bay of Biscay, and then we had such a storm that it made us all sea-sick, and I have not got over it yet. We saw every day the handiworks of God when we were on land at home, but, since we have been on sea we have seen more than ever. On the 29th of April we reached Madeira Islands, and on the 30th we saw such a delightful sight as never was beheld with mortal eyes. It was what they call the Ten a Reath, a most beautiful mountain; its height is twelve thousand feet, it reaches beyond the clouds, and the day we passed it was covered with snow—it is called the eighth wonder of the world. It is a very mountainous place. We were near enough to see the mountaineer's huts, and it was a wonderful sight to behold. I think the mountain is to be seen for one hundred miles. We did not cross the line till the 17th of May. It was very hot, till about a fortnight after, and then we reached the cool weather. We have had a very fine voyage, only it was well we had a pound in our pockets, or I don't know what we should have done, for I was not able to do anything, not even to wait on myself, and we could not have anything done for us unless we paid. I have not been able to wash, and I have been obliged to pay for washing and all else that we have had done. When I was so ill, I was almost ready to die at times for want of something I could eat or drink, if we had known before we came on board we should have supplied ourselves with what we have not got with us. The sea air is too strong for me, I am only like a skeleton, but some on board have been much better in health since they came to sea. Dear Lady, have the kindness to tell anybody you send out again that apples, eggs, bacon, preserves, flour and onions are very useful stores. I have one thing to find fault with, I hope you will not think me ungrateful for telling you of it, for it is the truth. Our Doctor, who is Scotch, does not use the English people so well as he does the Scotch, but thank God it will not be for ever, and there will be complaints made about him when we get to our journey's end, for he is bound to use us well, and if not, he will not have his pay, for Port Philip Government inquires how we have been treated during the voyage. The Captain and his wife, the Doctor and wife and sister, the cabin passengers and steward, and all excepting the first and second mates, are Scotch people, and most part of the emigrants are Scotch people. May the Almighty help us safe on shore, and then farewell Scotch people! We have had such a good account of Port Philip that I hope we shall be happy when we get there. Dearest Lady, please to give Richard's greatest respects to Thomas and Jane and all the servants, and to all who think proper to ask after us. I hope you will excuse my bad writing. I did not do it all at once, and I have many difficulties to put up with and I end July 5th.

August 19.

It gives me great pleasure to embrace this opportunity which has been the first since we left Plymouth, for we thought twice that we were going to send off our letters, and the vessels would not answer our captain when he put up the colours, so he thought them to be slave ships, and if he had not had his ship full of emigrants he would have fired at them, because they would not put up their colours. But now we are safe landed, and it has pleased God to spare all our family to be with us, and to bring us to a plentiful land where we can enjoy our plenty and to spare. It gives us great pain when we sit down to our plenty, and look back and think we left in England people in a starving state, and I am sure that we left them behind that would be glad of what I am obliged to waste, because I can't get rid of it, for we have more than we can use. Our rations are 40 lbs. of meat, and 40 lbs. of flour, 8lbs. of sugar, 1 lb. of tea per week, and £50 wages for this year for all of us. If we live till next year we shall have £120 wages and our rations, but we were not wise enough in the beginning or we should have had more now. Both the boys are with us, Kate is not, she has not been with us a day. We are all under the same master and mistress, only they took Kate home into their own house. We had £12 a year offered us for her, and her rations, but Richard had made agreement for us all to be together, and he thought it better for our family to be where we are at present, as in the course of two or three years we shall have property of our own, and shall want all our own children to do our own work, if it please God to leave them their health, and may He bless you, dear Lady, for sending us to a land that is so plentiful, and in which we can enjoy our joint every day on our table, when so many in our own native land are starving, yet would sooner stop there struggling with their misery than pluck up their spirits and cross the briny ocean. Never a day goes over but we thank and bless you. My son John wished me to ask one kind favour of you and that is to let Thomas go down to Mr. Booth's, John's late master, and tell him he is safe landed, and has got a place, and is doing well and will soon be a gentleman, and give our kind respects to all inquiring friends, and tell them all from me not to stop in England. I am sorry I cannot get a newspaper just now. We are 90 miles from Melbourne, 600 miles from Sydney, and 100 from Geelong. We are entirely away from any capitals. We had 90 miles to go after we landed, and our two youngest children were very tired. When I write again I shall be able to say more about this country.

Dear Madam,

Your obedient and grateful servants,

RICHARD AND MARY BROWN.

Not only to the charitable do we recommend the consideration of Mrs. Brown's letter. It would be well if her equals, servants with their little savings, or her superiors, the large class of better educated very small capitalists, would reflect on the opening now available in the

colonies. Instead of perilling a small sum here in the overcrowded old world, it is a safe investment there, judiciously employed and prudently managed, offering comfort from the beginning, and leading with certainty to perfect independence both for the emigrant and his children, and his children's children. Which of us in the middle ranks at home can now ensure a provision even for the next generation; and for the some who can, and for the few who rise, how many fall, fall not into a lower class, or a greater overweight of toil, but even into destitution? Would it not be wiser to "pluck up the spirit to cross the briny waves?"

THE INFANT HOPE.

I once had a darling, a beautiful child,
With whom I delighted to stray,
His air was so pleasing whenever he smiled,
His manner so winning, though sportive and wild,
That the moments fled swiftly away.

But soon the young urchin began to deceive,
Yet still with such sweetness and grace,
That I listened to tales I could scarcely believe,
Yet could not resolve his young bosom to grieve,
Or darken so lovely a face.

For the instant I even attempted to chide,
Of his falsehood too sadly aware,
His bright blushing face he would suddenly hide,
Whilst my heart with deep anguish as suddenly sighed,
And my spirit bowed down with despair.

Yet I loved the deluder, and cherished his smiles,
Though I found all his promises vain,
And the drear path of life he so sweetly beguiles,
That I yield my fond heart to his flattering wiles
To be cheated again and again.

C. W.

THE TWO PICTURES.

PICTURE THE FIRST.

I.

If the reader has ever visited the celebrated and world-renowned Vatican, he will remember the two beautiful pictures which hang there, with no other title attached to them, than that of "Florio," the name of the artist who painted them. There are other pictures of this master scattered through the various galleries, and private collections of Europe, and they all partake of a high transcendental character. Florio was a poet-painter in the strict sense of the term; for although he possessed the power of a magician as a mere colourist, yet he would at any time have sacrificed all the exterior qualities of the painter, if he could thereby succeed in the embodiment of a great idea. He lived only for thoughts, he constantly sought to grasp the beautiful, and would, in the fervent enthusiasm of his soul, have wandered barefoot to all the ends of the earth, if by that means he could expand the æsthetic life which burned within him; the perception of that which lies within beauty, and of which all outward loveliness is but the shell and symbol. Thus it is that all his pictures have a wild, imaginative expression, a power over the beholder which insensibly roots him to the spot; for he did not paint rainbows and flowers with sepia and carmine, but he ground men and women up into colours, and fixed their souls indelibly on his canvas, that they might remain there for ever, and speak in accents which should touch the hearts of all who beheld them.

The two pictures we have mentioned are breathing types of this ideal, and together embody the whole mind of the painter: the one stands for the Beautiful, and the other for the Terrible. The first is the picture of an angel, the second of a savage fiend.

Although nearly two hundred years have passed since they were painted, they still wear a freshness, and a fulness of colour, as if even Time, who crumbles all things between his bony fingers, had feared to touch these, and so had carried them across the deep abyss of two broad centuries, with no other hurt, than by investing them with a brown foggy atmosphere; which so far from diminishing their beauty, the rather added to the bewitching mystery which played about them, and made the spectator feel that he was looking at a truth through the vista of many years; and that, although the ages had drawn a veil over that utterance of the painter's soul, it was still a truth for all humanity, and something to be cherished in every human heart.

The story of these two pictures has been obtained from the fragmentary papers and diaries of Florio, which were discovered some years after his death by Giacomo Pelligni, and is as follows:—From the first awakening of the love of beauty in the heart of the painter, he had conceived that the whole creation was the representation of two great ideas, beauty and terror. He might have been wrong, but it is more probable that the young and ardent student had thoughts and revealings such as could not be expressed in words, and thus we are disabled from entering as it were, into his mind, and perceiving and thinking from thence. In his youth he sought out all the wild mountain passes, and the dark ravines, to listen to the babblings of the air, and the verses of the green things of the earth, and to woo the spirit of beauty at her own shrine. In the flower and the moss, in the dew-drop and the star, he saw the expression of ideal beauty in unceasing renewal; and in the dark caves, and over-hanging precipices, and in the black tempests of the mid-night ocean, the terrible was ever ready to commune with him, and he fed his soul from day to day on the wild imagery of nature. He had no companions in his wanderings; he carried no sketching pencil, for when he saw the worshipped idols of his life, the picture painted itself upon his heart, and would never after be effaced. "I will paint my soul," he said, "and fix for ever on the blank wall of the world, the archetype of that which lives within me; of that out of which all things in the universe are compounded; of that which looks out in the morning star, and which gazes back at itself from the chalice of the unsunned flower; of that whose voice is music, whose breath is May fragrance, whose look is the aurora of the summer dawn, whose pathway is the rainbow, and whose temple is the star-beaded universe. This has its other self, its demon or shadow; as the old poets thought sometimes in their dreams, but were too weak to realize; it pulses double, and lives its dual life. Its utterances on this side are made in the yell of the strangled criminal—in the last groan of a giant, when stricken with the plague—in the clash of arms, when blood flows in an unrighteous cause—in the earthquake—in the thunder, and in the midnight wailing of the waves. Its visage is seen in the madness of despair—its shadow haunts the wicked in conscience—and its exponent to all the world is death. Man's heart has two sides; on one side is engraved the semblance of the first, on the other, the image of the second."

II.

There was a broad river rolling with a stately motion to the sea, and seated on a mossy bank beside the flowing waters, was a child: a very young child. A little, tender heart was palpitating in the child's breast, and a soul fresh from heaven, and yet untainted with the reeking odours of this sinful world, was playing like summer twilight upon its gentle face. Its eyes seemed in their large full gaze, like windows out of which heaven itself could look, and from which the spirit of all beauty seemed

continually to pour fresh streams of power, as if to kindle all the universe with ineffable benediction, and to make nature throe with joy. The child smiled; oh! God himself had wrought those features with his very hands, else whence that smile so full and rich in the fruition of unspeakable beauty? The child still smiled, and gazed fondly, but spoke not; and Florio sat entranced by its silent loveliness, and was so deeply moved by the serene light which rested calmly on its features, that he was silent too. He began to dream, as he had dreamed before,—"there were angels on the earth in the times of old, and why not angels now? Humanity never gave birth to such a form as that; it is a soul which has left its home of summer blooms, and has wandered to this dull star, under the spell of an odorous dream:—it is the soul of Beauty come hither, in answer to the prayers of anguish which I have made at matin, at vesper, and in summer shine: it is my passionate wild love, the spirit of my dreams and reveries, now in the semblance of life's first dawn, but holier than that has ever been before. My pencil—my very fingers scald with fervency, my heart leaps with joy; I must paint it, or I shall go mad!"

III.

There was a peasant trimming his garden, and a woman working at her spinning wheel beneath the grateful shade of a trellised vine. There was a humble cottage, boasting neither of beauty in its architecture, nor of the spaciousness of its extent. Its roof was low, its walls were of clay, its porch was rudely constructed, and its whole aspect spoke more of labour than of wealth. But it was a home, and wherever there is a home, there is poetry, there is soul, there is beauty, and the expression of a sentiment which outvalues all the conventionalities of the world. The man was a husband, the woman was a wife and a mother. She had one child, a boy, but more heavenly than human, in the fresh divinity of his young and guileless heart. It was a joy to these parents to know that God had blessed the fond love which had united them together with this confiding image of himself, and to them the world had but one hope, and all that hope was living in their gentle boy. It was their lot to toil, but to toil they had been born; they had been visited by sorrow, but they put their trust in God, and thanked Him for this one blessing, this benediction and pledge of their trusting hearts, this offspring and centre of their dear affections; and the living, breathing hope of a futurity to be made redolent with the fragrance of one long unending summer; the fruition of those anticipations which were now in their budding bloom. If their lot had been one of gloom, light had fallen out of heaven, and they were the parents of a child. The sun went down, and twilight came. The river rolled along as steadfastly as heretofore. The little birds which dwelt among the tall grass and sedges on the banks were coming one by one, to rest them till a new morning should call them with its golden light, to sing again, and be glad. The flowers in the meads were drooping their heads, as though in sorrow, that so fair a day should have an end, and their eyes were gushing with silent tears, as they saw the shadows of darkness come to steep the world in gloom, and to veil the soft blue curtain of the sky. And the child had gone like a young bird to its parent nest, and had laid its little cherub form upon its tiny couch. And within the walls of the little cottage the spirit of beauty had a sacred home.

And when the stars came out gradually one by one, glittering in dim streaks, and broad sheets of sparkling fire, until all the deep blue heaven seemed to rain down golden tears; the mother sat watching at the bed-side of her infant son, and gazing upon the little rosy lips, which appeared like the first glimmerings of one long summer-day of smiles, and upon the two dove-like eyes which were opened with a full and lustrous gaze upon her, although their senses were asleep; and with the benignant emotions of maternal love, her heart beat, and her faltering spirit, under its weight of gratitude and bliss, found a current for its utterance in the deep tide which flowed from out her heart. She sobbed with excess of joy, and his mother's tears fell upon the sleeping infant's angel face.

IV.

The room was dark, the time was midnight, the air was still, the sky without was sprinkled all over with golden lights; and the painter paced to and fro in the magic spell of the deep thoughts which possessed him. He did not dream now, he was a real earnest man when surrounded by the welcome shades of darkness, but the daylight was a blinding glare, and dazzled and confused him; and in the broad sunshine his faculties were so enveloped in a trance, that he was as a sleeper walking. He talked to himself, or to the pictures which hung around upon the walls. "Before the sun shall reach the west to-morrow, the half of my idol shall breathe at the tip of my pencil. When I was a boy, I once fell into a deep, dark, yawning cavern, and as I fell I saw the face of an angel gazing on me, and I stopped in my descent. I found myself lying in the sun upon the soft bed of a golden meadow; and as I gazed upon the blue flowers beside me, and wondered if the angel face was lurking there, I saw a grim ghastly devil staring at me with his blood-shot eyes, and the sound of clanking chains seemed ringing in the air. It was a day-dream! I once was drowned in the deep waters of the Tiber, and as I sank down and down into the deep, deep, slimy bed, a voice seemed to echo from some lower deep, saying, 'paint it there, it is the type of all humanity: the good and evil form the cycle of the rounding life. Thy brother is the first, thy brother is the second;' and then a sweeter voice above me said, 'the two stand far apart, and yet they meet in one centre, thou art that centre.' That was a dream. I was in the sunshine when I dreamt that, and I saw an angel and a fiend together in the blue sky, and I said, 'wherefore hath a fiend permission to ascend so high?' and the angel said, 'it is my future, the time will come when I shall fall; this is my other self, and I was only born for thee!' I mingled that with my dream, although I was struggling, and suffocating, and could only pray to die, as my spirit grappled with the snake-like waters."

Florio paced his chamber till the stars without grew dim, and a soft grey light, like a dreamy cloud, or the dim memory of a half-forgotten friendship, stole with a steady march into the silent room. As the light grew apace, strange forms came starting into life around, and the very walls seemed to live and breathe, and only waiting to be beckoned by the hand, that they might think and speak. "The sleeping virgin never pointed the way to my heaven, although I painted her with upraised hand, as token of her blissful dream. Though her velvet cheek had a fairer blush than this new dawn which breaks above the east; though the silken tangles of her jetty hair were flashing with pearls and jewels like a cataract of darkness; though her rich full eyes (now closed in the dewy softness of sleep,) were beaming with excess of soul, as though their orbs had drank in lightning; even then she would not be my ideal, and could not utter that which lies within me. The spirit of beauty comes but once to greet the anxious gaze of the awakening soul, and what I saw in the rosy light of yesterday shall live again upon my canvas to-day."

And, as the painter worked steadfastly, the calm angel face of the child came forth again like a sweet vision to gaze upon him, and at each new stroke it grew still fresher into life; and as the painter's eyes met the soft full beauty of its smile, and the tender expression of its heaven-beaming eyes, he felt a thrill of ecstacy throbbing in each fibre of his frame; his heart beat loud within his breast, his fingers trembled with excitement, and he was

moved to the very centre of his soul with the intoxicating anguish of unspeakable joy.

"It was beauty which, in olden time, severed the tongue of the Samian wrestler, and taught him how to speak; it was beauty that lured Narcissus to the river brink, and there having beheld the image of his own soul, which was beauty's child, he died in peace. She is the Medea to the Æson of the world's ages, and has the gift of childhood for the true. It was beauty which infused the violets' blood into the worn heart of Ajax; and though like Alcesta, we are within the gulf of hell, she has power to bring us back. I am her prophet, and representative, and I have her living symbol here."

"We live to grow more perfect by approaching more and more to the two ideas of nature. When the soul makes its advent into this world, it seeks for beauty as its own inheritance. It is the dancing meteor of our daily life, the light which flickers over the wide marsh of human existence, and if we are not true, it tracks us on and on, and then eludes the grasp, leaving us disheartened and spirit-broken, amid the shattered meshes of a wilderness of sorrow. What we see and feel, in our daily experience, are the materials out of which our system of æsthetics is deduced; and hence those who have wandered from the only path on which light has ever shone, have nothing left but to bemoan their fate, and to curse the desire which overstepped their imbecility. But in all this round world of moving and dancing lights, from off of which fall eternally the beaded drops of fate, there are still ideal embodiments of the two great presentiments of nature:—Life and Death—Regeneration and Destruction—Good and Evil—the Beautiful and the Terrible! The one is the other; the other is the one: each is at the other's farthest end, and where they meet is Being. To me is given the task to sever and recombine them, as the English philosopher has just shown that the red and the blue rays are but the opposite sides of a beam of white light. Beauty is the animated soul which keeps the green world in the fair morning of unceasing genesis, and sheds new light upon the starry pathway of the midnight gloom. Beauty is the pervading force, whence all things draw their life, as from a fountain which can never become dry: all things flow back to this for renewal of their primal impulse, and the centre of all things in the universe is here. This is the light which falls out of heaven, and which makes flowers of fragrance to grow within the heart. God has uttered but two words, and they are these:—Life and Death; Death and Life. God has but two servants, and they are these:—Life and Death, Death and Life; and these are the Beautiful and the Terrible. The promise which lives upon the brink of each new soul has its fulfilment in these, and the remembrances of every spirit centre in these presiding powers. When we look forward through the rosy atmosphere of hope, we see life's onward path glowing with hilarity and mirth; but when we glance back through the leaden sky of experience upon the actual days and hours, we find only one word inscribed upon the horizon, "false;" and the odours which come up from those dark valleys, are of poppies and hemlocks, which grow on banks of ashes. In the one, is my first idea, in the other, is its wedded bride; in the two conjoined am I, and all the world, and that, and that alone, I live to paint."

V.

As the little child slept in his little bed, he dreamed a dream. There was a dying child beside him, and an angel, who stood by, said to him, "that other is thyself." And now there was a wailing sound of anguish, and of broken hearts, and a flickering light came struggling through chinks in a cold stone wall. There was a man of terror lying there, with his hair matted and clotted with blood, and his limbs manacled with chains, and the child's heart was filled with fear. And the angel stood there, and said, "that other is thyself;" and then the child was seated upon a green hillock, looking at the sky; and a young man passed by and directed his keen glance upon him; and now a cry of woe arose within the cottage, and the child saw a spirit, like his father, carried up by the angel into a bright star. And his father's spirit looked at him, and his eyes let fall a tear. And then he saw his mother's shadow leaning over her sleeping son, and she stooped and kissed him once, and the angel came and carried her away to the bright star which burned above. And the little child awoke, and it was morning; and the golden light came flowing in broad waves through the casement of the room, and the mother was there, and she smiled and kissed her boy.

VI.

Florio stands in his studio gazing on the setting sun, and THE FIRST PICTURE IS FINISHED.

CLOUDLAND.

I'm lord of a noble domain, pretty maid,
I'm lord of a noble domain.
You think I'm not worth
A poor shilling on earth,
But I'm lord of a noble domain.

The soil may be rich with the corn and the vine,
And the vine may be rich with its fruit,
And the Forest may boast of its cedar and pine,
But prouder am I of the wealth that is mine;
Oh! I'm lord of a noble domain.

There's wealth that the evil may gain, pretty maid,
There's wealth that the evil may gain;
But I'm very well sure
You would think I was poor,
If such was my only domain.

The King may be proud of his man-ruling part,
The Noble may talk of his name,
The Trader may boast of his shop and his mart,
But I'm prouder by half of my love-lighted heart,
My noble, undying domain.

For my heart is this noble domain, pretty maid,
My heart is my noble domain,
And the love of the True,
Of my God, and of you,
Is the store of my noble domain.

Its acres are rich with the beautiful vines
Of affection, endearment, and love;
And the bright golden thoughts that are hid in its mines
Are the pearls of a Fancy that never repines
In my dream-fruited noble domain.

Will you rule in my noble domain, pretty maid,
Will you rule in my noble domain?
Oh! you know not how grand
Is the bright fairy land
Of my beautiful, noble domain.

For it's rich with the gold that will never decay,
While the body is linked with the soul,
And its wealth is the bloom that will not pass away,
But will sparkle for ever as bright as to-day
In my sun-lighted noble domain.

Then love me if only to gain, pretty maid,
The wealth of my noble domain,
You thought me not worth
A poor penny on earth,
But you see I've a noble domain.

JOHNSON BARKER.

THE RIVALS: AN AMERICAN TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Lloyd's Ferry is a well-known halt on the Trinity River in Texas, situated at the conjunction of that stream with Potter's Creek; the flat-bottomed steamer, which some years back was used to ascend the Trinity in search of cotton, generally took in wood at the point of land between the two rivers. A large barn-looking building was inhabited by three hard-working woodsmen, who were besides celebrated hunters in those parts. The region was rather populous for the wilds of America. About seven miles distant from the ferry dwelt a planter, owning a large cotton estate, and numerous slaves, while on the right bank of the Trinity, was Joseph Morgan, a settler, who had been some time located in the woods, and who had a log hut, a corn field, and seemed from his plodding industry likely to advance in the world; an aged mother and sister dwelt with him, with an Irish labourer, who, though he could if he liked, have owned land and worked for himself, preferred the board, lodging, and wages, given him all the year round by the farmer. On the opposite shore lay, at the time of which I write, an abandoned hut, it stood in the centre of a dozen well-cleared acres, and had only recently been the property of a Yankee, tempted away by wars and rumours of wars, in search of glory. But the fact is Josh Perkins was an idle fellow, with sudden impulses, which made him pursue an object energetically for a few months. He was no sooner on the verge of success, than his heart failed him, and he took a spell of loafing, until some fine morning a repentant fit came on him again, and he for a while was even over-industrious. Having failed in all his projects in the United States, he had like many others sought fortune in Texas. He began by spending nearly all his money in Galveston, and then suddenly smitten by a determination to retrieve his position, had started "up country," built himself a log hut, and, aided by his neighbours, cleared the space already alluded to. But here his energy cooled; years of patience and resolution were needed to produce profitable results, and one day, after drinking hard on board the steamer, he started away for Galveston, with the intention of speculating on his improvements.

But apparently no one was tempted by his magnificent description of Perkinsville, as according to custom, his location was called, and it remained all the autumn and winter without a purchaser, and gave every sign of speedily relapsing into its former wild and savage state. Every steamer, the colony of Lloyd's Ferry looked for the new owner, but he never came, and the subject soon ceased to occupy their attention. The steamer came its usual journeys, and yet it brought not even any news of Josh Perkins. It was in May, 1844, and the colonists were engaged in their usual avocations, when the steamer once more was seen puffing and blowing in the distance; as usual, Morgan and his family, with the woodsmen of the point, were on the look out. The boat only came about six times a year, and its coming was an event. The river was remarkably wide at this particular spot, and the boat habitually headed for the deserted hut, and then turning slowly round, sided down broadside to the point; it bore towards Morgan's house, its stern towards Perkinsville. But this time, to the great astonishment of all, the steam was slackened and the wheels checked, when abreast of the last named place; a boat, which was towed behind, was drawn up to the gangway, and some men proceeded to load it with a large quantity of boxes and furniture; then a woman, a tall lad, and two children, entered the boat which pulled towards the shore, leaving the steamer to pursue its way. It was clear that a new family had come to seek fortune in the woods.

Inquiries were immediately set afloat, and it was found that Perkins had sold his hut, his land, and his "improvements," to a Mrs. Arnott, a young widow with two children and a brother, who had come out to settle in the wilds of Texas. Both Morgan and his sister went over at once to offer their services; they found a most lady-like and handsome woman of five-and-twenty, of a somewhat serious countenance, with two lovely children, a boy of three and a girl of one year old; the brother was about eighteen, a rough and taciturn lad, who looked at once suspiciously on the intruders. But Morgan, a sturdy fellow, very good-natured and obliging, at once saw how little used the strangers were to the woods, and, receiving a grateful welcome from Mary Arnott, set about aiding them in their instalment. The strangers had with them all the necessary implements, and Roger, the brother, was said by his sister to be a good shot. Morgan explained at once to the new settlers, that they must depend on game and fish for their first year's existence, with the exception of the corn, tea, sugar, and coffee brought from the towns. It would, he said, take the whole of that year to fit the fields for agriculture, save and except the portion devoted to sweet potatos. Mrs. Arnott, who looked pale and delicate enough, replied, "that they came into the back woods to work, and were prepared for all its difficulties."

It was night before the house was in order; it had but one pretty large room, with an out-house for corn; here Roger made his bed. Miss Morgan volunteered to pass the first night with her new friend, an offer gladly accepted, and Morgan himself departed. The two women, both young and pleasant to look on—Miss Morgan about nineteen—became friendly at once; they were separated from the world, and felt that in all probability each other's society would be henceforth a necessary. Mrs. Arnott was evidently far superior in rank and education to her new acquaintance, but there was a fund of good sense, liveliness and heart, about Lucy Morgan, that at once won the other's regard. Roger left them after supper. Mrs. Arnott had long since put her children to sleep, but though fatigued herself, felt no inclination for slumber. She made a cup of tea—the thoughful Morgan had brought over milk—and entered into a long conversation with Lucy, as to the nature of the new existence she had entered on. She at once declared that she had means at her disposal to a moderate amount, that allowed her to draw from Galveston clothes and all the little luxuries of the towns, which people can scarcely do without when used to them, such as tea, coffee, and sugar. Her object in settling in the woods was to form an estate and independence for her fatherless children—here the poor woman wept, and her face showed signs of extreme agitation—whom she hoped to live to see happy and contented farmers.

"They were meant for other things," she said, gazing at them, her eyes full of tears, "but Providence ordered otherwise. I have reasons to detest the life of towns, and wish them to escape its temptations."

She said no more for some time, and then pursued her questions. About ten o'clock the two women retired to rest.

From that day, Mary Arnott and her brother began their emigrant existence; under the skilful guidance of Morgan, they soon began to put their fields in order, to sow yams and maize, and the young men rapidly improving their sudden acquaintance became inseparable. Morgan was an indefatigable and skilful hunter; Roger was a good shot, and after a few months practice was able to supply the family with abundance of game. But he did not neglect his other duties; the lad was most laborious, he rose early and worked every hour of the day, save only at meal time. The new settlers soon had pigs and fowls, and even cows, which they bought from their kind neighbours.

There was every prospect of their doing well; they

experienced difficulties, Mrs. Arnott missed many of the luxuries of town existence, she felt some regret at first at the prospect of her children growing up rough back-woodsmen, but a mother finds compensation for much in the sight of healthy children. Their fields soon began to look as if they would produce large results, and without touching their cattle, and the denizens of the poultry-yard, they had ample supplies of animal food; deer meat, wild turkey, ducks, geese, with fish of varied kinds were found in plenty in the woods and rivers, and Roger seldom failed in an hour or two to have an abundant supply. They went thus through the summer and autumn; the winter came, and with it the regular hunting season. The young men now laid out their whole days for the chase; they shot deer not only for immediate use, but to salt the hams; they also prepared quantities of fish for the summer.

Sunday was their day of rest; it was usually spent by all the party at the Arnotts', because of not taking the young children from home. A quiet, unassuming, but inexperienced English girl, who had gone out to Texas to escape the grinding poverty or crime which is often the fate of the unfriended in our land, had come to service with Mrs. Arnott for a year. Pale and thin when she left London, where she was a seamstress, she was already getting stout and rosy. She nursed the youngest child, while Mary Arnott, in sober but neat garb, attended to her guests. Old Mrs. Morgan, a deaf little woman, was a great talker, and Mary Arnott humoured her, so they were all the best friends in the world. They talked, and walked, and laid plans for the following week, and spoke of past days, or listened to simple Susan's narratives of life in the great modern Babylon—narratives which surprised and puzzled all.

One Sunday they were seated round the door of the hut. On the green prairie before the door—virgin as at the creation—played the two children; the elder was supporting the babe of eighteen months just toddling firmly, Mrs. Arnott was gazing fondly at them, Mrs. Morgan was talking loudly to Susan, Roger, and her daughter, while Morgan himself, a little in the background, stood gravely, his eyes fixed on the lovely widow with very undefined emotions. He looked now at the children, now at her, and seemed comparing notes, but the very expression of his countenance appeared to denote considerable doubt.

All eyes were suddenly turned towards a pathway leading from the West; a horseman was seen emerging upon it, from a thick wood. The pathway led directly towards the door of the hut; next minute another form followed, also on horseback. Morgan immediately advanced close to the general group.

"Our neighbour, Colonel Brenton, Mrs. Arnott," he said, abruptly; "I conclude he has rode over to take a synopsis of the locality. He once desired to fix this property."

The colonel—the planter, once before alluded to—was now close upon the house, and greeted Morgan loudly, adding "that report had peopled Perkinsville with a most interesting family, and that he had come over to judge for himself." Dismounting, and throwing the reins to his negro attendant, he advanced gallantly towards the young widow, paused to admire her children, and then, with all the easy manner of a southern gentleman, saluted her warmly.

"Glad to see so fair a neighbour in these parts—I say Morgan how is it that I have not seen you these six months? Interesting company kept you close at home, I guess. Well madam, I hope you like our country, it is first chop, and that's a fact. I was raised in Kentucky, but I do declare Texas do whip the United States,"

Mrs. Arnott replied "that she liked the country much," and then asked the colonel in. He was a handsome man, somewhat coarse in features, it is true, but still not disagreeably so. The whole party followed, and while Susan proceeded to lay the tea things, Mrs. Arnott offered the colonel the choice of punch or the milder beverage.

"Well m'am," replied the colonel, "I like my liquor amazingly, but it is'nt every day I chance on a tea drinking. I'm a miserable bachelor, m'am, and it is a whole creation since I saw anything female before, to say nothing of the first-rate beauty now present."

Both Mrs. Arnott and Miss Morgan laughed, but Morgan said nothing. He gazed on the colonel gloomily; the free and easy flattery of the slave-owner, and the evidently genuine admiration he felt for the young widow, had thoroughly opened his own eyes. He loved Mary Arnott, and the love of an honest man, secluded from general society, is no idle thing. In towns, where he would have been constantly with women, and have had hundreds to choose from, it is probable that Henry Morgan would have felt less deeply; but living wholly apart from the sex for years, save his mother and sister, the idea of marriage had always presented itself faintly to him. Now, however, thrown into the society of youth, beauty, and worth, with suddenly an audacious rival crossing his path, the pent-up feelings found vent, and the back-woodsman felt all the force and energy of genuine passion.

The colonel, more experienced in the affections, at once recognised the full value of the lady. He was alone on his estate with negroes, and shut out from white society. Fortune now threw in his path the very person to adorn his house, and he determined to win her. Brenton had not been in Mrs. Arnott's presence an hour, before he had fully made up his mind. He was rich, handsome, could sing, dance, and hunt with any man in Texas, and could see no possible objection to his suit.

He had no sooner fully matured his design, than he asked a bed of Morgan, to give himself a week's fishing on Trinity. Morgan answered, a little surlily, that he was welcome. The colonel smilingly beckoned him to come out, and then frankly stated his designs; he told the astonished back-woodsman that he knew they were rivals, but he hoped none were better friends. "I loved her right away," he cried, "and you seem pretty deep in the mud too. But all's fair; there she is, I'll ask her to have me before a week is out; if she won't, why you are the lucky man, and all's settled. Give us your fist, Harry, and let each man do his best; I'm sorry to step in your way, old boy, but I can't help it."

Morgan, recovering all his good humour, shook his friend heartily by the hand, and a compact was entered into on the spot; both agreed that defeat or victory in this matter should not alter in the least their mutual good-will, and that whoever proved the conqueror, the other was to quit the field without a murmur. This settled, they returned to the house, and after taking tea and supper, crossed over with the rest of the family to Morgan's residence. By the way, the colonel paid great attention to Miss Morgan, who had always rather admired him, and whose heart was put in a pretty flutter, on finding herself for the time the exclusive object of his notice.

The very next day, the rivals took the field; they went over early to the hut of Mrs. Arnott, to fetch Roger, who was to fish with them. The day's sport proved good, both with line and net, and at even-tide, the colonel had clearly the advantage of position, for while Morgan, as usual, left his spoil by the way for his family, the colonel, on the plea of his being far from home, placed his at the disposal of Mary Arnott, who cheerfully accepted it. This night the two men shared the sleeping hut of Roger. They rose at dawn, and found Mrs. Arnott up; she was pale and trembling. Susan was already out with the children, she having sent them

away on purpose. Both eagerly demanded the cause of her alarm.

She said, "that about an hour after they had retired, she was sitting up, righting the place, when a hand was placed upon the latch; it yielded, but the door being well bolted on the inside, it did not open; much alarmed, she listened attentively. The stranger then went round the house to the back window, closed by a shutter, and felt it. All was fast. He then lay down under the shelter of the house, and soon slept, for she distinctly heard his heavy breathing. Just before dawn he arose, and darting away, disappeared down by the river; she then opened the door, and going out, saw the mark where a man had lain on a pile of Indian corn stalks, under the window. Wishing to conceal any cause of alarm from the children, she had sent them to the fields, while she prepared breakfast."

At this instant, Susan came darting into the house, shrieking as she came, "the child! the child!" All stood astounded; the girl had the baby in her arms, with which she sunk fainting on a seat. Mary Arnott snatched the infant from her, and wildly asked for her boy.

"The strange man! the strange man!" she replied.

"What of him? which way? speak," said the colonel, impatiently.

"My child! my child!" wailed the mother.

Susan, amid her sobs, explained "that a tall man, dressed in black and shabby clothes, had suddenly risen across their path, as they went along the field near the water. Seizing her arm, he checked her, and asked her whose were the children. She, in an alarmed tone, said they were Mrs. Arnott's. 'Tell her,' he said, 'I have a right to one,' with these words he caught up the terrified boy, and darted into the wood, after kissing the little girl."

"Point out the way he took," cried the colonel, while Morgan examined his pistols. Roger moved not a muscle.

"Stay," said Mrs. Arnott, in a low tone, pressing her babe convulsively to her bosom, "stir not. The boy must go; why should I be selfish? It is its father has taken it away. My heart is breaking at losing my beautiful boy; but God is merciful, I have this infant, *he* had nothing."

The two men stood annihilated with surprise. Mrs. Arnott was a widow, and yet the father of her children was alive. But their surprise was not yet over; while they were yet irresolute, the tall, gaunt, pallid figure of a man stood upon the threshold, the boy in his arms.

"Mary," said he, in a low hollow tone, "I cannot take away thy child. Cruel thou hast been, and unforgiving, but take thy boy. Adieu," and setting the child down, he turned to go.

"Walter, my husband, my love, stay, in mercy stay," shrieked the lovely young woman. "Be your faults as they may, I can bear this life no longer; you are the father of my children. Come."

The man stood still and trembled like an aspen-leaf; next minute he was seated in a rude arm-chair, in a fainting state. He was a handsome man of about thirty, very thin, careworn, and pallid. Death seemed on his cheek.

"Give me to eat and drink," he murmured, "I am starving."

Mrs. Arnott heard these terrible words, and fell in a swoon upon the ground. The scene was really fearful. Susan and Roger raised up and applied restoratives to the woman; the colonel and Morgan hurriedly gave a draught of milk to the man. Both recovered about the same time. Mary Arnott darted away from her supporters, and fell passionately at the stranger's feet. He seized her in his arms.

"I deserved it all, Mary; but it is over now. I am dying. But God gave me to see my wife—nay, no more my wife—but the mother of my babes, before I died. I am content."

"You shall not die," cried she, passionately, "for if you do, I am a murderess. Live for me, for your children."

"Here is more milk and bread with it," said Susan, eagerly; "eat cautiously, sir."

"I feel much better. Mary tell these gentlemen our story; nay, I will myself."

And by degrees he did. He—Walter Arnott—had been a leading young barrister in a southern city, where company was jovial and merry, and where the bottle and cards formed the chief, if not the only amusement of men, fighting and duelling being only consequences. Of a warm, excitable, and imaginative temperament, Walter plunged with his whole heart into every whirl of dissipation. Full of good resolutions, but unable to resist temptation, shortly after the birth of his second child, he had become a confirmed drunkard and gambler. His wife tried every art and blandishment, suggested by love and duty, to wean him from his follies, but in vain; he would fly the club and the gaming-table for a week, and then chancing to meet an acquaintance would allow himself to be led away, and perhaps return home only when overwhelmed with drink, or when beggared in purse, after several days' absence. Mary had some property of her own, and she saw the time coming when this, the only hope of her infant children, would go too. Walter was incorrigible; he acknowledged his faults, but he returned again to the glass and card-pack, when the temptation fell in his way. Advised by her friends, Mary Arnott sought protection from the law, and with a half-broken heart, only sustained by regard for her children, obtained a divorce—the law in America being far more rational about marriage than in Europe, where it is called an indissoluble tie, and is so in one sense of the word. The sweetest thing in life, marriage, should never be a chain, where moral defects and total unfitness could be proved on one or both sides. Divorce should not be readily nor lightly given, but it should be come-at-able in certain cases.

Mary Arnott's decision for her future existence is known; accompanied by an attached brother, she went to Texas. From the day of the divorce, Walter neither drank nor played. The loss of wife and children awoke him from his wild, and mad dream. Selling the remnant of his property, the wretched man resolved to spend the rest of his days in seeking the forgiveness of her who had been his wife. To find her retreat was not easy; her friends were inexorable. They had planned her flight cleverly and secretly. But he had patience; six months he spent in hunting about for traces of her departure; at last he hit upon a porter who had aided in the removal of her luggage. She had sailed for Texas.

He followed when he could. On reaching Galveston, he had only enough money left to pay his passage to Lloyd's Ferry. He went up, and three days had he been within sight of her hut, the two last he had passed without breaking his fast. But he dared not go nearer, he feared to face her, who had had the courage to leave him. That night he had ventured near, and even tried to enter the house. He had meant to take away the child, but it recognised him, and called him papa, and then his heart failing him he rushed back.

Mrs. Arnott was bitter in her self-reproaches; she wept scalding tears, as he spoke lightly enough of his hunger and his thirst, and cried aloud, "and we were feasting here while he was starving; wicked, selfish woman that I am!"

"Too good, too generous," replied he.

"We're *gone coons*, Morgan," suddenly exclaimed Colonel Brenton. "Mrs. Arnott, I and my friend in-

tended running a top-sawyer race for your hand, but a prior claim steps in. I ask only one favour, m'am—I'm a magistrate—may I have the pleasure of re-tying the nuptial knot."

"Can it be possible!" cried Walter, trembling with emotion.

With all the blushing coyness of a maiden bride, did Mary Arnott put her hand in his, and then they were left alone; half an hour later, the whole party from the other side had joined them, and the strange ceremony took place on the spot. The gallant colonel made all laugh, as he recited the story of his and Morgan's agreement. The poor farmer dropped a tear he could not repress, but smiled with heartfelt satisfaction, when Brenton, in the fulness of his right gladsome humour, asked his sister's hand.

My story is now told; Walter Arnott recovered his health, and at once acceded to his wife's wish for a life in the woods. He was now truly happy, and whatever the faults of his first experiment in matrimony, they occurred not in his second. Mary Arnott is now a right happy woman, with a sober, industrious, chastened husband, whose ruddy cheeks and powerful frame contrast strangely with the form of her first husband the barrister. Colonel Brenton has married Lucy Morgan, who is perhaps not so happy as Mary, for the colonel is a little rough and tyrannical, as slave-owners, even the best of them, are apt to be, while Morgan is, I fear, a confirmed old bachelor. He laughs away all propositions of marriage, and treats Mary Arnott's children as his own. Roger took Susan to wife a few weeks back, and the colony of Lloyd's Ferry is complete; the day is not far distant, when it will be a populous town, and the virtuous and good port-magistrate of Perkinsville will, in all probability, be the Divorced Drunkard.

SELF-INSTRUCTION.

Amid the countless hypotheses that have been advanced at various periods for the renovation of society, and the attainment of human perfectibility, it is passing strange that their authors should have almost forgotten the means best calculated to secure the greatly desired result. The imaginings of the poet may create a Utopia, and the credulity of the fanatic, who sets at nought all the counsels of experience, may lead him in pursuit of the ideal spot. Statesmen may elaborate impracticable theories about liberty and equality; philosophers may speculate on the attainment of all that heart can wish, without touching the moral susceptibilities of men; revolutions, social and political, may convulse the nations of the earth, and knaves may profit by the follies of their fellow men, but the greatest agency in the world's regeneration will lie undeveloped, till the absolute necessity of *individual* improvement is recognised, to secure great and permanent advancement. The elements of happiness and usefulness are in man's own heart, and the means of their development are at hand, and social and national interests will be promoted in the exact ratio with which men learn the dignity of the powers which they possess, and seek by self-culture to attain the exalted destiny to which they are heirs.

In what then does self-instruction consist? Though all education is, in a generic sense, of this nature, yet the phrase is appropriately employed with a specific signification. It denotes a personal schooling of our minds—an examination of our capacities as intellectual, moral, and accountable beings—a high appreciation of individual responsibility—a selection of a standard of excellence to be imitated—and a submission of our faculties to control, and direction to develope their expansive and ennobled susceptibilities for the promotion of the great objects of life. As the sapling is best trained by a knowledge of the laws of arboriculture, and of its individual characteristics; as the vessel is guided over the trackless ocean by an acquaintance with the principles of seamanship and navigation; as the ore is obtained from the recesses of the earth, by the aid of the experience of past ages, so man has been endowed with self-searching, and self-forming powers, in the use of which he may trace the germs and promises of his nature, and repress or encourage their development.

Some there are, indeed, who think that "a knowledge of the world" is all that is necessary to fulfil the duties of life, and that this may be easily and pleasantly acquired by ordinary intercourse in its affairs. Others expect to attain intellectual and moral excellence by formal acquiescence in a prescribed scholastic routine; but, such are not self-educated men,—if indeed they are educated at all. They are absolutely strangers to themselves: their own spirits present a dark, vague, and shadowy chaos; and though some violent passion may have gained prominence by the excesses to which it has led, such men live and die self-ignorant. But the schoolboy who, finding himself surpassed by his comrades, devises and prosecutes means for increasing his facilities of learning, or availing himself more fully of those within his reach; the student who devotes the time at his command to the cultivation of his powers, and the pursuit of knowledge; and the man who leaves the bustle of public life and business, and seeks to elevate and expand his mind in the contemplation of the beauties of nature; these furnish illustrations of that self-instruction to which we allude, and which is, to a greater or less extent, within the reach of all.

The application of personal discipline is incumbent on every intellectual and responsible being. Fallible as man is, and numerous as are his failings, let none disparage the treasure of which he is possessed. The human soul was made in the image of God—"the image even of his infinity"—for none can limit its unfoldings or its existence. The man may be fair-skinned, or black as ebony, he may be clothed in rags, he may be immured in a dungeon, or chained to slavish and revolting tasks, but he is still essentially and unalterably great. The soul is free, and this liberty is at once the source of its dignity and its responsibility.

"Free is the eagle's wing,
Cleaving the sun's warm ray;
Free is the mountain's spring
As it rushes forth to-day!
But freer far the mind—
Priceless its liberty;
No hand must dare to bind—
God made it to be free!

"You may chain the eagle's wing,
No more on clouds to soar—
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more;
But the mind, let none dare chain,
Better it cease to be!
Born not to serve, but reign—
God made it to be free!

"Then guard the gift divine,
Than gems or gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine—
No foe must enter there.
Oh, let not error blind,
Nor passion reign o'er thee
Keep the freedom of the mind—
God made it to be free!"

The possession of faculties so ennobling demands their full employment, and while the rapid progress of the age gives emphasis to the requirement, it is at the same time eminently fruitful in the facilities it affords. Science has now left the retreats to which she long admitted but a

select assemblage of votaries; and theories, and discoveries, once the monopoly of a privileged class, are within the reach of the multitude. Knowledge, long restricted to the cloister, the college, or "some narrow school," is heard on every hand; science has begun with familiar voice to instruct every grade of the family of man. Literature now freely offers her long-hoarded treasures to the world. Works of deep interest, and weighty in truth, once too costly, except for the opulent, may be placed on the shelf of the mechanic. Genius sends her light into the cottages of the poor. The importance of education is at length recognised, and untrammelled by the shackles of the bigoted, who so recently retarded its advance, from fear of being left behind, is being diffused to an unparalleled and increasing extent. "Progression" is the watchword of the age. Principles, considered half a century ago to be infallible, are now obsolete. It *was* said that to the labourer and the artisan education was superfluous; *now* it is regarded as of the first importance. Nothing, it *was* affirmed, could elevate the tastes of those habitually engaged in manual labour; *now* it is declared that, whether the life of the workman be spent in a humbler, or more exalted sphere, he equally lends dignity to his position if he honestly and intelligently fulfil its requirements; and, if it were otherwise, a host of men have arisen by the culture and exercise of their powers to denounce the fallacy. The physician, the surgeon, and the chemist, indeed, often perform operations far less cleanly, and sometimes more laborious than fall to the lot of most mechanics, yet, their engagements are not the less honourable; and the workman, though his coat may be of fustian, and his hands horny and begrimed, possesses the grand elements of humanity, and may exhibit, in all their lustre, its noblest characteristics. The elegance of the person, or the costliness of an establishment, are no standards of true worth, and though the circumstances of an individual may have its difficulties, he may display a vigour and discipline of intellect, an expansive benevolence, and an appreciation of religious duty unsurpassed on the records of history.

"But," it may be inquired, "would you deprive the working classes of the relaxation to which they now devote their leisure time, after the laborious engagements of the day?" We advocate only the substitution of the more pleasing and permanent enjoyment derived from intellectual pursuits, for some of his merely physical indulgences. A chief characteristic of self-instruction is, that while the mind is invited to new objects, it at the same time draws from them elevated and perennial sources of gratification. It gives a capacity of appreciating intellectual beauty, and then feeds the flame that it has kindled.

Let all act then in the recognition of the importance of individual improvement. It is by its constant application that we can hope to attain real excellence, and though we may not be destined to exert any great public influence, yet, private worth is indispensable, either to personal happiness, or the fulfilment of our duty to society, and to the world. Single stalks of grain make the corn-field—single fields produce the harvests of the world. A trooper may do little in a campaign, but the aggregate of soldiers makes an army, and achieves the victory. Nor let any deceive themselves with the idea that opportunities of all kinds are beyond their reach; obstructions lie less in their circumstances, than in themselves, and the same excuse may be given in the merchant's hall, and in the workshop.

Remember that—

> "One hour of parted time
> A world's too poor to buy;"

and if we avail not ourselves of the facilities of improvement that can be rendered available, the age, with rapid strides, will leave us to the unenviable fate of serving only to warn others to avoid so fatal a lethargy.

F. S. W.

NEVER FEAR.

Never tremble—never fear!
Though dark clouds are hov'ring near,
And above is spread a shroud,
Dark and drear;
There's a star behind the cloud,
Never fear!
When the bosom heaves a sigh,
Or a tear-drop dims the eye,
For a Lover insincere;
Fear ye not—oh! never fear!
When grim sorrows overtake thee,
Or misfortunes poorer make thee,
God above will ne'er forsake thee,
Never fear!
There's a Being watching o'er thee,
Ever near.
When the flow'rs around are dying,
And Autumn winds are sadly sighing,
Mingling wailings with the breeze
That gently stirs the fading trees,
For their beauty, never fear!
Glad Spring-time will soon be here.
If a maiden proves untrue,
Never fear!
Other hearts may still love you
E'en as dear.
If you wish to rise in fame,
Persevere!
You may gain a noble name,
Never fear!
And though Darkness shroud the light
Which glimmers dimly from afar;
Truth, in time, shall win the fight,
Casting round a radiance bright,
And shining gaily as a star!

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are like the morning sun that gilds the op'ning flower,
Kind words are like the blessings spread by ev'ry summer shower;
They light the heart with sunny beams—they shed a fulgent ray,
And cheer the weary pilgrim, as he wanders on his way.

If you have nought to give the poor when winter's snow-clouds loom,
Oh, ne'er forget that one sweet smile may chase away their gloom!
Remember, too, that one kind word may blunt Affliction's dart,
And softly fall, like healing balm, upon the wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words—no tales of dismal strife,
But only kind things whisper, as you tread this vale of life;
Then try, by every word and glance, the suff'ring to beguile,
And watch them, when you speak kind words, how happily they smile!

—*Poems by F. G. Lee.*

Notices of New Works.

Lancashire Authors and Orators, by John Evans:—London; Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a book which we have no doubt will prove attractive to a large circle of readers. It consists of sketches of the manner, ability, and personal appearance of nearly seventy of the most celebrated men, who, either by birth or connections, belong to Lancashire. Savage tribes are said generally to pay much attention to the physical attributes of their great men, and although we do not, like them, expect to find the warrior, or the orator, or the poet—the nobility of intellect, with commanding colossal figures, and countenances beaming with their innate power; yet, it seems to be natural to all men to connect, in some way or another, the personal appearance and the mental attributes of those whom "men delight to

honour." And though science is deaf when we ask what is the bond, or the precise nature of the connection between the indestructible mind, and the perishable body which it inhabits, and through which it manifests its workings; yet, experience confirms the natural feeling, by showing us that the figures and countenances of men, when scanned by the trained observer, do unquestionably present indications, more or less distinct, of the spirit which inhabits them. Therefore, because the feeling is a natural one, and because knowledge proves it to be in some degree correct, we are inclined to look favourably on such works as this, and to augur for them a comparatively wide circulation.

Mr. Evans could not, for his purpose, have made a wiser choice of a county than he has made in selecting Lancashire. That county is the focus of the manufacturing wealth, skill, and industry of England. It is the best representative of that thorough-going spirit of commercial enterprise, which influences the world, and rules the present destinies of this country; and whatever else may be said for or against the commercial spirit, this at least must be conceded, that it sharpens the intellects of those who are brought within the sphere of its influence, and gives them that power over their fellow men, which mental strength always confers. We need not be surprised then that Lancashire, where this spirit is strongest and best organized, and which, by its trading and manufacturing power, exercises an incalculable influence over the rest of the kingdom, should have more than her fair proportion of great minds. Besides, those who know that the mere activity of mind developes and increases its strength will see, in the political agitations of which our manufacturing counties have for years been the scene, and the constancy with which grave problems of statesmanship have been kept before the masses, another reason for that intellectual supremacy which Lancashire boasts, and of which such men as Cobden, Bright, Thompson, and W. J. Fox, are among the most prominent exemplars.

We must consider, too, that every vortex has a tendency to draw within itself, by attraction, bodies which do not properly belong to it. This manufacturing, commercial spirit is a vortex of tremendous power and activity. It has gone on absorbing large numbers of former rural populations, and taken them from the plough to tend the loom and the steam engine. It has attracted and improved the engineering skill of the race. It has fostered those artistic tendencies which are most utilitarian in their object; and it has grasped that large share of the capital of the country, which has produced such mammoth towns as Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool. The fact then, that Lancashire has been such a vortex, that there the greatest activity has prevailed—that there the pulsations of the heart of England are most plainly felt, is sufficient to account for the fact, that Mr. Evans's list is greatly swelled by men, who are not of Lancashire birth or origin, but who, strong and valiant fighters in the battle of life, have been, like courageous soldiers, attracted to the spot where the strife is the thickest and fiercest. It is not so much that talent is indigenous to the soil of Lancashire, (although doubtless she has her share of it,) as that she has drawn to herself a large amount of the intellect and the energy of the kingdom. Her people are a fusion of the races, out of which the English have sprung, more complete than is to be found anywhere else. The most adventurous of the peasants and farmers of Saxon Kent and Sussex—men, perhaps, with whom fate had dealt hardly, or who felt that their large souls, and bounding ambition demanded a wider sphere than the paternal homestead, or the agricultural village, have carried there their indomitable Saxon energy; there they have met the fiery Welsh mountaineer in search of wealth; the cautious Scot, toiling perseveringly for the competence which he longs to carry back to his loved land of mountain and heathery braes; and the impulsive, brilliant Irishman, seeking on an alien soil that pathway to fame and honour, which he could not find amid the gloom of the misery and poverty of his own unhappy country—and all these amalgamating with the Lancastrians, blending with the descendants of the old Sea Kings, throwing all their varied attributes and powers into the crucible of commercial and manufacturing industry, have made Lancashire, if not the first, almost the first and most powerful of the counties of England.

It is quite consistent, too, with what we have said about Lancashire being so much the theatre of political agitation, that of the men, in whom she claims an interest, those who occupy the largest share of the world's attention, should be orators. Political agitation is the school in which the people learn oratory, and it will be natural to expect that those places, in which that kind of excitement most prevails, will present the greatest number of men capable of expressing their ideas in words, and addressing audiences with effect.

Next to political agitation, the pulpit is the place where the people learn oratorical power, and we are not surprised to find a large proportion of the pages of this book occupied with sketches of clergymen of various denominations. It is in keeping, too, with the opinions we hold of national character, that a great number of these reverend gentlemen, and some of the highest reputation, Dr. M'Neile, and Mr. M'Guire, for example, belong by birth or parentage, to the Sister Isle. The Irishman is, generally, not so well fitted as his compeers for commercial pursuits, nor for those political and economical controversies which rest upon, or are prompted by commercial interests, while his vivid imagination and kindling enthusiasm give him a powerful sway over those devotional feelings, which, resting mainly upon affections and sympathies, prompt the religious world.

In the midst of all this array of talent, we find the names of only three ladies. That certainly does not represent the fair proportion which the female intellect represents of the talents of this country. We, who know how much of literary ability is manifested by the women of England, might well express surprise at the apparent scarcity of it which Lancashire exhibits, but then we must remember that that political and manufacturing activity, which has roused the minds of the men of that county, has not comprehended, at all events to the same extent, its women. The same causes have not had so powerful an operation on the females as upon the males, and that may partly account for the fact. It may not, too, be an incorrect opinion to hazard, that our manufacturing and trading system is unfavourable to the development of the qualities proper to the female mind. It is probable that the true literary sphere of woman is poetry, the region of the imagination, the impulses, and the affections. Women, in common with men, exercise their poetic faculties upon the beauties of nature, but they have a dominion of their own where they are supreme. The home is their kingdom. The charm of the domestic hearth, the joys of the family circle—these belong to them, and there their peculiar attributes are best nurtured; but the manufacturing system, where it affects women at all, tends in this respect to unsex them. They leave their beds to answer the factory bell, their children are put out to the day nurse, or their dame school—they are co-workers with the men during their hours of toil; they return at night to the ill-kept, cheerless home, and the poetry of woman's nature is too often stifled and deadened. We do not wonder then, that, while Mr. Evans records his opinions of sixty-five talented men, ranging in rank from him who wears a coronet to the humble writer or speaker, who scarcely rises above the operative or the peasant, he writes but of three women, and these not belonging to the humbler grades of society.

There would appear, too, if we may judge from Mr.

Evans's collection, not to be a superabundance of poetic talent among the great men of Lancashire. Possibly some of the causes we have adverted to, when speaking of the female celebrities of the county, may have had their effect upon the men. There is mention of something less than a dozen names associated with the poetic world, but few of them have more than a local reputation, chiefly gained through the columns of the newspapers circulating in the districts in which they live—a medium by the way through which the public were first made acquainted with the very sketches which have prompted this notice. These poets are mostly self-educated, comparatively poor men, and though fame does not trumpet their names very loudly, are possessed of considerable natural poetic talent. They are certainly not indebted to the circumstances in which they have been placed, or the associations by which they have been most constantly surrounded, for their ability, but to the natural poetic tendency of their minds, which was too strong to be crushed out of them even by the most adverse circumstances.

Having said so much of the subject matter, upon which Mr. Evans has exercised his mind, we can only say that the sketches themselves are plain, simple, intelligible, and (judging by the characters we are acquainted with), as far as they go, truthful. They bear evident traces of the hurry of a newspaper writer, but they will be welcome to many, as familiar descriptions of the persons and manners of men, who have many followers and admirers, and have acquired a sufficiently elevated present position, to ensure the certainty that posterity will be called upon to pronounce its verdict upon their merits.

SELF-RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Be, and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in your own course, grown grey with unblemished honours, bless God and die.

RATIONAL RECREATION.

The sobriety in many parts of the continent appears to me to be caused by the greater prevalence, than with us, of physical pleasures, such as music and dancing; the abundance of cheap wine, of so mild a kind that it can scarcely intoxicate, and the prevalence of social and mental pleasures of a sort that can be enjoyed by all classes, such as access to public walks, picture-galleries, &c. In this country, some of these innocent and rational pleasures, instead of being encouraged, are discountenanced; and the consequence is, that many persons, who would otherwise engage in them, fall into the debasing indulgence of drunkenness; or, if they resolutely seek the other better pleasures, they are often driven in quest of them to the houses of disreputable persons, instead of enjoying them in the open day, in the presence, and with the approval and sympathy of respectable friends and neighbours. Among boys and girls in manufacturing towns, this want of innocent and rational amusement is a fertile source of crime. The spontaneous delight of children in dancing and singing seems to show that music and the dance are natural pleasures, and in themselves perfectly innocent, and that to endeavour to suppress them is to oppose the intentions of an all-wise and benevolent Creator; but the purest gratifications may, by the discountenance of the best educated and most moral classes, be rendered corrupting, by causing them to be indulged in by stealth, and with the idea that they are sinful.—*Report of Prison Inspector for Scotland.*

"DERBY DAY" AT EPSOM.

Setting aside all cant and twaddle, the "Derby" is a fine sight. As to calling it a development of "national" taste, that is all trash. You collect an immense mass of people upon Epsom Downs, no doubt; but where is the common object which is necessary to make the assemblage a "national" one? Every class sends its representative, but no two classes send representatives with similar views. Nearly the only attendants at Epsom, who attend because there is a "race," are composed of that oddly constituted body called the "ring." It is their business, just as it is the stock-jobber's business to be near the Stock Exchange, the political jobber's to be in the House, and the music jobber's to be at the Opera on the first night of a bought composition. But out of the myriads who line the course, how many care about the three minutes' work called the race? Not the "carriage aristocracy," who, naturally enough, like a charming scene, and the rare novelty of being surrounded, in perfect safety, by every variety of amusing rascaldom. Not the professional man, who treats his wife and daughters to a day's fresh air, in anticipation of the long vacation and the Ramsgate first floor. Not the good-natured, listless guardsman, who comes down in dog-cart or drag, and is, very likely, shying at little Napoleons on a stick while the Derby is being run. Not the attractive occupants of those vehicles, profanely called "loose boxes," whose inmates are sometimes introduced *as* wives, but never *to* wives. Not the smart articled-clerks, or seedy copying-clerks, who go down in a state of hilarity and come up in a state of beer. Not the small tradesman, who drives down his taxed-cart, with a full-faced spouse in front, and a thin daughter crouched in the rear. Not the sturdy mechanic, who arrives from the railway foot-sore and weary, and undergoes the rating of his termagant consort all the way there, because the road is dusty—all the time he is there, because he has not provided her a better place—and all the way home, because he is drunk. Not the hundreds upon hundreds of vagabonds of every kind, from the "ring-the-bull" men down to the "balls-and-rolling" gentry, of whom the police, in any more rational and less constitutional country, would make a splendid *battue* on the Derby-day. What do all these people care about "Mr. Gratwicke's b. c.," or "Mr. Hill's ch. c.," or "Sir G. Heathcote's br. f.?" Fireworks, fountains, or fiddlesticks would, if similarly favoured by *prestige*, and the puffs of public-house keepers, draw as large an assembly.—*Morning Chronicle.*

PARTING.

Most of us have experienced, when parting from those we love best, the dull, apathetic interval between the last outpouring of the heart's sadness, and the actual arrival of the minute that shall complete the separation. We cannot yet yield to the fulness of grief, for the dear one is still by our side; while we cannot rejoice in that dear one's presence, the moment of parting is so near at hand. Thus the conflicting feelings counteract each other, and the result is an unnatural deadness, or even almost a fevered wish, that the anticipated moment had arrived when we might at least struggle with our sorrow as a declared and open foe.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt is commonly taken by the young for an evidence of understanding; but no habit of mind can afford this evidence, which is neither difficult to acquire, nor meritorious when it is acquired; and as it is certainly very easy to be contemptuous, so it is very useless, if not very pernicious. To discover the imperfections of others is penetration; to hate them for those faults is contempt. We may be clear-sighted without being malevolent, and make use of the errors we discover, to learn caution, not to gratify satire; that part of contempt which consists of acuteness, we may preserve; its dangerous ingredient is censure.

THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.

THERE are riches without measure
Scattered thickly o'er the land,
There are heaps and heaps of treasure,
Bright, beautiful, and grand;
There are forests, there are mountains,
There are meadows, there are rills,
Forming everlasting fountains
In the bosoms of the hills;
There are birds and there are flowers,
The fairest things that be—
And these great and joyous dowers,
Oh! "they all belong to me."

There are golden acres bending
In the light of harvest rays,
There are garland branches blending
With the breath of June's sweet days;
There are pasture grasses blowing
In the dewy moorland shade,
There are herds of cattle lowing
In the midst of bloom and blade;
There are noble elms that quiver,
As the gale comes full and free,
There are alders by the river,
And "they all belong to me."

I care not who may reckon
The wheat piled up in sacks,
Nor who has power to beckon
The woodman with his axe;
I care not who holds leases
Of the upland or the dell,
Nor who may count the fleeces
When the flocks are fit to sell.
While there's beauty none can barter
By the greensward and the tree;
Claim who will, by seal and charter,
Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and dingled cover
Where the hare and pheasant play,
There are sheets of rosy clover,
There are hedges crowned with May
There are vines, all dark and gushing,
There are orchards ripe and red,
There are herds of wild-deer crushing
The heath-bells as they tread.
And ye, who count in money
The value these may be,
Your hives but hold my honey,
For "they all belong to me."

Ye cannot shut the tree in,
Ye cannot hide the hills,
Ye cannot wall the sea in,
Ye cannot choke the rills;
The corn will only nestle
In the broad arms of the sky,
The clover crop must wrestle
With the common wind, or die.
And while these stores of treasure
Are spread where I may see,
By God's high, bounteous pleasure,
"They all belong to me."

What care I for the profit
The stricken stem may yield,
I have the shadow of it
While upright in the field?
What reck I of the riches
The mill-stream gathers fast,
While I bask in shady niches
And see the brook go past?
What reck I, who has title
To the widest lands that be?
They are mine, without requital,
God gave them all to me.

Oh! privilege and blessing
To find it ever own,
What great ones, in possessing,
Imagine theirs alone!
Oh! glory to the Maker
Who gave such boon to hold,
Who made me free partaker
Where others buy with gold!
For while the woods and mountains
Stand up where I can see,
While God unlocks the fountains
"They all belong to me!"

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

WOMEN should *give* their hearts, not *lose* them.

A LILY should not be trained and nourished by a sullied hand.

WITH some men the great account of human life is the account at their banker's.

IF others sin towards us in one respect, we unjustly infer that they are ready to sin in all.

UNMERITED oblivion is but another name for the ignorance of the many of the virtues of the few.

LUXURY—the conqueror of conquerors; the consumption of states; the dry-rot of the constitution; the avenger of the defeated and the oppressed.

PATIENCE is very good, but perseverance is much better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

LONG sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

IN the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of Nature, the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

HAPPINESS depends upon the prudent constitution of the habits.

ESCHEWING evil is but the one-half of the work; we must also do good.

BE not too diffident of thyself; those who are always afraid of falling do nothing but stumble.

To give and to lose is nothing; but to lose and to give still is part of a great mind.

FEW people know how brave or how cowardly they really are.

EMBALMING—making a flesh statue; eternalizing a corpse; perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

HE that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs, and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

THE greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.

WISDOM is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

REMEMBER that the wheel of Providence is always in motion, and the spoke that is uppermost will be under; and, therefore, mix trembling always with your joy.

JOKES—the cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life.

LOVE is better than a pair of spectacles to make every thing seem greater which is seen through it.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, July 30, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 65.] SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

GOING TO SEA.

WHAT a passion English boys of all ranks have for the sea! We are all more or less possessed by it, have an inborn love of the ocean, and are never more delighted than when listening to, or reading, some tale of maritime adventure, or sailors' experiences. The first book that fairly rivets the boy's mind is "Robinson Crusoe," or "Captain Cook," and as we grow older, we do not fail to look out, with interest, for books such as "Coulter's Voyages," Cooper's Sea Novels, or "Herman Melville's Adventures."

Observe the boys about a seaport town. How they take to the water like Newfoundland dogs—are ever stealing away with any old cock-boat they can lay hold of, whether with oars or not—a single oar will serve their purpose, and the biggest boy takes the post of sculler. What a prize to steal off with a boat possessed of a bit of sail! We remember, well enough, once in a seaport town, while the hands belonging to a little coasting sloop were all ashore, hastening across the vessel's deck, dropping into a little boat with a sail and mast lying in the bottom, hastily unloosing the rope which held it to the sloop, and stealthily dropping down the harbour with the tide. It was a quiet summer's evening, and the sun was just going down; there were three boys of us in all, and we thought to have a glorious hour's sailing. We knew nothing about the handling of a boat, nor of the trimming of its sail; but up went the bit of canvas, and we stood out to sea. We scudded along, and grew elated with our seamanship. A large vessel was bearing in at the harbour's mouth, and tacking from side to side in our way. We were puzzled at her proceedings, but held on our course nevertheless. We seemed to have got safely beyond her reach, when, not fifty yards off, she suddenly tacked again, and stood right across our path! A loud voice hailed us from her deck, through a speaking-trumpet, "get out of the way, you lubbers!" We were, however, too much alarmed to get out of the way, and too ignorant of seamanship to know how. In five minutes, the huge vessel was down upon us, and our boat, sail, boys and all, were in the water. Fortunately, we could swim like ducks, and were soon picked up thoroughly soaked; the boat was recovered and restored to its owners; but we were not cured. One of those boys afterwards went to sea, making his first voyage to the East Indies; and the others continued their experiments, till they became pretty expert sailors in an amateur way.

But the strong love of the sea is not peculiar to boys in seaports only. In inland towns, in places where boys have never seen the sea at all, the passion is nearly as strong. They read "Robinson," lend the book about, and relate all sorts of marine adventures to each other; if there is a bit of water near, they manufacture miniature ships, and have sailing matches; they launch paper boats upon the tide of rain as it sweeps along the village streets after a heavy shower. Who, that has been bred in an inland town, can ever forget the emotion with which he gazed on the sea for the first time? The remembrance of that first sight rises up with vivid distinctness, after the lapse of many years. We can remember, when a child, our own sensations of wonder, awe, and delight. That seeming great hill of water, (for the probably imperfect vision of the child prevents him appreciating the extreme distance); but the immense mass of water, and the little specks of ships along its apparent summit; the notion, whispered by the nurse, that worlds lay beyond that ocean line; the solemn roar of the waves, as they broke along the shore; all impressed the mind with a sense of power and vastness which was never afterwards effaced. Then there was the "treat" given to the impatient children, of a sail from one side of the little harbour to the other, the rolling about of the little boat amid the swell of the sea, which dashed in at the harbour's mouth, the sobbing of the girls, and the dizzy joy of the boys; who could ever forget so bewildering and exciting an event in a child's life?

Boys at school, at least it was so in our younger days, are always talking about "running away to sea." They think it a free and joyous life, dream of sailing among green islands, under mid-day suns, adventuring amid strange people, seeing foreign towns, wandering through delicious orange groves, basking in novelty, plenty, and beauty. Alas! it is all a delusion and a romance; there is no life so hard as that of the sailor—no lot so wretched as that of the poor ship-boy. No tyranny can be imagined more complete than that exercised on board ship. The weak and helpless are kicked about till they grow sufficiently strong to be able to resist, and then they begin to tyrannize over others in their turn.

We have a keen recollection of a runaway adventure, not many years ago. Two boys determined to "run away to sea." They packed up in a bundle a-piece, all that they could carry, and started over-night, to walk nearly twenty miles for the next large town, from whence they were to take the canal-boat to the seaport, some forty miles off. They had imparted a sketch of their intentions to one in their confidence, and their plan was soon conveyed to the father of one of the boys, and the brother of the other. After a hasty consultation, they determined to follow the runaways. They started at midnight, amid a storm of snow and sleet, and reached the canal office half-an-hour before the first boat left. There they lay in wait. Soon the two boys trudged up, hastily, with their sticks and bundles; they were fagged and worn out, but were still resolute to proceed. After some parleying, they gave in, and were carried homewards in silence, the only words they spoke declaring their intention of "going to sea" at some other time. It is difficult to turn a boy's mind from this resolution after it has once taken full possession of him; so it was found the only course to let them have their way, and in six months, one of them was rigged out and sent to sea, with the consent of his friends. He sailed for a West Indian port, and only one letter ever reached his home. He was then under the burning sun of Demerara; he had suffered the usual hardships of the ship-boy on his first voyage, and the romance of a sea life had been thoroughly dispelled. But it was now too late to look back, and, as he himself said, "he had made his bed, so he must lie on it." He never saw old England again; the vessel sailed for St. Andrew's, in the St. Lawrence, to take in a cargo of timber. Shortly after they put out to sea from that port, a tremendous storm came on, in which many vessels perished. Ships laden with timber run great risks in such storms, and frequently become water-logged, and go down. Such was supposed to have been the fate of the unfortunate ship in which this boy sailed, for he was never after heard of, and the stern of the vessel was picked up some months after, with the name still legible. There was much weeping and wailing over the lost son, but his fate was happy, compared with the life of misery and tyranny that most sailors lead.

Herman Melville has written a book called "Redburn," which gives a wonderfully graphic picture of the experiences of a sailor boy during his first voyage. Born on the banks of the Hudson, in the State of New York—(and the American boys of English breed have the same powerful innate love of the ocean that characterizes our own boys)—he was early possessed by a desire to be a sailor, and read with fascination all sorts of books that treated of the sea. The very advertisements of ships, in the newspapers, excited his interest. He determined to go to sea—his mother thinking him wilful and erring—but he would not be hindered, and away he went. He shipped in a vessel bound for Liverpool, with the captain of which he was much fascinated, as well as by the beautiful cabin, the interior of which he never afterwards saw, and he bargained for a pay of three dollars a month, not a penny of which he ever touched. Scantily clad, and miserably provided in all ways, the venturous boy determined to proceed to sea. His first job was the clearing out of the pig-pen, and slushing down the top-mast, not very romantic processes, and the last rather a fearful one for a little boy. The vessel sailed, towed out of the Hudson by a steam-tug. His heart was like lead as he saw the shore disappear, and found himself on the wide ocean without a friend.

"When I looked up at the high, giddy masts, and thought how often I must be going up and down them, I thought sure enough, that some luckless day or other, I should certainly fall overboard and be drowned. And then, I thought of lying down at the bottom of the sea, stark alone, with the great waves rolling over me, and no one in the wide world knowing that I was there. And I thought how much better and sweeter it must be, to be buried under the pleasant hedge that bounded the sunny south side of our village grave-yard, where every Sunday I had used to walk, after church, in the afternoon; and I almost wished I was there now; yes, dead and buried in that churchyard. All the time, my eyes were filled with tears, and I kept holding my breath to choke down the sobs, for, indeed I could not help feeling as I did, and no doubt, any boy in the world would have felt just as I did then."

Then there was the sea-sickness and the drudgery, and the kicking and cuffing about of the simple boy, and the rough language and swearing, with not a kind word from anybody about him; there was the horrid, fishy coffee that he had to drink, and the *old horse*, or sea beef, he had to eat, and the mess of *burgoo* he had to sup; there was the scouring of the decks, the running up the shrouds in the cold and wet; the furling and unfurling of sails in the tops, by day and by night, all terribly trying to a boy who had been accustomed to the quiet of home life, and who had come to sea with white hands. There were, however, a few fine hours, during which the sensitive boy gave a loose to his imagination, and enjoyed true pleasure. Here, for instance—

"At last we hoisted the stern-sails up to the top-sail yards; and as soon as the vessel felt them, she gave a sort of bound like a horse, and the breeze blowing more and more, she went ploughing along, shaking off the foam from her bows, like from a bridle-bit. Every mast and timber seemed to have a pulse in it that was beating with life and joy; and I felt a wild exulting in my own heart, and as if I would be glad to bound along so round the world. . . . . A wild bubbling and bursting was at my heart, as if a hidden spring had just gushed out there; and my blood ran tingling along my frame, like mountain brooks in spring freshets. . . . . But soon these raptures abated, when, after a brief idle interval, we were again set to work, and I had a vile commission to clean out the chicken coops, and make up the bed of the pigs in the long boat. Miserable dog's life is this of the sea! commanded like a slave, and set to work like an ass! vulgar and brutal men lording it over me, as if I were an African in Alabama. Yes, yes, blow on ye breezes, and make a speedy end to this abominable voyage!"

The boy, in time, learnt to run up the shrouds in the darkest night, while the vessel was plunging and rearing like a mad horse beneath him, holding by the spar from which he expected every moment to be jerked, then tied his reef point, and slid down on deck by the bare stays. He even came to take a delight in furling the top-gallant sails and royals in a hard blow. There was a wild delirium about it, a fine rushing of the blood about the heart, and a glad thrilling and throbbing of the whole system, at finding himself tossed up at every pitch into the clouds of a stormy sky; then the feeling of mastering the rebellious canvas, and tying it down like a slave to the spar, gave him the sense of power and of growing knowledge of his craft, which was very delicious.

Among the seamen on board, were several strange specimens of character; one of them, Larry, an old whaler, entertained quite a sentimental distaste for the refinements of civilization, and whose beau ideal of a happy life was that of Madagascar.

"Why," said Larry, "in Madygasky there, they don't wear no togs at all, nothing but a bowline round the midships; they don't have no dinners, but keeps a dinin' all day off fat pigs and dogs; they don't go to bed anywhere, but keeps a noddin' all the time; and they gets drunk too, from some first-rate arrack they make from cocoa-nuts; and smokes plenty of baccy too, I tell you. Fine country, that!" . . . . "And what's the use of bein' *sivelized*," exclaimed he

one night to the boy, while on watch, "snivelized chaps only learns the way to talk on about life, and snivel. Are *you* now, Buttons (the nickname they had given the boy) any better off for being snivelized? No; you arn't a bit; but you're a good deal worse for it, Buttons. I tell ye, ye wouldn't have been to sea here, a leadin' this dog's life, if you hadn't been snivelized—that's the cause why, now. Snivelization has been the ruin on'ye; and it's spiled me complete; I might have been a great man in Madygasky;—its too bad!" And Larry turned away, pulling his hat down over the bridge of his nose.

Here is a passing glance at one of the fine sights of the sea—the meeting with a stranger ship:—

"Nothing struck into me such a feeling of wild romance, as a view of the first vessel we spoke. It was on a clear sunny afternoon, and she came bearing down upon us, a most beautiful sight, with all her sails spread wide. She came very near, and passed under our stern; and as she leaned over to the breeze, showed her decks fore and aft; and I saw the strange sailors grouped upon the forecastle, and the cook looking out of his cook-house with a ladle in his hand, and the captain in a green jacket, sitting on the taffrail with a speaking trumpet. And here had this vessel come out of the infinite blue ocean, with all these human beings on board, and the smoke tranquilly mounting up into the sea-air from the cook's funnel, as if it were a chimney in a city; and everything looking so cool, and calm, and of course, in the midst of what to me, at least, seemed a superlative marvel." (The vessels hailed, and it turned out that the foreign ship was from "Hamburgh.") "It was passing strange. In my intervals of leisure from other duties, I followed the strange ship till she was quite a little speck in the distance. I could not but be struck with the manner of the two sea-captains during their brief interview. Seated at their ease on their respective "poops" toward the stern of their ships, while the sailors were obeying their behests, they touched hats to each other, exchanged compliments, and drove on, with all the indifference of two Arab horsemen accosting each other on an airing in the Desert."

But the sea has sadder sights than this, and here is one of them:—

"The morning following the storm, when the sea and sky had become blue again, the man aloft sung out that there was a wreck on the lee-beam. We bore away for it, all hands looking eagerly towards it, and the captain in the mizen-top with his spy-glass. It was a dismantled, water-logged schooner, a most dismal sight, that must have been drifting about for several long weeks. The bulwarks were pretty much gone; and here and there the bare stanchions, or ports, were left standing, splitting in two the waves which broke clear over the deck, lying almost even with the sea. The foremast was snapt off less than four feet from its base; and the shattered and splintered remnant looked like the stump of a pine-tree thrown over in the woods. Every time she rolled in the trough of the sea, her open main hatchway yawned into view; but was as quickly filled, and submerged again, with a rushing, gurgling sound, as the water ran into it with the lee-roll. At the head of the stump of the main-mast, about ten feet above the deck, something like a sleeve seemed nailed; it was supposed to be the relic of a jacket, which must have been fastened there by the crew for a signal, and been frayed out and blown away by the wind. Lashed, and leaning over sideways against the taffrail, were three dark, green, grassy objects, that slowly swayed with every roll, but otherwise were motionless. I saw the captain's glass directed towards them, and heard him say at last, "They must have been dead a long time." These were sailors, who long ago had lashed themselves to the taffrail for safety; but must have famished. Full of the awful interest of the scene, I surely thought the captain would lower a boat to bury the bodies, and find out something about the schooner. But we did not stop at all; passing on our course, without so much as learning the schooner's name, though every one supposed her to be a New Brunswick lumberman. So, away we sailed, and left her, drifting, drifting on; a garden-spot for barnacles, and a playhouse for the sharks. 'Look there,' said a sailor, hanging over the rail and coughing—'look there; that's a sailor's coffin. Ha! ha! Buttons,' turning round to me; 'how do you like that, Buttons? Wouldn't you like to take a sail with them ere dead men? Wouldn't it be nice?'. And then he tried to laugh, but only coughed again."

Such are the sad sights one meets with at sea; but not all these horrors can prevent the adventurous spirit of our youth from breaking out, and impelling them to betake themselves to a life of danger, toil, and misery "on the ocean wave."

THE BUZZARD AND THE GOOSE.

PASSING some time, lately, at the country residence of a friend, I found ample opportunity for pursuing my favourite study of natural history. At my own home, I possess a tolerable collection of stuffed birds, but hitherto it lacked a specimen of the buzzard. I was, therefore, delighted when, one morning, I succeeded in shooting a splendid male bird of that species. I spent the evening in stuffing and mounting my prize, greatly to the amusement of my host's sons, fine wild boys, who thought shooting very good fun, but could by no means enter into the pleasure felt by me in adding to my scientific collection.

The next thing to be accomplished was, to secure an equally good specimen of the female; and, at first, I thought of killing the hen-buzzard, who was seated on her nest, in a tree, near the spot where I had slain her mate. But, on reflection, I resolved to wait until the young ones should be hatched, and thus procure subjects of different ages. The next morning, I told my intentions to my young friends, who first laughed heartily, then looked roguishly at each other, and finally ran off, saying—"No doubt you'll succeed, Mr. Weston, and have the finest collection of buzzards that ever was seen in the world."

I suspected some trick on the part of the young gentlemen, and accordingly determined to watch them closely. I concealed myself behind a thicket, close to the nest of the widowed bird, and presently saw the boys approaching. They sat down at the foot of the tree, and waited until hunger obliged the poor hen to leave her eggs for a few minutes, in order to seek food.

Then the youngest and most active of the lads climbed the tree, reached the nest, and taking out the eggs, placed them carefully in his pocket. He then produced other eggs and put them into the nest. This accomplished, he came down as nimbly as he went up, saying to his brothers, with a triumphant laugh—

"It will be rare fun to see our philosopher's face, when he finds goslings in the nest instead of buzzards."

"The best of it is," said another, "that in his collection, he'll be sure to class geese among birds of prey!"

From that time, my young friends found continual food for mirth, in questioning me about my nestlings, asking how soon I intended to add them to my collection, and exchanging significant glances between themselves. I joined heartily in the amusement, for, knowing that the buzzard's eggs had been committed to the tender care of the unconsciously bereaved goose, I was anxious to observe how each brood would get on—the carnivorous

buzzards under the wing of a tame nurse, and the omnivorous goslings cared for by a wild one.

My sedate middle-aged limbs, not being well-adapted for woodland climbing, I placed a ladder against the tree, and watched each day the progress of the callow brood.

One morning, when the buzzard had set out on her usual chase, I saw, distinctly, in the nest four little goslings opening their tender beaks and gaping for food; the hen soon returned, bearing a frog, which she quickly tore into morsels, and distributed to her foster-children, who did as ample justice to the repast as if they had been really birds of prey.

The hen continued to feed her brood for many days, until one morning, a precocious little gosling, whose feathers had begun to grow, balanced himself so daringly on the edge of the lofty nest, that at length he fell down. Happily his wings formed a natural parachute, and brought him softly to the ground. Arrived there, he shook his tender plumage, cackled faintly, and waddled off towards a pond which lay at a short distance.

Just then the poor buzzard, seeing her imprudent nursling running into danger, flew to stop him; but the water had an irresistible attraction for the truant, and dashing into it, he began to swim. He plunged, he dived, he floated, in a state of most exquisite enjoyment, and, without regarding his nurse, who fluttered anxiously along the brink, crying to the swimmer to return.

Once she tried to use force, and pounced on the rebel, meaning to seize him with her talons and carry him back to the nest, but the gosling dived, disappeared beneath the water, and rose at some distance.

Then the poor bewildered buzzard returned to her nest. Alas! she found it in a state of revolt.

The young ones had heard the joyous cackling of their brother, as he sported on the lake, and the sound had awakened their aquatic instinct. Collected on the edge of the nest, they waddled and nodded, and hissed, after a fashion very trying to the ears of their foster-mother. A sort of skirmish ensued, which terminated in the three nestlings flying to the ground, and then running to join their brother on the lake.

The grief of the buzzard knew no bounds; she hovered over the water in pursuit of the fugitives, uttering cries of such unmistakeable despair and maternal agony, that I felt deeply moved at hearing them. After more than an hour had elapsed, passed thus in a vain, supplicating struggle, she fell exhausted into the lake, close by her ungrateful nurslings, who began carelessly to peck the plumage of her who had perished for their sake.

Without hesitation, I plunged into the water, and seized the body of the unfortunate bird, which was floating amongst the rushes, and afterwards, at my leisure, prepared it for my museum.

Meantime, the goose in the poultry-yard had carefully hatched the buzzard's eggs, and tended the young ones as if they had been her own. One fine morning I saw her come out of her nest, followed by four little buzzards, covered with whitish down, and from whose large, yellow beaks, issued cries significant of an excellent appetite.

Waddling along, and nodding in all the conscious pride of maternity, mother goose reached the lake, and invited her offspring to share the pleasures of the bath. The buzzards did not obey the call,—first, because they did not understand it, and secondly, because their tottering legs were yet unable to sustain the disproportioned weight of their unwieldy bodies.

At length the goose, impatient at finding her summons disregarded, left the water, approached the brood, and began to stir them up with her bill. They cried loudly enough, but made no attempt to walk.

Thereupon the aquatic bird examined them closely, and suddenly the truth seemed to flash on her that they were not her own, but that she had been the victim of a fraud. She rushed on the poor little creatures, struck them with her broad bill, trampled them with her broad webbed feet, and, seizing them one by one, threw them into the lake and drowned them.

This tragical act of vengeance completed, the goose began to sail about the pond, raising her head and arching her neck, just as if she wanted to be taken for a swan. In her progress, she came amongst the reeds, and cleft an opening through them with her snowy breast. At the other side she caught a glimpse of a soft, yellow brood, floating on the water, and uttering cries which, to her initiated ear, signified—"We're very hungry, pray give us something to eat."

A joyful cackle was the answer given by the mother, as she thus regained her real offspring; and presently I saw her reach the bank, and lead her young ones to a grassy banquet.

I am really sorry that truth compels me thus, in defiance of all the rules of poetical justice, to record the sad fate of the poor, fond buzzard, and her ill-fated little ones, together with the undeserved prosperity of the infanticidal goose.

BUT AND BESIDES.

It would not be easy to over-estimate the importance of the part which some little words play in the history of most men. Just as the most sonorous lines of Milton are formed of simple, common-place, short Saxon words, so the most decisive sentences that we speak often derive their weight from monosyllables and dissyllables, which, if they do not escape notice altogether, seem of very secondary power. The greatest events of our existence hang upon small words, as naturally and firmly, as our hats and coats upon the pegs assigned for their occupation. They are (so to speak) the hooks upon which our deeds are suspended.

"To be, or not to be?"

What a pregnant, small sentence of little words that is! What a vast amount of meaning it comprehends. What a wide subjective and objective range it takes. What an immense variety of thought and action it embraces. Those six monosyllables are household words. They represent a thought which is always acting in men's minds. They are as universal as humanity itself. At every moment of the world's history, that interrogative has been working in some human heart, and till uncertainty vanishes from the doings of the denizens of the world, "To be, or not to be," will be always uppermost in their minds.

And when that question does arise, what puzzling *pros* and *cons* it brings forth. How seldom is a direct answer given to it. There are such weighty arguments upon both sides, and the opposing counsel must be heard. "Hear both sides" is a sentence which appeals to the instinctive feelings of the mind. Justice would be very imperfectly personated without her balance, and that would lose all its value if but one scale depended from it. And so, when anything is to be decided on, there must be reasons for and against it, and these reasons must be heralded, introduced, and represented by appropriate forms of expression.

This is the duty of those two doughty, verbal warriors, "But and Besides," which act a distinguished part in all controversies. Wherever there is a dispute, they are sure to be present; wherever a doubt comes in, there they straightway make their appearance; and wherever a shade of uncertainty lingers, they claim to be heard, in order either to clear it away or make it darker. Sometimes they are negative, sometimes positive, and sometimes neuter; sometimes they support principle, and sometimes they back up expediency. They are sworn friends, echoing each other, and advocate or oppose on

the same side; they always hunt in couples, and are constant and inseparable companions, and wherever you hear "but" slip out of the mouth, you may be absolutely certain "besides" is not far off.

"But," of course, by virtue of its direct, emphatic, briefness always comes first, and "besides," drags its comparatively "slow length" in the rear. But priority of position does not by any means indicate superiority of power. At times *but* goes before, as the page, to announce a more important follower; at others *besides* comes humbly after, like a footman following his master. *But* may be the general, leading *besides* to battle, or the jackal piloting the lion to his prey, whilst *besides* may be the junior counsel, keeping in the wake of his leader, or some great gun reserving himself for the reply. Possibly this fair division of the honours is one of the reasons for that constant agreement and companionship between but and besides, from which they gain so much power.

"But and besides" are great favourites for several reasons, one of which is, that they express doubt and hesitation with great force, and doubt and hesitation are the most prevalent states of mind with the majority of people. Another reason is, that "but and besides" are polite contradicters, and contradiction is one of the most favourite pastimes we know of. And yet another reason, and that which most emphatically recommends itself to Englishmen is, that these worthy allies are very matter-of-fact sort of verbal personages. They are no wild and visionary theorists dealing in absurd visionary speculations; but they always recount facts, and narrate circumstances. The utmost stretch of hypothesis in which they indulge is, to suppose a circumstance, and then they are generally compelled to call, "I dare say," in to help them.

"But and besides," what complicated and extensive debates, and important discussions, they help to settle, or rather (for after all they are not great hands at settlement,) to dispose of, for the time. If any one propounds a principle which is new in its application, and unrecognised by experience, what powerful weapons they are in the hands of objectors. They give the opportunity of opposing, with such a show of candour and fairness, that it is difficult to withstand them. The principle may be proved to be correct—may be acknowledged upon all hands, but, "but and besides" are not put down by that; indeed, that is just their proper time for action. It is quite true, says the gentleman, who has made friends of them for the time—it is quite true, such a one would say, that the principle is correctly stated—that it is true as a theory—that it would be foolish in that light to attempt to contradict it; *but* it is not so certain that it would act well in practice, and *besides* even if that were granted, there are important interests which would be affected by it, and must be considered. No doubt at some future time we shall find means to adopt it; *but* at present there are great difficulties in the way, and *besides* we are not compelled to act in a hurry, for we are going on very well. It may be said that we might do better, *but*, I think it a wise policy to "let well alone;" *besides* it is possible that we might make matters worse. How many men who have preferred expediency to principle, and felt anxious to preserve things as they are, have used such sentences as these, and triumphed by an expert use of "but and besides."

"But and besides," however, do not always help those who wish to stand still. With a tolerance which we are sure does them infinite credit, they are equally at the service of those who wish for rash and unadvised changes. At a time of distress, or difficulty, for which no cure has been discovered, and no remedy can with any certainty be assigned, there are always plenty of people who will be satisfied with nothing but an immediate change; but any change will serve their purpose. If they are told that they run a risk of making things worse, by changing in the wrong direction, they argue that in general that is very true, *but*, that matters are growing very desperate, and in the particular instance any change would be beneficial; *besides*, they add, and that generally settles the matter, there is really no time for long-winded consideration, and if the change be not made at once, the time for making it will be passed. Hundreds of precipitate steps have been taken under the influence of such uses of "but and besides" as this; *but* such precipitate steps usually have the effect of aggravating present ills, *besides* laying the foundations of new ones, and have the result of winning our adherence to the doctrine, that "'tis better to endure the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of."

Occasionally "but and besides" are exceedingly charitable. There is not an error or a crime in the catalogue of human wrongs, which they are not ready to palliate, if not to excuse. Admitted that the offence is black—the error unpardonable—the sin heinous—the folly self-evident; *but* human nature is frail, and prone to error, no man is wise at all times, and *besides* really the difficulties were great, and the temptations strong, and it is almost a wonder that such things do not happen oftener than they do. Of course, there must be a protection against such men, and for the preservation of society they must be punished, *but* it is very uncertain that punishment will improve them, and *besides*, after all, society is as much, or perhaps more to blame than they are.

But, if "but and besides" are ready to tone down crimes, they are also equally available to detract from the brightness of virtue or merit. The works of Mr. Such-a-one are, no doubt, great and glorious performances, *but* then his resources were great, and *besides* his position was unusually favourable. The tubular bridge over the Menai Straits is undoubtedly a grand specimen of engineering skill, *but* then all the principles, upon which its construction depended, were well understood, and *besides* the advances of science have been so rapid, that we cease to be astonished at any achievement of that kind. Mr. So-and-so unquestionably bears the reputation of a very charitable man, and scarcely a list of subscribers to a benevolent institution appears without his name, *but* probably he sets a high value upon the world's esteem, and *besides* we all know that influence in such quarters confers upon him a sort of power which some men set great store by. Charity is, without dispute, one of the highest virtues, *but* ostentation is as glaring a fault, and *besides*, if he be not actuated by selfish motives, he is very rich, and what appears a great deal to us is very trifling to him. And so "but and besides" help to insinuate, and fritter away the glory of virtue and intellect.

It is noticeable, however, and it is rather an unfavourable commentary upon the habits of men that the palliative form of "but and besides" is the one which they usually use towards themselves, while the depreciatory application of those words, is that which they use towards the world. We always have a "but" to excuse ourselves and a "besides" to back it, while the same words are the agents by which we contrive to throw a doubt on the disinterestedness of others, and insinuate away their fame. This says nothing against "but and besides" but a great deal against their misapplication, and shows their versatile powers by exhibiting them in the light of weapons of offence or defence.

"But and besides" are both agents in inciting men to wrong. The thoughtless man knows it is wrong to act without foresight, *but* then it is so tiresome to be always obliged to consider before you speak or act, and *besides* "it will be all the same a hundred years hence." The idle man sees the impropriety of wasting time, *but* the day is half gone, and it is of little use beginning to work then, and *besides* he can make up for it to-morrow. The extravagant man is sensible of the folly of throwing away

his money, *but* "it is a poor heart that never rejoices," and *besides* he really means to begin to be very economical next week. The thief is aware that it is wrong to steal, and that the laws will punish him if he is caught, *but* "the pitcher goes often to the well before it is broken," and *besides* he must live.

But there is another side to the question *besides* the one we are looking at, and in their other aspect "but and besides," if they do not positively promote virtue, throw obstacles in the way of crime. When they take this turn, they are important stumbling blocks in the paths of those who meditate wrong. The busy man may appear to have time enough, *but* he knows that "delays are dangerous," and *besides* there may be difficulties in the way, of which he is not aware. To the prudent man, poverty may appear far distant, *but* "a penny saved is twopence gained," and *besides* "wilful waste breeds woeful want." The thief may be pushed on, by want, to prey upon society, *but* he may fail to discover the hiding-place of the treasure, and *besides* he may be caught even if he succeed. *But* here again, as in the former case, we generally apply the words in their most favourable sense to ourselves and our own enterprises, *besides* directing their adverse force against the feelings and projects of others.

There are a thousand other instances of the all but universal use or abuse (who shall say which?) of "but and besides," which our readers will, no doubt, be able out of their own experience, to apply for themselves. When a marriage of convenience, uncongenial to the real feelings of both parties is planned, *but* suggests that a comfortable establishment is the chief thing to be looked for, and *besides* whispers, that after all, love matches are often unhappy. When a man is getting on in the world, *but* sets up a carriage, on the ground that it is necessary to support his position, and *besides* keeps it going on the plea that half the expense is saved in cab hire. When reverses happen, *but* supports expenses at their former rate because it is politic to hide our misfortunes from the world, and *besides* justifies its companion by the hope that prosperity will soon return. When cheap bargains of unneeded things are presented, *but* notwithstanding prompts the purchase, because such an opportunity may never occur again, and *besides* says it is right, because they are sure to be useful some day or other. When a son is wild, or dissipated, or unruly, *but* overlooks his faults, because he is young and inexperienced, and *besides* makes them bearable, by adding that "boys will be boys," and you cannot "put old heads upon young shoulders," and "the wildest colts grow up to be the steadiest horses." When family jars occur, although they make home uncomfortable, and conciliation would be easy, *but* prolongs them, by thinking that it is as well to let people take their own time, and come round by themselves, and *besides* clinches the argument, by suggesting that it will never do to let them have their own way always.

In short, there is scarcely any position, phase, or circumstance of life, in which "but and besides" do not have a voice, *but* we think we have given instances enough, and *besides* we have filled all the space we can afford the subject, so we may conclude, by saying that like all other things in the world "but and besides," have their lights and shadows, their uses and abuses, their good qualities and their bad ones. They are equally potent for good or evil—equally available for charity or malice, for praise or detraction. If they sometimes lessen success by saying "*but* it might have been better," they make our defeats more tolerable by "*but* it might have been worse," and each *but* is sure to have its auxiliary *besides* close at its heels. All the power they have over us, we give them—they are our creatures, and we may make them either prejudicial or beneficial; *but* we should remember that their misuse, in the long run, recoils upon us, and *besides* that, the good we may force them to do will be participated in by ourselves.

THE TWO PICTURES.

PICTURE THE SECOND.

I.

TWENTY-FIVE years had rolled their tide into the dreamy abyss of the past, and the earth was still green in the sunshine, and still wore its rich mantle of flowers. Twenty-five years! how many had lived and died during that short period; how many hearts had been broken; how many more had been broken in all the quarter-centuries which had rolled away since time began! Too many, sooth, to tell! Florio stood in his studio, gazing upon a picture of an angel. "It speaks to me," he said, "and in that soft gaze have I an inlet to my ideal world. We look on grass and flowers, on blue waters and moving skies, on the spring glimmerings of green, and the burning hues of autumnal trees, for that which lies beyond them all. We seek, not what they show us, but what they can suggest." A fair girl glided into the room, with a movement which was more like the rustling of the evening air, when it plays among the ivies, than aught of human form; and Florio turned his full gaze upon her, and taking her by the hand, kissed her tenderly.

"You must leave your pictures, love," she said, "and sit with me, in my chamber, while I sing to you."

"Wife," said the painter, "my dear wife, as you love me, disturb me not, for I have thoughts now which I must embody in colour, or my task will never be done."

He stood gazing on the lovely countenance of his wife, as she timidly took him by the hand, to lead him away; but he moved not. "Florio, you are going mad, you dream by night and day, you wander from your home, and pass the hours of sunshine in reveries. Have you no love for me?" Florio still gazed upon her, and was speechless. She flung her arms wildly about his neck, and with her lovely head nestling in his bosom, sobbed loud and deep, and gave expression to her anguish in a flood of tears.

"Oh, my fond Mária, is thy little heart so weak as this?" said he, and he kissed her white brow, and led her to a seat.

"When I met thee at the carnival, and saw that God had sent another angel in my path, my heart leaped with joy, and I saw fair troops of lovely forms descending from the sky, and they all shouted in a chorus, 'thy idol is here—take her, she is thine,' and I fell on my knees, and my life seemed narrowing to a point, as the blood came bubbling to my lips, and my every pulse beat with thankfulness to God. And as my vision faded, I heard the low murmur of the crowd in that glittering hall, and some said, 'he is mad,' and—curse them—they pitied me. But, love, wild passionate love took possession of my soul, and all the melodies of nature seemed to ring within my heart."

Mária gazed upon him speechless, and as she pushed his wild locks of hair from his forehead with her gentle hands, he said, "Mária, it was my boyish hope to give form and semblance to the two great ideas of the universe; I sought to ascend by the ladder of created souls, to the highest type of beauty, till I should gain the heaven of my thoughts, and rest my head upon the bosom of the Most High God. Dost thou see yonder picture of a child? smiling there like the first blush of a summer dawn. That is the idol of my soul, and it is because I see in your calm, lovely eyes, the self-same beauty, the same suggestive symbol of a higher sphere than this, that I cherish you as the only sweet flower which has ever bloomed upon my path. There are your eyes, your smiles,—ineffably entrancing, as the sunshine of Paradise,—your roseate blush, refreshing to my heart as a fountain to the traveller in the wilderness. The Oreads sitting on the green hills' slope, and gazing on the glassy stream, were not so radiant in the deep beauty of the soul's own world

as thou. Ah, Mária, when I sit here alone, and count in syllables the close resemblances between you and my picture of the ideal beauty, I come to believe that there is but one form of the all-perfect, all-fair, and that that which smiled upon me by the river's brink, when I was yet a beardless boy, has been preserved in thee; for see, is not that your very face? is not that angel boy the very image of yourself? Could I then do aught but love you? Oh, Love! the centre of all holy affections, and all beautiful desires; the motive force pervading all the worlds, and starry orbs of night: thou elder than primeval chaos, yet youngest born; thou herald of the moving spheres, when the rosy dawn of time broke on the banks of Eden; before whose snowy altars all pure hearts kneel in adoration.—But stay, I must begone, for yestermorn, when I visited the *priggione*, as is my wont, I saw the very incarnation of the terrible, and I must go to-day and gaze upon the wretch."

Mária rose, and walked with trembling step from the room, but when she reached the door, she turned back, gazed upon her husband, kissed him fondly, and left the room in tears, while she uttered to herself, "All say that he is mad, and it is true; may the Holy Mother save him."

II.

There was a dungeon, deep, dark, and cold. Its walls were massive and slimy, and wrinkled and worn by time. The air within was damp, heavy, and almost putrid. Its roof was low, and the only light it received came from one barred chink in the cold mould-covered wall. On the stone floor lay the last wreck of what had been a man, but now loathsome in aspect, so wild, so lost to all the nobler faculties of humanity, that he seemed less human than fiend-like. He was loaded from head to foot with heavy irons, and was now uttering awful imprecations, as he writhed to and fro upon the dungeon floor in the madness of mingled despair and intoxication.

There was a sound of clanging chains, and the creaking of hinges, and bolts and bars, and the door of the dungeon opened, and Florio entered. The jailor followed, and three living souls were together, as in a sepulchre.

"Assassino," shouted the jailor, "you will no more *gitatsi alla strada*, you will rob no more on the highway, will you receive the benediction of our Holy Mother?"

The wretch answered with a growl, and rolled his body over, while his eyeballs glared, and his mouth foamed, as if his last moments were at hand.

"Ten years of crime have erased from the heart of that *ladro cattivo* all traces of humanity; thank our Holy Mother, he dies to-morrow;" said the jailor.

Florio gazed upon the condemned wretch, and motioned the attendant away.

When the door of the cell had been made fast, and the echoes of the man's footsteps had died away, Florio stooped down over the form which lay writhing in cold chains, and felt a secret joy creep in his heart, as he caught the horribly repulsive expression of its brutal features. He rested on one knee above the breathing mass of iniquity, and watched keenly the most minute outline of his visage. "For thirty years," he muttered to himself; "for thirty years have I cherished one great hope, and its consummation is realized at last. Beauty has dawned upon my path, till it seemed as though all things in heaven or earth were but parts of it. I have seen it typified in the calmness of the twilight sea, and have heard its voice in the rich droppings of music which the rain makes in the summer wild. It came once in the semblance of a little child, and I kept that as a living memory in my heart. It came again in a gentle girl, and I wedded her, that the same angel face which smiled upon me from the canvas, should also nestle in my daily life, and cheer my hours with a rosy joy. But, never, never till now, although I have visited this dungeon every morn, and have held communion with nature in the rugged solitudes, where mortal foot, except my own, would never dare to tread, have my eager eyes lighted on the other half of my idol, and the chasm in the spiritual laws and influences, by which I am begirt, has never been filled till now. Thou incarnate fiend, thou grinning devil; now as thy life ebbs out, and a dread eternity of pain becomes thy doom, fix that ghastly stare for ever upon my canvas, and become to all the future ages the other side of an angel's face."

III.

Mária was sitting in her chamber alone, and her eyes were swollen with tears. Florio entered, and his wife rose to meet him.

"Husband," she said, "why do you look so wild?"

"My dear wife," replied he, "why do you shed tears?"

She made no reply.

"I am happy," said the painter; "yes, I am happy. My soul has found her mate, the *second Picture is finished!*"

Florio stretched himself upon a couch, and covered his face with his hands. Mária seated herself beside him, and bending her beautiful head above him, faintly whispered, "Florio, I have had a strange dream."

"Life is but a dream, all things are shadows, there is nothing real, the world is a bundle of phantasms, and halos, and shifting clouds, and melting vapours. Hope itself is but a mirage of the desert. I painted your image before I saw you; if you could float before me in the ideal shapes of earth and air, no wonder but yourself might dream."

Maria heeded not these mutterings, and whispered softly, "I was dreaming of my home; of my mother who loved me so; of my mother who died; and I was dreaming of the green meadows where I played when young, and when I had a gentle brother, the angel of my mother's heart. And I saw my mother's face smiling upon me in my dream, and I heard my father's voice, and my little brother was there, and he was gathering flowers by the river side; and then I saw him—" and here sorrow checked her words, "I saw him leap headlong down into a dark chasm, and he was dashed to pieces against the rocks." She covered her face with her hands, and still wept.

Florio heard her not, he was still muttering to himself—

"It breathes as did the other, and thus the circle is complete. It is the circle which surrounds me and all other men—the circle of fate and of events. My life is complete, my days are counted. I have realized the idea for which I was born. The Beautiful and the Terrible have found their exponent and representative in me! What were all my wanderings amid dark ravines and skeleton-peopled caves? what were all my visits to the Lazarhouse? my time had not come, the wretch was then waiting me in his dread course of crime. Each man casts his own shadow in two forms, as I have seen myself reflected in the fair mirror of a mountain brook, with grace and symmetry, and in grim gigantic aspect in the mists above the Alpine snows. There is nothing better than ourselves, and there is nothing worse. This incarnate fiend who has taken shape and colour at the tip of my pencil, although blackened all over with guilt, is only like a bad hour scooped out of my own life. With all his manifold iniquities, he is but the blood which moves in my own veins. Truth itself has two sides, on one side is Beauty, on the other Terror, falsehood and error are but part of it, and the lie itself is the sternest truth

"I can see my picture now, and out of all its devil-like contortions comes the image of its opposing state, as every shadow points in the direction of the sun. As amid the deepest gloom of night there is yet some hope of returning dawn, as the cloud will be followed by sunshine, and the storm by fairest calm, so out of this grim

terror comes the majestic beauty of a better world, and these are the two ends of creation; the opposing and conjoining forces, the double-sided nature in her most enchanting mood. There are tempters lying in our path at noonday and at night, the one in the beauty of the sun or the star, the other in the grim realities of daylight sorrow, or midnight crime; and each has a home in every human heart. The two together form the thread on which the worlds are strung as beads. Without the thunder-storm or tempest, the earth would have no garniture of flowers. What are hideous dreams, but our own sins lighted up and transformed into phantasms of terror? Both come gleaming upon me from the burial aisles of the Past, and the dawning genesis of the Future; the one soothing and calm, like a spell of poppies and sleep, the other cankering and fierce, like a fire of scorpion stings. I see the one in the night, when heaven pours down its cataracts of light, and the other when morning breaks with lurid portents and with raging storms. And out of all, the truths of my life come sharp and piercing, like the pointed glaciers which shoot up between the rivings of the crags in the sunless solitudes of the mountain paths—Mária, I am faint—I am not dreaming—the world may say that I am mad, but I am still a man, and love you tenderly."

IV.

Florio had returned to the cell of the condemned, to gaze once more upon the man whose doom it was to die upon the morrow. The criminal was seated upon the low bench which occupied one side of the cell, and his chains seemed to hang heavily upon him. When the painter entered, the man cast a savage glance upon him, and folding his arms together, moaned and sighed as though his soul would burst with penitence. The picture was brought by an attendant, and Florio took it into his hands, and stood surveying the relative expressions of the image and the reality. Florio looked mildly upon the doomed wretch, and showing him the picture, said:—

"Look, I painted that when you were lying there insensible."

The man gazed upon it, and groaned as though his heart would break.

"I scorn thee not, I love thee, for thou wert born for me," said the painter, but the man heeded not his wandering speech, but sat with his eyes riveted upon the picture of himself.

At length, he broke out into one long sobbing groan, and muttered almost inaudibly, "Oh God, that I should come to this, and so soon too, ah! I was not always so. I was once a child, and had a mother who loved me," and his utterance was choked by grief. He struggled with the deep emotions of his breast, and tears came to his relief.

The painter stood gazing on him intently, and with the picture still in his hands. "Every fiend was once a child, and had a mother, or how else had he been born," he said to himself.

The man struggled hard with the memories which seemed to be awakened within him, and looking up with his hollow, glaring eyes, and emaciated features, he shrieked wildly, "Oh, for the sake of my mother, do not spurn me, for I feel now, that I shall die within this narrow cell, before my time comes to be dragged forth by the executioner." He fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands in prayer.

Florio was riveted to the spot. "They are both even here," he said, "so black a wretch as this can pray; the angel and the devil are conjoined."

The criminal looked up, and meeting the benign expression of the painter's face, and the calm benevolence which seemed to issue from his eyes, like a ray of sunshine from within his heart, beckoned him to sit beside him.

The painter sat upon the bench, and put forth his hand, the other grasped it, and they clung together in an embrace, as two loving children in their sleep.

"I shall die before the sun sets, although in this dark cell his setting is unknown to me," said the man in chains, "and through all my years of crime and sorrow, you are the only man in whose eyes I could read compassion for a sinner."

"You were not born and nurtured in crime," said the painter, "tell me your history."

"I will," answered the other, and his voice was again suppressed by grief. "I will," he resumed. "I was once a child, and my parents loved me, oh! how my mother loved me, and watched me in my sleep. It was in a little cottage, by the green banks of the Adda, that my early years were spent. My mother—oh, she is in heaven now, and my father is in heaven too; I saw them go there in my dream: and I saw myself go down into a black, sulphurous pit to keep company with fiends; and my sister, she was not so old as I, she was a tender babe when I was strong, and I carried her across the water on my back. But my mother—my mother died, the world was no more a home for me; and I—I loved, but met with scorn, I sought revenge and became thenceforth an outcast. I wandered up and down the world, and like a wild beast left to famish, preyed upon myself. I robbed, lied, gamed, cheated, murdered, and now I am here;" he lifted up his head, and looked round upon the harsh stone walls of the cell. "Ah, my mother, and my sister, and my home are gone, and I am here, but there is something in my throat, I shall die;" his features underwent such strange contortions, and his eye flashed with such a terrible glare, that Florio sprang to his feet and stood aghast. He put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a small box, and placed it tremblingly in the painter's hands. Florio was about to open it and ascertain its contents, but the man motioned him to conceal it.

The fit passed off, and he again implored Florio to listen. "Am I the fiend you make me there?" he said, pointing to the picture.

"It is yourself," replied the painter.

Oh, my mother and my sister, and my home, and the green banks where I played when an innocent child. I can see it all as in a dream, and I can see a youth, with noble brow and black flowing locks of hair, gazing upon me as I sit at play. I told my mother, and I dreamed of it at night. He turned his dying glance full upon the painter, and pressing his hand to his burning brow, he asked, "didst thou ever gaze upon a child at play?"

Florio started, and looked upon his picture, and again upon the man.

"It is so, thou art the man;" and he fell back, as another convulsion seized him, and his mouth was covered with a roapy foam. The jailor entered to summon him to his last prayer: but the prayer he had lately offered *was* his last; for he was now struggling with the cold embraces of death. His body writhed to and fro, and his teeth worked convulsively. He was still, he stretched himself out upon his back, his eyes closed, he muttered, "my mother, my mother, my sister," and so he died.

Florio started up, seized his picture, and hurried to his home.

V.

The sun was going down, and the heavens were bathed in liquid sheets of crimson flame, and the rich hues of an Italian sunset streamed into the painter's studio, and lighted up the pictured walls with a strange and mysterious lustre. Florio and Mária were gazing on two pictures; the one was the image of an angel, the other of a fiend.

"Yes, my fond Mária," he said, "it is a tale of sorrow."

"It cannot be the same," she replied, "oh no, it cannot be."

"Verily, it is, and now, even now, the image of his

youth lingers about his eyes like the melting shadow of a twilight dream. Yes, the one is heaven, the other is darkness and guilt; we live between them both—time connects them, and they are both locked up in each living heart. Oh, those eyes, so lustrous once in all their heaven-flashing beauty, were gazing upwards when I saw the child, and I hastened home, and it lived there upon the canvas, to cheer my heart. But now, ah! now—the angel smile which dwelt upon those lips, the smile of love, fresh with the morning dew of life, is fled, fled for ever; and they are now pallid and curled up with parching words and imprecations. Here take the packet, he gave it me before he died."

Mária opened the small box which Florio had received from the criminal, and as she drew forth a small locket, and caught sight of what was painted on it, she shrieked, and fell into her husband's arms.

"What Mária, what, what concerns you so?"

"It is my mother, my mother," and she heaved a deep sigh, and fainted in the painter's arms. He laid her upon a couch beneath the open window, and watched her as she revived. The locket had fallen on the floor, and Florio stooped to pick it up, and he then saw the picture of a fair woman, in the summer of life's prime, and wearing the serene expression of his Mária's face. He turned it over, and on the other side was the name "Donato;" he felt as if it were the greatest boon to die just then, and he gasped out, "It is so, I see it all."

"Look here, Mária, that is thy brother—that wretch is thy brother, that smiling angel is thy brother; the dawn which is breaking there upon its lovely brow has broken in a day of fearful storms, and sunk into an evening of woe and sorrow. The day of his life is the circle of all the laws of God, the mingling of all the elements of loveliness and strife, the gathering of all the opposing forces which hedge in the daily actions of men, and which expands and expands, and forms the untold cycle of eternity."

Mária took the portrait from his hand, and kissed it with impassioned energy. On the back, she read her own maiden name, "Donato." "Oh, my poor brother, it was he whom you saw in the prison, it was he whom you painted as a fiend—my poor brother, who carried me in his arms before my mother died—my fond brother who loved me so, and whom I thought was dead. Oh! Florio, my grief is too much for me, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, Mária," he said, "thy poor brother is in heaven, for his heart prayed for forgiveness even upon the brink of death, and as he was an angel once, so will he be an angel again." He stooped and kissed his wife, and folded her gentle head upon his breast. "Mária, my wildest dreams were never so dread as these stern realities; there are no dreams, all things are real, and personify the Beautiful and the Terrible. Oh, my blood grows chill and frosty, there is darkness, and the earth shrinks from me; the heaven is like a waving sea, and dark foaming billows seem threatening to engulph me. There is a sound as of a solemn bell tolling in the sky, to urge me on my mission, I must away to seek for Beauty and its grim companion, Terror. But stay, my head burns, my brain reels: Mária, I am here; the pictures are painted, your brother is here, and your mother is here, they are living here in breathing forms, while their spirits haunt the green avenues of a better world, and we will sleep peaceful and calm, with these old memories for our daily companions."

LOVE.

THERE is something beautifully unselfish in the first buddings of love in the young soul. It exhibits the strength of natural instinct, and shows how much superior and stronger that is, in the as yet unperverted nature of youth, when compared with the sterner teachings of practical wisdom, which generally come with maturer years, and an intimate intercourse with the world. Love is a divine instinct, seeking satisfaction in a union with a fellow-soul. In youth we are all lovers, and even in age we cannot resist the fascination. How we linger over the poets who sing of love, and the novelists who tell its story. It is an oft-told tale, yet how long it preserves its freshness, never growing old! How well even the transcendental Emerson can paint it, these two little extracts will suffice to show:—

"All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village-boy teases the girls about the school-house door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbours, that were so close just now, have learnt to respect each other's personality. . . . By-and-by the boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores as incident to scholars and great men."

Here is another little picture, by the same writer:—

"Little think the youth and maiden, who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes so full of mutual intelligence, of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external, stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry,—then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdom, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star; the same melting cloud; read the same book; feel the same emotion that now delight me? They try and weigh their affection, and adding up all costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed."

We cannot understand how all this should be. It is almost vain to reason about it. It *is*—that is enough; and we believe that this instinct, so all-potent, has been designed for a good and wise purpose. To many, this season of love is the beautiful season of their life, which throws a glow over their entire future. In this mysterious love for one, a spark is oft-times lit, which glows and beams until it extends to the universal heart. The nature that has been once subject to its influence, is ever after enlarged and purified. Even they who fall, look back at that phase of their being with reverent admiration. It was the paradise all blooming with roses of joy; and the wreaths then gathered have not yet all withered from their brow. Memory clings about them still, and the heart grows young again at the recollection of that sweet spring-time of their youth.

"To love," says Leigh Hunt, "even if not beloved, is to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless, which nothing can take from us but our own unworthiness. And once to have loved truly, is to know how to continue to love everything which unlovingness has not had a hand in altering—all beauties of nature and of mind, all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, skies, hopes, and good belief, all dear decays of person, fading towards a two-fold grave,

all trusts in heaven, all faiths in the capabilities of loving man. Love is a perpetual proof that something good and earnest and eternal is meant us, such a bribe and foretaste of bliss being given us to keep us in the lists of time and progression; and when the world has realized what love urges it to obtain, perhaps death will cease; and all the souls which love has created crowd back at its summons to inhabit their perfected world."

No one who has loved can tell how it originated. It was some charm or grace seen to one, but which to other eyes was hidden, or, some secret but indescribable sympathy, which, like an electric flash, instantaneously revealed two natures to each other. The girl that was awkward and dull to one, was clothed in beauty and spirit to another. The soul that was seeking its mate thrilled at her sight, and loved. A thousand had passed her by before, and seen nothing, felt nothing of the celestial rapture which has seized this one. And now see him. His nature is changed. His self-possession has left him. Before he was eloquent, now he is mute. Yet, his very silence *she* understands. They have exchanged glances, and a new world has been revealed to both. They live in and for each other henceforth. The smallest talk is invested with pleasure; the most vapid billets-doux are treasured and carried nearest the heart. No circumstance affecting them in their relations to each other is too trivial for memory to hold.

Plato had a fancy (for love is as old as Grecian philosophy, or, indeed, as the creation of man) that lovers each sought a likeness in the other, and that this was only the divorced half of the original human being rushing into communion with the other. But philosophy would here seem to be at fault; for how much oftener does love spring from unlikeness than from likeness? The fiery man seeks the gentlest woman; the self-dependent selects the most trusting; the dark woos the fair; the sanguine the melancholic, and so on. But for this, our castes and distinct types of being would become strongly and disagreeably marked. As it is, nature corrects the tendency, is cosmopolitan, and blends society together into one homogeneous whole.

Love is pre-eminently a recognition of The Beautiful. The most gifted minds are the most ardent lovers. In them the divine passion burns most clearly. Great souls make everything great; they elevate and consecrate all true delights. The nearer the soul advances towards perfection, the more is it inclined to love the beautiful. Man seeks for this in himself, and beyond himself. He finds the outer object in a nature similar to his own, but different from him in sex. Imagination aids him in investing the object with the most beautiful attributes. Grace, loveliness, virtue, fascination—all are revealed to his eyes. She is lifted above the world, and stands alone and apart to him. She is an impersonation of all that is brightest, fairest, best—

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

He has reached a purer state of existence than before; and his mind and heart are both filled and possessed by the new revelation of beauty that has flashed upon him.

His first feeling is that of deep respect,—for we reverence what we love. Recognising in the world nothing as its equal, what is more natural than this? Then there is a forgetfulness of self. Profound attachment to a beloved object brings out grandly the deeper qualities of a fine nature: it makes those magnificent who before seemed mean: it makes even the miser generous. Hallowed by this divine passion, the soul expands and rises, until all the ideas are surrounded by a halo of grandeur. The lover becomes as one inspired. All nature is responsive to him. The birds on every bough are vocal with his love. The sky, the sun, the common air, all have voices tuned to his own. His sharpened perceptions of natural beauty excite him to verse, and he sings! The flies to the language of poetry as his true voice, and the greatest of all poets become his interpreters; Shakspere, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Milton, reveal to him the divine beauty of her he loves, and invest his passion with an almost religious sublimity.

It is futile trying to account for all this, or endeavouring to comprehend it. Alas! how do the deep mysteries of life evade our comprehension. What do we know of the meanest of its agencies? We may struggle to express ourselves in words, but the deep thought evades us. We are concealed from ourselves, and all the attempts which we make to unravel the mystery of our being, only serve to show how infinitely little we know, as compared with what must ever remain unknown to us. We can judge of effects, but are ever baffled when we try to look behind the veil for the causes of those springs which move our intelligent and sentient being.

Universal consent has recognised in this divine passion, its beginning, history, and epithalamium, the grandest of all the acts in the great drama of life; involving the most pregnant consequences, and fraught with joy or sorrow unspeakable. But love is never consummated: it is a succession of new births: it has phases of new beauty, which the mind delights to contemplate. The next worship of the lover is at a new altar—that of home. His love becomes cut out into little stars, to each of which his affections are linked. Each day brings with it new and delightful experiences. He is admitted to the arcana of delights. A mutual soul shares his joys and his griefs alike. There is always a smile to reward and soften his toil, a kind voice to beguile his sorrow, a confiding heart in whom he can find repose. His love enlarges in the family, and through the family it expands into society. Like the wave caused by the pebble thrown into the pond, the circle goes on enlarging and extending, until the whole surface is pervaded.

To quote Emerson again—"Love is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flames. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observers, and thereby learners. That is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly, and with pain, the objects of affection change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health, the mind is presently seen again,—its over-arching vault, bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds, must lose their finite character, and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on for ever."

A DAY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

REGENT'S PARK.

It is amusing to trace the small beginnings, from which the great event of a Zoological Institution in England arose. A live lion was the rarity of the shows and fairs centuries ago. In the course of time the showmen trumpeted from their *al fresco* stages that they had a "collection" of wild beasts within, for the delectation of the liege; and gaping rustics were the more readily pre-

vailed upon to "walk up" and witness superior kinds of novelty. Then came Mr. Wombwell and Mr. Cross, with their more extensive and complete menageries. Finally, a Zoological Club arose out of the Linnean Society, and the Club took also the name of a Society. The latter was formed in 1826, and Regent's Park Gardens were instituted,—thanks to the great ardour and the exertions made on behalf of the project by a gentleman named Vigors. The late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles was selected to become the Founder of the Gardens. A plot of ground was granted the society by Government, in 1826.

An address, delivered by Mr. Children, at the anniversary meeting of the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society in November, 1827, contains a passage alluding to the enlargement of the gardens. It says—"Final arrangements have been very recently concluded, for the grant of the lake and its islands in the Regent's Park, by the Government, for the purpose of breeding, rearing, and preserving water-fowl, and other aquatic animals, and for a plot of ground for the erection of suitable offices and farm-yards for breeding and domesticating poultry."

For some years, however, after the establishment of the gardens, they did not flourish in public estimation or patronage, to the extent they seemed to so well deserve; and it was not until latterly that, by the exertions of an active committee, and an intelligent secretary, they began to attract notice, obtain adequate support, and attain to popularity. While we write, the gardens are undoubtedly one of the most popular resorts in or out of the metropolis.

The establishment of the Zoological Society forms an era in the history of the science in England, as regards the higher departments of animated nature. In its gardens and museum, open to the public at a very low charge, our countrymen in general, whether previously attached to zoology or indifferent to its allurements, may find incitement as well as opportunity to make themselves familiarly acquainted with the appearance and manners of a large proportion of the animal creation. To the most extensive assemblage of living quadrupeds and birds ever exhibited in this, or, perhaps, any other country, has been added the attraction of a delightful promenade.

The museum has had its full share in promoting the objects desiderated, by affording to individuals of more expanded views the means of enlarging their knowledge of nature, through a closer examination of her works. Valuable acquisitions have been continuously pouring into the menagerie for years past, and now, a larger or finer collection is not to be found anywhere.

Accompany us, reader, whomsoever you may be, on a Monday's visit to the gardens. Let us push by the throngs of anxious, pale-faced traders in the dusty streets, intent ourselves on the enjoyment of a day's release from the cares and toils of business. Let us unhook the link that connects us with the wheel of labour. The sun is shining in meridian splendour, and we are already before the gates of the Park; we are soon treading the green-sward! The broad gravel promenades contrast their Californian hue with the fresh and vivid greenness of the grass. The avenues of tall trees shade the vista with their spreading foliage. With every step we come upon more and more company pouring onward; and everybody, especially the feminine and juvenile everybodies, look well-dressed, spruce, and tidy in appearance. The diversified and vari-coloured summer-fashions may be studied *con amore*, particularly the juvenile dresses. There are innumerable small boys before us in fancy dresses, like those of the Viennese children; lots of little girls, too, in polkas, spencers and visites, short frocks, and pretty lace-fringed leggings, allowing a display of healthful, brawny little legs. Young gentlemen swarm about us, with large lay-down collars and stiff standing-up ones, ready to cut off such ears as are too obtrusive. Young gentlemen again, with slim, unbending figures, surtout-coats, and paletots, presuming hats, and troublesome canes, pointed all ways but the right: these are in strong muster, and form a striking portion of the assemblage flocking to the Zoological Gardens.

We are before the principal entrance. On any other day, the circular-road of the Park, at this spot, would be crowded with carriages. But the public, *sui generis*, do not affect carriages; they however do not look a bit the worse for it, particularly as, after all, there is a pretty good sprinkling of the high-born and the more amiable, associating with the sixpenny-visitors; the lions, too, look just as interesting, the monkeys quite as rude and active, the parrots equally as communicative, and the snakes as truculent, as though it were a fashionable Saturday; none of the accustomed sources of amusement are withdrawn.

The plan of the gardens comprises the north and south gardens; appertaining are lodges, a terrace, bear-pit, rustic seats, the llama, macaw, monkey, reptile, emu, giraffe, deer, tapir, elephant, and other houses; also menagerie-yards, dens, repositories, sheds, enclosures, aviaries, apiary, ponds, cages, kennels, &c., &c. There is an ornamental garden, in contra-distinction to that specially named Zoological. The public drive of the Park divides the grounds into two irregularly-shaped parts—north and south. A tunnel, or subterranean passage, is the mode of communication between them, in lieu of crossing the public road.

We stand on the well-known terrace, immediately over the dens of the lion, tiger, panther, and the leopard; we are in the presence of hundreds of ferocious and wily animals; of slimy and creeping things; these restlessly parading their cages, and savagely growling their desire to escape and dart upon their mocking visitors. Those writhing upon the earth, or toad-like, crouching within some leafy hiding-hole; we dread the bare possibility of encountering the crushing coils of the upas-breathing python; we think with horror upon being given over to the mercies of a tribe of chattering and malicious apes; but our fears are dispelled as we observe the strong bolts and bars, and the stern keepers by which the denizens of this artificial forest are kept in security and awe.

Observe yonder splendid animal in the white coat,—it is the polar bear; a few bars only divide him from us; but for those bars he might climb up his pole, approach, and hug us in a too warm embrace! It is told of this kind of bear, that the Kamtschatkans in the literal meaning of Pope's line—

"Learn from the beast the physic of the field."

The bear is their great master, and they owe all their knowledge in medicine and surgery, and even the polite arts, to this animal. They observe the herbs to which he has recourse when he is ill, and the same simples prove equally restorative to the two-legged race. They even acknowledge the bear as their dancing-master—the Oscar Byrne of the polar regions!

The terrace commands the gardens in their entirety. To the left are sylvan avenues of romantic aspect, in whose recesses vegetate the giraffe, the bison, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the moose deer, the vulture, the emu, and other strange and ferocious animals. On the right is an expanse of many acres of pasture land. Immediately in front, the finest prospect presents itself. The glass-houses, aviaries, pheasantry, and boweries; the ornamental waters, flower-beds, grass-plats, glades, slopes, and elegantly-rounded walks. The frontiers are formed of a belt of planting; east and south-west of the pasture-ground, many of the large carnivori dens are ranged on the frontier portion of the grounds. The society has, we understand, 1,350 specimens of the animal world caged at the present time;

354 of these belong to the mammalias. During the past two years, more than 165 species of animals, "never before exhibited alive," as Mr. Wombwell would say, have been added.* On the Lucerne field, in the distance, browse a number of Parnassian sheep, imported recently. This is the nearest practical approach to Arcadia the age can boast of. It only needs the presence of a Strephon and Phillis, or an Acis and Galatea, real or theatrical, to complete the illusion!

To assist our further explanations of the more novel inhabitants of the zoological gardens, we will, if you please, make the different menagerie-houses our landmarks to guide us in our day's exploration. The menagerie *per se*, need not detain us. In sooth, the lions have lost some of their prestige, and their roars are now, like Bottom the weaver's, unregarded; they are no longer the celebrities they were. Even these little otters we are now watching, after our descent from the terrace, in the osier bed at our feet, interest us more. What singular, mysterious creatures are these otters; with their battered, bullet-shaped, diminutive heads! yet how expressive are their eyes—how slim and graceful their forms! But they are slippery rogues withal, and their ways are devious. They will dive, aye, until you cannot fathom their depth, and then pop up their dank, dripping, ape-like faces in places the most unexpected. Sometimes they will impudently show their tails instead of their countenances.

The conservatory-resembling edifice before us is the ape-house, an oblong structure of wire-work domed in the centre. Its appearance is light and elegant externally; within it is not so attractive: open to ventilation, yet on inspecting the interior, the closeness and fetid odour disgust the senses. Execrable noises besiege the ear, such screechings and screamings as one might read of in Dante, or expect of purgatory. The wailings and gnashing of teeth of the denizens of this demoniac saloon, are by no means pleasant accompaniments. The different denominations of monkeys are seen from the outside and inside of the house, suspended from rings and poles, or clinging to the wire work of their various cages. Some have slung themselves to the first thing they could capriciously catch at. Each species of monkey is separately tenanted, though all can observe the movements of one another. The habits of the animal have been so carefully considered by their conservators, that appropriate equivalents for the accustomed objects of their habitats, have been ingeniously provided. This collection is the largest ever made in England, and includes subjects rather difficult to obtain: instance, the white-nosed monkey, the black ape, the Barbary ape, the Diana mona monkey, red monkey, white eyelid monkey. The Wanderoo family, is that considered most common.

Our pity breaks into involuntary expression while gazing upon one poor ape of singular visage, tearful eyes, jet black velvety coat so glossy and clean, who seems to deplore his captivity, and is biting at his thumbless hands or toes, with an air of uneasiness and vexation. Assuredly, our little favourite "Diana" hardly deserves imprisonment; he is better behaved, better dressed, and much more polite than the rest of his fraternity.

But another kind of monkey is the more important character. He is perfectly black; covered with glossy hair, with a white beard surrounding his chin, and extending a span or more in length. To this animal all the rest of his tribe pay profound respect; they submit and humiliate themselves in his presence, as though they were capable of appreciating his superiority or pre-eminence. The princes and great lords hold him in much estimation, because he is endowed above every other with gravity, capacity, and the appearance of wisdom. He is easily trained to the performance of a variety of ceremonies, grimaces, and affected courtesies, all which he accomplishes in so serious a manner, and to a perfection, that is wonderful to contemplate in an irrational animal.

The green monkey belongs to the long-tailed African group, which constitute the genus *Cercopithecus*. Travellers give amusing accounts of the manners of these animals in their native state; in captivity they are generally captious and malicious, but the keeper informs us that much of the character of any species, depends on their education. Thus we notice that the schoolmaster is abroad, even in the abiding places of the Chimpanzee. In several species, the shape of the head is exceedingly grotesque; so also are the attitudes of the animal, on close watching. The African genus is destitute of thumbs.

The monotonous howling, you hear, comes from the alnates, or howling monkeys (*myceti*); the plaintive, piping tones are those of the small sapajous; those snorting noises are the grumblings of the striped nocturnal monkey; yon unfashionably made, and pendant topsy-turvy sloth has his particular cry, if one could distinguish it; and thus is produced that predominant confusion of noises which assails and pierces our ears.

For a few minutes, we transfer our attention to the tree kangaroo. A few steps further on bring us within the precincts of the *psittacidæ*, or parrot family, a very interesting neighbourhood. Historically speaking, the parrots constitute a family widely diffused through the torrid zone, in both new and old continents, and is scarcely found beyond; the short wings of these birds disable them from traversing very great distances, as large tracts of sea for instance. The foot is used for conveying the food to the mouth; a peculiarity nowhere else seen but in the goat suckers.

The family of *strigidæ*, or owl tribe, occupy a neighbouring vicinity. We can examine the specimens before us; the size of the eyes is the most remarkable point in their physiognomy. Their eyes have an evident relation to the small amount of light in which they are usually to be employed; the pupils are so large that the birds are dazzled in full day; this is the cause of the stupid appearance they exhibit. Their period of activity is twilight. We have already disturbed one, and it is making the most ludicrous gestures. Sometimes, however, you may stand a quarter of an hour before an owl, and it will stare you out of countenance rather than let you obtain the victory; its gaze is as fixed as though it were a stuffed instead of a living bird.

The next spot we will inspect shall be rather out of course, although close at hand: it has a delightful aspect of combined floral and sylvan beauty. It is the new aviary, almost realizing the Enchanted Bower of the Arabian Nights. Bright-plumaged birds, from every clime, abound in this charming arbour; the air is vocal with their songs. Hundreds of little throats are pouring out a language, which is the expression of sympathy between those feathered songsters, for their imprisoned condition. While high up upon the topmost branch of some tall tree in its choice solitude, the nightingale trills her rich song, and seems to conduct the feathered concert. An enchanted bower indeed, but there is a bower within a bower hereabout, that we must find, it is a little to the left; the most remarkable specimen of bird architecture known; it is composed, you perceive, of twigs woven together in the most compact manner, and ornamented with shells and feathers, the disposition of which the birds are said to be continually altering. The bower birds resemble, and are nearly the size of the jackdaw, the female is green in colour, the centre of the breast

* The numbers bred in the gardens, recently, have been considerable, and show an improved knowledge of the mode of treating these creatures in confinement. Since 1847, the giraffe, the bison, the wapiti deer, capercailzie, and the eider have provided interesting contributions in the shape of their young, to the British *Fauna*.

feathers yellowish; the unmoulted plumage of the male is similar, the eyes of both are a brilliant blue. All this the polite Forester at our elbow tells us, but these birds are the veritable mysteries of exotic zoology. They are natives of the Australian bush, but remained undiscovered by any naturalist, as far as their habits have been understood, till so late a period as a year or two ago, when Mr. Gould, the naturalist, succeeded in entrapping the pair now in the aviary, while on his travels in Australia. The birds are extremely shy, and retire at the first approach of strangers, their shyness indeed accounts for the origin of their remaining so long unknown even to the settlers at the Antipodes. These bowers have been attributed to every possible origin but the right one; they do not constitute the nests of the birds, as you may have remarked, for there is a nest, now partly constructed, in the midst of the structure we are examining. We are fortunate, friend visitor: the birds themselves appear. There are the two described—slyly, gently, quietly emerging from a back settlement of jungle; their movements are more rapid; they chase each other playfully through the brushwood—they salute one another with the oddest movements; and hark, they utter some kind of note, albeit not pleasant in the intonation. The "satin graikle" is the name they are best known by to naturalists.

Return, and accompany us along this subterraneous way. It is not darker than the archway of a bridge, and we ascend an esplanade or embankment with steep, grassy declivities on the left hand, leading to a *cul de sac*. The path leads to another ornithological region you would not perhaps desire to miss. A piercing cry salutes our ears. It comes from the great sea eagle, or from the white-headed eagle, both being in our vicinity. The cry is repeated or answered. A sharp, short, savage, angry, and hungry bark! Turning aside from the straight path, you can now see the bird in its immense cage or enclosure, looking, as he spreads his wide wings, as though he would be surging by us, and shooting up into his native sky, leaving us a ground view of his enormous talons, and yellow knobby loof; legs as thick as a stout man's wrists.

We must pass the ostriches for want of time; although the emu, belonging to the race, is a strange and magnificent bird. It has an enclosure to itself.

Here are the vultures, about which a few words will not be thrown away. Instead of regarding the vulture as a minister of nature, in the maintenance of her laws, we are apt to brand him with the epithets of base, cowardly, and obscene, because he is, forsooth, a "preyer upon garbage." But the vulture, in reality, is a most useful, and if in the one sense offensive, in another meaning a very inoffensive creature. We remember Mr. Bennett, of the Zoological Society, describing him. He pointed out, amongst other interesting circumstances regarding the animal, that the barrenness of its feathers on the head enables it to burrow in putrid carcases, without risk of soiling its sable plumage. Its largely-extended nostrils are of use in guiding it to its prey, which it can scent or probably see at a great distance. Audubon gives the vulture the faculty of sight rather than smell, the lofty pitch at which it flies, and the surpassing excellence of its vision enable it to detect prey at an inconceivable distance. The vulture is chiefly indebted to the beak for preying upon carrion. When one has made a lodgment, it rarely quits the banquet while a morsel of flesh remains; so that it is not uncommon to see the unclean bird perched upon a putrefying, air-infecting corpse for several successive days. It never attempts to carry a portion away, even to satisfy its young, but feeds them by disgorging the half-digested morsel from its maw. The vulture acts the part of a scavenger for the benefit of mankind, and consumes what otherwise would prove a pest to human life. After feeding, it is seen for hours in one unvaried posture, patiently waiting until the work of digestion is completed, and the stimulus of hunger renewed. Its body is tainted with the odour peculiar to its latent meal.

Retracing our steps, we debouch at the other end of the esplanade upon the new reptile house; the Swiss cottage-looking building, to which the late carnivora structure has been converted. Formerly, the serpents were only seen through the grating of a box, the top of which was removed by the keepers. Now, they are confined in large, handsome, strong glass cases. The trees and shrubs you observe inside are placed there to accommodate their arborial habits.

The collection of reptiles is not large, but valuable, and numbers about 21 species. The larger proportion are snakes. There are the python lebec so called; the fetish snake of Africa (worshipped by the aborigines) and other pythons from the East Indies. Also a cobra de capello, or hooded snake, accounted to be deadly venomous. A fine specimen of the rattle-snake with its nineteen (!) young ones, born since its arrival in this country, attracts all attention. The puff adders and aspics are peeped at, with a certain amount of dread. The moral suggested by the "aspic's tongue," may be brought to mind while viewing the reptile.

The lizard tribe must not be overlooked. Observe the beautiful green lizard, and the tree frogs, which latter, although of a bright green when exposed to the light, become black in the shade. In the glass case one would take them for brilliant emerald ornaments, suited rather for a lady's bracelet than the condition of living things. We will turn from the reptiles to examine the chameleons, whose habitat adjoins. The uniform colour to us is a blueish grey, whatever people may say to the contrary of the chameleon's capabilities of changing colour. It changes to a browner grey, and to a green, but to no other hue. The change is owing, Mr. Brodripp explains, to an alteration in the relative position of two layers of colouring matter which the skin contains, so that they may be displayed singly, or in various degrees of combination. The tongue of the chameleon is of a remarkable character: it is capable of enormous elongation. It is by this organ it entraps its insect food, for like the toad, it suddenly darts out the tongue, and the insect is glued, as it were, to the end, to be instantaneously conveyed to the mouth. The peculiar conformation of the eyes adds to the singularity of the chameleon's appearance. They are large and prominent, but so much covered by a scaly skin, that you can only perceive a small hole in the middle, opposite the pupil. It is not uncommon to see the animal directing its eyes two different ways at once; thus while one eye is looking forward, perhaps, the other looks backwards, sideways, or upwards! The peculiar act of strabism in the chameleon is worthy of our notice and consideration; for the cause or motive of such a propensity of the creature's sympathising little eyes, have not been accounted for by naturalists.

We may here notice that a giant neighbour, the late elephant, died about a year ago, so that the gardens can now only boast of one of these colossal animals in their menagerie. The event of the demise had long been expected; "an extensive disease of the knee joint exasperated an uncontrollably bad temper, so that the loss of the unfortunate animal was not (writes Mr. Bennett, philosophically) felt with much regret."

So constant and frequent are the accessions of new subjects, and additions to the menagerie, that the loss of an animal, however valuable, is almost certain to be compensated by the arrival of another specimen in a short time. Indeed, on account of sanatory defects, the mutability in the affairs of the animal kingdom in the gardens is such, that we find it difficult to keep up our stock of knowledge with the tendency of the collection to increase and variety.

The mortality during the last season has been serious.

A rhinoceros, a buffalo, the aurochs, three bisons, and a black leopard, have died. But, in compensation for these losses, have arrived another rhinoceros, two ostriches, a lioness, and two gazelles, being a principal portion of a present made by the Emperor of Morocco. Other recent presents have been received from the Pacha of Egypt, including the "lionized" hippopotamus; an ibex, from Abyssinia, the first example ever seen alive in England; a new lioness, and a chetah. Altogether, the collection has become enriched, during the last year, by the addition of seventy new species of animals. Of the trio of huge pachyderms, now the grand curiosities of our leading vivarium—viz., the African elephant, the rhinoceros, and hippopotamus—the last is not the least deserving notice. Imagine a fancy article in crinkled india-rubber, of uncouth, quadrupedal form, magnified to the dimensions of an object seven feet long and six-and-a-half in girth, and you have the hippopotamus. The "illustrious stranger" has a house built for him next to the giraffe house, in the yard of which he takes exercise. In his own room is a large tank of water, into which he descends by a flight of steps, his waking hours being spent about equally in and out of water. He is constantly attended by an Arab keeper, the creature's attachment to whom is of the most touching, if not *crushing*, kind. He was captured in 1849, about 1,350 miles above Cairo. The captive's food, in its present artificial condition, is a kind of porridge of milk and maize-meal, and its health and appetite are excellent.

We have frequently attended the Tuesday Conversaziones at the Society's Hanover Square Rooms, thanks to the politeness of the secretary. The readings and lectures over, we could experience infinite amusement from the contemplation of some among the innumerable specimens of tiny creatures confined in bottles. A large proportion of the diminutive animal creation has been very successfully bottled off for perpetuity; corked down to immortality; or dexterously pinned down to Latin-inscribed labels, by the unique exertions of the Zoological curator. And after a visit to the gardens, we cannot wish our readers a more pleasant evening than one devoted to the Society's Conversaziones.

Lessons for Little Ones.

EXAGGERATION.

"Isabella, you have never yet told me how you enjoyed your visit to your aunt."

"Oh! mamma, it was delightful. Such excursions, and so much visiting! Then they have such a number of friends popping in so continually that they are never dull. I wish we could live in that way, mamma."

Mrs. Farnley looked at her husband, and he at her; then calling his little daughter to him, he placed her between his knees, and proceeded to question her further.

"Are you sure, my dear, that you are not exaggerating?"

"No, papa. It is really very pleasant visiting at my aunt's. Uncle is so kind, and he lets them do just as they like; and my cousins invite their friends as often as they please."

"Are they nice girls, Isabella?"

"Yes, papa, and very pretty: and then they dress so nicely."

"Indeed! Do you think they spend a great deal of money?"

"I should think so, they have such pretty muslin dresses. And then, for better dresses, they have beautiful striped silks, and drawn white silk bonnets on a Sunday. Mamma, will you let me have a drawn silk bonnet?"

"No, Isabella, you are much too young."

"I am as old as Janet, mamma, and she has one."

"You must not copy your cousins, my dear. I fear, from what you tell me, that they go on in a very foolish manner."

"No indeed, they do not. They are *so* industrious. Always practising their music, or learning German and French, or drawing."

"And how does the house go on all this while?"

"Oh! aunt attends to household affairs. And then they have two servants."

"Indeed! I thought, Maria," said Mr. Farnley, turning to his wife, "that they had only one."

"So my sister told me the last time she wrote," answered Mrs. Farnley. "It is very strange."

"Oh! papa, do you know," interrupted Isabella, eagerly, "we went to two such beautiful balls. All my cousins and I. And three or four times to the theatre."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Farnley, "I can only hope that you are not spoiled for home, after all these dissipations. We do not consider that our income entitles us to so many luxuries;—and now you had better go and play in the garden. You ought not to stay in the house this beautiful morning."

When Isabella had left the room, the conversation turned upon all she had been telling, and Mr. Farnley expressed great disapprobation of the expensive way of life of the Wilsons.

"When your sister and her husband consider," said he, "that but for me they would not have been able to retain the respectable position they still hold, I think they should be careful to avoid unnecessary expense; for, mark my words, if they continue to live as Isabella describes, they will be thrown upon my hands again in a year or two. I really cannot think of making perpetual sacrifices for so thoughtless and improvident a family."

About a year after this conversation, Mr. Farnley came hurriedly in from the warehouse, and throwing down a letter before his wife, requested her to read it. It was from Mr. Wilson, who wrote to request his brother-in-law to become security for him, that so he might obtain a public office of some responsibility, and be enabled to resign his present precarious employment.

"Well," said Mrs. Farnley, "you can easily do this, Thomas, and provide him with a competence for life."

"No, Maria, I should not feel justified in doing so. With a man who lives so thoughtlessly as does Wilson, and has six gay, extravagant daughters, the public money is never safe. I would not help to place him in the way of so much temptation."

A cold refusal was the result of this determination; and the breach between the brothers-in-law became constantly wider. The influence of this bad understanding even extended to their wives, and those who had been the most affectionate of sisters, now rarely corresponded, and had not met for years. At length Mrs. Dixon, Isabella's grandmother, who had always lived with the Farnleys, died suddenly, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were hastily summoned to the funeral. Isabella was delighted to see her aunt and uncle, and all coldness between the elders of the family disappeared for a time.

One evening, as they were all sitting together, Mrs. Wilson turned to her brother-in-law, and said, "You must allow me to take Isabella back with me. Her cousins are quite impatient to see her again."

"I don't know," said Mr. Farnley, gravely; "your gaieties spoil her for her hum-drum home."

"What do you mean, Thomas?"

"I mean what I say." And Mr. Farnley's brow assumed a slight frown.

"Oh! papa," said Isabella, "do let me go. I am never discontented with my home."

"But you are older now than you were when you paid your last visit, my dear, and you will miss all the beaux, and the balls, and the theatre, more this time."

"She is not likely to meet with much amusement of that kind at our house, Farnley," said Mr. Wilson. "My daughters know the value of time too well to spend it in dissipation. Besides, they have their household duties to perform."

"Not many of those, I fancy," said Mr. Farnley, drily. "If you were content with only one servant, and an occasional charwoman, as we are, then indeed you might talk of household duties."

"And, pray, who told you otherwise?" inquired Mrs. Wilson. "You must have very exalted ideas of our affluence."

"Why, Isabella here mentioned two domestics when she was with you."

"Isabella might see a neighbour's daughter once or twice," said Mrs. Wilson, "who had been called in to help in our large washes. With so many daughters, washes are tremendous affairs."

"Yes, when people dress in light muslins, and those flimsy things, the washing must come in very expensive."

"I find that you have a wrong idea altogether," said Mr. Wilson. "I only wish that you would accompany your wife on a visit to us, Farnley, and then you will be able to judge whether we are the stylish people you imagine. It is really quite ridiculous."

"How is this, Isabella?" said Mrs. Farnley the next morning, as they were sitting together at their sewing, the two gentlemen and Mrs. Wilson having gone out for a walk;—"how is it that your account of your uncle's household varies so much from theirs? Are you *sure* that you were quite correct in all that you stated?"

"What about, mamma? I can't remember so long ago."

"True; I must remind you of what you said. *I* remember it, because it has been the cause of much mischief. You told your papa and me, that your aunt kept two servants"——

"Oh! mamma, did I?"

"Indeed you did. Then you boasted of having been to balls, and the theatre, told us how expensively your cousins dressed, and how much company they kept; in short, you gave us the idea that they did nothing but amuse themselves, and spend time and money in incessant dissipation."

"Oh! mamma, I cannot have done all this."

"Yes, Isabella, you did; and I will tell you the consequences. Your papa refused to do for your uncle what would have increased his income very considerably, and have been something for him to depend upon for life; and, since then, they have never been really friendly. My sister and I have been long separated; and all this arose entirely from what I now believe to have been exaggerations on your part."

"Oh! mamma, how dreadful! I could not have imagined that what a little girl said could have done so much harm."

"Because we believed that you always spoke the truth. It is sad to think, Isabella, that we may often have been deceived by you."

"But, mamma, I am not a liar. I do not tell stories, indeed, mamma."

"There are many ways of violating the truth, Isabella, besides telling absolute falsehoods. The habit of exaggeration, in particular, is a most pernicious one, because it has a basis of truth that causes all the rest to be believed."

"How shall I make up for it, mamma?" inquired Isabella, shedding tears. "I am so sorry to have injured dear uncle and aunt, and my pretty cousins."

"Do you think you have the courage, Isabella, to undergo a cross-examination from your papa, before your uncle and aunt?"

"Oh! mamma, how shall I be able to bear it? To see them looking so vexed with me?"

"It will be the best plan, Isabella, depend upon it. It will explain all that has appeared unkind in your papa's conduct; and your uncle and aunt will admire you more for your openness and candour, than they could ever blame you for your thoughtless exaggeration."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. Farnley, soon returned from their walk, and Mrs. Farnley informed her husband of the conversation she had had with Isabella, and the thorough explanation she wished to have. So the little girl was questioned, and confessed how she had exaggerated childrens' parties into balls, and a little puppet-show into the theatre. The muslin dresses turned out to be old ones of Mrs. Wilson's, which had been altered for her daughters, and were got up at small expense by the young ladies themselves. The silk dresses and drawn-bonnets were proved to be presents, worn sparingly, and with economy; the excursions became walks in the fields, and the numerous friends a family or two of neighbours, who dropped in in the evening, and seldom cost their entertainers so much as a cup of tea. In like manner, the expensive accomplishments that took up so much time turned out to be almost wholly self-acquired, and pursued with a view of profiting by them in the anticipated event of a father's failing health, and growing incapacity for business. When, with many sobs and tears, Isabella had at length completed her confession, Mr. Farnley crossed the room, and, offering his hand to his brother-in-law, made a handsome apology for the injustice he had done him, and entreated him to pardon his daughter her childish fault.

"It will be a lesson for life," said Mrs. Wilson, as she kissed her niece. "Isabella will beware of exaggeration in future."

"Indeed I will, dear aunt," said Isabella, "dear, *dear* aunt. Will you also forgive and kiss me, uncle?"

"By-the-by," said Mr. Farnley, when they were more composed, "do you know, Wilson, that the situation, concerning which you wrote to me a year ago, is again vacant by the death of its occupant; and I shall be most happy, as some slight compensation for my injustice, to become your security to any amount required. Really, it seems as if the opportunity were purposely afforded me."

A SAUSAGE PROCESSION.

It was formerly the custom of the butchers of Königsberg, in Prussia, to draw through the streets of the town on New Year's day, to the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, a sausage of some hundreds of ells in length. One of the most remarkable of these processions is thus described by an eye witness. "On the first of January, 1601, the butchers of Königsberg marched gloriously, with drums beating, fifes whistling, and banners of green and white fluttering gaily. Their leader carried in his hand a spit, decorated with feathers and ribands. One hundred and three journeymen dragged the noble sausage, which measured 1,005 ells; on each side ran guards to protect it. When they reached the royal castle, his princely grace was presented with one hundred and thirty ells. Thence they proceeded to the Söwenicht, where they were received with many honours by the bakers, and detained as guests. To them they presented a portion of the sausage, and the day closed with festivities which were prolonged far into the night." This sausage weighed eight hundred and eighty-five pounds: eighty-one hams, the intestines of forty-five hogs, one ton and a half of salt, the same quantity of beer, and eighteen pounds of pepper were required to make it, and it cost two days work to three master butchers, and eighty-seven journeymen.

LIBERALITY should have banks as well as a stream; yet, let the kindness you cannot grant be supplied by fair and civil expressions.

THE CHURCHYARD AND THE CEMETERY.

Oh! bury me not in the full Churchyard, where rank weeds reeking grow,
And the poisonous earth, with its thrice-filled graves, lies festering below;
Where the grave ne'er wakes a thought of Death from the careless passers-by,
And the Sexton only speaks of it as a busy trade to ply;
Where the earth is opened every day, and the mourners come and go
All through the busy, crowded streets, in a mockery of woe;
Where the very ground a plague-spot seems, that should be a Court of Peace,—
And nothing around has mark or sound to tell of a soul's release.

But let me lie in a quiet spot, with the green turf o'er my head,
Far from the City's busy hum, the worldling's heavy tread;
Where the free winds blow, and the branches wave, and the song-birds sweetly sing,
Till every mourner *there* exclaims, "Oh, Death! where is thy sting!"
Where in nothing that blooms around, about, the living e'er can see
That the grave that covers my earthly frame has won a Victory;
Where bright flowers bloom through Summer time to tell how all was given
To fade away from the eyes of men, and live again in Heaven!

J. E. Carpenter.

"GETTING ON!"

TO MY YOUNGEST CHILD ON HIS FOURTH BIRTH-DAY.

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
What, my May-bird, four years old?
Getting on for five! Oh, nonsense!
Yet the truth must needs be told:
Getting on! Aye, that's the watchword,
One goal reached we seek the next.
Never poet nobler theme had—
Preacher a more fruitful text.

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
What know you of *getting on?*
Of the strivings, and the struggles,
And the prizes to be won?
Of the sorrows and vexations
That attend upon defeat,
Of the dark and slippery places
Where you'll have to plant your feet?

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
You would fain become a man;
All too fast the time is flying,
Stay its progress if you can.
Here in this green vale of childhood
Linger gladly while you may;
Lo! the skies are blue above you,
And the earth with flowers is gay.

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
Do you mark yon furrowed brow?
Once 'twas fair and smooth as thine is;
And that tottering step and slow
Was as bounding and as lightsome;
Red as thine that cheek, now wan;
Question you what wrought these changes?
Striving *vainly* to *get on.*

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
Look you, here are pictures twain;
One man rolling in his carriage,
One that drags the felon's chain.
This by means that were not honest
Wealth and lofty station won,
That from vile became the vilest;
Both were striving to *get on.*

Little Willy! laughing Willy!
These are mysteries to thee;
Dance and sing! while they remain so,
Joyous will thy spirit be.
For the future, all a father's
Heart would ask for thee, my son,
Is, that in the path of goodness
Thou may'st, aye, be *getting on!*

H. G. Adams.

DIAMOND DUST.

There is nothing which a vulgar mind so unhesitatingly seizes on for sarcasm as the endeavour of a poor man to appear a gentleman.

A prosy man is like the clack of a mill when there is no corn to grind.

The man who fawns upon the great is apt to lose no opportunity of making himself amends, by playing the cock-of-the-club among those who will let him.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage.

Harmony—a sensual pleasure, which, in well regulated minds, seldom fails to produce moral results.

Great talkers not only do the least, but generally say the least, if their words be weighed, instead of reckoned.

When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

Life is but a short day; but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot be led to good.

No man can know mankind without having lived alternately in a palace and in a cottage. A trencher and a silver plate must be equally familiar.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free.

Miser—one who, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse.

Repine not over your daily lot, but regard all your labour solely as a symbol; at bottom, it does not signify whether we make pots or dishes.

The reward of work well done is the having done it.

It is not always the dark place which hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face.

The citadel of Hope must yield to noble desire, seconded by noble efforts.

Those who start for human glory, like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none.

Duellist—a moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind, by affecting a corporeal courage.

Envy no man's talent, but improve thy own.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Body—that portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, while Nobody cares for the soul.

There is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

Plagiarists are purloiners, who filch the fruit which others have gathered, and then throw away the basket.

Indulge not in anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or to murder thy friend.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by John Owen Clarke, (of No. 6, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, July 27, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 66.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

SUMMER TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"THE Season" of the Fashionable World is now over, and all, who can get away, are off to the country. The great houses in Belgravia are dismantled and put by. The last barouche, all hung round with travelling boxes, left town this morning, and is at this moment rolling along the broad beech avenue up to the hall-door of Venson Manor, where a group of tall footmen are in waiting to usher the family into their paternal mansion. A few disconsolate members of parliament are occasionally dribbling into the weather-boarded House of Commons, where they vote the estimates a bore, and everything else which keeps them in town at this hot season, when the twelfth of August is so close at hand. You may even catch sight of the retiring skirts of a lord, at the government offices, in Whitehall; and the old Duke may still be seen riding up to the peers' lobby on his accustomed cob. But, to all intents and purposes, "the season" is at an end: Almacks is closed, and dowagers and their daughters have vanished from the whirl of London life for a time—the former, to consider the success of their plans—the latter, to dream over their conquests. The young bloods have taken down a store of buck-shot, sundry canisters of "No. 4," and ammunition enough to see them well through the moorish campaign. Lieutenant Scarlet, of the Coldstreams, may still be seen in the Square at St. James's, engaged in the hazardous enterprise of relieving guard; but he, too, is contemplating a move to his sporting ground; he declares "the town is deserted," vows the Park to be "detestable," and protests that he is the "last man in town." On Monday next, go down to the Square, and you will see the Lieutenant is off. There is only Ensign Straggles, and he has to be content with an occasional *petit souper* at the Star and Garter, at Richmond.

So "the last man" has left, and the City is deserted! Not quite! About two millions of souls remain, and even the gay "world" is scarcely missed. The full tide of city life still rolls on; the roar of London is with us yet; the streets, the roads, the river, all the great thoroughfares, are multitudinous with the throng of men. The capital of the world is not so easily emptied. The twenty or thirty thousand lords, ladies, landed gentry, with their followers, hangers-on, and servants, who may have left town, were but visitors: the people of London—they whose homes are there—are all still "in town;" and these are a little nation in themselves. They must enjoy their summer as they can; and if they cannot carry themselves out to the country, they will, at least, endeavour to bring the country into the town. Not that the Londoner is ever tired of the delights of town life; the country is stale, flat, and unprofitable compared with it. There are the coffee-shops, with their newspapers, crowded as ever. There are the shops along Oxford Street, the Strand, all over the City, stretching out for miles together, still overflowing with their wares, and still attractive to purchasers. We are "a nation of shopkeepers:" Napoleon may have meant that for a sneer; but it was a compliment, of which we may be prouder than if he had called us a "nation of warriors." Our shops and our steam-engines, our ships and our spinning-jennies, have made London what it is. See our shopkeepers running their far-spreading suburbs into the country, throwing railways over the land, and making even desert places musical with life. Our shopkeepers are no mean civilizers; they have reason to be proud of their shops.

Charles Lamb was a man of intense London tastes; he was born and bred in its smoke, and grew to like it and all its stir and life so much, that he would not exchange it for the finest country scenery you could offer him. "I don't care," said he, once writing to Wordsworth in his cottage home in Westmoreland, "I don't care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, play-houses, all the bustle round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, rattles; life awake, if you are awake, at all hours of the night; the improbability of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes,—London itself a pantomime and masquerade; all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets; and I often

shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life."

Theatres are always a joy in London; and now the evening sun peeps through the gallery-windows at full price, and the "gods" cannot help feeling that it is rather out of place. So, by this time, an adjournment takes place to out-of-doors; and Vauxhall, Cremorne, and Rosherville, blaze in all their glory under the meridian of midnight. Beneath the summer air of England, we can thus realize scenes surpassed only by the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." What crowds of happy faces! What intense enjoyment of life! Look at them as they enter the golden gate! Are they not beaming with anticipation of joy and enchantment? "Give me," said Lamb, "a score of honest, happy, anticipatory faces, waiting for the opening of the pit-door, or the garden-gate; such a sight is worth all your pastoral sheep and lambs in creation!"

But the Londoner loves the country too, and that right heartily. How proud is he of his Parks! they are his lungs, his promenades, his pleasure-grounds! There is nothing like them; there are few parks, even in the country, more beautiful than they. True, he cannot boast of a garden at his door. He may have a geranium or fuchsia in his window, thanks to the graceful taste and care of his wife; and he may sedulously cultivate the six paces of earth before or behind his door; but the water-butt is not ornamental, and the dust is rather choking; nevertheless, such as it is, he rejoices in his garden produce. He would like the companionship of a purling brook; but, alas! there is only a sluggish ditch. He would have no objection to the songsters of the woods, but, instead of these, he recognises only a few chirping sparrows, as black as little sweeps. So, the first fine day, he is off to the country to see the real living grass and trees, inhale the pure air, and bask in the sunshine.

Sunday is the great city-holiday. On summer Sundays, the streets are almost deserted. From an early hour in the morning, the population has been pressing out country-wards in all directions, on foot, in busses, or along the river, up or down, in steamers. To many of the hard-worked, toiling classes, Sunday is the very eye of the week. Through it, they see Nature and her God. It enables them to cast the slough of their six day's toil, and rescues them from the polluted miasms in which too many of them daily live. In our hearts we cannot believe that the beneficent use of the Sabbath, in cleansing and purifying the physical and moral nature of man, is inconsistent with the example of Him, who taught that it was right to pull a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath-day. And how much better is a man than a sheep?

All the fields and heaths for ten miles round London are gay with health and pleasure-seekers on this day. On Shooter's Hill, on Primrose Hill, on Blackheath, on Clapham Common, on Hampstead Heath, you find working-men, with their wives and families, and younger men with their sweethearts; seated on the grass, drawing from the depths of mysterious bags and baskets the materials for their noon repast. Greenwich and Richmond Parks are full, and Hampton Court Palace is swarming with visitors. Pleasure-vans come pouring in till a late hour in the afternoon, and disgorge loads of people, who, in turns, pass through the gardens, picture-galleries, and chapels of the Court. Towards evening, all the tea-gardens about town are filled, long tables are set out in the open air, and many a tea is joyfully dispatched at ninepence per head. Dusk comes on, and the streams of human beings again pour back into the city.

And now for summer-time in the country! The weather is warm, the sky is beautiful, and a sense of heat and quiet is over all nature—

> "The birds are faint with the hot sun,
> And hide in cooling trees."

They are mute: some have already taken their leave for the year, and migrated. The insect tribes are all full of life; the grasshopper's crisp notes ring amidst the grass; the gnats dance under the pendent boughs of trees. Flowers are fading, and the field-lanes and hedge-rows are less gaudy than in past months; but the wastes, marshes, and woods are still dressed in their luxuriant attire of ferns and heaths, with all their varieties of green, and purple, and gold. The skirts of the forest begin to be fringed with yellow, for the cool evenings are coming on, and the pencil of autumn is beginning to tint the woods with her variegated hues. The fields are golden-coloured, for the corn is fast ripening towards harvest. If we have lost the flowers of the year, we have abundant promise of its fruits. The air is balmy and serene; the sun rises and sets in beauty; and the splendid harvest-moon makes the night more glorious than at any other season. The fairies of old used to dance by night under her beams, and the bright green circles, called "Fairy Rings," are yet to be seen in every grass-field during August; but

> "Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,"

and so our fairies have disappeared, though their rings are still left us.

When the beauties of nature afford so abundant a variety as at this season, we scarcely know where to choose. Shall it be hedge-rows and field-paths, the sun-tanned reapers harvesting on either side, little children sitting prattling under the hawthorn bush, until their parents can rest for the mid-day meal, or playing by the old stile, half-hidden under the overhanging boughs of an old oak, waiting there for the evening hour of rest, when they all plod wearily homewards together? Or, shall it be the green lanes about cities, many of which are still preserved in the neighbourhood of old London—the country pressing closely upon the crowded city on every side? Beautiful exceedingly are they about Highgate, where the Poet's Lane, Coleridge's and Keats's favourite walk on the skirts of Mansfield Park, still invites many lovers of nature to while away the summer evening hour, until the sun's departing rays

> "Fling back a lingering, lovely after-day;"

when the air sleeps all over the heavens, and the red round disc of the departing god crimsons over the little inland mere with mellowed loveliness, while the nightingale sends up her mellifluous song from the bowery gardens in the lane. Or, shall it be Love Lane, near Camberwell, or Hag Bush Lane, or the beautiful green walks about Kensington or Dulwich?

But no! it is the country—the far-off country of which we would speak. Shall it be then by the sea-shore? Ah! how cool "the sea" sounds in hot weather; when we go to bed hot, lie half-asleep hot, rise hot, take a hot breakfast, gaze out upon hot brick walls, see the hot postman hurrying on his errands in hot scarlet, and walk along hot streets with heated thousands. No wonder so many should, at such a time, rush to Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and every point of the sea-coast, for a breath of fresh air and a plunge into the delicious cool brine. Or, shall we bury ourselves in cool forests, beneath the shade of thick trees,

> "A covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,"

whose foliage nature already tinges as with the hues of the dying dolphin; or lay ourselves down by cool grots on the banks of running brooks, listening to the water gurgling through stones, or welling up from the cool recesses of the earth?

Or, shall it be one of the old English parks, than which nothing can be more beautiful at this charming season? Every county in England contains many such: the Park is the English gentleman's pride,—and well it may be. Fancy yourself on the castle or hall-terrace. Before you lies a wide park, dotted with clumps of beautiful trees,

under which you see clustering groups of deer sheltering from the noon-day heat. Green knolls and hills rise and swell at intervals, and vistas through the trees lead the eye into distant prospects, where it lights on a picturesque farm-steading, or a village spire. A lake lies at your feet, and its margin is fringed with water-lilies, with their flowers wide open to the sun. A green island, covered with verdure, reposes in its midst, and a rustic seat crowns its summit. A few milk-white swans are sailing upon the lake, and a little boat-house, almost covered by over-hanging trees, shows that the fairy isle has sometimes visitors. A cascade springs from the corner of a green valley, and leaps from rock to rock till it reaches the vale beneath you. Closely-shaven lawns stretch away around the castle terrace, through among shrubberies, and groves, and along borders of flowers, into the dense copse and deep woods, stocked with pheasants and other game, which skirt the park in all directions, leading you to glens and waterfalls, and old ruins, and rustic arbours commanding delicious prospects of valleys, and mountains, and smiling cornfields. Such is the English gentleman's Park, of which there are thousands throughout England. They are so beautiful, indicate a love of country so intense, a taste so refined, and sources of pleasure so exquisite, that we do not wonder at the saying of the Russian Emperor, Alexander—"That if he was not Alexander, he would choose to be an English gentleman."

But all this is not enough. Even beauty the most perfect palls upon the over-refined taste; and the repetition of the finest park-scenery may become tiresome. Bounding hills, and even barren heaths, are relished as a change; and accordingly the English gentleman invents a new pleasure; grouse-shooting begins on the twelfth; and long before that time he is off to his "Box" on the moors. There is, after all, something grand and solemn in an extensive tract of moorland-scenery. Here Nature reigns in all her native wildness; for the sterile heath defies the cultivating arts of man. The wind blows free and fresh, unpolluted by the breath of towns, or the smoke of civilization. It breathes upon the lone wind-flower and the antler'd moss, the bog-rush and the purple heather. But Ebenezer Elliott has already painted the Moors so magnificently, that we shall borrow his description from "The Village Patriarch."

"The moors—all hail! Ye changeless, ye sublime!
That seldom hear a voice, save that of Heaven!
Scorners of chance, of fate, and death, and Time,
But not of Him whose viewless hand hath riv'n
The chasm, through which the mountain-stream is driv'n!
How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
But listening to his beating heart—ye lie!
With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep;
Ye seem alone beneath the cloudless sky;
Ye speak, are mute—and there is no reply
Here all is sapphire light, and gloomy land,
Blue, brilliant sky, above a sable sea
Of hills, like Chaos, ere the first command,
'Let there be Light!' bade light and beauty be.

I thank ye, *billows of a granite sea*,
That the bribed plough, defeated, halts below!
And thanks, *majestic Barrenness*, to thee,
For one grim region in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat, and paupers, will not grow.
Here pause, old man, the Alpine air to taste;
Drink it from Nature's goblet, while the morn
Speaks like a fiery trumpet to the waste.
Here despot grandeur reigns in pomp forlorn—
Despair might sojourn here, with bosom torn,
And long endure, but never smile again.
Hail to the tempest's throne, *the clouds' high-road*,
Lone as the aged sky and hoary main!
The path we tread the Sherwood Outlaws trode,
Where no man bideth, Locksley's band abode,
And urg'd the salient roe through bog and brake.

Hark! how the coming wind
Booms, like the funeral-dirge of woe, and bliss,
And life, and form, and mind, and all that is!
How like the wafture of *a world-wide wing*
It sounds, and sinks, and all is hushed again!"

Such is the description of the solitary grandeur of the moors by a true poet. There are probably few of the 12th of August gentlemen, who haunt the moors to shoot grouse, will realize the magnificent conceptions of the Sheffield blacksmith. But even the mere sportsman cannot fail to relish the wild grandeur of the scene. Up in the morning with the sun, and away up the hill-side, through the mists, with his dogs, brushing the early dew with his feet, he startles the "cootie moorcocks" from their seat, and whirr! bang! he bags his first bird. The sun creeps up the sky, "forth gushing from beneath a low-hung cloud;" the mists roll up the sides of the mountains, and the grass-blades stoop heavy with glistening diamond drops. He sees beneath him, as far as the eyes can reach, a magnificent glen or strath, the red deer standing startled and on the alert, on the crags of the neighbouring hills; but onward he goes, and now he has the moors all to himself, the glens below are quite shut out from his view, and he seems like the one solitary being standing between earth and heaven. Miles of heather are traversed, and one by one the grouse are bagged, till far off, on a shepherd's stone, he takes from his kit his welcome sandwich and shares it with his panting dogs. Ah! the sport is one for princes, and we do not wonder at the fascination which it exercises over the healthy-blooded, life-enjoying, pleasure-loving gentlemen of England. We only wish it were possible to transport the tens of thousands of our city population, annually, to enjoy a few days of the bracing air which is always blowing across these majestic pleasure-grounds of our country.

[This article includes our usual "Notes on the Month," for August.]

THE CHURCH OF THE VASA D'AGUA.

ONE very hot evening, in the year 1815, the curate of San Pedro, a village distant but a few leagues from Seville, returned very much fatigued to his poor home; his worthy housekeeper, Senora Margarita, about seventy years of age, awaited him. However much any one might have been accustomed to distress and privation among the Spanish peasantry, it was impossible not to be struck with the evidence of poverty in the house of the good priest. The nakedness of the walls, and scantiness of the furniture, were the more apparent, from a certain air about them of better days. Senora Margarita had just prepared for her master's supper an olla podrida, which notwithstanding the sauce, and high sounding name, was nothing more than the remains of his dinner, which she had disguised with the greatest skill. The curate, gratified at the odour of this savoury dish, exclaimed,—

"Thank God, Margarita, for this dainty dish. By San Pedro, friend, you may well bless your stars to find such a supper in the house of your host."

At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and beheld a stranger who accompanied her master. The face of the old dame assumed suddenly an expression of wrath and disappointment; her angry glances fell on the new comer, and again on her master, who looked down, and said with the timidity of a child who dreads the remonstrances of his parent:—

"Peace Margarita, where there is enough for two, there is always enough for three, and you would not have wished me to leave a christian to starve? he has not eaten for three days."

"Santa Maria! he a christian, he looks more like a robber," and muttering to herself, the housekeeper left the room. During this parley, the stranger remained motionless at the threshold of the door; he was tall, with long black hair, and flashing eyes, his clothes were in tatters, and the long rifle which he carried excited distrust rather than favour.

"Must I go away?" he inquired.

The curate replied, with an emphatic gesture, "never shall he, whom I shelter, be driven away, or made unwelcome; but sit down, put aside your gun, let us say grace, and to our repast."

"I never quit my weapon, as the proverb says, two friends are one, my rifle is my best friend, I shall keep it between my knees. Though you may not send me from your house till it suits me, there are others who would make me leave theirs against my will, and perhaps head-foremost. Now to your health, let us eat." The curate himself, although a man of good appetite, was amazed at the voracity of the stranger, who seemed to bolt rather than eat almost the whole of the dish, besides drinking the whole flask of wine, and leaving none for his host, or scarcely a morsel of the enormous loaf which occupied a corner of the table. Whilst he was eating so voraciously, he started at the slightest noise, if a gust of wind suddenly closed the door, he sprang up and levelling his rifle, seemed determined to repel intrusion; having recovered from his alarm, he again sat down, and went on with his repast. "Now," said he, speaking with his mouth full, "I must tax your kindness to the utmost. I am wounded in the thigh, and eight days have passed without its being dressed. Give me a few bits of linen, then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not wish to rid myself of you," replied the curate, interested in his guest, in spite of his threatening demeanour, by his strange exciting conversation. "I am somewhat of a doctor, you will not have the awkwardness of a country barber, or dirty bandages to complain of, you shall see," so speaking, he drew forth, from a closet, a bundle containing all things needed, and turning up his sleeves, prepared himself to discharge the duty of a surgeon.

The wound was deep, a ball had passed through the stranger's thigh, who, to be able to walk, must have exerted a strength and courage more than human. "You will not be able to proceed on your journey to-day," said the curate, probing the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur artist. "You must remain here to-night, good rest will restore your health and abate the inflammation, and the swelling will go down."

"I must depart to-day, at this very hour," replied the stranger, with a mournful sigh. "There are some who wait for me, others who seek me," he added, with a ferocious smile. "Come, let us see, have you done your dressing? Good: here am I light and easy, as if I never had been wounded. Give me a loaf—take this piece of gold in payment for your hospitality, and farewell." The curate refused the tendered gold, with emphasis. "As you please, pardon me—farewell." So saying, the stranger departed, taking with him the loaf which Margarita had so unwillingly brought at her master's order. Soon his tall figure disappeared in the foliage of the wood which surrounded the village.

An hour later, the report of fire-arms was heard. The stranger re-appeared, bleeding, and wounded in the breast. He was ghastly, as if dying.

"Here," said he, presenting to the old priest some pieces of gold. "My children—in the ravine—in the wood—near the little brook."

He fell, just as half a dozen soldiers rushed in, arms in hand; they met with no resistance from the wounded man, whom they closely bound, and, after some time, allowed the priest to dress his wound; but in spite of all his remarks on the danger of moving a man so severely wounded, they placed him on a cart.

"Basta," said they, "he can but die. He is the great robber, Don Josè della Ribera." Josè thanked the good priest, by a motion of his head, then asked for a glass of water, and as the priest stooped to put it to his lips, he faintly said, "You remember."

The curate replied with a nod, and when the troop had departed, in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented to him the danger of going out in the night, and the inutility of such a step, he quickly crossed the wood towards the ravine, and there found the dead body of a woman, killed, no doubt, by some stray shot from the guards. A baby lay at her breast, by her side a little boy of about four years old, who was endeavouring to wake her, pulling her by the sleeve, thinking she had fallen asleep, and calling her mamma. One may judge of Margarita's surprise when the curate returned with two children on his arms.

"Santa Madre! What can this mean! What will you do in the night? We have not even sufficient food for ourselves, and yet you bring two children. I must go and beg from door to door, for them and ourselves. And who are these children? The sons of a bandit—a gipsy; and worse perhaps. Have they ever been baptized?"

At this moment, the infant uttered a plaintive cry, "What will you do to feed this baby, we cannot afford a nurse; we must use the bottle, and you have no idea of the wretched nights we shall have with him."

"You will sleep, in spite of all," replied the good curate.

"O! santa Maria, he cannot be more than six months old! happily I have a little milk here, I must warm it," and forgetting her anger, Margarita took the infant from the priest, kissed it, and soothed it to rest. She knelt before the fire, stirred the embers to heat the milk quicker, and when this little one had had enough, she put him to sleep, and the other had his turn. Whilst Margarita gave him some supper, undressed him, and made him a bed for the night, of the priest's cloak, the good old man related to her how he had found the children; in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.

"O! that is fine and good," said Margarita, "but how can they and we be fed?"

The curate took the Bible, and read aloud—

"Whosoever shall give, even a cup of cold water, to one of the least, being my disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," responded the housekeeper.

The next day, the good father ordered the burial of the poor woman, and he himself read the service over her grave.

Twelve years from this time, the curate of San-Pedro, then seventy years of age, was warming himself in the sun, in front of his house. It was winter, and there had been no sunshine for two days.

Beside him stood a boy, ten or twelve years old, reading aloud the daily prayers, and from time to time casting a look of envy on a youth of about sixteen, tall, handsome, and muscular, who laboured in the garden adjoining that of the priest. Margarita, being now blind, was listening attentively, when the youngest boy exclaimed, "O! what a beautiful coach," as a splendid equipage drove up near the door.

A domestic, richly dressed, dismounted, and asked the old priest to give him a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "give this nobleman a glass of water, and add to it a glass of wine, if he will accept it. Be quick!"

The gentleman alighted from the coach. He seemed about fifty.

"Are the children your nephews?" inquired he.

"Much better," said the priest, "they are mine, by adoption, be it understood."

"How so?"

"I shall tell you, for I can refuse nothing to such a gentleman, for poor and inexperienced in the world as I am, I need good advice, how best to provide for these two boys."

"Make ensigns of them in the king's guards, and in order to keep up a suitable appearance, he must allow them a pension of six thousand ducats."

"I ask your advice, my lord, not mockery."

"Then you must have your church rebuilt, and by the side of it, a pretty parsonage house, with handsome iron

railings to enclose the whole. When this work will be complete, it shall be called the church of the *Vasa d'agua*, (Glass of Water.) Here is the plan of it, will it suit you?"

"What can this mean? what do you express?"

"What vague remembrance is mine; these features—this voice mean that I am Don Josè della Ribera. Twelve years ago, I was the brigand Josè. I escaped from prison, and the times have changed; from the chief of robbers, I have become the chief of a party. You befriended me. You have been a father to my children. Let them come to embrace me—let them come," and he opened his arms to receive them. They fell on his bosom.

When he had long pressed them, and kissed them, by turns; with tears, and half uttered expressions of gratitude, he held out his hand to the old priest—

"Well, my father, will you not accept the church?"

The curate, greatly moved, turned to Margarita, and said—

"Whosoever shall give, even a cup of cold water, to one of the least, being my disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

"Amen," responded the old dame, who wept for joy at the happiness of her master, and his children by adoption, at whose departure she also grieved.

Twelve months afterwards, Don Josè della Ribera and his two sons attended at the consecration of the church of San Pedro, one of the prettiest churches in the environs of Seville.

Biographic Sketch.

DR. WILLIAM GORDON.

THERE is, in the present day, a general desire awakened for biography. The sympathies, which were once excited by imaginary characters, are now in many instances called forth by individuals who have really lived, and acted. This is well, we think, and argues an improvement both mental and moral, though we would not be understood to disparage fiction when rightly employed.

Works of imagination too frequently present life under false glosses, and this often leads youth to feel disappointed, and even disgusted with the plodding every-day duties of life. Biography, on the other hand, by relating the struggles the individual has had to contend with, as well as the success which generally attends rightly-directed efforts, stimulates to perseverance under similar discouragements, and awakens a spirit of enterprise. A useful lesson may surely be drawn then from the character of a man, who, by his exertions in the cause of moral and civil reform, has won the title of the "People's Friend."

William Gordon was born on the second of August, 1801, in Fountains Hall, which stands amidst the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Fountains, and in this lovely spot, with its venerable pile and lofty forest trees, his days of childhood were passed. He was sent to a grammar-school at Ripon, and the superior intelligence he showed soon gained him a place in the first class. But he had to work very hard to enable him to keep his position, for most of the boys were much older and farther advanced in study. In his classical studies he was assisted by his mother.

On leaving school, he was articled to a general practitioner, at Otley. Though his father belonged to a highly respectable family, he had not the means to give his son so liberal an education as he desired, but the young man, unwilling to be a burden on his parents, and yet earnestly desiring further advantages, borrowed money to enable him to go to London, and afterwards to graduate as a Physician in Edinburgh.

After a stay of three years in Edinburgh, he visited the town of Hull. He had made arrangements to return, and had even taken a place in the coach, intending to complete his term, and obtain his diploma. But by one of those seeming accidents which often give an entire change to the current of affairs, he met with a medical gentleman with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and he advised him to set up for a few years as a general practitioner, and not take his degrees at present, thinking that his youthful appearance would be a hindrance to his success as a physician. It was suggested that this plan should be put into operation at a place called Welton, which is situated nine miles from Hull, and with a view to its adoption he rode over there. It was a lovely morning in the month of May, and everything looked so attractive, for the spot is one of peculiar beauty, that it seemed to invite him to take up his abode there, if only for a season, whilst he furthered his studies. He accordingly took a lodging at once. The plan proved a good one, for it was a wealthy neighbourhood, and Mr. Gordon's amiable and gentlemanly manners soon won for him the esteem and confidence of the inhabitants. The place soon after possessed an additional attraction to the young practitioner, for he formed a strong attachment for a lady of great merit, the second daughter of James Lowthorp, Esq., of Welton Hall. This lady afterwards became his wife, and in compliance with her wishes, he remained at the place for several years. In this delightful and retired spot, and amid the quiet pleasures of domestic life, he commenced his literary career. His first work was a small volume on the practice of surgery, he afterwards brought out a "Critical Inquiry Concerning a New Membrane in the Eye," besides which he became a frequent contributor to various medical journals, and he wrote several papers on natural history. He was subsequently elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society.

He visited Edinburgh in 1838, for the purpose of completing the course of study necessary to his taking his degrees, but the opportunity seemed so favourable to scientific investigation, that he determined to give himself what he termed a holiday. This holiday was not a season of idleness or recreation, for during the two years he remained in the city, he seldom retired to rest until two o'clock in the morning, and he recommenced his studies at eight. In addition to this, he sometimes attended lectures in the botanic gardens before breakfast.

He passed his examination with credit, and received a diploma in 1841, when he settled in Hull as a physician. Dr. Gordon entered with ardour upon his professional duties, but did not wholly confine his attention to the subject; any question which involved the interest of man, and of the working classes especially, was sure to attract his notice, and he was not satisfied with a partial view. The currency question, and free trade, were subjects which he studied with deep interest. He was elected as a councillor for the borough, and was soon regarded as a public man, from the leading part he took in the political movements of the day.

He took up the cause of the poor, because he felt convinced that they were not sufficiently considered in the legislature. Truth and equity were the principles he contended for, and universal brotherhood might be said to have been his watch-word. Though many differ from him in his political opinions, yet none can, we think, do otherwise than allow that he was honest to his convictions, and admire the principles by which his conduct was regulated, and the liberal spirit which he ever evinced towards those who held opposite views.

He frequently attended meetings of working men, and spoke on their platforms, fully entering into their grievances, but he was always an advocate for peaceable measures. Some of his friends urged that it would be an

injury to him in his profession, to attend such meetings, saying that, by doing so, he identified himself with men of doubtful principles; but his reply was, "if they are so bad, the more reason for us to go amongst them; would you leave the people to the influence of dangerous men? If because some are violent and unprincipled, you are to abandon instead of going among them to improve them, what hope can there ever be of their amendment?" He has often been heard to say that "he should feel himself indeed degraded if he occupied a position, however exalted, which his judgment condemned, and where he could not at all times both think with freedom, and boldly utter what he thought." "He was eminently one," says his biographer (the Rev. Newman Hall), "who, to use the words of an eloquent living author, 'dares to take up truth when trampled on in the streets, and to say to all men this is a holy and divine thing, foully as it has been treated, it is worthy of worship,' and *I* am resolved henceforth to worship it. A splendid falsehood may be riding by in purple and gold, with all the world prostrate before it, but when it says to this man, 'fall down and worship *me*, and say that I am the truth,' he straightway answers, 'I will not worship thee, nor call thee the truth, for thou art a lie.'"

He was truly the "People's Friend," his chief aim was to raise the humbler classes, both intellectually and morally, and he was willing to make any personal sacrifice for their good. He gave courses of lectures, gratuitously, on physiology, botany, optics, and the currency, and single lectures on many interesting topics, such as a drop of water, a blade of grass, the bones and muscles &c., preservation of health and life at sea, the poetry of the Bible, &c. He gave much time to the preparation of these lectures, that they might be clear and forcible in argument, and at the same time elegant in diction, and they were rendered light and pleasing by an occasional humorous remark. Dr. Gordon was a warm advocate for total abstinence principles; after much thought on the subject, he came to the conclusion that the adoption of those principles would be for the well-being of the community at large, and he maintained this position on physical as well as moral grounds. He was elected, in 1845, president of the Hull Christian Temperance Society.

But whilst making these efforts for the public good, he was not neglectful of home duties, nor insensible to home pleasures. His kindness and strong affections justly endeared him to his relatives and friends, and even to his servants; and his principle recreations were excursions for a few hours in the country, a little family party, or the perusal of a book.

One of the distinguishing traits of his character was his affection as a father; he had but one child, a daughter, who was born at Welton, in 1828. He took upon himself the task of instructing her at a very early age, and, when she was only four years old, he gave her lessons in the elements of latin and botany.

He made her his companion, talking to her on subjects in which he was himself interested, and explaining to her, with pleasure, any object which attracted her attention. Thus he early stored her mind with solid information, for he considered it a disgrace for women to receive such a superficial education, that all scientific subjects or argumentative discourse must be (from politeness), avoided in their presence.

Whilst she was absent from home for two years, at a school in London, he wrote to her every day, frequently sending her some botanical specimen in his letter, with a few lines of explanation. Whatever his engagements might be, he did not suffer them to interfere with this practice.

The first symptoms of Dr. Gordon's disease appeared in the spring of 1848, and from that time his health gradually sunk, but, to the last, neither he nor his medical friends could come to any satisfactory opinion on his case. The following autumn he tried change of air, and revisited the scenes of his boyhood. When there, he pointed out to his friends the chamber in which he was born. The scene was an affecting one to all present, for it seemed probable, from the state of health he was then in, that it would be his last visit to the place, as it indeed was. Sometimes he rallied for a few days; still it was evident that his disorder was making further inroads on his constitution, for his strength failed, and his frame wasted to a mere skeleton. On one occasion, as he sat with his family by the fire-side, he held up his thin hand, and, after looking at it for several minutes, he spoke of it as having been a faithful servant for many years, saying that it was the implement he had used in writing all his prescriptions, lectures, and speeches. "And is it so soon to return to dust?" he exclaimed; "it will all be scattered, and disappear. How wonderful!"

In the evening of the 13th of January, 1849, his symptoms were so alarming that he was supposed to be dying; but his death did not take place until the 7th of the following month. During this interval, he lay in a most interesting state; certain death was before him, but his mind was supported by those Christian principles which alone can give peace in such an hour; and he was not only free from the fear of death, but perfectly happy. His willingness to leave this world was not occasioned by his becoming weary of life, nor had his sympathies and affections become dead, but he looked forward to a higher and happier state of existence, where he hoped to be reunited to the beloved ones he was leaving.

He desired that all who wished to see him should be brought up to his chamber, that he might take an affectionate farewell of them, and in many cases he gave them valuable counsel. It is said that, during the three weeks he lay in this state, he received nearly three hundred visits, from persons of all grades of society. Both rich and poor were alike welcome. One of his tradesmen, when bidding him farewell, told him, with tears, of the love which people bore to him. "I like to be loved," was the Doctor's reply, "and live in the memories and affections of men. I have tried to love them, for we are all brethren. I am sorry," he added, "you were inconvenienced by calling when I was asleep, but you see invalids cannot control their own time." On being told, one day, of several rich persons who had called to inquire concerning his health, Dr. Gordon returned—"And what *poor* have called? The rich are very kind, but the poor are my flock." Another time a little boy, his nephew, told him that a poor, miserable-looking woman had stopped him at the door to inquire after him—"I am very much obliged to her," was his reply; "I like to be remembered by the poor much better than by the rich. I love my rich friends, and am very grateful for their kind attentions, but the poor are my flock. I never courted the rich. Love the poor: 'Be great, and seek little things; dont be little, and seek great things.'"

Dr. Gordon breathed his last on the 7th of February, 1849, and was buried in the cemetery, followed by a large concourse of people, who deeply lamented his loss. The following extracts from one of the provincial papers will show the esteem in which he was held:—

"Another great and good man has been taken away from the midst of us. The community at large, and Hull more especially, can ill afford the loss it has just sustained, in the lamented removal by death of Dr. Gordon. Connected with a profession, distinguished for its broad sympathies, high intelligence, and comprehensive charities, his was, nevertheless, no merely official character; his daily walk no ordinary routine. No professional training, however severe,—no educational advantages, however great, would have necessarily produced a Dr. William Gordon. Of him it was peculiarly true, that to know him was to love him; and yet (owing per-

haps to his love of retirement and of domestic enjoyments) few public men have been at once so much, and yet so little known as the deceased. But it is chiefly as a man, as a physician, and a friend, that his name will be cherished and revered. The narrower circle of those who, during his brief career, shared his professional services, and still more, those who enjoyed his friendship and the privilege of his society, can alone fully know what the community has lost by his removal. That nameless charm which exalts and beautifies every other personal attribute, was pre-eminently his. Naturally gifted, frank in his demeanour, approachable, patient, sympathizing, intelligent, he was eminently qualified for the duties of a physician, for which a lengthened and diversified experience, a liberal education, and, alas! a too sedulous application to study, further fitted him. That high humanity, which almost includes all moral excellence, was conspicuous in his general deportment, and, together with a great openness, urbanity, and simplicity of character, rendered him an object of affectionate regard to all who really knew him, especially to the poor, who have lost in him a sincere and sympathizing friend, and whose affectionate remembrance will form his best and most enduring monument."

A public meeting was held a few days after Dr. Gordon's funeral, when it was proposed that a "People's Monument" should be reared over his grave, to express the high value they set on his services. The following is from a circular, which was distributed on the occasion, for the purpose of raising the money for this object:—

"The great aim of Dr. Gordon's life was to elevate the taste and reform the habits of the working classes. To this high object, the powers of his gifted mind and benevolent heart were most generously devoted. In these disinterested labours of love, he was cheered with the satisfaction that he did not labour in vain; for hundreds of homes, once the abodes of intemperance and misery, are now blessed with temperance and peace. The hand of death has taken from amongst us this distinguished man, but not until he had won for himself the lofty title of the 'People's Friend.'"

The sum of money necessary was quickly raised, though mostly in small subscriptions. The monument bears this inscription:—

"Erected, by public subscription, to William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S. The People's Friend. Ob. Feb. 7, 1849. Aged 47."

THE DESERTER.

It is almost needless to state that the following narrative is founded on an actual event:—

Near a market town in the west of England lived a family of the name of Jones, who for some generations had occupied the same house, and followed the same occupation, that of farm labourers. It was never very clearly ascertained when the Jones's came to the house in which they lived; probably, like the lime-burner of the New Forest, who received the body of William Rufus into his house, and whose descendant bearing the same name and following the same calling, was found by some antiquarian not many years ago, they might boast of an antiquity greater than that of many of our oldest families.

The house in which the Joneses lived was a mere hut, consisting of but two apartments, to which the industry of its present owner had made a small addition, and also the luxuries of a pig-house, and a decently kept garden. Notwithstanding extreme poverty, Jones the father contrived to live well, for one in his situation, and had given to his children an education of reading and writing. The family consisted of the father, mother, two sons, and one daughter. The second son, William, or Bill Jones as he was commonly called, with whose life we have to do, was an open-countenanced, good-looking youth, of about eighteen. Strong and willing at his work, he soon obtained the notice of his master, an extensive grazing farmer, whose ambition was a prize at an agricultural show, for the most unwieldy-looking ox or pig. Willing though he was, young Jones had no great taste for the drudgery of his work, and preferred the more roving occupation of exhibiting at shows to the best advantage, his master's cattle. On one of these expeditions and while staying at a sea-port town, Bill formed an acquaintance with a recruiting sergeant, whose pipe-clayed trowsers, red coat, feathers, and party-coloured ribbons, made a forcible impression on the unsophisticated mind of the agricultural labourer. The smartness of the dress, and the tidy appearance of the sergeant, were too much for poor Bill, for that he had a taste, his Sunday coat, knee shorts, and top boots had often vouched. Then the pictures which the sergeant drew of armies, battles, sieges, storming and plundering of towns, combined with the usual potations, which the serjeant's liberal mind and ready hand was constantly ordering, fairly turned Bill's head, and the usual result followed; he became a soldier, under the solemn promise that he would be a sergeant in as many weeks as these dignitaries in the army have stripes. Bill was too likely a chap for such a smart caterer as the sergeant to lose sight of, and the day after the enlistment he was examined, passed, and shipped off to Chatham; the sergeant pocketing the usual fees for his industry. Once at the depôt, drilling was soon commenced with Bill as with many others. In the early days of the Peninsular war "making the green one red" was a ceremony very quickly performed. The commanding officer of the depôt was a thorough martinet, who had contrived to ruin several deserving officers because they could not follow his tyrannical rules, changing the regimental dress in every variety that his spite could suggest. Bill soon found his enthusiasm cooled; indeed this had been pretty well done by the voyage to Chatham, the sea-sickness, and the disgusting scenes which he witnessed on board ship. Nor was this feeling much alleviated by what was witnessed in the barracks. True, the soldier's dress did remain of the same smartness and colour, but then the process of dressing! Our friend Bill had always observed the extreme stiffness and glaze of the sergeant's hair, and now he soon found out the secret of this extreme rigidity. The morning after his arrival, on awakening, with all the motion of the vessel still in his nerves, he saw in the same apartment a soldier at his toilet, and certainly the inward man did not present such an enticing appearance as the outward. Bill was rather amused than otherwise on observing this comrade, after carefully combing his hair, take a piece of soap and after wetting it with his own spittle, apply it to his hair with some vigour. The mystery of the glazing was thus discovered.

Bill was not very easily daunted, and went to work at his drill. Unfortunately, he had a habit not so much of forgetfulness as reflection, and many were the mistakes he committed. However, for a week he persevered, and might have become a favourite, even with the martinet of a commander, had he not discovered that he had a pair of legs, and reflected that there were many men in the country equally able, and certainly more willing, to serve his Majesty. In short, after a week's soldiering, Bill Jones left Chatham and his Majesty's service, and found himself on his way towards home. Home he accordingly reached, under the assumed name of Thomas Williams, to the joy as well as consternation of his family. Jones, the father of Bill, had the discretion to communicate this circumstance to his master, with whom, as we have stated, Bill was a favourite. He wisely observed, "It wor a baad business for Bill, but they mon see and do the sogers." With much kindliness of heart, he got Bill

up to the farm-house, before any search was made after the deserter, and when it did commence, he was effectually concealed. This, however, as may be imagined, was sufficient to inform the Joneses that Bill was not safe even where he was. They could not support him, from their own poverty, and to expect the master to keep him always in concealment was too much.

Bill had found favour in the eyes of more than his master, for his master had an only daughter, and where is the female heart that does not show an interest in misfortune, especially when it is seasoned with a dash of romance? So long as Bill Jones was simply Bill Jones, her father's man, Sarah Brooks had never thought about him, but now when her father's man was Thomas Williams, who was pursued by soldiers, and if caught would be flogged and sent to prison, Sarah believed the deserter to be a very handsome, persecuted young man, and one in every respect suited to receive her tender regards. Bill did not fare the worse for this feeling on the part of the farmer's daughter, though he scrupulously abstained from any advantage it gave him. He was warm in his thanks for any attention, and intelligent enough to perceive from what motive it flowed. The authorities continued on the look-out for Bill for some weeks, and it soon became evident that he could not much longer succeed in evading them. At this juncture his master, or more correctly his master's daughter, bethought him of a brother who was master of a large brig, trading to the West Indies, who was then at home, and soon induced Bill to allow him to offer his services as a sort of sailor. Men were not so plentiful in those days, and were proportionably more thought of, so the bargain was soon settled. Though the change did not inspire Bill with any great hope for the future, having had enough of the sea during his first voyage, yet now there was no help for it. He must either go, or remain with the certainty of being first punished, and afterwards made a soldier of, whether or not. The dread, not so much of the actual punishment, as the disgrace attached to it, very speedily influenced Bill's reason, and he consented to trust his fortunes with Captain Brooks, of the good brig Alert. Sarah Brooks was much affected at parting with Bill, it may be imagined, and contrived to obtain and bestow a lock of hair and some other small memento before the separation took place. Of course she believed herself desperately in love with the young man, and she was so at the time. On his part, the feeling was partly founded on gratitude, and we shall see by the sequel which heart kept the mental vow then made. Bill's parting with his own relations was a very simple matter, without display of any very great concern on either part. They were not allowed to accompany him to his ship, so he departed with his master, who took the opportunity of visiting his brother.

The Alert sailed in the beginning of April, some year about the beginning of the present century, it matters not for the exact year. She was bound for Jamaica, but during her voyage was far from bearing out the name which had been bestowed upon her; indeed the Alert, like too many of our West Indian ships of that period, was a very dull sailer, generally the last of the Fleet, and always getting abused from the ship of war which protected the Fleet. Bill, having got over his second attack of sickness, soon made himself useful, and by the end of six weeks made a very respectable sailor. The fact of his being able to write a good hand was of some service to him, as he soon learned to assist the mate in keeping the ship's reckoning, and by the end of the voyage he was rated as second mate, without having any very active command. The Alert performed her voyage to Jamaica, where Bill became acquainted with a Spaniard from Cuba, who made him proposals to proceed with him to that Island, where he should obtain a situation on a plantation. Bill, however, declined doing so for some time, and proceeded on another voyage to South America. On the return voyage of the Alert, she encountered a very severe gale of wind, which carried away both topmasts, and damaged the lower masts somewhat. On this account she was driven into a port in Cuba, where Bill again met his Spanish friend, and on this occasion, with the consent of Captain Brooks, he agreed to remain. Of course, during the voyage from England, he kept up the assumed name which he adopted on deserting. Probably, the almost certainty of his being captured as a deserter on his return to England, or even to the colonies, was the chief reason which induced him to the step he now took. This, however, is but conjecture, and Bill the ploughboy was installed on the estates of a Don, with a very expressive name, in the capacity of general superintendent.

From the time of his enlistment and desertion, there was a marked change in Bill's deportment. The fact of having, as it were, entered life on enlisting, the disgust which the appearance of the profession gave him, the necessity for doing *something* to escape detection after deserting, all combined to produce a state of mind which he never before had felt. The sea voyage, the new scenes which it opened up to him, the kindness of Captain Brooks in giving him a sort of nominal rank in the ship, led him to adopt a course of study which soon made him useful. The practical part of a sailor's duties he was of course obliged to learn, and the higher branches of it he set himself vigorously to acquire. In the course of the two voyages which he had made, occupying only a very few months, Bill had acquired sufficient knowledge to be, what (in those days at least) was considered, a very respectable mate. Though more practically this knowledge was of little avail in his new occupation, still the fact of having studied, and been successful in his studies, was a powerful incitement to perseverance. The language had first to be acquired, and this was accomplished rapidly, from necessity, the population speaking no other. Though sugar and coffee are different things to cultivate than corn and turnips, however, in all agricultural pursuits the theory is the same; the earth must be so prepared that it will yield nourishment to the plants to be grown.

It is not our intention to trace the history of Bill Jones, *alias* Thomas Williams, through all that happened during his sojourn in Cuba. Suffice it to say that, by industry, steadiness, and knowledge, he soon began to make money, gradually at first, but every year in an increasing ratio, and six years after his arrival in the island, his master died and left him a considerable portion of his estates, which had thriven well during Bill's management. During this time, his intercourse with home, though regular, was limited. True, he sent annually to his parents what it was but their due to receive, but, with regard to his brothers and sisters, there was but little community of feeling between them, and consequently as little intercourse. Singularly, during his exile from England, Bill made no inquiry after Sarah Brooks, but that he still treasured a secret regard for her is sufficiently known, both from the fact that he never married, although many opportunities occurred, and from documentary evidence which was afterwards discovered. Farmer Brooks had removed to a midland county, and took with him one of Bill's brothers. Towards this brother Sarah had often shown great kindness, a feeling which, a few years after Bill's departure, warmed into something so much deeper, that Jack Jones became Sarah's husband.

It is rather singular that this event was never mentioned to Bill. The effort of writing was severe enough to the elder Jones, and his letters contained little more than the usual acknowledgment for his son's kindness, and an answer to the inquiries after his own health. Thus years passed away; Sarah became the mother of a family, and Bill continued to amass money in a distant land.

The year 1820 arrived, and Bill wrote to his father that he was coming home. Accordingly, after making suitable arrangements, he once more traversed the Atlantic—this time in a Norwegian vessel, and at a much greater speed than in the old Alert. The Norwegian landed Bill at Falmouth, from whence he proceeded home. Great was the astonishment of these simple people at the change which had taken place in their son's appearance. The bronzed face, the moustache, and the dress, were each an object of wonder. The humble cottage of the labourer, though scarcely a suitable abode for the rich merchant and planter, was yet shared by him on account of his parents. After the usual inquiries about his brothers and sisters, Bill asked after farmer Brooks. Then, for the first time, he learned the death of his early benefactor, that his own brother had married Sarah, and that they were living comfortably. Though betraying no outward emotion, this news was a bitter pill for our poor deserter to swallow. The hope that he had clung to through many a year was thus discovered to be forlorn. Though his affection had little of the romantic in it, yet Sarah had lighted that spark which never dies. The French have a very true saying—"On revient toujours à ses amours premieres"—(one will always return to his first love). And so it was with Bill. Though his affection, in the first instance, was founded in gratitude for the little attentions which Sarah had paid to him when his troubles were many, and though no vows of love had ever passed between them, yet he treasured up the feeling in his heart, and her image in his fancy, through many years. Now, however, he was doomed to disappointment, and on a point he could least brook. Silently, however, he bore his grief, which only betrayed itself after a few days, by his announcing to his parents his determination speedily to return to Cuba. Before doing so, he purchased the estate on which his father lived.

Though Bill saw his brothers and sisters, he cared, if the truth must be told, little about them. His brother and Sarah he saw at his father's, and afterwards visited their house at their repeated importunity; but this was all. No one ever knew what his thoughts were; and from expressions which we have seen afterwards committed to paper, it appears as if the love which he once bore for Sarah fast subsided after their interviews. The brothers and sisters made much of the rich planter, Jack more than any of the others, for Jack knew the value of money, from constantly speculating in growing crops, horses, &c. However, though Bill was liberal enough amongst them, he neither offered money to his relations, nor is it likely they would have got it for asking. So he departed again for the West Indies, and entered more eagerly than ever into business. He had abundance of friends in the island of Cuba, and several of his own countrymen in his employment. One, a young Scotchman, was the favourite however, and on him he bestowed much care in the instruction of the various duties connected with his trade as merchant and planter; they were much alike in disposition, both being naturally reserved, or at least apparently so. An accident had made them acquainted. Bill was on an excursion to a mountainous part of the island, and through being unacquainted with such scenery, he was in some danger, when the Scotchman, to whom every rock seemed a home, became his rescuer and guide. From that day they were friends; and now that Bill returned to Cuba, with a sense of loneliness about him, the Scotchman and he became more intimate than ever. Bill's brothers were very regular in writing to him, but to none did he return an answer. True, his father was placed above work, and rendered comfortable for life; but towards the other members of his family he resolutely refused all advances.

Ten years after his visit to England, Bill went to the South American continent upon business, leaving his estates and other trade to the management of his friend. From this expedition he never returned. A month after landing, he was travelling on a river, and was suddenly taken ill with a prevailing fever, and died. His affairs, on being investigated, were found to be in a most prosperous condition, and a will was discovered, dated shortly after his return from England to Cuba, in which the entire of his fortune was left to his Scotch friend, with the exception of the annual sum which was paid to the elder Joneses during their life-time.

The consternation of his relatives may be imagined when these tidings reached England, for great had been their expectations. Jack, who was somewhat of a lawyer himself, and knew a good many of the profession of a certain class, (as what horse-dealer does not?) immediately commenced proceedings in the courts in Cuba, to set aside the will. Various were the pleas advanced, in order to accomplish this end. It was shown that Bill was a deserter—that the name under which he signed the will was not his own; but neither those, nor others, could overrule an act done in the enjoyment of every faculty of body and mind, and the Scotchman obtained the money.

This narrative is that of a real party, purposely abridged in many details, but substantially the life of a deserter. There was a mystery attached to the disposition of the property which can never be explained. What could have so much altered the deserter's feelings towards his family could never be understood. Whether it proceeded from disappointed love, or from any cause connected more immediately with those of his own blood, is unknown, and must remain so. Such is the history of a deserter. We could have woven fiction around the bare facts to any amount, but prefer the mystery of the actual narrative to the romance of fancy.

I LOVE THEE.

Once, in unexpected way,
(Though long since, it seems to-day
My beloved chanced to say—
"*I love thee!*"

Ever since, the charmed word
In my bosom's depth has stirred,
Fluttering like a joyous bird:
"I love thee!"

In my homely household ways,
Like a sunny gleam it plays,
Making beautiful my days:
"I love thee!"

Though he sits, with open book,
Giving me nor word nor look,
Still I never feel forsook:
He loves me!

But I wonder, does he guess
What unmeasured happiness
These three little words express,
"I love thee?"

Oh! I long, I long to say,
In the broad clear eye of day,
Flinging all false shame away,
"*I love thee!*"

MARIE.

DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

About midnight, when the starboard watch, to which I belonged, was below, the boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by the shrill cry for "All hands take in sail! jump men, and save ship!"

Springing from our hammocks, we found the frigate leaning over to it so steeply, that it was with difficulty we

could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck. Here the scene was awful, The vessel seemed to be sailing on her side. The main-deck guns had, several days previously, been run in and housed, and the port-holes closed; but the lee carronades on the quarter-deck and forecastle were plunging through the sea, which undulated over them in milk-white billows of foam. With every lurch to leeward, the yard-arm ends seemed to dip in the sea, while forward, the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts, and drenched the men who were on the fore-yard.

By this time, the deck was alive with the whole strength of the ship's company, five hundred men, officers and all, mostly clinging to the weather bulwarks. The occasional phosphorescence of the yeasty sea cast a glare upon their uplifted faces, as a night-fire in a populous city lights up the panic-stricken crowd.

In a sudden gale, or when a large quantity of sail is suddenly to be furled, it is the custom for the First Lieutenant to take the trumpet from whoever happens then to be officer of the deck. But Mad Jack had the trumpet that watch, nor did the First Lieutenant now seek to wrest it from his hands. Every eye was upon him, as if we had chosen him from among us all to decide this battle with the elements, by single combat with the spirit of the Cape—for Mad Jack was the saving genius of the ship, and so proved himself that night. I owe this right hand, that is this moment flying over my sheet, and all my present being to Mad Jack.

The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming, and thundering over and upon the head-seas, and with a horrible wallowing sound our whole hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wild breath. All the quarter-masters, and several of the forecastle-men, were swarming round the double-wheel on the quarter-deck. Some jumping up and down, with their hands upon the spokes,—for the whole helm and galvanized keel were fiercely feverish with the life imparted to them by the tempest.

"Hard *up* the helm!" shouted Captain Claret, bursting from his cabin like a ghost, in his night-dress. "—— you!" raged Mad Jack to the quarter-master, "hard *down*—hard *down*, I say, and be d——d to you." Contrary orders! but Mad Jack's were obeyed. His object was to throw the ship into the wind, so as the better to admit of close-reefing the top-sails. But though the halyards were let go, it was impossible to clew down the yards, owing to the enormous horizontal strain on the canvas.

It now blew a hurricane. The spray flew over the ship in floods. The gigantic masts seemed about to snap under the world-wide strain of the three entire top-sails. "Clew down! clew down!" shouted Mad Jack, husky with excitement, and in a frenzy, beating his trumpet against one of the shrouds: but owing to the slant of the ship, the thing could not be done. It was obvious that before many minutes something must go—either sails, rigging, or sticks; perhaps the hull itself, and all hands.

Presently a voice from the top exclaimed that there was a rent in the main-top-sail; and instantly we heard a report like two or three muskets discharged together: the vast sail was rent up and down, like the Veil of the Temple. This saved the main-mast; for the yard was now clewed down with comparative ease, and the top-men laid out to stow the shattered canvas. Soon, the two remaining top-sails were also clewed down and close reefed.

Above all the roar of the tempest and the shouts of the crew was heard the dismal tolling of the ship's bell (almost as large as that of a village church), which the violent rolling of the ship was occasioning. Imagination cannot conceive the horror of such a sound in the night-tempest at sea. "Stop that ghost!" roared Mad Jack; "away, one of you, and wrench off the clapper!"

But no sooner was this ghost gagged, than a still more appalling sound was heard—the rolling to and fro of the heavy shot, which, on the gun-deck, had broken loose from the gun-racks, and converted that part of the ship into an immense bowling-alley. Some hands were sent down to secure them; but it was as much as their lives were worth. Several were maimed; and the midshipmen, who were ordered to see the duty performed, reported it impossible, until the storm abated.

The most terrific job of all was to furl the main-sail, which, at the commencement of the squalls, had been clewed up, coaxed and quieted as much as possible with the bunt-lines and slab-lines. Mad Jack waited some time for a lull, ere he gave an order so perilous to be executed; for, to furl this enormous sail, in such a gale, required at least fifty men on the yard, whose weight, superadded to the weight of the ponderous stick itself, still further jeopardized their lives. But there was no prospect of a cessation of the gale, and the order was at last given. At this time a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail was descending upon us; the rigging was coated with a thin glare of ice, formed within the hour. "Aloft, main-yard-men! and all you main-top-men! and furl the main-sail!" cried Mad Jack. I dashed down my hat, slipped out of my quilted jacket in an instant, kicked the shoes from my feet, and, with a crowd of others, sprang for the rigging. Above the bulwarks (which in a frigate are so high as to afford much protection to those on deck) the gale was horrible. The sheer force of the wind flattened us to the rigging as we ascended, and every hand seemed congealing to the icy shrouds by which we held. "Up, up, my brave hearties!" shouted Mad Jack; and up we got, some way or other, all of us, and groped our way out on the yard-arms. "Hold on, every mother's son!" cried an old quarter-gunner, at my side: he was bawling at the top of his compass; but, in the gale, he seemed to be whispering, and I only heard him from his being right to windward of me. But his hint was unnecessary; I dug my nails into the *jack-stays*, and swore that nothing but death should part me and them, until I was able to turn round and look to windward. As yet, this was impossible; I could scarcely hear the man to leeward at my elbow; the wind seemed to snatch the words from his mouth and fly away with them to the South Pole.

All this while, the sail itself was flying about, sometimes catching over our head, and threatening to tear us from the yard in spite of all our hugging. For about three quarters of an hour we thus hung, suspended over the rampant billows, which curled their very crests under the feet of some four or five of us clinging to the lee-yard-arm, as if to float us from our place. Presently, the word passed along the yard from windward, that we were ordered to come down and leave the sail to blow, since it could not be furled. A midshipman, it seemed, had been sent up by the officer of the deck to give the order, as no trumpet could be heard where we were. Those on the weather yard-arm managed to crawl upon the spar and scramble down the rigging; but with us, upon the extreme leeward side, this feat was out of the question; it was, literally, like climbing a precipice to get to windward, in order to reach the shrouds; besides, the entire yard was now encased in ice, and our hands and feet were so numb that we dared not trust our lives to them. Nevertheless, by assisting each other, we contrived to throw ourselves prostrate along the yard, and embrace it with our arms and legs. In this position, the stun'-sail-booms greatly assisted in securing our hold.

Strange as it may appear, I do not suppose that, at this moment, the slightest sensation of fear was felt by one man on that yard. We clung to it with might and main; but this was instinct. The truth is, that, in circumstances like these, the sense of fear is annihilated

in the unutterable sights that fill all the eye, and the sounds that fill all the ear. You become identified with the tempest; your insignificance is lost in the riot of the stormy universe around. Below us, our noble frigate seemed thrice its real length—a vast black wedge, opposing its widest end to the combined fury of the sea and wind.

At length the first fury of the gale began to abate, and we at once fell to pounding our hands, as a preliminary operation to going to work; for a gang of men had now ascended to help to secure what was left of the sail; we somehow packed it away, at last, and came down.

About noon the next day, the gale so moderated that we shook two reefs out of the top-sails, set new courses, and stood due-east, with the wind astern.—*White Jacket.*

A FEW OLD THOUGHTS.

WHEREVER man is placed, he becomes in a manner related to the locality, and the continued presence of objects, of whatever kind, exercises an influence upon his thoughts, leading him to find pleasure in the remembrances of the past. There is always a charm in reviewing bygone days, whether, to us, they were days of happiness, or presented a changeful aspect—now of gladness, now of grief and vexation; when once merged into the irrevocable, they draw upon our love, enforcing a sympathetic word or sigh, invariably inclining us to look upon the scenes of yesterday with a feeling of regret at their having passed away, although the present may find us in the possession of comforts we never anticipated would fall to our share.

Perhaps it is the little experiences which occur even in the dullest of lives, that originate a fondness for the vanished hours. These little experiences make great impressions upon a quiet life. When not surrounded by the hurry of society, we reflect upon the real effect of these little things, and find their influence is potent. The one flower, which the poor child may have gazed upon in his infancy, is remembered by him through all the stormy years of his after existence. He sees it in the little grass patch as it then grew, and he knows that its picture has lived in his mind, amidst all the more engrossing cares of a lifetime of labour. It is with a sigh that the man turns in thought to the time of his childhood, perhaps overestimating the delight that he felt as a child, looking at the little flower.

There is a peculiar gratification in calling to mind the scenes and actions we have once witnessed. There is a pleasure in analyzing the human mind, and in all man's various positions, discriminating the same simple principles at work, more or less compounded. One period of my life was passed in a spot offering indeed few beauties to the eye, but supplying many little subjects for observation; the spot of which I speak, was one of those suburban, half-countrified places, that you may suppose to have been left green by the encroaching houses, as if in a moment of compassion, the brick genii had relented, and marching on, shooting out roads and streets as he proceeded, had spared this bit of grass, with its few trees, as a memorial of his mercy, while one glance around would show you his power. The neighbourhood was a quiet, dull place, not however, wanting in inhabitants. Turning a corner, you came upon the trees by surprise, for you would have expected nothing but continuous, new, brick-built houses, which appeared to have taken the place of everything else. How pleasant it is thus to meet with a few of nature's children, refreshing the air with their foliage, and suggesting to us that bricks and business have not quite excluded the simple beauties of the field or the forest. Did you ever notice the wind in these newly erected squares and roads? You see it tossing about the arms of those sturdy elms, then madly rushing against the window-frames of the lofty houses so near. It wonders why it cannot bend the stubborn things to its will, and after a few efforts, alarming only to the chimney pots, gives in, revenging itself upon the trees again, which prouder than ever, appear all in a bustle of enjoyment.

I have said that it was a dull place, maybe this is chiefly the reason of my present recollections. It was the little, unimportant events, demanding notice by virtue of their scarcity, that often set me thinking and observing, when in busier society other thoughts would have occupied me. The bit of green field, with the row of old elms, was not left open, but for some reason, unknown to me, was enclosed with a boarded fence, so that the view which the surrounding houses had was shut out from pedestrians. It was curious to note the scrupulous care shown in patching even the smallest hole which might be worn or torn in this dingy fence. Yet nothing was done inside, the grass grew uncared for, not even a sheep ever got admission to dine there. On Sundays, when the poorer inhabitants were walking they always chose the side with the fence, and perseveringly endeavoured to find a hole through which to take a peep at the magic field; and sometimes succeeding, the eager children would demand to be held up, that they too might see. Who can tell what longings for romps and buttercups, were created by that hasty peep through a crack? The dogs, too, would sometimes find a loop-hole for an observation, and sniff and paw to get through. Why do dogs always want to get into impossible places? I used to wish, indignantly wish, that I was owner of the field, and then how glorious to throw it open, and watch the sports of the children, and the half-thoughtful pleasure of the parents.

Our regular passengers soon became known to us. There was the usual stream proceeding to office or employment, and the proud faces of wives and mothers were to be seen at many windows, looking as far as they could see, when their husbands and sons went out for the day. At night, too, the return of our neighbours was something to watch for, and an unexpected detention caused anxiety at home, and curiosity with me. One fine lad, apparently but an errand-boy, came down the street as late as ten every night, singing at the top of his voice, with all the vigour of young strength, whatever song happened to be popular. Often I wondered if he would "get on in the world." If he worked as well as he sang, he *must* have succeeded. In the still winter nights, his voice had a wonderful interest in it to me. I dare say he had a mother, who listened more eagerly for his clear music than I did.

There was another boy, who passed by in the morning, with a most aged face, and cool-looking limbs; he walked in the same part of the road, always looked down, was always quick, yet never diverted from his steadiness except to look forward to see that all was clear in his path. It was a relief when the wind sometimes blew a grain of dust into his eye, just to see the monotony of his movements deranged by raising his arm, and shortening his steps. I don't like to speculate upon that boy's after-life, fancy never could picture him altered. He never could have slept, or put on a change of clothes—always the same, no creases, no dirt, no emotion visible. Was it possible that *I* appeared so mechanical when I was abroad walking?

I had not resided many months in this neighbourhood before I noticed that a few doors off, in a bend of our street, there lived a widow lady with an only child, a daughter. The mother had certainly never been handsome, but a glance showed you a face where affection, not untouched by trials, was pictured, and her whole features possessed an air of unpretending worth, recognisable in a moment. Lucy Harvey was a girl not at all remarkable at first sight, you might think her a little stupid, yet on

further acquaintance you discovered that those plain features were sometimes lit up by an animated joy, the happiness of her pure nature. In a little while I became aware that Lucy was occasionally absent for a few days, usually returning in the evening with a young man, who would stay for a short time, and then leave by himself. He was a lad just growing into the man, and many times I met him; his intelligent remarks, and affable manner, won my admiration at once, and from a casual salute our acquaintanceship ripened into intimacy sufficient for a gossip.

One evening, I volunteered to walk home with him, and he cheerfully pressed me to do so. In the course of conversation, I learnt his history; he had lost father and mother when a mere child, and after living a few years with a relative in the country, had been sent to London to an uncle, who was in business in the city. His aunt was a rigid woman, having little sympathy with or knowledge of children, and, though childless herself, never seemed disposed to lavish any affection upon her nephew William. The poor boy had lost his mother before he could remember her, and never had had her place supplied by a kind guardian, Nothing but rigidity, admonition against wrong-doing; never a word of approbation for conduct, but many against misconduct. His uncle was too much occupied with business to have leisure to look after William, and evinced but little interest about him at all. Yet William Gardner possessed naturally such an affectionate spirit, that he never felt misanthropical. True, he was reserved except upon rare occasions, but the mild eyes and placid mouth told you that no bitterness dwelt within; it was the reserve of a heart conscious of its own warmth, and pained at the coldness in others. He was a lad awaiting a friend's valuation, or resigned to remain unknown, if needed. His uncle found him a situation in the counting-house of an old gentleman, who had yet kept no clerks, but now desired assistance to ease him of the duties which age made weighty. Mr. Wild was a thoroughly conscientious and charitable man, not rich, but respected and beloved by all who knew him, for his kindness and just behaviour. No one doubted his word, or conjectured he ever acted from other than one motive—that of doing right. Such men do not make money so fast as they distribute happiness, they are rare to meet with, but many such do exist. William soon became the confidential clerk, and indispensable assistant of the old gentleman, who treated him as quite his equal, and this induced a corresponding partiality in William for Mr. Wild. He got used to his little ways and anticipated them, and used to sit in the room with Mr. Wild and his wife, who was in very feeble health, and seemed more at home than in his own home. It was as things went on so comfortably, William every day being more necessary in the business, and scarcely leaving but to go home to bed, that he became acquainted with Lucy, who often came to stop a day or two with her dear old uncle and aunt in the city. The praise which her uncle so warmly bestowed upon William interested her in his behalf, and the unfailing endeavour to minister to the old man's wishes which the lad evinced, quickly established a friendship between them. William was the chosen escort for Lucy's city rambles, he never got into difficulties, or deviated into anything like carelessness or indifference. As a matter of friendship, it was his duty to volunteer to accompany her home, when leaving the city for her mother's, and the offer, accepted, grew into a matter of course without any inquiry.

Shortly after I learnt these facts, Mrs. Wild was suddenly taken unusually ill, and died in a few hours. Her husband happened to be out, and upon returning and hearing the unexpected news, was so affected that he took to his bed, from which he never rose again; they were buried together, followed by very few mourners, yet remembered to this day by many grateful hearts.

And now the demand upon William's abilities was greater than ever, but with a sense of his responsibility, arose a strength equal to the emergency. The business must not be neglected, yet the old man had died so suddenly that his affairs were somewhat confused; he had no property to leave, nor any near relations to make claims. Always alluding to William as his man of business and successor, it seemed to be tacitly allowed that he was to continue the business on his own account. A little examination proved that if there were no property, there were no debts which could not be met. Mrs. Harvey lived upon a small annuity, left by her husband at his decease, so that her position was not affected by the death of her brother. We can well imagine the grief of Lucy at the loss of her uncle and aunt, almost at one blow. She had still her dear mother to fly to for love, and she bore her sorrow without any violent display.

William was now merchant on his own account, and though so young, he showed an intelligence and perseverance beyond his years. Somehow or other, he usually found it necessary to consult Lucy upon all affairs of any importance, and continual journeys were made to and from the city. He soon found that he could not do without Lucy almost at his elbow, and the secret was disclosed to Mrs. Harvey, who, as proud to hear the declaration as William was to make it, gave her approbation to his plans, and commended her daughter to him. We may be sure that Lucy was not reluctant to join William in his career, and a few months afterwards they were married; Mrs. Harvey living with them as housekeeper.

William and Lucy are still my dearest friends; he is thriving in business, but desires no more than a safe living, and she, the mother of those fine children that are tumbling about on the grass in their little garden, is as happy as she deserves to be. My friend tells me that it is owing to his meeting with Mr. Wild, that any virtues he possesses are to be ascribed. No one ever knew the reveries of his young heart, how he longed for the opportunity to work at some good, and the restraint he lived in might have permanently deadened his sympathies, had not Mr. Wild and his darling niece acted like magnets to attract him to the loving side of life. Perhaps if you find his children a little over-fondled, you will call to mind the father's sense of the fearful effects of an unsympathizing association with the sensitive hearts of the young. He looks at Lucy, and sees in her his soul's companion, making him thankful for the past: he looks in his children's faces, and resolves that no word of his shall ever damp the ardour of their pure affections, and in this lies his hope for the future.

Some years have elapsed since my residence in that locality, and the Gardners live in another quarter of the town; perhaps now the trees are still more crowded upon, if they exist at all. Yet the incidents of the day are as fresh in my memory as upon the day of occurrence; the ugly fence still rises mentally, as a useless obstruction; speculations [illegible] the whereabouts of my pedestrian friends intrude upon me; and the rustling of the old elms comes down, mingled with the more soothing tones of William and Lucy's voices as they walk in the little garden, resolving to live a life of honesty and love.

This little event, one among many others in my experience, contributed to fix in my mind a sense of the importance of trifling observations. If I had never noticed William's attentions, or looked at them sneeringly, I had lost the truest friend I ever possessed; and do not think me vain, in saying, that William and Lucy would have had fewer pleasant hours of social talk and good humoured frivolities.

Let us be patient in our observations—not to draw conclusions too quickly; if followed by a dog or a man,

consider if it is not companionship or absence of mind dictates the accompaniment, as probably as a worse motive. Even the nation of little gnats, whizzing about our heads across this field, are not malignantly dodging us. They are beauties, in a world of beauty, and proud may we be that the grand human mind can humble itself, and feel blessed by existing in such a world.

A FEW SHORT YEARS!

A few short years, and then
The dream of Life will be
Like shadows, or a morning cloud,
In its reality!

A few short years, and then
The idols loved the best
Will pass, in all their pride, away,
As sinks the sun to rest!

A few short years, and then
Our young hearts may be reft
Of every hope, and find no gleam
Of Childhood's sunshine left

A few short years, and then,
Impatient of its bliss,
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

B. HAYDEN.

Notices of New Works.

The Letters of Rusticus, on the Natural History of Godalming.—London, John Van Voorst.

THERE is no sentiment more permanent in the human heart than the love of Nature. It is the foundation and centre of the most elevating and ennobling tendencies, and if cherished and cultivated in the spring and summer of life, will go with us to the grave. The first manifestations of the opening soul in the fulgid season of youth are seen in the love of flowers, and natural scenery,—

"The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even."

The poor man who has formed a taste for the beauties of natural scenery, and for the study of natural objects, need not pine for palaces or picture galleries. He sees the majestic woods and the green hills making the earth beautiful and glad; and humble though he be, he is yet a co-proprietor with God. The gratifications of wealth are hollow and evanescent, when compared with the rich simplicity of nature, the soft blue sky, arching over the green earth with its warm light, like a suspended ocean of etherial beauty; and flinging its gorgeous hues upon the softened verge of blushing morning, when the dawn comes dancing with delight [redacted]e waving grasses and flowers which carpet the earth with loveliness; the forests, and streams, and hills, which cleave the skies, afford to the heart which is open to the perception of beauty, painting and poetry, music and religion. But far different is the manifestation of the love of nature, in the man who has acquired his taste from the poetry and teaching of books, and he who has made her details the practical study of his life. The former may have fine perceptions and exquisite sensibilities, amiable manners, and the power of appreciating beauty; but, like Charles Lamb, he will never care for the society of lakes and forests, and mountains. For the passion to have a stern, manly expression, a man must be the companion of nature in her own quiet solitudes, where he can watch the gradual unfolding of buds, and the silent work of development in the world of infinity around him. Then he will not only know, but feel, that—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

He may converse with nature in her moments of repose, and mingle his fancy in the ceaseless stir of the elements—he may drink deep from the fountains of the hills, and imbibe the spirit of the solitary glens—he may put a tongue into the mysterious winds as they pass, and gather the leaves of the forest, as leaves of the great sybil of nature.

The early literature of the world teems with the most fervent expressions of the love of nature, and through the history of every people, we find that they have ever exhibited the sternest virtue, the highest morality and vigour of thought, when nature has been nearest to their hearts. Whenever they have wandered into luxury and vice, and have sought, in their own artificial customs and observances, for the solace which nature only could afford them, they have sacrificed the highest institutions of their being, and have become slaves in their imbecility, and companions of sorrow and suffering. Throughout the whole range of classic lore, the finest thoughts and most ennobling sentiments are invariably associated with the pure simplicities of natural objects, and why is this? It is because the study of nature is the only one which can educe all the powers of the mind, and all the innate sentiments of the heart, in their just and legitimate proportions to each other, so that a due balance shall be preserved between each. Nature is our schoolmistress, and only under her watchful care can the dream be truly developed. Nature's highest mission is to imbue the soul with the desire for the beautiful, and to kindle, in its own essence, a sympathy for all purity and worth. By the association of the thoughts and sentiments with the beauties of the outer world, we become aware of our highest capabilities, and of the beauty which lies folded up within us, waiting for its manifestation and development. We have ever regarded the real service of the poet or the naturalist, as being more truthfully evinced in their educative influence on the faculties and perceptions, than in anything they may really contribute to the stock of ideas or facts. For after all, it is not in being conversant with the ideas and images of the poet, and in traversing with him the boundless realms of beauty, which lie on all hands basking in the sunshine of the Creator's smile, or in tracing out and connecting together the detailed experiences of an observer, and in weighing his analogies and arguments, that constitute the individual force and energy which every man should possess; but in having the power to make this or that fact our own, and to regard the results obtained by all previous observers, as starting posts for fresh discoveries, and inlets to worlds of beauty and poetry, which have hitherto been hidden from us, that lead to the really vigorous and poetical life.

The naturalist is indeed the true poet, for he digs deeper down into the occult philosophy of these Proteus-like realities, and sees the simplest evidences of the great laws of the universe in the economy of the pebble, the moss, or the bird. For this reason it is, that an inexpressible charm dwells in the least pretending efforts to explain the modes of nature's operations. The young student hangs with deep delight over the pages of Gilbert White, or Knapp, or Darwin, or Jesse. There is a poetry about the every-day facts of nature, which finds an immediate sympathy in his heart. The works of Chaucer, Spenser, Shenstone, Clare, or Hurdis, are read with the greatest relish when the intellect is dawning into vigour, and the imagination is awakening to the perceptions of natural beauty. The pages of Thomas Miller or William Howitt have an inexpressible charm, because they present us with fresh and living pictures of nature, and for th

same reason we always cherish the names of Izaak Walton and brave Christopher North.

Rusticus is at once the keen observer, and the poet and painter of nature, and stands first in the class of writers on the philosophy of the fields. His pages seem like rich landscapes bathed in sunlight, and breathe a fragrance over the heart which speaks of beauty and of God. We are at once carried away into old woods, grey with hoar antiquity, and redolent of the rich odour of decaying leaves. We catch glimpses of blue sky and pictures of sweet green nooks, where nature seems to love solitude, and sits enshrined among the flowers which grow around the knotted knees of the old trees, and upon soft banks of moss, kept fresh and green by waters flowing silently beneath the greenwood shade. We are introduced, in the first page, to the sweet little town of Godalming, amid the green hills of Surrey; we are then informed of the geological, botanical and zoological features of the *locale*, in a sweet gossipy chapter brimming with pleasant recollections, and characterized by a racy and vigorous simplicity of detail. As we read on, the same feeling creeps over us which we felt on our first reading of the letters of dear Gilbert White; a love of the place, and a sort of dim consciousness that we ought to live there, and make our home amid the beautiful scenery which is reflected in the pages of the book. There are three kinds of soil in the district, and these produce the plants peculiar to each, and give diversity to the scenery. The main portions of the locality are upon a soil of bright red sand, and this is intersected by a narrow tract of blue clay, and bounded by a wide range of cold chalky downs. Where the sand bears the tint of iron, the chief produce is furze, and on these districts, the wool of the sheep takes the reddish tinge of the soil; while on the blue clay tracts, the blue colour is very conspicuous in their fleeces. The surface of the country varies much, and in some places is almost sterile and useless to man, whilst others consist of wet marshes, and occasionally large sheets of water, the chief of which is known as Old Pond.

"In many places among our little hills, we have deep, hollow, sandy lanes, with steep banks, and great thick hedges on each side a-top; hedges run to seed, as it were, and here and there grown into trees, gnarled oak, bushy rough-coated maples, and so forth; trees, in fact, that, stretching their arms from both sides of the way, shake hands over your head, and form a kind of canopy of boughs. In some spots the polypody, twisting and interlacing its creeping, scaly stem with the tough, half-exposed roots of hazel, maple, oak, and hawthorn, grows in such luxuriance and profusion, that its gold-dotted fronds hang by thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, over the stumps and roots, forming the most graceful of coverings. Here and there are great tufts of hart's tongue, with its bright, broad, shining, wavy leaves. Here and there, where water has filtered through chinks in the sandstone, so as to keep up a streak of moistire down the bank, we have lady-fern and a host of mosses. Here and there, in holes, little cavernous recesses, the face of the damp sand or sand stone is powdered over with a diversity of lichens. Here and there, the lithe snake-like honeysuckle twines round the straight upright young stems of the nut-tree, cutting deeply into their substance, and forcing them out of their stiff propriety into corkscrew forms; up it goes, and getting above the heads of its supporters, spreads its own sweet, laughing blossoms to the sun. I love these lanes, because Nature has so long had her own way in them; and where Nature is left to herself, she always acts wisely, beautifully, and well."

The Fauna of Godalming is peculiarly interesting, on account of the southern locality of the spot and for the shelter and sustenance which the woods afford to the numerous feathered tribes which visit our shores with each returning spring, and to those which are indigenous to the county. Among the most interesting of the birds, which frequent the locality, is the blackgrouse, a bird extremely rare in the present day, and of which White relates in his first letter, that it is utterly extinct in the island. Our Rusticus tells us, however, that they have inhabited Hindhead from time immemorial, and are much sought by sportsmen on the brows of the hills. But the great destruction of this noble game, and the great scarcity to which they have been reduced, is owing to the unceasing persecution of the men who frequent the heather lands for the purpose of cutting the common ling, and who are technically called "broom squarers." These fellows follow the birds day and night, and in the winter track them through the deep snow, and with old rusty muskets reduce their numbers from year to year. The hooded crow is very common in the valley of the Wey, and the sand martin frequents all the sandy banks, and the ledges of the hills, and excavations; and converts the terraces into honeycombs, by their annual labours for the provision of their families. Ringdoves and skylarks are also very numerous, and in the winter they come in flocks to the gardens and commit great depredations.

"In the winter of 1813-14, the crows and ringdoves used to come into our garden, to eat the leaves of the greens, and so severely did they punish the whole of the cabbage and brocoli tribes, that we got nothing at all from the stumps, when the warm weather ought to have set them sprouting. The tops of the plants were pecked into shreds, and stuck up like a parcel of brushes, and so remained. But the most remarkable feature of that terrible winter, as regards birds, was the number of skylarks that it actually starved to death. They wandered about in flocks, from field to field, from garden to garden, till they became mere bags of bones, and sometimes, in the morning, you might find them frozen to the surface of the ground; and when we drove up the survivors, in the garden or the field, how forlorn was their look, how weak their flight, how woe-begone their voice, how different in all respects from the happy skylark of the summer, overflowing with happiness and complacency, and half-bursting with song!"

Our author has a few trite remarks on the migrations of birds, a mere passing note, which we could wish to see more diffuse than it is. The mystery, in which this subject has been involved, merits a closer scrutiny than it has hitherto received. The ideas of Linnæus were remarkably absurd, for a mind of so high an order as his. He gives, in a letter to his friend Ellis, an account of a series of experiments performed on swallows, in order to ascertain whether they had any predilection for water at the season of their disappearance from Europe, and which are exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory. It is more surprising, however, that White should continue to have faith in the old notion, that swallows take up their abode beneath the mud in the beds of rivers during the winter, as sufficient was known of animal chemistry in the time of White to show the absurdity of such an idea. There is this remarkable peculiarity in the economy of the feathered races, which precludes the possibility of a state of torpor or suspension of vitality, namely, that the respiratory system is too active to admit any such condition to be possible. The temperature of the bird is at all times very high, the blood flows rapidly through the system, and the respiration is, of course, proportionally active. In reptiles, on the contrary, the blood moves sluggishly, the vital power is low in intensity, and hence there is a tendency to hybernation, and to conditions totally opposed to the physiological economy of the bird. We think the migration of the swallow was first insisted on by a popular writer, in an essay on "Instinct," by the author of a "Thousand Notable Things," and the repeated observations of naturalists, combined with those of voyagers and travellers have satisfactorily proved that the various tribes of *hirundines* take up their abode in the sunny regions of A[illegible]hen winter prevails in our northern climes, but,

"No sooner does spring return and promise abundance of food, than all the feathered tribes return northward, to dwell and to rear their young in the very places where they themselves were reared. The country of all the species is not the same; thus redwings and fieldfares bred in Scandinavia return to Scandinavia; and because they feed on hips and haws, they go just so far south as to procure a supply. The ring ousel breeds in Carnarvonshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, but not finding sufficient food there, nor yet in our southern counties, nor yet even in France and Spain, all of which it crosses, it goes on into the warmer regions of Africa. Well, then there is our dear darling nightingale, that homes in Surrey, despising the inclement regions of the north; he too, turns his face southward at the same time, and for the same [illegible] as the redwing, the fieldfare, and the ring ousel, and he too passes onward into Africa."

The Godalming district is frequented by eleven distinct species of hawks, and five of owls. The water-rail and

the land-rail are both common among the sedges and willow-beds. At Old Pond there are several rare species of water-fowl, and among others, the moor hen, the dab-chick, and the great northern diver. The hooper swan has been shot upon these waters, and the island in the centre is the resort of a variety of other birds, which find it a quiet, unmolested place.

Our author's love of adventure introduces us to some stirring scenes, and sweet sketches of the real life of an earnest lover of nature. He takes us with him down green shady lanes, where the birds hide in the thickets, and where strange creatures dwell beneath the hedge-rows. In one place he alights upon the nest of a screech owl, in the hollow of an old tree, and makes his acquaintance with the maternal dame of the establishment, by coolly robbing the nest of the owlets and unhatched eggs. At the old bridge at Eshing he makes his first acquaintance with the hedgehog, and entertains us to a lively description of the habits and economy of hoggy. In all these adventures, he exhibits the keen penetration and scrutinizing tendency of the genuine naturalist: he never allows himself to be deceived by ambiguous appearances, or led into error by the mistakes of his predecessors.

The portion of the work which will prove most interesting to the majority of readers, is the account of a trip to the Isle of Wight, for the purposes of obtaining ornithological specimens. The author's powers of description exhibit themselves as of the first order. The style is cheerful, brisk, graphic, and tinged throughout with a vein of rich poetry, and a truthfulness of sentiment, such as we invariably meet in the pages of Waterton, Wilson, or Jesse. After a ride on the coach, and a night spent at Freshwater; our adventurers find themselves boated safely under the cliff of Sun Corner, with powder and shot, and all the etceteras of bird stuffing, duly prepared; and with a considerable antipathy, and sanguinary feeling against all manner of sea-fowl and ornithological rarities. The region of the birds is at the highest part of Sun Corner, where the cliff hangs frowningly over the boiling surges and deep waters below.

"Here is the retreat of innumerable sea-birds; here the foot of man has never trodden; here patent percussions are of no avail. . . . . The fishermen now pulled us right in for the cliff; and as we approached, what a sight did we witness! Every inch of projecting rock was occupied; there were hundreds, thousands, millions of birds. Along the ledges the birds were crowded so thickly, as positively to push the foremost ones off, by the pressure from behind, as fresh troops issued from their holes; these would fly a little way, and, returning, settle on the heads of others, and thus, by slipping in find themselves a footing, the foremost birds being obliged to tumble off, as these intruders had previously done. Some ledges were occupied solely by puffins, whose conspicuous bills, and squat though upright position, rendered them instantly distinguishable. There seemed little disposition on the part of any one species to consort with another; though crowded together on the cliff, yet each species kept in degree separate; willock crowded willock; puffin, puffin. A noise, as one might suppose like that of disembodied spirits in purgatory, issued from every part of the rock; whether it proceeded from the razor-bills, willocks or guils, we could not make out, but of all the horrid and piteous groanings I have ever heard, these were the most so. Perhaps it was only a morning hymn of thankfulness and happiness; perhaps only the soft note of love; perhaps the united cry of thousands of the young for food. Being sufficiently n[illegible] very clearly the whole mass of living creatures before us, [illegible]men suggested that a single barrel should be fired at random, at the same time, they both gave a tremendous shout. Words cannot describe the scene that followed; cormorants, ravens, gulls, kittiwakes, puffins, razor-bills, guillemots, all left their stations; the very surface of the cliff came towards us. The remaining barrels were soon emptied, and all was one wild uproar; the sky was positively darkened; the air was filled with heterogenous sounds; the screams, the calls, the groans of the birds, the continued ringing of the fishermen's shouts, the almost everlasting echoes of our guns, which every crag and cranny seemed to reiterate; and above all, and harmonizing all, the tumultuous roar of the restless ocean, as its long and heavy swell dashed against the perpendicular but ragged cliff; produced such a combination of sights and sounds, as, once seen and heard, can never be forgotten."

In this hearty and picturesque style, we are carried on through this warlike adventure, and our enthusiasm and love of nature kindling as the author opens to us new scenes and incidents, we forget all the associations of powder and shot, of wings cut off, and legs and beaks shattered, and the work of destruction going on around us in the fervid excitement of the scene. In passing round Sun Corner they alight upon a colony of cormorants, where the old hens are "sedately planning for the welfare of their future progeny, in fact, reckoning their chickens before they are hatched." Several specimens of these domesticated cormorants have to pay the tribute of their lives to our adventurer's *penchant* for ornithological studies. He next takes us with him through the "Needles," by a narrow gap in the rocks, and we land on the Alum Bay side, where sundry incidents occur of a somewhat romantic character, and we are treated to some ornithological notices, written in the peculiarly graphic and happy style of our true Rusticus. The next day was spent in a repetition of the cruise, and was as fruitful in adventure as any of the preceding. The sea was now becalmed, and not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface.

"I shall never forget the quiet beauty of the scene: there was nothing wild or grand in nature; nothing wonderful in art; there was neither church, house, hill, nor shrub, nor aught to excite the beholder to exclamation; quiet sea, unromantic, unvariegated, perpendicular white cliff, monotonous downs. Nature seemed to be at rest; man seemed to be a stranger; he was nowhere disturbing her repose; he had nowhere distorted her figure; the distant tower of St. Catherine was the only visible proof that he had existed."

After roughing it on the ocean, and tarrying at the cliffs of Freshwater for many days, they find their way back once more to Godalming, with hearts refreshed and minds well stored with facts and pleasant memories.

Although we have already exceeded our space, we cannot refrain from passing an eulogium upon the highly talented chapters on "Blight." We have never seen any history of these pests so complete and free from prejudice and errors, as these chapters on the Hop Fly, the American Blight, the Turnip Fly, and the numerous tribes of aphides which infest fields and gardens. The statements bear the stamp of keen and unwearied observation; of labour most diligently pursued, and of clear forcible reasoning. On this subject, the work before us is a boon to the agriculturalist, and to every person interested in the welfare of the crops; even independent of the great merit of the researches as contributions to the stock of Zoological science. When we reflect upon the fact that the hop fly alone, by its ravages on that plant, caused in the amount of duty paid in the Treasury, in the years 1825 and 1826 respectively, so great a difference as £426,000, we can form some slight idea of the national value of any original researches, undertaken with a view to the adoption of methods for extirpating, or checking the growth of these destroyers.

We close this notice by congratulating the editor on the success which has attended the gathering together of these charming "Letters," in so beautiful a form, and with such admirable literary and artistic illustrations. The perusal of the work has been to us a source of soul-felt gratification, and has restored to us some sweet memories of bygone times; and for this renewal of the dearest sentiments of the heart, we shall for many a day hang over the pages of "Rusticus" with deep delight.

EXAMPLE THE TRUE TEACHER.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

GREAT AND LITTLE CARES.

There are men of nerve so strong, that beneath the heaviest stroke of calamity, they will still keep their brow erect, nor quail before the blow; but where is he who can calmly bear the flippings of a succession of petty annoyances—the gnat-bites of life—which he can neither guard against nor avenge; who can endure these and yet keep his temper?

"POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANIE."

We love the sayings of olden times,
We quote them in Age, we learn them in Youth;
They fall on our ears like ding-dong chimes,
That Experience rings in the belfry of Truth.
But I wonder what people it was in the land,
And I wonder as much where the land might be
So stupidly wise, that the proverb could rise,
Of "Poverty parts Good Companie."

'Twas a woful thing for man to prove,
And sorrow was in the tale it told,
For it said that Goodness, Worth, and Love,
Weighed little without they were cast in gold.
And now in the world 'tis bitter to hear,
And sadder yet to feel and see,
That velvet is shy, when rags go by,
And that "Poverty parts Good Companie."

There's many a board where laggards sit
Heavy and dull as a Winter's morn;
Not even red Muscadel brightens their wit,
Yet how can we nurture what never was born?
Spirit and brain, of a diamond light,
Might quicken the feasting with eloquent glee;
But "Talent" is oft in a beggarly plight,
For "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a sinner of poor estate,
With nothing to leave but a felon's name,
Has walked to death through the prison-gate—
The example of Law, and the target of Blame.
But, seeing the deeds that rich men do,
He could point to many of high degree,
And think they might share the hangman's care,
But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

We punish the whining rogue, who seems
To be what he is not, in the open streets;
And the Judge, in his sapient wisdom, deems
The villain in pence as the greatest of cheats.
But hypocrites live in grander guise,
Wily and cunning as rogue can be;
They might rank with the beggar for meanness and lies,
But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a heart hath made its home,
With Hope and Honesty close by its side;
Temptation may whisper and lure it to roam,
Yet safely it goes with these to guide.
But the beldame Queen of Want comes in,
And Hope and Honesty quickly flee,
While the lone heart groans in its reckless sin—
"Oh! 'Poverty parts Good Companie!'"

ELIZA COOK.

POWER OF APPEARANCES.

The gross of men are governed more by appearances than by realities, and the impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself that he has ability and merit, while the modest or diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this reason, men of front carry things before them with little opposition, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same service as ...rt.

DIAMOND DUST.

WITHOUT sorrow life would be no better than a dream. Grief is reality, and though bitter as wormwood, mortals love it, for it makes them feel themselves, and know the value of each other.

WASHING and ironing are good, but wisdom is better.

FREEDOM from pain is of itself pleasure, but to know this, one must have suffered.

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

LANGUAGE—a conduit for distributing the stream of Knowledge as it flows from the reservoir of Mind.

THE tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

THE trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in us.

DICTIONARY—a sepulchre for the corpses of ideas.

WE must be good moral anatomists before we can fairly make an estimate of each individual's capacity.

THE most corrective punishment is kindness.

WITH love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odours; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

IT is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

MOST of the miseries of life result from our straying from the path which leads to content.

UGLINESS—an advantageous stimulus to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body.

MONEY is a very good servant, but a bad master. It may be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

THERE is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

THAT conduct will be continued by our fears which commenced in our resentment.

LET it not trouble you that asses kick and dogs bark. Are you affronted? If the man is not below your anger, let it be below you to be angry.

To give your opinion, before required, looks like upbraiding another's ignorance, or over-valuing your own parts.

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.

IRISHMEN—the inh[illegible] of every country except their own.

IGNORANCE is conte[illegible] to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction.

GOOD-BREEDING is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home!

JUSTICE and generosity, rightly blended, constitute a dignified character; but certainly, so far as a person is more just than generous, or more generous than [illegible], that character is defective.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 3, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Basket Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, August 3, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 67.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

A STITCH IN TIME.

"OH, yes, Tom! I am sure we shall be *so* happy! A snug, quiet home, and *you* by my side; what could I wish for more?"

"Well, Mary, I hope it will be so; but remember that it depends chiefly upon yourself, whether you will be happy or not in the new sphere in which I long to see you. I have told you all—you know my means—we must live a quiet, domestic life together; and if you are satisfied to share so humble a lot, and feel that you can be happy in it, then the day on which I welcome you to my home will be the happiest day of my life."

"Oh, yes, love, I understand and feel it all; I should indeed be unworthy of you were I not amply satisfied with sharing your lot, whatever it be, whether of privation or affluence."

Few lovers are so candid as Tom Saville was on this occasion. He knew, well enough, that there was a growing opinion abroad among young ladies, of the desirableness of marrying for "an establishment." He had met Mary Bishop in genteel society, into which the high culture of his mind, rather than the affluence of his means, had obtained his introduction. He did not desire gay society, and had no great pleasure in it, but it came in his way, and he did not shun it. He was of the susceptible age, at which the soul seeks to mate itself, and he was an ardent admirer of the Beautiful; rather prudent too; but love overleaps that check, and even the prudent man is carried away by his instincts.

Mary Bishop was a kindred spirit, intelligent, handsome, beautiful. He was [illegible]ed by her, almost at first sight; and it was not [illegible]ore she felt there was a secret between them. Their eyes sought, and yet shunned each other. They each guessed what the other desired to say, yet scarce dared to understand each other's meaning looks. They were happiest when together; and when apart, felt that their other and better half was absent. There was an unoccupied place in each heart, which only one other could fill. There was no effort to love, and no resistance. The feeling grew till it became a passion in the minds of both; and then it proceeded to action, to overtures, to letters, to meetings. Their love became most precious, most cherished, and each felt that happiness for life depended on the issue. There is only one way in which such natural instincts can be fulfilled, and Tom felt that the time had arrived for taking a decided course.

There are few instances, indeed, in which there is not some obstacle to be encountered in the way of wooing. Tom had been oppressed by the thought of opposition and resistance on the part of the parents of his Mary, now so tenderly beloved by him. He was daily haunted and made miserable by the thought of defeat. He was *poor*. Here is a difficulty for the parents of marriageable girls to get over! And would he fare better than others, to whom "the cold shoulder" was turned when the means of "an establishment" were not forthcoming, Not that his Mary's parents were rich, far from it. They "rubbed on" like other people; sometimes paid their debts, and sometimes not; they had made "a composition" not many years before. But then they kept up a certain style, they gave parties, they mixed with a certain set, they held a recognised position in society, maintained a carriage, and were waited on by a tight green boy, studded over with buttons. Always when Tom encountered that boy on his visits at the house, he was struck with new dismay. A green boy was beyond his means, far less a carriage and gay parties. It is true, his education was equal to that of his mistress, and his fortune was as good, for she had nothing; but then he could not pretend to keep up "the style" in which she had been educated, and which he feared was to her a necessity. Here was the real difficulty; and how to get over it was now the question.

Tom could keep his secret no longer, but waited an opportunity of breaking it to the maiden's father. An interview of this kind is a serious matter. A heavy father on the stage may be infinitely amusing, but a heavy father in wooing, when the lover is not a recognised man, is sometimes very tragic. The old man's heart is whole; he has forgotten all about those "foolish fancies" of youth; he is ready to laugh outright at the lover's ardent expressions of attachment, devotion, and all that sort of thing. He looks to "the substantials;" and why not? all fathers do the same, and doubtless they are right to a certain extent, provided, however, that they do not ignore the higher claims of nature and of true affection. What was the old gentleman's reply to our ardent lover?

"Tut, tut, man, you are in a dream; think no more

about it: time enough for you to think of marrying in ten years."

"But she loves me!"

"Fiddlesticks! Every girl thinks she is in love. It all comes of novel-reading. I say, man, you are talking nonsense, and I'll hear no more about it."

"Well, Sir, permit me to say, with all respect, that I shall place my case before your daughter, and leave her to decide for herself; she is of age, and is the party most deeply interested—"

"Impudence! Sir," the impatient father here broke in, "I forbid my daughter to have any connection with you, whatever. Do you think I would have her marry *a beggar?* There, Sir, is the door!"

And the disconsolate lover withdrew, his hopes crushed, yet not utterly ruined. Other lovers have had to stand the same test; and others have triumphed in the end; why not he?

To the lover nothing is impossible. He scales walls, lurks at back doors, bribes servants, watches windows, hires messengers, and a great deal more. Tom did none of these. He met Mary in society as before, though all possible obstacles were concerted to prevent communication between them. Tom stated his case candidly and unreservedly; showed his means, offered himself, heart, soul, and industry, to her whom he wooed for his wife; and we have stated with what issue at the opening of our story.

* * * * * *

A year has passed, full of new experiences, and many joys, to our newly married pair. Mary has divorced herself from her family and her friends by the step—some will call it rash—which she has taken; but she is contented and happy in the devoted affection of her husband. He lives but for her; his life has now a higher object than before; he feels it to be a duty to exert his talents and industry to the utmost, to secure the comfort of his wife, and surround her with the enjoyments to which in early life she had been accustomed in her own home. Where so many roads to success are open, as they are in this busy country; where talent makes roads for itself, and clears all obstacles out of the way; where honesty, integrity, and ability, command approval and fortune, as they invariably do among us; Tom Saville, who displayed all of these qualities in a marked degree, did not fail of success. He gradually rose in the estimation of his employers, and was shortly promoted to the highest office in the establishment in which he was a servant.

The happy pair sat one evening together, and Tom, with sparkling eyes, was telling his wife of his last step of advancement.

"I am more happy for your sake than for mine, Mary; for now I can better afford those little luxuries which I know you like, and which I should be too happy to see you enjoy."

"Oh, Tom, we are only too happy, and I wish for nothing more. I have all I ask for, and chiefest of all, I have your affection."

"True, that is always yours; but, do you know, it would give *me* pleasure to move up a little in society. I want to see the old faces about us. Why not?"

"It would, certainly, be *so* delightful, as you wish it. But," looking round at the little plainly-furnished room, "you would not have *them* here?"

"Oh, no; that just brings me to what I was about to propose to you—to remove to a better house: what say you to Fitzroy Square? I saw such a nice house there to let, as I passed from the office to-day."

"Well! But I shall be sorry to leave the old home—our *first* home together, Tom. My heart clings to the place. It is so snug—I feel it all about me—so different from one of your big, stylish houses."

However, Tom carried his point, and "a removal" was effected. Tom had not had much experience in furnishing, and he gave a kind of *carte blanche* to a furnishing agent. He had tasted prosperity, and was slightly intoxicated by it. Who has not acted somewhat foolishly, like him, when first sailing along the stream of good fortune? Let us excuse him, for he was in some respects still youthful. He was ambitious too,—for we must tell his little secret: his object it was to place his lovely wife in a social position equal to that which she had quitted for his sake.

Tom's house soon became "stylish." He gave evening parties, which were enlivened by whist. He was a bit of an artist too, and gave musical *soirées*, which were very *recherché*. *Petits soupers* made them pleasing to Tom's visitors, and he and his wife were quoted as the soul of good company. No one need want society who is ready to give entertainments; there are always wise people found ready to discuss the viands, which those, less wise, are willing to provide for them. A tight boy was soon added, as a visitor remarked to a friend, (*sotto voce,*) "all broken out in buttons." Portraits of the happy pair smiled at each other from opposite walls of the dining-room, the "expression" of which the visitors much approved. Tom was getting "fast," though he was scarce conscious of it.

But the most deleterious effect was produced on his young wife. The example of gaiety is very contagious among the tender sex. What woman moving in gay society does not desire to be dressed as well as her visitors and acquaintance? Why should she not have brooches and bracelets, serpents with tails in their mouths, as well as they? Is there any reason why her shawls, and satins, and laces, should be less costly? Why should her trunks and wardrobes be less copiously filled than theirs? So, frippery of all sorts soon came flowing in, and thus the game was kept up, until nearly a year had passed, when in came the Christmas bills!

Tom was literally aghast! There was the great furnishing bill, and the grocer's and butcher's bill, and the poulterer's bill, and last but not least, the tailor's and milliner's bill. While he was ruminating on the portentous contents, Mary was chirping at him across the table.

"Oh, Tom! have you seen Mrs. Jones's beautiful new furniture? It is so handsome! The console table is really superb. Don't you think we might have one for that recess there? It would look *so* nice. Don't you hear, love?"

"Oh, yes, I hear!"

"And Mrs. Simpson has got such a splendid shawl from the Paris *exposition:* they are all going for a month to Margate. By the way, love, I should like to have an outing this year myself. What say you?"

Ah, it can't be," sighed Tom, in a broken voice. I may as well tell you all at once. I am next to bankrupt!"

"Oh, impossible, dear Tom, you are not serious?"

"Look here," he said, shoving the pile of bills across the table, "here is the [redacted] of our last year's folly! I have been a fool to [redacted] but it may not be too late to mend all yet."

Many there are, like Tom, who are conscious of having gone wrong, but have not the courage to turn back. What would Mrs. Grundy say? Once a man has ventured on a course of living beyond his means, it is the most difficult thing possible to restrict himself again within them. Can he give up things which he has almost accustomed himself to consider as necessary? Can he stand the sneers of "friends," at his obvious retrenchment? Or, can he shut the door in their faces? Worst of all, can he brook their insulting pity at the result of his own generous folly?

Mary saw the whole case on the instant: there was only one honourable course to pursue, and that must be taken.

"You should have told me all this sooner, Tom; I didn't know half; nor was I aware that our expenditure was reaching such a height. We must stop at once; there is no other way for it."

"Like yourself, my own true-hearted wife: let it be so! And first of all, these bills must be paid."

"Certainly: that is the first duty."

"And we must give up our gay circle. I regret this more for your sake than for my own."

"Think not that I shall feel any privation on this account, my dear husband. I have often thought we were happier at first, when we lived more quietly; and I have not ceased to long after that snug little house, our first home."

"But our friends would not follow us there?"

"The truly worthy of them will: as for the butterflies of fortune, we can, and we must, dispense with them."

"Then be it so! We have climbed higher than we can hold; and we must feel our way back again to a firmer footing."

The debts were paid, punctually and honourably; they were paid by instalments, some, it is true, at remote periods; but they were all paid in full.

Tom used in after life to say, that the issue of that year's folly was one of the best lessons in life which he had ever received. And it not unfrequently happens that failure teaches the best practical wisdom, to those who are willing to learn her lessons.

* * * * *

Years passed, and the married pair are again before us. A little group of happy youngsters are playing at their feet on the green sward. Mary has her "work" in her hand, and Tom his book, and he reads to her at intervals, sometimes looking up to watch the gambols of the children. A honeysuckle is climbing round the porch in front of their little house, and the air is heavy with its perfume, mingled with the aroma of sweet-scented roses and fragrant mignonette. A blackbird is piping its rich notes from a tall tree which screens the garden-gate; a thick haze rises from the city, close at hand, and the deep hum of its busy streets falls solemnly upon the ear in the quiet stillness of the summer evening. The picture was very charming, and would have made many a solitary old bachelor envious.

"Oh, by the way, Mary, I have a lot of news to tell you."

"Well, Tom, and what is it?"

"I saw your father to-day."

"Indeed!"

"I heard, through a private source, quite unexpectedly, that he was in difficulties, and I called upon him."

"Oh, so kind of you, Tom."

"And I was happy to have it in my power to be of service to him. You know, that since I have been taken as partner into the concern, my income has been considerably increased; and thanks to our economy for the last few years, I have been able to save a little money. So that I can now afford to do a kind action, and I have done it to your father."

"Oh, how truly kind of you, my own dear Tom!"

"I owe it to yourself, Mary—to your own admirable economy—that I was able to do so dutiful an act."

"And do you forgive those rash words of his, perhaps caused by considerations of his own child's happiness?"

"Oh! there is nothing to be forgiven! I suppose I shall be equally exacting when these children's turn comes"—pointing to the lively group playing on the sward. "I must tell you, too, that they are all coming over to dine with us on Sunday."

Mary looked up into his face; her eyes were filled with tears; she could only say—

"Kind, good Tom! you have made me so happy!"

THE CRAYON SKETCH.

One evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of the Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and, at intervals, she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused on the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio, adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling, a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said:

"Child! destroy not the life which God has given you. If you are unhappy, enter yon church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing, uncalled, into his presence!"

The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said—

"Let me go! I *must* die!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion.

Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was, and where she lived: her history might be summed up in a few words: an avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love.

Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length, this evening her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence, and she, with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches, and bidding her retire to her own apartment, and betake herself to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart, a young gondolier appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her, said—

"*Cara mia, mi alma!*"

Gianettini rushed forward—

"Out of this!" he shouted; "out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humoured tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Gianettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly. Will you not then allow us to hallow your old age with our grateful blessings; or must we water your path with our tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grand-children," said Gianettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man, "but what hinders that I should not become so too? A stout arm, a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of God, do much."

"A fool's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant, Giacomo Sforza a cowherd."

The man, in the corner, had hearkened attentively to

this dialogue. He rose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said :—

"Well spoken, gondolier! courage brings success, and struggling conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Gianettini.

"Master Jew," said the unknown, turning disdainfully towards him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw!" said the unknown, "babblers are more tiresome than thieves: before to-morrow you shall touch that sum."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning towards a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, a sensual, avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"'Tis my hand!" cried Gianettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, its author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred fool's heads!" cried the innkeeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it!"

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment, and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission.

With folded arms and a moody brow, the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance on the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendancy gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him; and, for the first time in his life, he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honour the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins, and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale, and trembling with joy.

"One favour more," he said, "Who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter! say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much, much to me. Tell me your name, Signor, that I may love and honour it to the last moment of my life."

"Men call me Michael Angelo."

"Michael Angelo!" repeated Antonio, falling on his knees, like a true Italian, to adore the sovereignty of genius.

The artist raised him, and took his hand.

"It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favour. It is to permit me to perpetuate on canvas the lovely features of Maria."

The girl approached; she could not speak; but she clasped the painter's hand, and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it, and Michael Angelo, as he drew it back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on, and found Antonio Barbarigo, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria, and General of the Venetian Republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers amongst the traditions of Venice.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HEARING A FAVOURITE SONG, ENTITLED, "I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

Ah! sing again! renew the spell
That opes the depths of Mem'ry's well,
And brings me back to vanished hours
When Life's young path was strewed with flowers;
And Love, and Hope, and magic song
Bore Time on rapid wing along;
Sing, lady, sing!

Ah! sing again! and let me dream
Of all that brighten'd Life's dark stream,
When first that song entranced mine ear
From lips I never more may hear,
And bathed my soul in deep delight
Whilst gazing on a form so bright;
Sing, lady, sing!

Ah! sing again! for then I feel
Love's fairy vision o'er me steal,
And that sweet hope can yet beguile
This heart, whilst gazing on thy smile,
And Pleasure's ray again belong
To me, whilst listening to thy song;
Sing, lady, sing!

B. HAYDEN.

WEST INDIA SKETCHES.

MARTINIQUE.

THERE is, perhaps, no island in the West Indies more worthy of attention and admiration, from the beauty of its scenery and the characteristic originality of its inhabitants. As you approach the town of St. Pierre, its capital, from the sea, you are struck with the grandeur of the mountains, covered with luxuriant trees of everlasting verdure, which are frequently interlaced with parasitical plants, almost as large as those which nourish them: the town has rather a sorry appearance from the sea, from the circumstance of the windows not being glazed, and the houses being very small, which lie close to it; but as you enter the narrow streets, through the centre of which a stream, that descends from a ravine, continually flows, you perceive houses which have a respectable appearance, and after passing one night within them, you discover that the [illegible]s, which are only protected by a venetian blind, [illegible]uch more desirable in that climate than the more apparently comfortable ones of our own. The island is under French government, and is, of course, Catholic. I arrived there in the year 1846; slavery had been allowed before that period, but emancipation, which has since been carried out, was then agitated in France, to the great annoyance of the slaveholders in Martinique. I know not what reasons the slaves on the plantations of that island may have for desiring freedom, not having had an opportunity of observing their condition, but I think many an English servant might envy the liberty which those enjoy who live in the town. The women of the coloured (that is, the mulatto) race are very lovely; they, as well as the negroes, wear a coloured handkerchief on the head,

an embroidered cambric chemisette, also a peculiar kind of manchette around the elbow, which is beautifully worked by the young ladies of the white population, who increase their store of pocket-money by selling them to the slaves. I knew a young person who had made a little fortune simply by drawing patterns for this kind of work. The most respectable married ladies also among the white population carry on a kind of merchandise; they send to France for muslins and other articles, suitable to the climate, and send them around to the different houses by their slaves, who enter the ever-open doors, come into your room, crowned with a load of goods, seat themselves on the floor, and display them; if you choose to buy, well—if not, they say "good morning," with the same satisfied air, and depart. This is a convenience in a place where a lady scarcely ever enters a shop; if you may not go to the shops, it is quite necessary the shops should come to you. In the month of May, a fair is held, and booths are erected in an open space, where, during three weeks, you may meet with great bargains of linen-drapery, &c., as all that those ladies have not disposed of during the year is put into the hands of different individuals, for the purpose of being sold. This is quite a fashionable place of resort for the ladies; and although it is quite contrary to their general custom to walk before evening, they cannot resist the temptation of going to the fair to buy bargains.

It was in this romantic island that the Empress Josephine spent her early days; some of her relations still live there. Madame de Maintenon also passed some part of her childhood on one of the plantations. The ladies possess few sources of amusement; some attend the early morning mass, some the theatre, and some both. The theatre is a very large and splendid building, but the performance is only twice a week—Sunday and Thursday. The ladies are full-dressed on these occasions, and when they attend mass, they dress as ladies do in France when going to church; but their usual in-door costume is a loose, flowing robe, like the Roman toga: a gentleman who visited me in Martinique asked me if the ladies wore their night-gowns about the house all the year round, or if it was only during the summer? They were much amused when I told them how curious he was on the subject. They have an immense quantity of these goles, as they call them, which are made of printed calico; a few young ladies, who have pretty figures to display, object to them, but the generality retain them, even wearing them when they visit the opposite or next-door neighbour in the evening. This is the favourite time for gossip, as the heat of the atmosphere precludes any occupation by candle-light. Some walk at this time, but the promenade is confined to the town, as the serpents are very dangerous in this island; and any one going into the country after sun-set is generally armed with a torch; if he can see and avoid the enemy, he is safe, for this description of serpent never attacks: hence the saying at Martinique, that "such a man is worse than a serpent," which is applied to a person who is apt to take offence without cause. The negroes in the woods are frequently killed by them, as they are liable to step on them when they lie concealed in the grass; death often takes place twelve hours after the sting. The director of the Botanic Gardens told me that he had captured two hundred of these reptiles with his own hand. He said that he had used no charm whatever; he only placed his finger and thumb immediately over the root of the sting, and he considered that his success depended on his coolness, or, to use his term, his "sang-froid." The region over which he presides, the Botanic Gardens, about a mile from St. Pierre, is indeed a little paradise, and almost as desolate. What would such a spot near London be worth? What a centre of attraction it would be! Here we find mountain, dale, ravine, lake, cascade, and every variety of tropical vegetation; nothing of monotony exists except the *ever-green* tree, and the almost *ever-blue* sky.

At the time of the Carnival, the town of St. Pierre becomes very lively; a kind of subscription-ball is given every week, where the gentry and merchants meet; the slaves also, adorned with chains of gold and other ornaments, go into the country, where little sheds are erected for the occasion, and spend the afternoon in dancing, &c. The sheds are composed of poles, set up in a square form, so as to form the outlines of a room, and the roof consists of the long leaves of the cocoa-nut tree interlaced. On Shrove Tuesday, which is the terminating period of this festive time, processions of negroes pass through the streets; they are dressed in the costume of the Caribbees, the original inhabitants of this island; and they also sometimes appear in the character of some of the African Princes: they enter the houses on the evening before this day, and dance warlike dances, &c., and "all goes merry as a marriage-bell."

The inhabitants of this island are very hospitable; if you pay a visit during the day, wine and water are immediately produced. It is customary for the stranger who arrives to pay the first visit of ceremony.

The insects are very annoying; there is one particularly so, the centipede; it resembles that of our own climate, but it is about the length of the finger, and its hundred legs are venomous. Never shall I forget the restless, feverish feeling, I had for three days after it fastened them in my skin: death has sometimes been the consequence of similar attacks.

The cocoa-nut is often used when green; the solid white part is then a jelly, and is eaten with a spoon; and the milky fluid resembles water. The negroes make very nice little tablets of the nut when dry, mixed with sugar. The cassava is a curious root; before exposed to the action of fire it is poisonous; after that it forms various articles of food, and is much used by the negroes of Martinique, as a substitute for bread.

BARBADOES.

Barbadoes, speck in the vast ocean, one of Nature's periods! Yet, atom of the universe as thou art, thy limited horizon circumscribes multitudes of beings who speak the same language as ourselves, and who, although they know England only by report, call it by the endearing name of *Home*. This term is not used by the white population only; even the sable negro, native of the torrid zone, styles our happy land his home. This may perhaps arise from his knowledge that the fetters of slavery were unloosed by us, and that we have acted the part of parents towards him. If the freedom we have bestowed can inspire such a feeling, there must be something valuable in the boon; although, as I have said before, judging from externals, I should think the slave as happy as the free: but God alone can look into the heart, which "knoweth its own sorrows." The slave has no daily cares; he is fed, clothed, and housed, in sickness and in health; his children are cared for, and often idolized by his proprietor, whose interest it is to improve, at least, his physical condition. On the other hand, the free negro has his own little cottage and garden, and his wants are few. It is to the soil that he attaches himself, not to his master: the free negro of Barbadoes can scarcely be prevailed on to follow his proprietor to another parish, and, when induced so to do, seldom remains long, and is always pining for the place in which he has spent so many years: if capable of such a sentiment as this for a strange country, how much more must he feel the being withdrawn from his native land. A negress in Martinique told me that she remembered her capture perfectly well; she was about twelve years old, and was amusing herself on the shores of Africa, when a white man approached her, took her in his arms, and carried her off. She told me she remembered the thrill of horror

she felt at the sight of his white skin; it must have had the same effect on her which the black complexion has on us, when we see it for the first time. I asked her if she thought anything of it now? "No," she said, "the white people are religious, and they have taught me the love of God, and I like my master and mistress." She told me she should like to be free, but never wished to leave them; she also expressed a hatred for the mulattos. This dislike to persons of a different colour does not always wear off. I heard of a servant in Barbadoes, who came to that island without being prepared to meet so many sable personages; she could never get over it; the approach of one of them was like an electric shock, and there was no alternative but her return to England. To me they seem to harmonize with the scenery of that burning clime, and the certainty that they do not suffer from its heat, as white persons do, renders their services more available, although it is certainly rather a fatiguing task to see that they perform their duties. The negro can never remember his daily avocations; he will do what you tell him, but you must repeat the command every day; he is not at all tenacious of being reminded, as a good English servant is. I remember entering a house in Martinique when the mistress was reproaching her slave for the non-performance of duties, which she had repeated to her three hundred and sixty-five times during the year. "Yes," said she, "I wish you English knew the trouble we have with our slaves, and I am sure you would not have set an example to the French Government, who will not allow us now to beat them." I told her she could confine them. "How can we?" said she, "our houses are all open." I could not help laughing, as I looked around at the vacant spaces between the frames of the windows and doors. I suggested a sort of sentry-box to her, and said I thought an hour's confinement in such a prison, on a warm day, would be a greater punishment than the most severe thrashing.

Barbadoes resembles an immense garden. The most gorgeous flowers, and fruits in abundance, grow there without human interference. The Almighty hand alone seems to be employed, so spontaneously does vegetation spring forth. His hand too seals it with the emblem of immortality—everlasting verdure.

Our impression is, that the term of human life is shorter in this island than in England; but the inhabitants contradict this, and say, that there are instances of longevity. It is true that, at some seasons of the year, and at certain times of the day, we may feel great temporary inconvenience from the climate, but I think, if we are "temperate in all things," the effect is not very injurious.

The noon-day sun most certainly is, if we expose ourselves to it. I found, in Martinique, that I could walk with impunity at any hour in the day, in any season of the year, except between eleven and one o'clock. The dress of the Barbadians resembles that of our country; they are much slower than we are, and drawl their words; their idiom is also different from ours; for instance, they say, "tell him good night," instead of "say good night to him." They, like all the Creole race, are fond of dancing. It is often considered in this country that the creoles are the mulattos: this is a mistake,—they are the children of European parents, but born in the colonies; their style of dancing resembles that of our ancestors; they are not at all disposed, like our fashionables, to walk the dance I rather wonder at this, as they have a kind of ambition to copy us: we may judge how active this feeling is, when we hear that they call Barbadoes little England, and Bridgetown little London. If we compare the movements of London with the quietude of Bridgetown, and its public buildings with those of our metropolis, we cannot help confessing that they do not admit of comparison. There was once a theatre in this town, but there is now no amusement except the subscription balls: the negroes hold theirs on the green sward, and on a moon-light evening you may often see them indulging in this pastime.

During the time I was in Barbadoes there was a blight on the cocoa-nut. There was a something melancholy in walking through a forest of these trees in a state of decay; "majestic was the ruin." But it is the cabbage-tree which conveys the most perfect idea of regality: there it stands, erect and high, its graceful crest waving with the breeze: it also bears an excellent vegetable, something like our vegetable marrow, but superior to it. The guava is a round fruit, which looks something like an apple, but its flavour resembles that of a strawberry. The rose-apple tastes as a rose-leaf smells. The custard-apple is a creamy sort of fruit. The plantain is a very useful tree, its fruit is cooked in various ways, but is never so nice, in my opinion, as when roasted and eaten like a potato. The bread-fruit is also very good, when prepared in that manner. There was a bread-fruit tree opposite my window. I used to admire its luxuriant green leaves, and its large suspended globes, which form such a contrast with the diminutive humming-bird that hovers over its branches. This little creature is never seen to touch the ground or the branch of a tree; it fixes its beak in the flower, and remains suspended, fluttering its wings: it is this movement which causes the humming sound, from whence it derives its name. The mangrove is a very beautiful tree; the leaves are of a very dark, yet fresh green. The mango is a pulpy yellow fruit, with an immense stone in the middle, which is called a seed. With the exception of the pine-apple, I prefer the fruits of Europe to those of the tropics; they have a better flavour.

What strikes the European most sensibly on his arrival in the tropics, is the short interval between day and night, or the absence of twilight. It appears as though an extinguisher were suddenly put over the world. Yes, I used to miss our twilight: indeed there is in the torrid zone a deficiency of the delicate shades of nature; all is decisive and strongly marked; torrents of rain, no *Scotch mists*, flashes of lightning, no aurora borealis. You imagine that the sun is an enemy you must shun, and the "gentle moon" is often dreaded as the cause of colds and sleepless nights; indeed it is no uncommon thing to see an umbrella carried in the streets as a protection from her "silvery beams;" persons who sleep exposed to them are often threatened by the more wary part of the community with madness, or, what many would think worse, a distorted mouth. The evening dew also, in some of the islands, soaks you like a shower of rain, and the effects are sometimes fatal. All the elements in this region seem to possess a hurtful potency which does not belong to them in our favoured climate. You learn to appreciate the proverb, "too much of a good thing."

HAVANA.

The harbour of this port presents an agreeable appearance. The fort at the entrance is built in a very picturesque form, and although you miss the lofty mountains which strike the eye as you approach St. Pierre, the town has a light and lively appearance which is agreeable; many of the houses are sky-blue; some of the walls have trees painted on them. The *Paseo* (our Hyde Park) is full of carriages in the afternoon.

The fashionable hour for dinner is three o'clock. After that repast the ladies retire and dress, as we would, for the theatre or ball. They then either remain at home to receive the calls of visitors, or, in a very elegant kind of cabriolet, with immense wheels, called a *volante*, sally forth to pay them. The reception-room always contains two rows of chairs, placed immediately opposite to each other; here the visitors seat themselves, and, with the help of their constant companion—the fan, wile the hours away. There is something peculiarly graceful in

their manner of handling this little instrument. I remember, before I could follow a Spanish conversation, that it was quite an amusement for me to sit and watch them. There are a few moments of repose introduced, which, short as they were, appeared tedious to me. I saw lessons on the use of the fan advertised the other day, but my impression is, that only a Spanish lady should presume to impart that *important accomplishment*. In Havana, none of the natives, except a few of the exclusives, who imitate the French, wear a bonnet. A simple, and often a natural flower, is worn in the nicely arranged hair; the dress is generally made low, and of book muslin, or some light material; it is a breach of etiquette ever to pay a visit twice in the same dress, but the more economical part of the community sometimes disguise the repetition by varying the garniture. There is a person now enjoying a handsome fortune in Havana, which she made by selling a ball dress for a doubloon or seventeen dollars, and buying it the following day for half that sum. This purchase was remodelled for another customer, who paid her a doubloon, and the day after parted with the dress, and received half of it again. I do not know how many fair purchasers each dress was destined to adorn, but have often thought the story of one dilapidated one would be rather amusing. I should like to have the confessions of an *Havana ball-dress*. This custom of wearing cast-off ball dresses no longer exists, but the lady who made her fortune by it certainly did in 1847. There is a splendid Italian opera-house in Havana. They say it is even larger than our own. The Spaniards are, like all the inhabitants of these islands, hospitable; they think our method of sending to an hotel the acquaintances who bring us letters of introduction execrable. They are lively, and, like most foreigners, talk a great deal during the dinner hour. They are polite to strangers. Their language is beyond praise. There is one little custom, which shows their consideration for their dependents: at a dinner party, the dessert is either laid in a separate room from that in which you dine, or you quit the table until the slaves have enjoyed the remains, and laid the fruits, when you return to finish your repast; the interval is passed in the drawing-room. I do not know if this be the custom in Spain; if not, I think it is another proof of the kindness evinced for the slave. Whether he or the free is most happy, is an enigma. I wish it were as doubtful that the white population of our colonies have been injured. God forbid that I should advocate slavery! but I do wish that the thraldom of poverty could be removed from the passive beings who have yielded to our generous impulses on this subject, and who have sacrificed their real interests for what may be a chimera; for *who is free*, that is linked in the massive chain of existence?

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A CAT, having become acquainted with a mouse, pretended to feel for her the sincerest friendship, and at length prevailed on her to join her in housekeeping.

"Let us at once provide for the winter," said she, "or we may then suffer from hunger; for you, dear Mousy, must not venture out often, lest I lose you in some trap."

They accordingly bought a small pot of mutton fat, and, after a long consultation, determined to hide it in the church.

"I know no place," remarked the cat, "where it can be safer than under the altar; no one will take anything from there, and we will not touch it until we really are in need of it."

The pot was therefore concealed in this secure place: but very shortly afterwards, the cat felt an excessive desire to taste its contents.

"Dear Mousy," said she, one morning, "one of my aunts has just brought into the world a fine little son, white, with brown spots, and she wishes me to stand godmother to him. You will not mind staying at home alone to-day, will you?"

"Oh, no," answered the mouse; "go by all means, and think of me when you are feasting. I would willingly taste a drop of the sweet red cordial!"

Alas! the cat was a false friend! She had no aunt; she was not asked to be a godmother! She sneaked to the church, crept straight to the pot of fat, and licked until she had taken off every bit of the skin which covered it. Then she strolled over the neighbouring houses, until she found a comfortable sunny spot, on which she stretched herself, and dozed and wiped her whiskers until the cool of the evening roused her, and she went home.

"Well, here you are again!" cried the mouse, cheerfully. "I hope you have spent a pleasant day. What name have you given to the young one?"

"Skin-off," replied the cat, drily.

"Skin-off," exclaimed the mouse, "that is a most singular name; is it a common one in your family?"

"It is no worse than Crumbstealer, as your godmother is called," replied the other, with a sneer.

It was not long before the treacherous cat determined to taste again the winter's provision; she accordingly begged her trusting little friend to keep house alone for another day.

"I am again pressed to be godmother," said she, "and as the newly-born has a white ring around its neck, I really cannot refuse."

The mouse consented willingly, and the cat slunk behind the town-wall to the church, and there devoured half the remaining contents of the pot. When she returned home, the mouse again inquired what name had been given to the child?

"Half-gone," answered the cat.

"Half-gone, did you say? I never heard such a name in my life! It certainly is not in the calendar!"

Before the week was out, the cat's mouth watered for what was left in the pot.

"As good things generally come in threes," said she, one day, "so I am again asked to a christening; the child is perfectly black, with white feet. You do not object to my going, Mousy, do you?"

"No; but Skin-off! Half-gone!" murmured the mouse, "they are such strange names they make me thoughtful."

"You sit there all day in your dark-grey fur coat, and your long tail, and imagine all kind of foolish things; you need fresh air, Mousy!"

The mouse stirred about, cleaned the house, and put everything in order, whilst the greedy cat emptied the pot of fat.

"When all is gone, one can be at peace," said she to herself, as she returned home at night.

The mouse was very anxious to hear the name of the third godchild—

"It will please you no better than the others," said the cat, "it is called All-gone."

"All-gone!" screamed the mouse, "All-gone! that is indeed a strange, suspicious name! What can it mean!" and she shook her head, rolled herself up, and went to sleep.

The cat received no more invitations to be godmother, and all went on quietly until the winter came; then, when nothing could be found out of doors, the mouse remembered the provision under the altar.

"Come, friend cat," said she, "let us go and look after our mutton fat; it will taste well, I doubt not."

"Oh, yes," muttered the cat, "as well as if you stuck your tongue out of the window!"

They reached the hiding-place, and there indeed was the pot, in its corner, but empty.

"Oh," cried the mouse, "now I understand what has happened; truly you are a sincere friend! You stood godmother it seems to the fat, which you have devoured; first, skin-off—then half-gone—then"——

"Be silent!" growled the cat; "one word more and I will devour you too!"

But the poor mouse had "all-gone" on the tip of her tongue, and as it came forth, the cruel, deceitful beast sprang on her, seized her, and swallowed her!

MY VOCATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Thrown upon this earthly ball,
Wasted, feeble, in distress,
Trampled under foot by all,
Conscious of my nothingness;
From my lips a plaintive cry
Sadly mounts to Heaven's King;
But a whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing!"

Wealth, in gilded chariot borne,
Spurns me as I pace the street;
I am withered by the scorn
Of the rich, the proud, the great;
From their sneers 'tis vain to fly,
Everywhere they leave their sting;
Yet the whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing!"

Life's uncertain path I tread,
Sore perplexed, in doubt, in fear;
Would I earn my daily bread,
Slavery's fetters I must wear.
Though oppressed by Poverty,
Fain I'd soar on Freedom's wing
When the whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing!"

Pitying a heart thus seared,
Love vouchsafed his healing ray;
But, when trembling Age appeared,
That sweet vision passed away.
Beauty's presence wakes a sigh,
None responsive echoing,
While the whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing!"

Yes, to sing is "My Vocation,"
While my footsteps linger here;
Will not man smile approbation
When his cares with song I cheer?
Though to Pleasure's board I fly,
Though my friends the goblet bring,
Still that whisper comes from high,
"Thy vocation be—to sing!"

PERTINACITY.

This is certainly not one of the most amiable qualities of the mind. Pertinacious people are generally looked upon as nuisances of the first order. They are a kind of bore, a peculiar variety of that much dreaded species. A pertinacious man is not however a simple or natural bore, that sort of person, however disagreeable he may be, is not dangerous. The old gentleman who catches you by the button-hole, when you are all anxiety and impatience to get away from him, and be off somewhere else, has no injurious designs upon you, he merely wishes to secure himself a listener for the old news which form the staple of his intelligence, and the would-be *savan* who pesters you with some crotchet about the possibility of flying, or the practicability of submarine navigation, teases you not maliciously, but out of the fulness of his heart; but the pertinacious man while he is equally tiresome and disagreeable, always fastens himself on to his victim with an object. In fact, pertinacity might be defined as boring with a design.

Pertinacity is a kind of obstinacy. Indeed, if you look into a dictionary, you will find that is the meaning attached to it, but perhaps it would be more correct to say that pertinacity is the active quality, and obstinacy is the passive. Pertinacity is the wave, washing tirelesaly and ceaselessly for ages against the rock, which is slowly crumbling away under the almost impalpable friction, and obstinacy is typified by the resistance of the stubborn crag, which holds out so long against the attacks of its subtle liquid foe. Perhaps, however, that simile is too fine for every-day practical purposes, and every-day practical people, and as we pertinaciously insist on being understood, and overcoming the obstinacy of want of apprehension, we will just draw a few comparisons suited to all understandings, on the true principle of pertinacious people, as represented in their favorite adage—that the constant dropping of water wears away even the solid stone. Our military readers then will understand that pertinacity is the besieger, and obstinacy the besieged. Our equestrian friends will comprehend that pertinacity is the horse persisting in running away, and obstinacy the mule which stubbornly refuses to move. Our political perusers will comprehend that restless and prolonged agitation represents pertinacity, and the over conservative desire to keep things as they are, obstinacy. Heirs expectant, whose desires surpass their means, will readily feel, that pertinacity is a spendthrift nephew, writing once a week to a rich uncle for additional supplies of cash, and obstinacy is old Mr. Squaretoes, disgusted and alarmed at the extravagance of young Hopeful, and doggedly refusing to loosen his purse-strings for his gratification. Family people will readily recognise pertinacity as the spoilt child, crying for the sugar which would infallibly make him ill, and we suppose little Sweet-tooth would characterise as obstinacy the prudent persistence which withholds it from him. And last, though not least, we suppose young ladies will be at no loss to see in the renewed and re-renewed addresses of rejected lovers a specimen of pertinacity, savouring very much of boring, while the poor forsaken gentlemen will find in the refusal of their hard-hearted tyrants their own pictures of obstinacy, tinged a little, it may be, with a half waggish malice. There is yet another example which we are more than half doubtful about the propriety of adding to our list for fear of bringing down upon us the whole tribe of unsuccessful authors, but our pertinacity in thoroughly enlightening our readers is almost boundless, and would lead us to incur almost any risk, so we will even venture upon it. Pertinacity then is well represented by writers who persist in issuing works which nobody reads, and we are quite sure the great unread will call that the most perverse obstinacy which prompts the world to look upon their lucubrations as so much waste paper. We think that now, mindful of the wise saying that example is much more powerful than precept, we have given sufficient examples to make our subject plain to every class, and clear to even "the commonest understanding."

There is always a sort of war going on between pertinacity and obstinacy. They are as it were natural enemies. There are no quarrels so fierce as those which take place among near relations, and this happens, it would seem, not only among men, but in the great family of words and ideas. Pertinacity and obstinacy are born of the same mental qualities, of egotism upon the one side, and selfishness upon the other. Pertinacious and obstinate people, are in common egotistical, because they have a high opinion of themselves, because they think

that people ought to do as they do, and say as they say, and think as they think, and be interested in that which concerns them; and they are both selfish, because the end and aim of all their pertinacious and obstinate efforts is to have their own way, without any reference to the will or desire of others. In the struggle, however, pertinacity generally conquers obstinacy, just as the wave wears away the rock, or the lapidary brings out, by continuous effort, the lustre of the diamond, or the ferret (aptest emblem of all of pertinacity), worms the rabbit out of his hole, because pertinacity is the active, and obstinacy the passive power; and in the ever moving world, active powers have the greatest sway; and because pertinacity is cousin-german to industry and perseverance, while obstinacy is related in blood to laziness and indolence, and therefore, upon the whole, pertinacity comes of a better stock, and has great natural advantages.

It may be readily conceived then, that people would pass a very unfavourable verdict upon pertinacity and obstinacy, yet they ought to be cautious what they say about them. They are something like the fairies and goblins which *used* to exist, if we may trust the chronicles which contain their history. They cannot be named or talked about with impunity, for as all men have their share of them, every word may be like a double-edged sword, cutting both ways, or like a stone thrown by a dweller in a glass-house and falling upon his own skylight. It may seem almost like a paradox to say that pertinacity and obstinacy are qualities which are very generally hated, because they are generally loved. Everybody has an intense admiration of his own egotism, because it seems to exalt himself, and a corresponding love for his own selfishness, because it appears to seek his own self-interest; and he dislikes the egotism of his neighbours for the very understandable reason that it sets them up above him, and their selfishness because it opposes their interests to his own, and pertinacity and obstinacy, being kindred qualities, come to be loved and hated just in the same manner. Indeed the measure of the love which any individual has for his own manifestation of these attributes, is just the measure of the hate which he entertains for their development in others. Just as we are told that "two of a trade never agree," so, two of a temper seldom become good friends. Both aiming at the same objects by the same means, they grow into rivals. Just as two wits at a dinner-table snarl and snap at and satirize each other, just as two proud men do not like to meet, just as the tyrant would be the last to bear patiently the pressure of tyranny, so egotism decries egotism, and selfishness seeks to put down selfishness, and pertinacity calls pertinacity impertinence, and obstinacy denounces obstinacy as sulkiness.

But men do not always call their own qualities by their right names. They are ready enough to look through a telescope and magnify the faults of their neighbours, but they turn the instrument end for end, and use it as a diminishing machine when they examine themselves. Mr. Holloway may advertise his universal ointment, and his more than universal pills, as much, and as long as he likes; but he will never make them half so universal as self-palliation, which everybody uses as a balm for the sense of wrong, and a specific for an aching conscience. Genial Robert Burns, the hearty, frank, poet ploughman, wrote, "could we but see ourselves, as others see us;" and well he might when every man plays at masquerading with himself, and puts on a mask whenever he looks in a glass. Self-disguise is the most impenetrable domino that ever was worn, and to what shifts do we not resort to keep the mask from falling off, and ourselves from being frightened into sincerity by our own ugliness. Second sight, which, if we may credit Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, used to be a very common faculty in the Highlands of Scotland, is rapidly dying out, but it is not yet nearly so rare a power, as what a certain class of metaphysicians call introvision. Very few men have the gift of looking into themselves, and perhaps, if they had it, they would be almost as unhappy as Cassandra, who, endowed with the faculty of looking into the future, saw there nothing but woe to prophesy about.

Moralists may write as much as they please about the efforts men make to deceive each other, but they are not half so skilful in that respect, as they are in deceiving themselves. Men threatened with a common danger unite against a common enemy, and so pertinacity and obstinacy, though sworn foes, unite cordially against self-knowledge. How pertinaciously we keep up self-deceit, and how obstinately we hug our self-delusions. How much easier it is to persuade a man that he is an angel, than that he is a devil; that he is the parallel of a sage, rather than an imbecile; that he is what he wishes to be thought, rather than what he is. How deep Shakspere saw into the human heart, when he made the old king say to the jovial Prince Harry, "the wish was father to the thought." There is scarcely any shift to which men will not resort to excuse their errors, or to blazon their good. They polish up the face of their virtues, with the whiting and brickdust of self-love, as assiduously as the page in sugarloaf buttons brightens the glaring brass plate which decorates his master's door, and indicates his whereabouts; and they keep a powerful galvanic apparatus with all the latest improvements, in which, mindful of the hint, to "plate sin with gold," they electrotype with a thin coating of virtue, all their vices. Men, too enamoured of their own work, think they have made the delusion perfect; but, as in spite of all the polishing page's efforts, a spot will here and there dim the bright brass plate, and notwithstanding all the electrotyper's skill, the attenuated gold layer will wear off, and show the base metal beneath, and the assayer will try his powerful tests, and expose the cheat; so the deceit, which is all powerful to its maker, is transparent enough to the eyes of a great part of the world, who see spots on our virtues, ignore the gold which covers our vices, and assay, ruthlessly, every man by tests which leave few unscathed.

What other men call expediency, the actor calls policy; what they call falsehood, he calls necessary evasion; what he calls prudence, they designate as meanness; what he looks upon as "the custom of trade," they denounce as imposition. "Not at home," is translated "don't want to be seen." "New servant, and confusion in the house," is set down as "want of order and arrangement," "not expecting a visitor" does not hide "a shabby family dinner." "Forgot when the bill came due," sounds very like "wanted the funds to take it up," and "travelling for a few years upon the continent" is readily transformed, in certain circles, into "embarrassed affairs." Fine phrases and new names really deceive nobody but those who use them, and who deceive themselves into the belief that they deceive others. But still men persist in using them, and pertinacity and obstinacy in themselves they dignify as perseverance and firmness.

There is really some ground of truth upon which this deception is based, for perseverance is very like, upon a superficial glance, to its base born cousin pertinacity, and obstinacy is sometimes scarcely to be distinguished from firmness. It is often very difficult to draw the line which separates the two. In some minds it is plain enough, just as in tropical countries, day no sooner ceases, than night begins; but in most minds, as over the great part of the globe, twilight allied to both light and darkness, but belonging to neither, intervenes, and you cannot exactly define its empire. We have heard a story of a good man being afflicted with the existence of a bad counterpart of himself. There was a great actual difference between Mr. Goodenough, the respectable tradesman, and Tom Goodfornothing, the disreputable scamp; but then they were as much alike to look at, as two peas in the same pod, and peas are very much alike, though

one may be sound and healthy, and the other have a worm at its core. There was the likeness of seeming about them, and so Tom Goodfornothing's debaucheries, and dissolute vagaries, and reckless escapades, and drunken freaks, and general bad conduct, almost ruined poor Mr. Goodenough, for whom he was often mistaken, and who had to pay for ringing of bells, and breaking off knockers, when he was snug in bed and asleep, and was heavily fined for the infliction of black eyes, while he was quietly serving half pounds of butter, and ounces of tea and coffee, over his own counter. But, if we recollect rightly, there was a beautiful moral at the bottom of the tale. We might naturally expect Mr. Goodenough, the thriving tradesman, to be neat and trim in appearance, and Tom Goodfornothing, the vagabond, to be dirty and dishevelled; but while Tom, sure enough, realized this portrait, Mr. Goodenough (like most of the family of the Goodenoughs,) had some faults of his own, and among them was the one of being somewhat uncleanly in his personal habits, and negligent, not to say slovenly in his appearance; and his virtues could not preserve him from the evil, which that one link of wrong between him and his depraved portrait inflicted upon him.

Perhaps this moral may be of some use. Perseverance, and firmness, which deserve all respect, are too often confounded, in men's minds, with pertinacity and obstinacy, which everybody reprehends. The likeness is only illusory and superficial, but it will last as long as the habit of self-deceit, and the tendency to give one name to a quality in our mind, and another to the very same quality exhibited in some one else. It will endure as long as the custom of magnifying ourselves, and by the same process diminishing our neighbours. We shall never get credit for perseverance and firmness—they will always be designated as pertinacity and obstinacy by others, so long as we confound them in those around us. It is our errors which make the likeness, and punish the good and the bad alike. There is a sad lack of charity, which like muscular strength, or ability to think, or most other powers, decreases the less it is used. A little more of that would teach us to regard our neighbours as ourselves—would weaken egotism and selfishness—put down pertinacity and obstinacy, and substitute for them the better qualities of a due appreciation of, and consideration for others, and perseverance and firmness for ourselves. Truly "a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

THE PHANTOM'S WARNING.

A LOVE STORY.

READER, did you know Tom Todlington? I say did, for, alas, poor Tom's a cold—the kindest, the merriest, the best of men! You did not; well then you never knew any one like him. Tom was a phenomenon in his way; everything belonging to him was a curiosity, inasmuch as they differed, or seemed to differ from similar things possessed by anybody else. His chairs, for instance; once having deposited your frail portion of humanity in their cosy depths, the odds were very heavy against your ever *willingly* getting up again; then his four-leaved mahogany, exclusive of ends, what man who once put his legs under it ever wished to see the polish of his boots again? There certainly was something very extraordinary about that bit of Honduras—it was so *very* engaging. I never heard it groan, it belonged to too good a master for that, and was too well able to serve him, but I have heard it creak—like a small zephyr in ecstasies, but all expressive of the joy it felt to bear the burden imposed upon it. And as to his mirrors, they were, without any exception, the most peculiar pieces of manufacture that ever issued from the hands of man. I never yet saw a care-worn, troubled brow bedim them. I have, 'tis true, seen men enter the house, wearing perhaps the stamp of sorrow on their face; others, on whose physiognomies winter after winter as they passed, had left a furrow on their brow; and mayhap, some whose pinched-up cheeks and sunken eyes betrayed the harrowing work of disappointed love, of blighted prospects, or worst of all, of biting want; but wait awhile—an hour or so has passed, you look by chance upon their glassy surface, and there reflected are the features of the self-same men, but lo! how changed! All joy, all smiles, all love. The magic is at work: Tom has shaken hands all round.

And then what a hero was my friend Tom! Nothing could stand against him. One look from his jolly, good-humoured face, and woes and wails, albeit legion was their name, would vanish into more congenial climes—and pity 'tis one has not far to travel ere we find them. Why even poverty, that mother of crime, moving about in pent-up cities—dipping her skeleton fingers into the cup of gall, and sprinkling it on the heads of thousands, greying their hair, searing their brows, and gnawing their hearts; jeering old age, and clutching the babes—hugging them tight to her bony breast, until they know no other name for parent, relative, or friend; well *she* could not stand before our Tom. I've seen her worsted many a time,—ay, just in the midst of a pitched battle between her and that more generous foe of man, old death,—yes, Tom beat them both full oft and oft; how he did it, reader, I cannot tell you if you cannot guess; I have heard hinted something about charity, sympathy, and brotherly love; but after all, each one knows the answer he can best give for himself, and if the idea does not strike him at the nonce, let him ask it of his heart,—but by no means of his neighbour, for fear of betraying his ignorance.

Now, I have been thus minute about my friend, Mr. Thomas Todlington, not from any very conspicuous part that he took in the circumstances about to be related, but much in the same way that authors place their likenesses at the beginning of their books, as also because he was the original narrator of the mysterious events which occurred under his immediate notice. And it will be a long day, ere I shall forget the evening when the narration took place; it was the last time I ever saw poor Tom alive, and fit night was it for the tale; winter had fully set in, and without the walls of that comfortable old house, rain, hail, and wind, combined with darkness, to make night terrible. Not a footstep was heard along the lonely road, to change the monotony of the pelting storm. Nature seemed to be in a fury, and was lashing the winds to vent her spite; and perhaps that it was which induced Tom to tell us, as he did, the history of the Phantom's Warning.

"Gentlemen," said Tom, "I shall not trouble you with a chapter on metaphysics, neither shall I discuss the various opinions which have, from time to time, been offered upon the subject of supernatural appearances, let it suffice if I narrate only such incidents as partially came under my own observations. It is true that, in the case I am about to mention, I was the actual observer of only part of the supposed facts; yet the rest was obtained under circumstances so peculiar, and received from persons so trustworthy, that I place implicit confidence in their reports myself; but nevertheless, I do not call upon you to do the same, unless you shall see good cause for coinciding with me.

"I had been a resident for upwards of two years in the pretty little town of ——— situated in one of the most beautiful and interesting of our southern counties; beautiful from the loveliness of its varied scenery, now displaying the sweetness of nature's face in softly undulating plains, redolent of God's best gifts to man. Now, in an opposite direction, showing at a view the sublime changes of deep valleys breathing the perfumes of cultivation,

under the protecting shelter of almost mountainous declivities; interesting from the number of old historical relics, in the shape of crumbling ruins, within whose mouldering, and moist, mossy walls, notes of joy and revelry once were heard—or, concealed from every eye but that of the great Creator of the earth himself, dark deeds of treachery, where the "question," and the "rack," harrowed the mangled forms of many innocent and martyred victims.

"It was in this little town that I had commenced practising as a surgeon, and became intimate with many of the most influential and wealthy families of the neighbourhood. Two in particular attracted my preference from the first. They were both of ancient pedigree in the county, and each boasted of the many noble qualities, and not without good cause, which adorned the dispositions of their two children: one having a son of twenty-four years of age—the other a daughter, four years younger. And now, that future events may be better understood, let me briefly explain the characters of the two fathers, for, through a singular coincidence, both mothers had died when young. The father of Lionel Marston was a man of good understanding, proud of his ancestry, only as far as purity of conduct characterized the great majority of its members, but never, as is the case too frequently, allowing the line of his proud and feudal forefathers, to become a chain which should bind him to the errors of the past; but rather looked upon it as an incentive to a course of conduct which should render his own time the more enlightened, and by its reflecting powers, throw a light over those darker ages, by which its faults and merits should be brought to view, that we might correct the one, while we strove even to improve the other. In short, he was a man of enlarged intellect and liberal opinions. Very different was the character of Mr. De Vermont. Proud, unbending, and despotic, he looked upon his genealogical tree as one which could only be preserved by iron safeguards. Public opinion he considered as an axe, and every promulgator of more liberal views he regarded as one whetting it for his destruction. Little real sympathy, it may be readily supposed, existed between the two heads, but by a sort of tacit understanding, which neither ever infringed, unpleasant subjects, above all politics, were never introduced. They had been at college together, but were mere acquaintances; they had grown together, and taken possession of their several estates, but were not the more friends, in the real sense of the word, for that. They married, and the tastes of the wives were far more in unison than those of the husbands; they had each a child, and at the several ages of nine and five they were more like brother and sister, than separate and important members of different families. This feeling grew stronger as their years increased—they were seldom apart, and masters were provided for them at home, so that the links of this affection's chain were never broken, and how it bound around their hearts—how it grew with their growth, and became part of themselves; ay, their hearts' blood flowed only as it were to feed those hearts' best love, so soon to be torn with violent hands asunder, and by the outrage, almost crushed.

"And here let me enter my protest against a line of conduct far too general, and as mischievous as it is frequent on the part of parents. I allude to the constant communion of young people under similar circumstances to those just mentioned, and when, after a childish fondness has expanded with their age, and opened into a deeper, more serious and tender feeling, they are aroused to a state of sensibility by the fact, almost inevitable, but which they never saw, that those young hearts are irretrievably linked together and can never be separated but by being broken. How many parents are there who have no less a charge than this to answer for, and who, while shedding scalding tears over the corse of a departed child, little think that they themselves have done the deed,—that though their hands may not be purpled with their offspring's blood, they are not the less guilty of digging for their child an early grave. And why, ye men of adamantine hearts, is this? Nature shrieks in horror, but in vain. There is another voice, not near so loud, but deeper and more imperative, the voice of pride. The world's high altar craves a victim, and, as if in mockery, it must needs be pure; and hence it is men bring their virgin daughters to the sacrifice.

"And so was it with Lionel Marston and Eleanor de Vermont. Now for the circumstances.

"Having a few leisure hours one summer's afternoon, I had wandered out of the town until I found myself in the midst of a pile of grass-covered ruins, and climbing over a projecting point, I seated myself in a sort of gallery that overhung what once had been an entrance-hall. Here I reclined and dozed, basking in the summer sun, until sleep took possession of my senses, and I was, as it were, dead to all external influences. How long I should have remained thus I cannot tell, but I was aroused by the sound of voices just under where I sat. My first thought was to escape, that I might not play the eavesdropper; but this was impossible, unless I made myself known, as the only outlet was past the spot which the new comers had occupied. Leaning over, however, I discovered who they were. There, on a mossy stone, sat Lionel and Eleanor, he clasping her extended hand, while her sweet face was bathed with tears. I had not the heart to interrupt them, and so perforce became a listener.

"'But by what right,' exclaimed Lionel passionately, 'can they force your hand? Has not this young lord whom your father says you *must* marry, no sincerity, no spark of manliness about him? Is that all that he can say in answer to a refusal from a woman's lips: Time will change your sentiments forsooth? The fool! does he know that this same sentiment has taken such strong hold, that if they seek to root it out, they first must kill the tree? No, Eleanor, be firm, as our love is strong; defy them, if it must be so, ay, even to your father's teeth.'

"'Oh, remember, Lionel, what my father is; no tie of blood would stay his wrath if once aroused, and to defy him would be to say I cast my father from me, and give up that claim I have to call myself his child.'

"'And so,' returned Lionel, in a calm and resolute tone, 'so let it be. It is, I know, a dreadful thing to separate the parent from the child, but if his conduct be unnatural, why, of necessity, yours must be so too.'

"'No, Lionel, I will bear more yet before I bend,' said Eleanor; 'but I hold my mother's memory far too dear for me to forget that her husband is my father.'

"'Eleanor,' rejoined Lionel, who had been evidently in deep thought and heeded not her words,—'Eleanor, there is but one escape; you know not the artifices that will be practised to gain the end his ambition seeks. Your father will leave no course untried, and you are not equal to match his cunning. No; there is but one way, Eleanor,—you must leave your father's roof.'

"'Ay, most excellent advice and seasonably proffered,' exclaimed a deep-toned voice, which I instantly recognised as that of Mr. de Vermont,—'most excellent advice, and worthy of the source from which it springs. James,' he continued, turning to a servant who had accompanied him, 'assist Miss de Vermont to the carriage, it waits behind the hill.' The poor girl had evidently almost fainted at this sudden appearance of her father, while Lionel was so taken by surprise, that he nearly lost the power of speech, and as the young lady retired, Mr. de Vermont resumed.

"'And this, then, is the fruit of my indulgence to you, Sir. You mask your treachery under the guise of friendship, and gain admission to my house, the better to conceal your plans to rob me of my daughter. But we shall

see—I thank you, she *shall* follow your advice; it is my firm intention that she *shall* leave her father's roof, but not as Miss de Vermont, or, if it please you, Mistress Lionel Marston.'

"The bitter and sarcastic tone in which this speech was uttered galled the young man to the quick, but before he could reply, Mr. de Vermont had turned upon his heel, and disappeared in the direction of the vehicle. As I afterwards learnt, not a word was exchanged between father and daughter as the carriage drove rapidly to the hall. Mr. de Vermont entered his library, and whilst walking to and fro, with agitated voice, continued muttering his determination to carry his point, and confer the honour on his family, at any cost, of gaining a titled husband for his daughter. While she, poor girl, retired to her room, and there in silence mourned the lot which fate seemed to have marked out for her. But nevertheless, she vowed that, come what might, as none other than Lionel Marston could ever possess her heart, so none other should ever own her hand.

"'No,' said she, arising with a calmer brow from a *fauteuil* near the bed, 'never shall these lips belie themselves, and rather than they should adorn me with the wedding garments for another, they shall clothe me in a shroud. Oh, spirit of my departed mother,' she exclaimed in an agitated voice, 'I pray you, if you have the power to witness things on earth, let not this grievous wrong be done;' and as though overwhelmed with the excess of her own grief, she fell again upon the bed, and sunk into a gentle and refreshing sleep. Ah, that soothing sleep, what a friend indeed has it ever proved to troubled spirits such as hers! bracing the nerves and restoring the sense; scattering joy and gladness, and bestrewing life's rugged path with flowers, albeit in a dream; it is a boon from Heaven itself, to bless in conscious insensibility the broken-hearted and weary in mind. Yes, poor Eleanor, her dream of short-lived happiness was heaven itself to her, yet served to give her but a sip of that full cup of bliss she vowed to share with none but Lionel, or dash it from her lips for ever.

"She left her room no more that evening, but at daybreak she was sitting at her open casement, nerving herself for the struggle she felt must soon ensue; she saw abroad that even the smallest bud or flower flourished and bloomed in the free enjoyment of its native will, and thought how she alone, the brightest flower there, might soon be trampled on and crushed by man.

"Mr. de Vermont too had risen early. His intended titled son-in-law was to arrive that day, and the faint idea that crossed his mind of the coming combat he was about to fight with such a foe as would disgrace his manhood, seemed only to fix his will and arm him with a resolution to succeed.

"The breakfast hour arrived, and Eleanor was summoned to preside. Her eyes were somewhat red and swollen, but otherwise there was little to betray the anguish of her heart. Her brow was calm, her features were in quiet rest, her lips however, generally expressive of a sweetness of disposition no other feature can express, had now assumed a firmness of purpose, that rendered a resemblance to her father much more striking than ordinary.

"But, before she left her room, she had sought and gained the assistance of a higher power than that of man, and when she descended, she felt she should not have to fight the fight alone.

"M. de Vermont noticed this slight change, and determined to try what persuasion might effect, ere he had recourse to force. Eleanor, as was her wont, walked straight to her father's chair, and kissed his forehead; yes, she kissed the rod that was about to smite—she almost blessed the hand that was about to strike, at any rate, she would not be the aggressor—she would obey her father's will in all things, but in one; but alas, that one!

"The mutual salutation passed, the morning meal commenced with but sorry appetites on both sides, and in foreboding silence: at length Mr. de Vermont spoke.

"'Eleanor, my dear,' he said, 'we shall have a visitor to-day. I trust a fitting welcome will be given him.'

"Eleanor shuddered in spite of herself, but soon replied,

"'My father's friends, I trust, have seldom found me wanting in such hospitality as shall do honour to that father's house.'

"'*My* friends, yes,' returned Mr. de Vermont; 'but why not look upon them as your own as well?'

"'Some I do,' replied Eleanor, with emphasis; 'but may I ask who this may be, that he should need especial mention to be well-received?'

"'I trust,' returned Mr. de Vermont in a sterner tone, 'that the mention of his name will render any further expression of my will unneedful. It is Lord Wellsmere.'

"'Again, so soon!' replied Eleanor, in an accent of surprise. 'He went hence but two days past.'

"'Precisely so,' said Mr. de Vermont, 'he found the pleasure of his visit so much enhanced by what he was pleased to term your amiability, that he begged of me permission to renew it.'

"'And continue his persecution of your daughter,' said Eleanor, in a low, sad tone.

"'Persecution! what mean you, Miss de Vermont?' cried her father, his passion mastering his better sense. 'What mean you by designating thus the honourable attentions of your father's friend? And now let me ask what are your reasons for this marked dislike to Lord Wellsmere? What the grounds on which you dare to disobey your father's will? What! Silent? Have you no better reason, then, than some weak whim, of which you are ashamed to speak? Some paltry girlish spite against your father's wish. Deny it, if you can with truth, and leave the rest to me to settle, as I have a right to do.'

"'You ask me, father, for the truth,' replied Eleanor, feeling her firmness giving way under the weight of these harsh words; 'and my reason is as simple as it is sincere: I will never marry the man I cannot love.'

"'That's but the truth in part,' exclaimed Mr. de Vermont. 'It is not that you will not have Lord Wellsmere, but that you have made some dishonourable contract with Master Lionel Marston—a contract that you shall never have the power to fulfil. I have said it. I have promised it—his lordship comes to-day to claim your hand. I dare you to refuse it.'

"'Father,' cried Eleanor, roused to exertion by Mr. de Vermont's words. 'I have ever sought in every act and thought to coincide with every wish of yours—all that was in my power I have done—and would do now, but cannot. I have made a vow, and for the honour of my father's name I never will betray it.'

"'Then, froward girl, know this, I do discard you, and take care you do not call down on your soul such words of mine, as shall for ever haunt your mind. Away, girl, to your room, and never let me hear your name again, until accompanied by concession to my wish.'

"With these words, uttered in a tone of fury, Mr. de Vermont left the room, while Eleanor, overpowered by the excitement of the scene, fell fainting on the floor.

"In the meantime Lionel was making some little arrangement, by which he could communicate with the fair prisoner, an arrangement which there was little difficulty in effecting, as the servants at the 'Hall' were one and all devoted to his interest, and it was certainly more from love, than the consideration of the 'trifle' placed within his palm, that the old gardener consented to play love's messenger, and forward a small missive to its destination. Thus, on the day after the occurrence of the scene just narrated, Eleanor had the supreme felicity of receiving a note, breathing tenderness in every line, and pouring

the most healing of all balms, reciprocated love, into her wounded heart. In addition to this event, she had likewise the inexpressible joy of finding that Lord Wellsmere did not stay beyond the morning after his arrival. What excuse for her absence was made on the part of Mr. de Vermont she never knew, but it was a sound of happiness to her, when, every moment expecting a summons to appear, she heard his carriage wheels leave the courtyard, and drive away with its titled owner safe inside.

"Things remained in this state for more than a week, Eleanor continuing to receive letters from Lionel, but had held no communication with her father. She had never left her room, determining to obey the order of Mr. de Vermont to the letter, hoping that some small touch of tenderness at last might reach his heart, and cause him to relent. But not a word escaped his lips, to show that such a thing was probable; cold, stern, and despotic as ever, he went out but little, and then only to wander, musing and alone, beneath the shade of his wide spreading trees. Little more than a somewhat sterner tone and manner marked the working of his inward thoughts. And yet there can be no doubt that he was at this time cursing others for what was, after all, but his own folly. Happiness, the purest of all happiness, that produced by conferring it on others, was within his reach; but which, instead of grasping, he wilfully spurned and cast away.

"Another week passed on with but little change, except that, owing to some suspicion on the part of her father, Eleanor's maid was changed, and a stricter watch kept upon her movements. But it was clear that the struggle, for struggle it was, in Mr. de Vermont's mind was working its effect. He grew more and more moody than heretofore, and hardly ever left his library; but there was a greater change in store. He had been sitting one afternoon, seeming to ponder upon the present and the future, with an open letter before him, a dark cloud as it were overhanging his whole being, when he summoned the woman, under whose care he had placed his daughter, and questioned her severely as to any change she might have observed in Eleanor's feelings; but nothing was elicited which served to aid his purpose, and she left his presence with instructions to Miss de Vermont, that if a favourable answer were not given within three days, he should leave England, and place her under even stricter surveillance than hitherto.

"And with this resolution, and even darker thoughts in his heart, Mr. de Vermont retired to rest that night.

"The next morning shone forth in all the lustrous splendour of a new-born July day, the glorious sun shedding its beneficent rays on all around, calling forth life and joy—it hardly seeming possible that so bright a sunshine could smile on anything so dark and horrible as a bad man's heart. But so it was.

"It was little more than daybreak, when a figure passed from out the hall door, and wandered with trembling steps towards the thickest and most secluded part of the surrounding wood. His hands clasped, his eyes distended and bloodshot, his back bent, and his whole frame seeming to totter under its own weight, he appeared hurrying from himself, or seeking to hide under the shelter of the shadowing trees, a form he felt had lost all traces of its former self. At length seating himself on a grassy knoll, he laid aside his hat, to let the cool breezes of the morn fan the branding heat upon his brow. The hair was silvery white, and waved over a forehead deeply marked with new-made furrows.

"This figure was that of Mr. de Vermont. After sitting in a reclining posture some time, seemingly lost in deep thought, he rose, and still under cover of the trees, walked back towards the house. He entered, and taking writing materials from his desk, and a small phial from a medicine chest he had always ready in the house, he re-entered his bed-room, and locked the door.

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"It was on this same morning that I was sitting sipping my chocolate in my little parlour, when I was summoned by a mounted messenger to attend at the hall, with all possible despatch. On my arrival, the whole house was in the most dreadful state of confusion. Miss de Vermont was lying in a fainting state in the library, while the domestics were hardly able to lead me to the cause of all this dread commotion. Following the old footman, however, I ascended the stairs, and entered Mr. de Vermont's room.

"Gentlemen," said Tom, impressively, "I can never erase from my memory the spectacle that met my view, on entering the proud man's chamber. I shall not detail it to you—let it suffice that to his appearance, as I have just described it, must be added the expression of a ghastly corpse. Life was quite extinct, and the dread chill of death was even fastening on his rigid limbs. The fact was painfully clear that he had committed suicide by poison.

"At this moment Mr. Marston and his son arrived, and immediately repaired to Miss de Vermont, whom we found recovered from her fainting fit, but bathed in tears. She gave a letter which had been found in the deceased gentleman's bed-room, addressed to her, to Mr. Marston, and which she begged of him to read; it was couched in the most endearing terms, but told a dreadful tale. First he stated that, owing to the duplicity of his agent, he had been robbed to an immense amount, and his estate involved; he had been too proud to look after his own affairs, and the idea of being forced from his high position to one of lower grade was overwhelming to contemplate. The thought that his daughter's marriage with Lord Wellsmere might retrieve it all, and that, unknown to any but himself, entered his brain; but as this thought took firmer hold upon his mind, and plan after plan, each one more cruel than the last, was formed to force his daughter to his wish, he lifted his eyes from the ground and there, in heavenly form, he stated, stood his wife, still beautiful as in life; there was a look of such sweet beatitude on her countenance that told, whatever were her troubles while on earth, they now had passed away. At length, he said, she spoke; she called to his remembrance that she too had been forced into an unholy marriage with him, and after that, he, by his overbearing conduct had wrung her poor heart till it broke. To him, then, was laid her early death, and now, adding crime to crime, he was about to force his daughter to the same extremity; and then in solemn tones it warned him to relent. What yet more terrible was told he did not write, but concluded by blessing his child, and giving his full consent to her marriage with Lionel Marston.

"Of course, at that moment none could offer an opinion on the circumstance, and while Lionel stayed to comfort the gentle Eleanor, Mr. Marston and myself immediately made arrangements for the final settlement of Mr. de Vermont's earthly affairs.

* * * * * *

"And now, gentlemen, let me assure you, that if there be one thing I pride myself upon more than another, it is tying a cravat; but one particular morning, on which, jumping over a long interval, I must again introduce you to the same little town, it was an utter impossibility. All ways and all sides were tried, but it never would come into the right place. I was a little nervous, I confess, for the bells were ringing, people were shouting, and altogether such an uproar existed in the place that quite unnerved me. At length, however, I was in a measure satisfied, and started with a variety of feelings, one tugging against the other, to attend the marriage of my much loved friends Lionel Marston and Eleanor de Vermont. We were all very happy, I think; and yet I don't know, there was a serious air which seemed to pervade us all at first, though that passed after the breakfast at Mr. Marston's and the happy pair had started for a tour upon

the continent. But towards a later part of day, people got more communicative, and while they poured blessings of future happiness on the heads of the newly united couple, they wound up the speech in a whisper, with 'Ah, but it would never have happened had it not been for the Phantom's Warning.'"

Lessons for Little Ones.

BRASS, LEAD, AND IRON.

Chapter I.

"How I should like to try my fortune with Prince Diamond in the Golden Islands!" said a little boy to his mother one fine sunshiny morning. "Little Steel, our neighbour's son, has been, and has come home with a fine new coat covered with gold buttons, and a pocketful of money. Do let me go too, mother."

"Well but," said the mother, who was commonly called Dame Pewter, "do you know what is required of those who go on the yearly expedition under the command of Prince Diamond? First, they are required to be bold and firm——"

"Well, mother, and am I not that?" interrupted Brass, strutting about the cottage, with head thrown back, and arms akimbo.

"Yes, my son," said Dame Pewter, smiling at his self-conceit, "perhaps a little too much so; because, to succeed under Prince Diamond, a person must unite modesty and caution with the other qualities."

"I am the boy for that, mother," spoke up Lead, the second son; "I think I will go too."

"And I!" shouted little Iron, the youngest boy.

"No, no, one of you at once," said the mother; "when Brass comes back again, then you, Lead, shall try in your turn."

So Dame Pewter baked a large cake, stuffing it with fourpenny pieces instead of plums. Meanwhile Brass dressed himself in his best suit of clothes, and got out his little portmanteau, and his mother having placed in it the cake, and a bottle of milk, he set forth on his travels.

The whole of the first day he traversed a sandy desert, where there was not a single rock or tree to shelter him from the heat of the sun, so that he was often obliged to lie down on the sand to rest his wearied limbs, and take a drink of the milk in the bottle. Towards evening he discerned in the distance, what seemed like a huge wall, stretching quite across the desert. He was almost in despair at the sight, for he said to himself, "It is almost night,—I cannot climb this wall,—I am too tired to go round it,—the wild beasts will soon be abroad,—and what shall I do?"

Repenting that he had ever left his kind mother and comfortable home, yet ashamed to return, poor Brass continued to walk on; and when he came to the supposed wall, he found that it was not a wall, but an immense ledge of rocks, that towered almost perpendicularly to the sky. No sooner had he made this discovery, than he heard a tremendous roar, and a lion put forth his head from a cave just under Brass's nose.

The boy turned to fly, but the lion called after him, and he paused, for he had never before heard a lion speak.

"Well, what do you want with me?" he said.

"I want to tell you that you are an impertinent, meddling fellow, standing gaping and staring just before my cave, when I want all the light I can get to cook my breakfast."

"Your breakfast! why, it is bedtime!"

"Not for me," growled the lion; "I have just left my bed."

At the delightful name of "bed," our hero's limbs seemed to ache more than ever, and he begged the lion's pardon for standing between his majesty and the light, and entreated permission to rest himself a little in the cave.

"How do you know that I shall not eat you? I am hungry enough!" growled the kingly beast.

"Oh! I will trust you," replied bold Brass. "A lion who talks could not be so unpolite."

"Couldn't he though? However, you are welcome to enter, if you dare."

Brass accepted the invitation, for he really could not stand any longer; and stooping his head as he entered, he found himself in a tolerably capacious cave, with a heap of dry leaves in the further corner.

"Come!" said the lion, as the boy remained staring about him, "I like your spirit, and you may breakfast with me, if you like."

"Thank you, but I am not in the least hungry; and if your majesty would permit me, I would take a nap on this very inviting couch."

Brass scarcely waited for leave from the lion, ere he sank down upon the dry leaves; and though the stalks tickled him, and a spider or two ran over his nose, he fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning.

When he awoke, the cave was full of light, which came from an opening almost immediately above his head. Looking round, he perceived the lion crouched in the doorway.

"Now," thought he to himself, "it just depends upon the success my host has had in hunting during the night, whether he will be tempted to make a meal of me or not. How fierce he looks as he lies there! I have a good mind to take French leave, and climb out through this hole."

So, raising himself cautiously, he placed his hands upon a ledge above his head, and gradually drew himself up. Just as the soles of his shoes were disappearing, he was saluted by a loud roar from below, and giving a desperate spring upwards, he found himself on a platform of rock, whence he could look down upon the lion, who was growling and lashing his tail to and fro in the cave beneath.

"Good morning, old gentleman," said Brass. "I am much obliged for your hospitality; and if I prosper in my adventures, I will make a point of bringing you a couple of deer on my return."

So saying, with a low bow, he turned his back upon the enraged animal, and began to scramble up the face of the precipice. But he found this terribly hard work; so, as soon as he could no longer hear the roars of the lion, he sat himself down in a little niche of the rock, and taking his cake and bottle out of his portmanteau, which he had made a pillow of in the night, and now carried upon his shoulder, he commenced breakfast with a good appetite. But, on putting the bottle to his mouth to have a hearty pull, nothing would run out save a little sour buttermilk.

"Dear me," said he, half aloud, "where can all the milk be?"

"Churned into butter, to be sure!" answered a croaking voice. "Were you not jogging along with it all day yesterday under a hot sun?"

Brass turned in the direction whence the voice came, and saw a strange-looking little man peeping over the pinnacle of a rock, at a short distance above him.

"Take my advice, young man," continued the intruder, "and don't sit dallying there over your breakfast. Put the bottle back again, break off a piece of the cake, and eat it as you climb up to me by the help of this crook." And the little man extended towards him a long ebony pole, with a stout hook at the end of it.

"Thank you," said our hero, coolly, "but I don't intend to climb any farther. I am only waiting until our friend below is likely to be fast asleep on his bed, and then I shall descend, and make my way round the rocks."

"But do you know that Prince Diamond marched down to the shore this morning, with ten thousand men and boys,—I saw them myself from the summit,—and that he

is only awaiting a fair wind to set sail for the Golden Islands?"

"Well, never fear, I shall be in time; the wind is not likely to change for a few days. I tell you, I would not climb another hundred yards of your horrible rocks for all I hope to gain by my journey."

So down Brass tumbled, as fast as he could, to the foot of the precipice, not without bruising his elbow and both his knees; and shaking his hand at the little man above, who still held out his crook, and remonstrated, he set off running as fast as he could.

We shall not detail his adventures for the next few days. He lived upon his cake and butter, and at night he climbed a little way up the precipice, and drank of the rain water in the fissures of the rock, and slept in any hollow he could find. Thus he proceeded until the fifth day at noon, when he suddenly arrived at the termination of the rocky wall. And now he could see, like a high round hill in the distance, the glittering ocean that lay between the main land and the Golden Islands. But nearer, and more precious at the moment than all the treasures that there lay awaiting him, a clear brook of fresh water issued from the rocks at this point, and ran with quiet current towards the sea. Brass hastened on, and prostrating himself upon its flowery bank, was about to drink his fill, and lave his hands and face in its refreshing tide, when the same little man who had accosted him on the rocks came up to him with his ebony pole, and hooking him by the collar of his jacket, threw him backwards on the turf.

Brass jumped up in a great rage, and clenched his fists.

"Don't be in a passion," said the little man; "instead of that, you ought to be much obliged to me, for I have prevented you from drinking of the Leaden Waters, which would have retarded your footsteps, and caused you to be too late to set out with Prince Diamond."

"But I am dying of thirst," said Brass.

"One must endure some hardships in the pursuit of what is desirable. Look at that tiny cloud above your head. In a couple of hours it will have covered the sky, and will come down in torrents, then hold your hat to catch the refreshing shower, and you will not need to drink of this fatal stream, as you will overtake the Prince before to-morrow evening."

The little man hobbled off, leaving Brass on the edge of the brook. The boy extended his weary limbs upon the flowers that were spread like a brilliant carpet beneath his feet, and fell fast asleep. In his sleep he dreamed of going to a grand banquet, and drinking cider and champagne; and the dream made him so thirsty that he awoke in a frenzy, and bending over the water, drank deeply. No sooner had he done this than he remembered the counsel of the queer little man, but he tried to persuade himself that it was all malice. So plucking up a bold spirit, he set himself to climb the rocks at the source of the stream; and jumping from one to another, soon found himself on the other side, in the direct path for Prince Diamond's camp. But the exertion had accelerated the effect of the water, and with all his determination the boy made but little way.

The morrow evening came, and Brass was toiling up a steep ascent just as the sun was sinking. The lead in his limbs cause him to falter and pause more than once; but at length he gained the top of the hill, and there a glorious sight opened upon him. Almost at his feet extended the ocean, and along its shores marched a gay troop, with trumpets sounding and banners flying, in the direction of a fleet that lay anchored near the shore. Brass's heart sank within him; the wind had changed, and Prince Diamond's troops were about to embark. He could distinguish the Prince himself at the head of his men, clothed in armour that reflected the rays of the sun in every prismatic tint. Brass feebly stretched out his arms, and waved his cap, and hallooed after them as well as he was able, but in vain; company by company they filled the boats, and rowed towards the ships; and just as the fleet weighed anchor, Brass reached the shore.

We shall leave him standing there, alone and desolate in the twilight, and return to Lead and little Iron, of whom my young readers shall hear more in another "Lesson."

CHEERFULNESS IN CHILDHOOD.

I may be permitted for a moment to urge the high importance of preserving in children a cheerful and happy state of temper, by indulging them in the various pleasures and diversions suited to their years. Those who are themselves, either from age or temperament, grave and sober, will not unfrequently attempt to cultivate a similar disposition in children. Such, however, is in manifest violation of the laws of the youthful constitution. Each period of life has its distinctive character and enjoyments, and gravity and sedateness, which fond parents commonly call manliness, appear to me quite as inconsistent and unbecoming in the character of childhood, as puerile levity in that of age. The young, if unwisely restrained in their appropriate amusements, or too much confined to the society of what are termed *serious* people, may experience, in consequence, such a dejection of spirits as to occasion a sensible injury to their health. And it should furthermore be considered, that the sports and gaieties of happy childhood call forth those various muscular actions, as laughing, shouting, running, jumping, &c., which are, in early life, so absolutely essential to the healthful development of the different bodily organs. Again, children, when exposed to neglect and unkind treatment, (for to such they are far more sensible than we are prone to suspect), will not unusually grow sad and spiritless, their stomach, bowels, and nervous system becoming enfeebled and deranged; and various other painful infirmities, and even premature decay, may sometimes owe their origin to such unhappy source.— *Sweetser's Mental Hygiene.*

EVERYBODY THINKS OF SELF FIRST!

We see how every man in the world has his own private griefs and business, by which he is more cast down or occupied than by the affairs or sorrows of any other person. How lonely we are in the world; how selfish and secret, everybody! You and your wife have pressed the same pillow for forty years, and fancy yourselves united. Psha! does she cry out when you have got the gout, or do you lie awake when she has got the toothache? Your artless daughter, seemingly all innocence, and devoted to her mamma and her piano-lesson, is thinking of neither, but of the young Lieutenant with whom she danced at the last ball; the honest, frank, boy, just returned from school, is secretly speculating upon the money you will give him, and the debts he owes the tart-man. The old grandmother crooning in the corner, and bound to another world within a few months, has some business and cares which are quite private and her own; very likely she is thinking of fifty years back, and that night when she made such an impression, and danced a cotillon with the Captain, before your father proposed for her; or, what a silly little over-rated creature your wife is, and how absurdly you are infatuated about her—and as for your wife—Oh, philosophic reader! answer and say—do you tell her all? Ah! sir, a distinct universe walks about under your hat and under mine—all things in nature are different to each—the woman we look at has not the same features; the dish we eat from has not the same taste to the one and the other; you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near us.—*Pendennis.*

HOW MANY?

How many golden glories have array'd
The vast great canopy on high,
That, all unheeded, have but lived to fade
Amid the mountain cloudland of the sky?
How many poet-birds have sweetly sung
And anthemn'd God, though with a wordless tongue?
How many woods have echoed, in reply,
Fair spirit-tones that thoughtless minds
Have heedlessly let die?
How many, oh! how many such
Have thus gone fleeting by?

How many silver streams have laughed their way,
And leaped and gurgled to the giant sea,
Kissing the feet of grass and flow'rets gay,
And all that in their path might chance to be
Unmarked, amid the shadowing of leaves?
How many a bud its Summer garment weaves,
And sheds its perfume o'er the verdant lea,
Whose offered incense of the heart
Man hath not cared to see?
How many, God! how many such
Are ever known to thee?

God knows—though man cares not to know
The stars that glitter, the rivulets that flow,
The birds' glad praises, and the flowers that blow.
God knows—though man cares not to know.

How many burdened children of the earth
Must toil and work, with weary head and brain,
To meet another's scorn as nothing worth,
Though they're the bulwark of *that* other's gain?
How many a striving, slaving, man-machine,
Ungladdened by the healthy country's green,
Yet bears a gallant heart amid his pain?
Some pauper-clouded, hero-star,
That hath not lived in vain,
If it hath lit *one* darkened soul
To Faith and Hope again!

How many such poor weakling sons of clay—
The humblest workers for the bread of life—
The barefoot trudger on the common way—
The meanest struggler in the world of strife?
How many a toiler at the loom and flail,
Or drudging clerk, consumptive, weak, and pale,
That, saint-like, stand by all bestrod,
Yet bear their cross with patient smiles,
And meekly kiss the rod
How many, oh! how many such
Are known to thee, oh God?

God knows—though worlds care not to know
These spirit streams, and buds, and stars that glow,
That laugh, bloom, shine, in spite of woe.
God knows—though worlds care not to know.

JOHNSON BARKER.

RICHES OF INTELLECT.

To be perfectly free from the insults of fortune, we should arm ourselves with these reflections:—we should learn that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own—that all things from without are but borrowed—that what fortune gives us, is not ours—and whatever she gives, she can take away.

DIAMOND DUST.

DUTY is not only pleasant but cheap.

EVERY man's actions form a centre of influences upon others; and every deed, however trivial, has some weight in determining the future destiny of the world.

PATIENCE—a virtue which some people think every one wants but themselves.

WE should pause and consider even before we eat and drink, for that should be done with reference to eternity.

BOOK—a voice which may appeal to many minds ere one shall feel the music which it utters.

SILENCE—the applause of true and lasting impressions.

THE good fruits of human life are the produce of mingled smiles and tears, as the fruits of the field require sunshine and rain. As without clouds there can be no rain, and without rain no fertility, so without sorrow there can be no tears, and without tears the heart would soon be barren.

EMULATION desires to excel by noble effort; Ambition desires to be installed in the seat of honour, no matter how.

THE joy that springs from the blending of hope and bright memory with present love, is a state on earth little short of Elysium.

A CLOUD upon the soul shrouds and darkens the earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is in the spectator.

A MAN with the best wings for the ether needs also a pair of boots for the paving-stones.

WE generally possess the good or ill qualities which we attribute to mankind.

EVERY deceased friend is a magnet that draws us into another world.

NATURE made precious stones, but Opinion, jewels.

HE who toys with Time trifles with a frozen serpent, which afterwards turns upon the hand that indulged the sport, and inflicts a deadly wound.

DRESS makes the man, and the feathers are sometimes more valuable than the bird.

THEY who are independent in love are generally so in everything else. If weak in this respect, they are generally weak in other respects.

MEN fear death because they know it not, as children fear the dark.

How rarely do we accurately weigh what we have to sacrifice against what we have to gain.

How few faults are there seen by us, which we have not ourselves committed.

ONE act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

HARDSHIPS—pleasures, when they are self-imposed; intolerable grievances, when required by our duty.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends, and gain thine enemies.

THERE is no hell on earth worse than being a slave to suspicion.

IF you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.

THERE is a mean in all things; even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

IT is happy enough that the same vices which impair one's fortune frequently ruin the constitution, that the one may not survive the other.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, August 16, 1856.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 68.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

THERE are many persons, with warm temperaments and vivid imaginations, who are peculiarly given to that sort of solitary, soliloquizing kind of amusement, called castle-building. They are generally poor sort of people, not over-blessed with any abundance of this world's goods, and often too, they are either folks who have held a better station in life, or the sons of men who have moved in a higher sphere of society, and are, therefore, apt to feel the poverty of their lot more severely than those who have always been poor, in consequence of the comparison unavoidably arising in their minds between their former prosperity and their present lowliness.

No matter how empty the purse of the castle-builder may be, how inconsiderable his station, or how small his influence, he goes on unweariedly piling up his air-supported fabrics, and adorning them with all the beauty which imagination lavishes upon the creations of the mind. The ruined merchant who once walked proudly on 'Change, and freighted ships with the wealth of every quarter of the globe, suddenly toppled from his elevation by one of those convulsions which ever and anon shake the very foundations of the commercial world, leaves his sumptuous mansion in a Square of the Far West; sends his gigantic footman to find another master among those, whom the same turn of Fortune's wheel which brought him down has raised to the summit of prosperity; consigns his proud horses and carriages to the auctioneer, and with his wife, denuded of her feathers and her diamonds, retires to some humble lodging in an obscure quarter of the town. There he changes his smoking viands for the cold or hashed remnants of yesterday's dinner; the portly butler, and the well furnished and glittering side-board of plate, are replaced by the hired slip-shod, curl-papered, unwashed maid of all work, belonging to the lodging house, with a pile of coarse crockery; and the beaded wine, in its crystal reservoir, is transformed into the heavy porter and dull pewter-pot from the public house at the corner; and so perhaps he exists, mainly upon the kindness of friends who recollect his better days, till they weary of the burden, and he sinks still lower, or till another and happier chance again puts him upon the high road to wealth.

The fate of a fallen man is greatly influenced by the turn of his own mind, either to or from castle-building. If instead of sitting dreamily down, letting unavailing grief for the past breed extravagant hope for the future, he bestirs himself energetically, and disdaining to accept alms, prefers to earn an honest living in even the humblest capacity there is hope for him; more than hope indeed, for he will already have set his foot upon the lowest round of the ladder, and may yet climb again to the height from which he has fallen. But few, however, have the energy, the strength of mind, or the moral courage to take that course. They could have done it a few years before, but prosperity has made them old—older perhaps than even misery and poverty would have done; and adversity presses upon them like a heavy burden upon the aged, with too great a weight for them to bear up against. Their pride revolts against their position—they cannot bear the thought of being servants where they had been masters—they are unable to bring themselves to obey where they had before commanded. It seems as though, in once rising, they had expended all their buoyancy, and like fish whose air bladders have burst, they are compelled, by their own inability to float, to remain at the bottom. The world and they part, and without shaking hands too, and they put the seal, powerful and binding as the seal of Solyman over the genii, upon their destiny, by giving themselves up to castle-building. Henceforward there is no hope for them. Just as they make a new world for themselves, they lose their mastery over the old. Just in proportion as they resign themselves to the dominions of images and shadows, they lose their mastery over realities and things; and from being brisk, active men of action, they sink into mere dreamers, and thus often kick down the broken remnants of their former fortunes.

Still, however, they have their consolation, such as it is; however black the world may be, it is all *couleur de rose* in their own dream-land, and whenever they venture out among the cold, gloomy facts and faces around them, they fly back for consolation to the Utopia, where all is brightness and smiles. There their power has not waned, their prosperity has not faded. Both have grown up to the very topmost point of desire. The castle-builder walks again in the mart where traders congregate, and men bow more obsequiously than ever, and are only too anxious to obey his slightest caprices. His ships grow into fleets, laden with all the treasures of Peru and India, bounding over

the waters, to lay their wealth at his feet. The very winds and waves, as well as the men he lives among, seem to minister to his aggrandizement. Fortunate speculations roll up his wealth almost beyond the power of calculation. Immense operations, from which millionaires would shrink in dismay, are mere trifles, which he manages as easily as the schoolboy does his hoop or top. Large, powerful companies court his alliance, and he sits at their councils dictating law with his single voice. Vast establishments, with countless clerks, rise up under his sway, as though created by a touch of the magician's wand. Imagination—the most powerful of all enchanters—heaps one extravagance upon another, and paints them brighter than reality. Fabled wealth brings none of the cares which hover around veritable Bank Stock and Three per Cents. Shadowy business has none of the troubles, losses, disappointments, and anxiety of real commerce. Everything goes "smoothly as a marriage bell." And so he goes on from higher points to higher, till, as Lord Mayor of the first city on the earth, he receives princes, peers, and potentates in his vast banquet hall; and just as he marries a fabled son to a duke's daughter, and an imaginary daughter to a reigning Prince, and endows them with gold and land enough to set up half-a-dozen small monarchs, he is roused by the slatternly servant girl opening the door to announce that the baker's man will not leave any more bread till last week's bill is paid; and sees in the pale, blank, troubled face of his poor wife, that her spare stock of cash has dwindled away till she has not sufficient left to satisfy the paltry demand. Poor fellow! the golden sunshine in which he has been just basking makes the gloom seem all the darker, and after emptying his pockets of the few shillings which linger there to make up the stipulated amount, what can he do but return again for comfort to his glorious visions, and there, in half-an-hour, we shall find him. Castle-building is to him such an infatuation, as opium-smoking is to the Turk—it has become at once the pleasure and occupation of his life, and so long as he builds his castles in the air, we may be sure that he will never pile up a house upon the land.

So, too, the artist, with aspirations, perhaps, beyond his talents, with notions of grace and majesty in his brain, which his hand cannot embody upon his canvas, betakes himself to castle-building. He is poor, humble, unknown, neglected by the world. His garret is at once his studio, his bedroom, his parlour, and his kitchen; his unfinished sketches are scattered on every side. A picture dealer has just refused him a sovereign for a landscape he has completed. He does not know where he shall get to-morrow's dinner, and is not quite sure that his landlord will not seize his sketches, and turn him into the street, for the month's rent he owes. What should he do? Energy would say, "Set to work, grind fresh colours, take up your brush and palette, sit down before a fresh canvas, throw into your work all the powers of your mind, bring out the resources of your knowledge, make your dreams glow upon the blank surface till they transcend the real; work and study, and be great, and rich, and famous." Yes, that is what energy would say, but few men have energy like that. That is almost superhuman energy, and our artist is but a man, and perhaps a poor one, too. Perhaps he thinks that energy might as well tell him to become Atlas, and lift the world upon his shoulders; and so he throws himself down upon the poor truckle bed, with its hard mattress, and scanty covering, and tattered, dirty, patchwork counterpane, and presses his hands upon his eyes, like one despairing; but beneath the closed eyelids come bright coloured lights, like the hues of the setting sun gleaming over an autumn forest, and then memory begins to play her pranks, and brings up before him the woodland cottage where he was born, and where his fancy was nursed; and he remembers himself a boy, sitting at the trellised porch, and sketching a glade of that same forest over which the setting sun is beaming, and the spire of the rustic church peeping in between the green and yellow tree tops, and his tender mother, whose grave is within the shadow which that spire casts, leaning admiringly over his shoulder, and parting the thick hair from his forehead, and pressing upon his brow the soft, loving kiss, and prophesying future fame and greatness for her darling. And while the tears start out from between his eyelashes, he begins to dream, and starting again from that point, with that prophesy of glory giving the tone to his thoughts, he lives his life—but oh! how differently over again, and by very different steps to those which have led him, through difficulty and disappointment, to that garret, he mounts upwards to the companionship of the inhabitants of palaces. He wields the pencil with the hand of a Raphael; the tints of a Titian start from his brush; he achieves fame, world-wide and enduring; he sees humble pupils crowd his studio; noble paintings are in the Exhibitions, and crowds pushing to get a sight of them, and speaking admiringly the name of the artist—*his* name!—and he is happy. What a glorious vision! How much higher and nobler than the Mammon worship of mere wealth—the craving after power—but just as unsubstantial, false, hollow, and enervating! Such dreams go far to prevent their own realization. They are circumstances moulding the fate of the dreamer. And what is that fate? It is too dark a picture to paint. The money-secker may go dreaming on till he sinks into the mere driveller; but the artist's or poet's mind, under such circumstances, becomes only more sensitive. To the one, castle-building is opium, dulling and blunting every sense; to the other, it is ether, wakening every nerve to fresh life. The disappointed artist, who gives himself up to such dreams, is on the high road to madness, and possibly the lunatic asylum or the coroner's inquest will end the chapter.

And so, too, with most of the other relations of life. 'Tis pitiful to think that pleasure is so dangerous; but it is as well to remember that only unearned pleasure is so. We cannot say much in favour of castle-building. It is, for the most part, an indolent, enervating habit, unfitting its votary from playing his part in the game of life. It is bad alike for great men and small ones; for those who are beginning life and those who are ending it. Its utter uselessness is a strong argument against it. Its selfishness is a still stronger reason why it should not be indulged. Some will perhaps be surprised to hear castle-building called selfish, but it is, in its concealment, as intense a selfishness as any that stalks abroad in the sight of the world. The castle-builder is always in the foreground of his own picture, he is always the hero of his own romance, always the magician of his fairy-land, always the enjoyer of the fancied pleasures he so lavishly spreads before himself. He is the great "I" of the unreal history. It is the very egotism of selfishness. Whoever else walks, he rides; whoever else creeps, he flies; whoever else sinks, he swims. The riches of others vanish, his grow; the power of others wanes, his increases; the joys of others become griefs, his very sadness mounts into happiness; the wants of others o'ertop their means, his means are so ample that he cannot find wants to absorb them. The true castle-builder fills all the world, he monopolizes all its power, honour, glory, admiration, fame, and wealth. He is the sole sun of the universe he creates; and he shines so brightly upon both hemispheres at once, that he puts out the light of the moon and all the stars; till he rouses up, and finds that this egotistic selfishness is what it should be—a dream; and that instead of being at the top of the tree, looking into the clouds, he is at its foot, grovelling upon the earth. That while he has been dreaming others have been working, and that he is further behind than ever.

Still there are some few airy castles we should not like to lend a hand to pull down. They are so beautiful

in their fairy architecture, that convinced as we are of their uselessness, we would fain prop them up; but then these are castles of which the giant selfishness does not keep the key. Such, for example, are the dreams of the philanthropist and lover of his kind, who fancies that he has plucked the four-leaved shamrock, and by virtue of its "magic might" is "scattering joy around;" such are the visions of the deserted wife who, amid all her misery, paints her unkind, estranged husband as once more affectionate and attentive, and her lonely home as happy as it once was; and such too are imaginings of the pure-hearted child, who sees chariots, and towers, and mountains, in the western cloud bank, where the sun sets, and thinks there is a far-off, happy land there, or who roams forth as a knight-errant of old, freeing imprisoned knights from dark enchanters, and distressed damsels from grim ogres, and redressing wrongs, and comforting sorrows. These are the amiabilities of castle-building; but we fear that they are not so powerful as its evils. Yet with so much of turmoil, and strife, and discontent—with trouble so rife, and gloom so thick around us, it is no wonder that men who cannot find peace and sunshine here, throw up the search in disgust and bitterness of heart, and forgetting the dark real, substitute for it the bright ideal, and there build the castles in which they seek shelter from the dragon Despair.

CHEMISTRY FOR THE KITCHEN.

VEGETABLE FOOD.

LEGUMINOUS SEEDS, REVALENTA, &C

In our previous articles on chemistry of the kitchen, we have adverted to the important fact, (that has been of late years so satisfactorily proved by the united investigation of the most eminent chemists,) of the close correspondence, not to say absolute coincidence of the various classes of animal and vegetable food; the different kinds of pulse, the seeds of plants of the pea tribe, or, as they are also termed leguminous vegetables, offer an additional instance of this close similarity. These plants contain in their seeds a very considerable quantity of substance, that appears precisely identical with the curd, or more properly the *casein* of milk; and it may be remembered, that, in speaking of the chemistry of that substance, we advised the feeding of milch cows with a certain proportion of beans, in order to increase the quantity of curd, or cheese-forming material in the milk.

Food, taken into the body, serves two perfectly distinct purposes in the animal economy. One portion of it is almost entirely devoted to the formation of that part of the blood which, consumed in breathing, produces the natural warmth of the system; of this nature are such substances as starch, sugar, fat, oils, &c.; in the proper sense of the word they are not nutritious, although absolutely essential to life; they pass away in the breathing, or if in large excess, are stored up in the body in the form of fat; these kinds of food, from their abounding in carbon, which when consumed in respiration, is the source of the heat of the body, are frequently termed *carbonaceous*, or *respiratory* foods; and if employed *alone*, a pure food of this kind is quite incapable of supporting life.

As the heat of the body is the same, viz.:—98° to 100° in all climates, and every condition of the weather, it necessarily follows that persons in cold climates, and in winter will require a greater amount of warmth-giving food, than in warm climates, or in summer; for in truth, the body may be justly compared to a stove, which requires a larger amount of fuel in winter than in summer, that fuel being carbonaceous or respiratory food.

This fact makes clear the positive necessity which exists for the increased quantity of such food eaten in the polar regions. "He who is well fed," observes Sir J. Ross, "resists cold better than the man who is stinted, while starvation from cold follows, but too soon, a starvation in food. This explains the resisting powers of the natives of these frozen climes, their consumption of food being enormous, and often incredible."

"During the whole of our march," writes Sir John Franklin, "we experienced, that no quantity of clothing could keep us warm while we fasted, but, on those occasions, on which we were enabled to go to bed on a full stomach, we passed the night in a warm and comfortable manner."

We are apt to express our loathing and disgust against the habits of the polar natives, who devour immense quantities of oil and flesh; yet, in truth, we ought rather to admire that flexibility of the constitution of the human animal, which enables him to vary his tastes, and to acquire a liking, and even a strong relish, for what is, in his condition, a necessary of existence. Sir John Ross states, that "it would be very desirable indeed, if our men could acquire a taste for Greenland food, since all experience has shown that the large use of oil and fat meats, is the true secret of life in these frozen countries, and that the natives cannot subsist without it; becoming diseased, and dying on a more meagre diet."

The second use of food is to furnish the nourishment to the flesh of animals. In fact, the materials of our muscles, blood-vessels, and all our complicated internal organs exist ready-formed in our food. The gluten of wheat flour, to which allusion has already been made in these articles, is identical, in its chemical composition, with the fibrine, or basis of the flesh of animals. And a peculiar principle to which we shall have occasion to refer to again in this article, viz.:—leguminé—a large component of peas, beans, and lentils is, in its composition, almost the same as the curd of milk. These kinds of food are termed, from their flesh and strength-giving powers, *nutritious* foods, or from a substance which enters into their composition, but which is not found in the other class—*nitrogenous* foods; it will, perhaps, be more in accordance with the simple language we have always endeavoured to employ in these slight essays, if we speak of these two kinds of substances as the warmth-giving, and strength-giving articles of diet; it must be borne in mind, however, that these substances are not alone all that are required by man; bone-making materials, such as exist in the bran of wheat, &c., and green, fresh vegetable matters which are rich in saline substances, are both essential to prolonged healthy existence.

If we examine the various vegetables in use for food, we shall find, that in many instances the warmth-giving substances are in considerable excess. Potatos and rice, which form the staple diet of immense numbers of people, are in this list. They contain so little of these nutritious substances, that in order to obtain a sufficient supply for the nutrition of the body, an immense quantity must be eaten, beyond all proportion of what would be necessary, if a slight addition could be made to the strength-giving substances. The fact is, that the people living on such vegetables, endeavour to add nutritious substances to their food. In Ireland, the warmth-giving starch of the potato is endeavoured to be improved by the addition of flesh-giving curd, contained in buttermilk. At Quito, in Mexico, the daily food of the inhabitants is potatos and cheese. It is commonly stated that rice is the food of whole nations in India; but the fact would not appear precisely so; and we may here quote M. Lequerri, who, during a long residence in India, paid great attention to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Pondicherry. "The food," says M. Lequerri, "is almost entirely vegetable and rice in the staple; the inferior castes only ever eat meat, but all eat kari, an article prepared with meat, fish, and vegetables; which is mixed with rice, boiled with a very little water. It is requisite to have seen the Indians eat, to have any idea of the enormous

quantity of rice they will put into their stomachs. No European could cram so much at a time, and they very commonly allow that rice alone will not nourish them."

It is owing to the small quantity of strength-giving substances in potatos alone, that a labouring Irishman requires from twelve to fourteen pounds a day.

An interesting and useful table has been given by Dr. Lyon Playfair, of the quantity of various kinds of foods which contains one pound of nitrogenous, or nutritious substances—and to each is added the cost of that quantity; by which, it will at once be seen, that potatos are amongst the dearest of all kinds of food for the working man, if their real value in use, and not the price by weight be taken into account.

One pound of nitrogenous substance is contained in

lbs.			s.	d.
25	Milk.	Average cost.	3	0
100	Turnips	,,	2	9
50	Potatos	,,	2	6
50	Carrots	,,	2	1
4	Flesh	,,	2	2
9	Oatmeal	,,	1	1
7½	Barleymeal	,,	1	2
7½	Bread	,,	1	2
3½	Peas	,,	0	7
3½	Beans	,,	0	6½

It will be seen by this table, that peas and beans furnish at the lowest price the greatest quantity of strength-giving food; the same may be stated of the other leguminous seeds, such as lentils and haricots, the latter being the seeds of the dwarf bean, a distinct plant from the scarlet runner.

The value of leguminous seeds, or pulse, is not sufficiently known, or appreciated in this country; with the exception of the common dried peas, no pulse is extensively used in a dried state; perhaps this may arise from prejudice, and also from the circumstance, that they are, when dried, not so quickly and easily digested as grain, more especially if not well cooked.

With those persons who can digest them, they form the best possible diet for supporting bodily exertion upon; this effect of their use is well known in the case of the horse, and to their influence, in hardening and increasing the strength of the muscular fibre, may be attributed the well-known fact, that bean-fed bacon is always tough: it may be remarked, in passing, that as the object in feeding bacon hogs is to increase the fat, and not harden the flesh, the kinds of food which abound in carbonaceous matters are most advantageous.

During the recent scarcity of potatos, the seeds of the dwarf white kidney bean, which are known as haricots, came into tolerably extensive use in this country. On the continent, they form a constant and highly esteemed article of food, but with us they seem to have nearly gone out of use, with the scarcity of potatos. Whether this was owing to the fact, that they did not suit the English taste, or whether, as we believe, they were most improperly cooked, is not certain. We believed it to be owing to the latter cause, and performed a series of experiments on the best method of preparing them; the usual plan was to put the dried beans into water, and boil them for about two hours, this had the effect of rendering the *casein* more fixed, and less capable of rapid digestion, than if they were soaked over-night in cold water. But, by repeated experiments, we have found that by far the most advantageous method is to *malt* them—that is, to allow them to commence their growth, or germination; this is best done by soaking them for about twelve hours in cold water, which is to be poured off at the end of that time, and the beans allowed to remain about thirty hours before being cooked; when they require a much shorter time for boiling, become more mealy, are much sweeter to the taste, and form one of the most wholesome, readily digestible, nutritious, and economical kinds of food. This process acts by converting a portion of the starch of the bean, (of which it contains about thirty parts in every hundred,) into sugar, and by breaking up the whole tissue, makes the various parts much more soluble in the digestive fluid. We found that, treated in this manner, even the dried broad beans form a most pleasant food. If the beans are allowed to remain much more than thirty hours after being soaked, growth goes on so quickly, that the young root pushes through the skin, which becomes clammy, and commences to decay, as it does not, like the growing part of the seed, possess vitality. Another leguminous plant is, under several assumed names, coming into very extensive use in this country. It is the lentil, the seeds of the plant, known to botanists by the name *ervum lens*. They form a most valuable article of diet, containing a larger portion of flesh-making substances than any other kind of pulse, and, consequently, more nutritious when digested. They are used extensively in eastern countries, being always employed by the Hindoos when engaged in any very laborious work, and on the continent are made into soups, employed as split-peas are with us, and used in a variety of ways, as they possess the advantage of being readily softened by mixing with water, so as to form soups and potages.

In this country, lentils have got into the hands of the quacks, and under the specious names of "Revaleuta," "Ervalenta," "Arabian Revalenta," &c. (which, it may be observed, are slight transpositions of the botanical name of *ervum lens*), they are, when ground into flour, puffed off as a remedy for all the disorders that flesh is heir to. One empiric states that they have cured paralysis, aneurism, and epilepsy; and these statements, strange to say, are authorized by the names of lords, ladies, archdeacons, and a host of other influential simpletons. These nostrums are nothing more than simple flour of lentils, which may be obtained of any respectable cornchandler, at something like *one-twentieth* of the price charged by the venders of these well-advertised preparations. Under these disguises, lentils have had a very large sale; and so far as their own merits are concerned, the success is deserved. Their value is so great as an article of diet, that it is much to be desired that they should become a popular food.

W. Bernhard.

THE BIRTH OF CHARITY.

The leaves of a wood were gently fanned by the zephyrs and murmured harmoniously in the hush of twilight; and there were open glades, and broad lakes, and rivulets, and streams to be seen. Rich plains stretched away, more beautiful by far than upon any other spot on earth; all through the air the rich scent of flowers stole sweetly upward, and the ground was covered with moss and soft lichens, the honey-suckle twined round the trunks of the trees, and roses bloomed everywhere. There seemed to be no division of seasons, for every flower from every land was there, and every tree of the south, the north, the east, and the west combined to cast around so many scents, that they filled all the air. Violets and lilies, roses and jasmine, and the sweetest of plants clustered together on one bank, while a group of flowers, richer to the eye, grew a little distant. And there were long avenues, and self-playing fountains that sparkled and rose up in spiral columns, then shivered themselves into spray, which fell like a cool mist upon the flowers, and there were bowers, and banks, and cool shades, so that weariness could never be known. The music too that floated through the air was so sweet, that you could listen for ever. There was one stream of harmony filling all the atmosphere, and it never tired, like the music sometimes heard, because it was so pure; and the soul, when it heard it, seemed to rise and soar high above into those regions where the motion of the spheres makes a voiceless melody.

And there were birds never weary of singing, the nightingale's note thrilled all night, and no nook was found where rank weeds grew or noisome reptiles crept.

There came, at last, a tribe of men into this pleasant land, they were many in number, and they built houses underneath the trees, and chose for themselves gardens, and there were children who gambolled all day upon the margins of the lake, and gathered flowers from the banks, and made wreaths for their hair, and they cultivated the ground and dwelt together in peace. Nothing but smiles was seen from dawn until sunset, and in each inanimate object was reflected back, as it were, the gladness of the human heart; and this people knew not how to express their joy, save by eternally singing and praising the power that had placed them there. No one thought wrong of his neighbour, and each laboured for the other, and helped one another, and all mourned or rejoiced with one accord.

But years passed away, and something gradually seemed wanting in the community; they had lived together long, the first children had grown up, and others had taken their places, and the heads of men who had entered the woods in the pride of youth were silvered by time, and their locks were white and soft as floss in the over-ripe fruit of the silk-tree. The first freshness of their position had worn off, the novelty of companionship had died away, and there was nothing to excite their minds or kindle their enthusiasm; so they took to talking one of the other, instead of meeting all together and planning, as had once been their wont, in full council; they gathered themselves into bands and whispered, and retailed gossip about each other's families; the little children soon began to quarrel, and to pick the pebbles from the margin of the clear lake to cast at their play-fellows, and they complained to their parents, murmuring one against the other. So separation arose amidst the tribe, which went on increasing and spreading, until scarcely two families were on good terms one with the other; there was no end to the tales which echoed through the woods, about neighbour this and neighbour that. The graceful maidens rose their heads awkwardly high, in endeavouring to look scornful upon their former companions, and their yielding and pliant forms seemed stiff and stately, as they marched one by one through the avenues, where once they had tripped hand in hand, with dimpled mouths, smiling out from beneath showers of sunny or raven tresses; no one thought her neighbour handsome, and, in truth, much beauty had departed from among them; for how can loveliness be in a face where a haughty or satirical sneer plays, instead of the generous and confiding smile of youth and innocence? It was sorrowful to see how inanimate things followed the example of man; the graceful lily, in her attempts to grow taller than her sister, snapped in two, and hung her head mournfully down, the rose withered away with its eagerness to be full blown, and the violet crept from its modest retreat into the sunshine, where it was soon scorched and destroyed; the weeping willow had mourned until its leaves were dry and harsh, the very waters, whose ripple and dancing had once been in unison, broke their strains into disjointed snatches, as the wavelets dashed against the shore in imitation of their larger brethren; the music at last died away, the zephyrs blew lazily, the sky was clouded, the leaves of the trees were tinged with decay, and all motionless and hot was the very air; there was no end to the destruction in that once lovely spot. All its beauty gradually departed, flowers withered, mosses shrunk and decayed, the waters stagnated, the tall palm trees hung their heads, the graceful cedar shrunk away, and there was no perfume in the atmosphere. All this came in with the bickerings and backbitings of that unhappy tribe, whose sole delight now, instead of admiring the beauties before them, was to find defects in their neighbours, and make that the result of actual predetermination which was only the effect of inadvertence.

Time crept slowly on, and the people were more weary of their present life than they had been of the beautiful monotony, as they called it, of their former days; they began to be distressed how to carry on their intercourse, and some came to poverty and misery, because they had no friendly hand to help them out of a difficulty or smooth their ways.

It was sad to see the havoc in that land, and sadder still to see the cold, hard expression of the faces of all the community, and how the little children looked old before their time, with their rigid muscles never relaxed into a smile,

Many years passed on, and the place was still desolate, when the time of a great feast approached; then all the tribe were compelled by their laws to assemble round a lake, seldom visited, except on such occasions. Formerly joyful preparations had been made for this event, but they now went about it sullenly and in silence. Once every inhabitant of a cottage knew in what apparel the inhabitant of another would seek the festive spot, now they kept their secrets to themselves, and hid their garments from the sight of their neighbours, as from the eye of enemies, so great was the distrust and emulation amongst them.

The day came, and early troops of girls were hurrying along the pathways of the wood with baskets of flowers, such as were still left in their wilderness to deck the borders of the lake; little children pattered along the scorched moss, and a loud murmur seemed to burst from all parts of the wood. All were in hopes of enjoying a sweet repast at noon, on the margin of the waters; the sun shone more brightly that day than he had for some time done, and the air did not seem so stagnant, so the spirits of the tribe rose in proportion, and a few joyous laughs burst involuntarily from the young.

The lake, towards which they were journeying, was small and clear; a broad rim of rich sward swept round it, bordered by a fringe of tall trees, which cast a pleasant shade, underneath which the people all sat down and gazed one at the other, but without speaking a word. Many seemed inclined to break this silence, but they had not assembled together for so long a time that they felt awkward and shy, and hung down their heads a little, and could not in a steadfast, open manner meet each other's glance. Young maidens discussed in groups the dress of rivals, and found fault with the wreaths of flowers they wore, and with their dull complexions or lifeless eyes. And so the day stole on, and the feast was over, and all sat there watching the beautiful surface of the lake; suddenly there came a flash of light so vivid that the whole tribe involuntarily shut their eyes, and when they opened them again they scarcely knew the spot, it was so changed; the trees were all revived, creeping flowers twined again around them, and liquid streams of silver seemed to shoot out of the lake, and form themselves into fountains of all sizes and forms; each leaf around each blade of grass seemed gifted with a voice, for there came a soft gush of music rippling through the air and chasing away its stagnation, at first low and hushed, but soon rising into a glorious harmony that flooded the whole forest with its sound, while again the nightingale poured forth her gladdening melody; the waters were calm, round the feet of the shining fountains and on their surface floated large water-lilies like tiny boats, with their broad white leaves reposing on the wavelets tinged with silver from the glancing of the playing waters. All round the margin of the lake was a wreath of flowers, stretching from the green sward down the little slope, and sending forth a rich scent through the atmosphere.

No human voice disturbed that scene; every eye was turned towards the lake, and every ear was drinking

in the sounds floating above, around, and everywhere. Suddenly, from the very middle of the lake, circles began to form, which soon extended to the edge, and succeeded one another more and more rapidly, just as it happens when an enormous fish rises from the bed of the ocean to its surface.

Soon a louder ripple was heard, and there rose slowly from the waters a large water-lily, which gradually floated towards the shore; as the music became louder the leaves trembled with agitation, and the fountain sparkled and danced yet more gladly. Every eye was fixed upon the floating flower, with its white bell-shaped leaves resting upon a bed of green, and an involuntary cry of surprise burst from the lips of every one, as when it neared the shore a little child of infantine shape sprang laughing up and sat in the midst of his flower-boat, smiling upon all the community. So beautiful a being had never before been seen; his cheeks were so glossy, and so rosy, his eyes were so bright and blue, while his tiny mouth was dimpled with sweet smiles, a stream of golden hair floated down his back, and waved in curls over the little scarf of gauze he wore around him. His hands were engaged in propelling his boat by means of little silver oars, which seemed to have been made on purpose for him to grasp; the whole form seemed to be capable of reposing in the cup of the flower, and the people gathered round him as he leaped upon the bank. The sweet smiles he showered around seemed to be taken up and echoed by everyone, and everyone pressed forward, and said—

"Will you come with me? and me? and me?" was murmured by all alternately.

"I am coming to every one," said the little stranger, as he looked brightly upon them all.

"Who are you? what is your name?"

"My name is Charity," said the infant, "you do not know me, so I cannot tell you whence I come, or who I am; but if you will love me you will all be happy, and love one another."

While he spoke, something seemed to steal into the hearts of all present, a new, soft, sweet feeling which they had not known before; every face wore a happy smile, and nods and becks were rapidly exchanged; never was there so sudden a change.

"Shall I help you?" said one to another, who was lifting a basket.

"Lean on me," said a youth, to an old man who was feebly finding his way along.

"No, on me, on me, me," echoed many voices, as a group of young men sprang forward from the crowd to support the white-headed patriarch.

"How beautiful you look to-night," said one maiden to another.

"And you," answered a sweet voice.

"How transparent and soft is your cheek."

"How rich is your hair."

And kisses, and greetings, and hand-shakings began, until there was so confused a murmur among them that the woods rang with the sound; no one could sufficiently express his admiration of each other, and everybody forgave everyone his debts, and his faults, and made a bright future out of a cloudy one.

The return home was a very happy one, and everywhere as they passed, with little Charity carried in a basket of flowers at the head of the procession, the plants and shrubs, and flowers recovered, the trees sprung up as with a new life, and all nature was gay.

The waters danced, and the birds sang, all became beautiful as once it was, and so the people built a temple for Charity to dwell in, and in the midst of the tribe, each took a portrait of the little creature and hung it next his heart, that he might never lose its resemblance; and children played with him upon the margin of the lake, and when any of the people felt inclined to misinterpret the actions of their neighbours they paid a visit to the temple, and the little deity soon seemed to set them right.

Everybody loved the spirit, who passed from one to another always with a smile; his beauty never seemed to fade, and though his form continued to be that of an infant, his soul seemed to pervade all people and all things.

As long as that tribe preserved the Temple of Charity and its presiding genius, it was happy and at peace, and all things smiled; for even in those blissful scenes the Birth of Charity had awakened a new spirit among them, and they practically illustrated the great maxim, "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

An able French reviewer* has furnished a graphic sketch of the half-century fast drawing to a close. He contemplates it from a point of view peculiarly French, but the survey is one in which there is also much of universal interest. Though France has had more than the average share of insurrections, restorations, rebellions, conspiracies, and revolutions, during the period in question, there are few European countries that have not suffered, in a greater or less degree, from the same causes. The entire of the civilized old world is pervaded by disquiet. Old things seem to be passing away, and doubt, melancholy, and despair pervade the minds of men, in the "middle passage" from the old to the new. Even in England, we are not without our qualms of fear: there is an occasional upheaving of the social world beneath us, and a muttering, as of distant thunder, is sometimes heard. Yet, we are not without an entire faith in the grand procession of Providence, and a perfect confidence that the Creator of all things will yet sublimely "vindicate His ways to man."

A glance at the Continent of Europe exhibits, at first sight, a lamentable state of things. The field is strewn with ruins, and, for the time, society seems to have lost its reason. Instead of resolute purpose, union, and organization, we have groping in the dark, vain aspirations, vague desires, wild puerilities, and headlong passions. There may be, and doubtless there is, some grand idea struggling into life beneath all this, but meanwhile it does not appear, and we are left to guess what it is. In no age have men been disquieted, turbulent, and insurrectionary without some sufficient cause, and such cause there must be now. Can it be, that the ardent desire of man to advance, to develope his nature in higher and nobler forms, to rise into the godlike and the spiritual, up through the baser encumberments of earth, and of institutions become effete and time-worn, is at the root of all this wild and turbulent condition of European society? We are strongly inclined to think so; but meanwhile the ruins lie spread about, and the indications of a disposition to build up better things in their place are so rare, that even the most hopeful mind is disposed to entertain very strong grounds for doubt.

The Nineteenth Century may be said to begin with the French Revolution. That unquestionably is the great event of modern times. It was not merely a revolution, but the beginning of revolutions for all countries. In that fierce and fiery outburst, spontaneous and irrepressible, began the violent life of the century; its youth, ambitions, desires, and passions; its dreams of ideal social bliss, of "rights of man," of political freedom, of universal citizenship—the aurora of new humanity. It was quenched in blood, and in its place stalked the grim apparition of despotism, arrayed in military uniform.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes.* Feb. 1st, 1850.

"Glory" then became the cherished ideal, and it was desperately sought on the plains of Marengo, at Eylau, at Austerlitz: but again was the longing quenched in blood at Moscow, Leipsic, and Waterloo. Restorations followed, again to be succeeded by revolutions, by new dynasties, and then by the general overturn. Thus France used up five distinct governments in fifty years, and still waits longing for her ideal; sad, despairing, and sick at heart. Faith is well-nigh dead; but hope still remains. Authority, save as it rests in bayonets, has gone; and strong moral power seems to reside in no class or party in the state. It is very much the same in Prussia, Austria, and Italy,—these several countries comprehending a very large proportion of the civilized European people.

As the French Revolution is the dominating fact of the past half-century, so does Napoleon stand forth as the greatest of its living realities. Wherever we cast our eyes in Europe, we see his great figure looming up. The only man he, that could command and force into discipline and obedience the turbulent spirits of his age. At a time when the doctrines of equality coursed the earth, he practically enforced the great inevitable social lessons of inequality, obedience, rule, and duty. He awoke anew in the hearts of men, admiration for great acts, excited their enthusiasm, and provoked their love. He showed how society was to be reconstructed,—that it must begin by a recognition of authority, by obedience to law, by performance of function.

Napoleon was overthrown, and the thrones of all Europe felt the shock. Royal authority in all European countries then received a fatal blow, self-inflicted. The revolutions of 1848 were among the first European results of Napoleon's downfall. The mischiefs done by the people in '93, and which he had, for the time, cured by the force of his will and his genius, again burst forth in every great city in Europe.

Another leading fact in the history of the last half-century, is the growth of the middle classes. This is a comparatively new feature in the social condition of France and Germany. The middle class has become a power. For the first time in French history, a king owed in 1830, his throne to the support of this class. Louis Philippe, in the first days of his reign, delighted to style himself the Citizen King. This class owes its rise to the extension of trade and commerce since the close of the revolutionary war, and the increase of wealth consequent thereon. Practising the arts of peace, following the pursuits of industry, and devoting themselves to the development of the material resources of empires, their condition must, in all countries, be regarded as the index of civilization, of social advancement, of public opinion, of moral and intellectual improvement. French writers are in the habit of speaking lightly of this class; they talk of them as *les épiciers* (the grocers), and *l' esprit épicier* is the contemptuous term which they employ when speaking of the spirit of this class. Yet these "grocers" proved themselves to be no such contemptible power either, when headed by Cavaignac, in storming the barricades of Paris, in March, 1848. And if France is to be saved from further anarchy, and Germany destined yet to build up her constitutional liberties on a firm basis, it is, we firmly believe, to these middle classes that we have mainly to look for the performance of the work. In most continental countries, they have yet to learn their power—and they will doubtless acquire the knowledge of how it is to be used, through long experience—it may be through much suffering. The solidity of the English social state, and the steadiness of England's advancement in arts, manners, morals, and intelligence, as a nation, is, we believe, mainly attributable to the long schooling of our countrymen in the practice of self-management and self-government, which form part and parcel of our national inheritance and fortunes. In our social and political movements, we begin from above, and carry downwards the blessings of freedom among the mass, introducing from time to time new classes to the full enjoyment of social emancipation. In France, they have begun from below, and commenced by a destruction. We stand upon the "old ways;" their ways are new and untrodden. We succeed, by adapting existing institutions to the growing wants of men; they fail, because in their hot haste to remodel and reform the world, they begin by destroying all the erections of the past, and when they commence to organize, they find that destruction refuses to be organized.

But in these repeated failures, the continental nations will learn ultimate wisdom. Already, the best and most influential classes are agreed on this:—that the revolutionary era must end, that there has been enough of pulling down, and that now men must build. They are wearied of gazing upon ruins; they long for a structure of any kind. But the great constructive genius has not yet appeared, though his time has fully come.

Another remarkable feature of the first half of the present century, is the rapid rise of two great nations in the east and the west—both the growth of the last century. Seventy years ago, the United States were a few thinly-peopled colonies, engaged in agriculture and commerce, asking permission from England to carry on their colonial trade and industry in peace and freedom. What are they now? An empire, of insatiable desire and boundless ambition. Already, they have annexed Texas, taken possession of Oregon, established their influence in Mexico, occupied California, and have an eye to Cuba and the Canadas. They are fast pressing towards the boundaries of the Old World, and are daily bearing heavier on the New. And Prussia! What was she a century ago? A province—a mere duchy! Yet now she is at the head of Germany; troubling it by her revolutions at one time, repressing its revolutions by her arms at another. Then, there is Russia, which before lay far off and remote on the confines of the civilized world,—a kind of fabulous Thule,—and that in the very hey-day of French civilization; see where she is now! on one hand at Constantinople, there threatening in her turn the very people who formerly threatened Europe; and on the other she is at Vienna, with the Austrian throne at her feet! Thus does this great power slowly advance upon the western world, while powerless in the throes of revolutionary paroxysms.

It is impossible to foretell what influence the imposing power of Russia may yet exercise upon the destinies of Europe. It may be, to overcome all minor and conflicting interests, and to combine, under one dynasty, the masses of the European people; or, on the other hand, to impel a coalition of all free states, to resist the aggressive despotism of that empire. In either case, the nations would have advanced a step nearer to universal unity and universal peace. The fewer independent states, the less intriguing, the less warring. Europe, under one head, would be Europe at peace—Europe without the need of any standing army. But we are far from this as yet. We can only reach cosmopolitan freedom through the emancipation of nationalities; and we have a much stouter effort to make, many earnest struggles to encounter, many trials of patience and courage to endure, ere that can be achieved. Meanwhile we have had revolutions enough; and men every day feel more seriously the need, in the midst of Time, of reposing on Eternity, and of resting upon those essential, eternal ideas which are a necessity in man's nature, and lie at the root of all human society. Such are the religious and social ideas which have grown up and descended to us from all past generations of men. Let us cherish their spirit, idea, principle, no matter in what form we may prefer them. Let us recognise the principle of authority, in whatever shape we choose to recognise it. Let us preserve the

Christian spirit, and leave it to time to clothe it in the right form. Impregnate souls, move hearts, circulate pure thoughts, in any and every way. To spread the religious spirit is a far other thing from the assault or defence of creeds. We may not be able, nor is it desirable, to revive and bring to life dead forms; but let us hold firmly by the spirit, caring not for the letter, which killeth; let us save the principles, whatever becomes of the forms; and the sublime order of Providence will be preserved in the future, as it has been in the past; and man, with his face turned toward the eternal, will go forward cheerfully and hopefully in his encounter with the perils of life, preparing the way for the higher development and civilization of the coming time.

HOME.

Home! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
How many hours of joy serene and fair,
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their hues into a rainbow *there*.

Round home what images of beauty cluster,
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.

Home is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.

Where we have nourished bright thoughts while beholding
Some sun-eyed flower, the centre of our love;
And while we watched its gradual unfolding,
The angels came and carried it above.

Scenes gay and gladsome as the golden glory,
Which decks the death-bed of departing day,
And many an old and spirit-stirring story,
Whose memory is fading fast away,

Flash o'er the spirit at the oft repeated
And ne'er to be forgotten accent, Home!
Friends whom a thousand times our love has greeted,
With whom our merry boyhood loved to roam.

A father's joy, a mother's deep devotion,
Untiring energy and constant care,
The reverential love, the pure emotion,
The evening hymn, the heavenward wafted prayer;

The Sabbath bells, whose glad and gentle pealing,
Falls on the spirit like the early dew,
Evoking every high and holy feeling,
All that hath "power to chasten and subdue!"

Sisters and brothers fondly loved and cherished,
Our comrades *then* in the stern march of life,
The early called who fought, and fighting perished,
And left us single-handed in the strife;

The woods and waters where our childhood flourished,
The hoary hills our wandering footsteps trod,
The fairy prospects which our fancy nourished,
The old church spire which pointed us to God;

Such are the visions which are ever stealing
Around our spirits wheresoe'er we roam,
Full fraught with beautiful and hallowed feeling,
Evoked like phantoms by the spell of Home.

Needs there a Beautiful ancestral mansion
To mark the spot where household joys abide,
Bounded on all sides by a broad expansion
Of lawns and level meads and and woodlands wide?

Need there be sunny slopes and pastures sweeping,
In glad and verdant beauty far away,
Old forest trees and crystal waters sleeping,
In tranquil silence in the sunset's ray?

Need there be twilight groves and orchards shedding
Their purple plenty on the fertile ground;
Brooks flashing back the noontide beam while threading
Gardens and meads with many a mazy round?

No! Home is not confined to halls of pleasure,
To regal pomp and dwellings of the great:
It is not meted to us by the measure,
Which appertains to things of low estate.

Where'er we find warm hearts and fond affection,
Whether in straw-thatched hut or gilded dome,
We find what claims our notice and reflection,
We find the primal elements of Home.

On Alpine mountains where the hunter buildeth
His fragile dwelling like an eagle's lair;
In Southern climates where the sun-light gildeth
The vine-clad hills with colours ever fair;

In Arctic regions where the winter heapeth,
In hoary piles, the everlasting snows,
Where the poor persecuted negro weepeth
His kidnapped kindred and his country's woes;

Where'er of fellow men we find the traces,
Where'er a wanderer hath his footsteps bent,
In populous cities and in desert places,
The Indian's wigwam and the Arab's tent;

In far-off islands where the savage roameth,
The untutored lord of many a scene sublime,
In groves and glens and where the ocean foameth,
In every country and in every clime;

Mankind, however fettered and benighted,
Howe'er oppressed by penury and care,
Have their existence by *one* beacon lighted,
Have still *one* bliss which all may freely share.

Home! cries the world-sick wanderer as he wendeth,
With baffled footsteps, o'er his weary way;
Home! sighs the wretched outcast as he sendeth
A longing look, whence once he longed to stray.

Home! says the toil-worn rustic when returning
From daily labour at the fall of night;
Home! sings the emancipated soul as spurning
This world of woe, it plumes its wings for flight.

Home like the burning lens collects together
Into one point affection's scattered rays,
And in the sternest storm, the wildest weather,
Kindles a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.

Home is the watchword firing with emotion
The patriot's heart, and nerving him to fight;
Home is the pole star, o'er the storm-swept ocean
Guiding the sailor through the gloomy night.

Home cheers the solitary student, burning
With high and heavenward hopes till he has furled
His wings of fire upon the heights of learning;
Home is the lever that can lift the world.

A never-failing source of consolation,
A fountain sealed with hidden virtue fraught,
The pilgrim's prayer, the poet's inspiration,
The nurse of every noble deed and thought.

Home is a boon to erring mortals given,
To knit us closer in the bonds of love,
To lead our spirits gently up to Heaven,
To shadow forth the brighter home above.

J. W. FLETCHER.

[A short time since, the Editor of the "Public Good" offered a handsome copy of Miss Cook's Poetical Works as a prize for the best short poem on "Home." Mr. Fletcher, of Sunderland, was the successful competitor.]

THE COUNTESS.

A NARRATIVE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

THE Citizen Aristides Godard was the very beau ideal of a Republican patriot during the early times of the Terror. During the day, the Citizen Godard sold cloth to his brother and sister democrats, and talked politics by the yard all the while. He was of the old school, hated an aristocrat and a poet, with an intensity which degenerated into the comic, and never once missed a feast of reason, or any other solemnity of those days. Enter his shop to purchase a few yards of cloth, and he would eagerly ask you for the latest news, discuss the debate of the previous night in the Convention, and invite you to his club. His club! for it was here the Citoyen Godard was great. The worthy clothier could scarcely read, but he could talk, and, better still, he could perorate with remarkable emphasis and power, knew by heart all the peculiar phrases of the day, and even descended to the slang of political life, that *argôt* which was almost peculiar to the section of *sans-culottes*. He would call a lawyer "an officious defender;" a royalist, "a brigand;" the guillotine, "the national razor," "the slaughter-house," "the leveller,"

or any other of the cynical names, which the utter want of education in those days made popular; and it is a fact, as clear as the most demonstrable problem in mathematics, that ignorance was the sole cause of the terrible scenes of the French Revolution.

The Citoyen Godard was a widower, with an only son, who, having inherited a small fortune from his mother, had abandoned trade, and given up his whole time to the affairs of the nation. Paul Godard was a young man, of handsome form and mien, of much talent, full of sincerity and enthusiasm; and with these characteristics was, though not more than four-and-twenty, president and captain of his section, where he was distinguished for his eloquence, energy, and civism. Sincerely attached to the new ideas of the hour, he, however, had none of the violence of a party man; and though some very exaggerated patriots considered him luke-warm, the majority were of a very different opinion.

It was eight o'clock on one gloomy evening in winter, when the Citizen Godard entered the old convent, where sat the Jacobin Club. The hall was, as usual, very full. The locality contained nearly fourteen hundred men, seated upon benches placed across the room, in all the strange and varied costumes of the time. Red caps covered many heads, while tricoloured vests and pantaloons were common. The chief characteristic was poverty of garb, some of the richest present wearing wooden shoes, and using a bit of cord for strings and buttons. The worst dressed were, of course, the men who assumed the character of Jacobins as a disguise.

One of these was speaking when Godard entered, and though there was serious business before the club, was wasting its time in denouncing some fabulous aristocratic conspiracy. Godard, who was late, had to take his place in the corner, where the faint glimmer of the taller candles scarcely reached him. Still, from the profound silence which as usual prevailed, he could hear every word uttered by the orator. The Jacobins, except when there was a plot to stifle an unpopular speaker, listened attentively to all. The eloquent rhetorician, and the unlettered stammerer, were equally attended to; the matter, not the manner, being cared for.

The orator who occupied the tribune was young. His face was covered with a mass of beard, while his uncombed hair, coarse garments, dirty hands, and a club of vast dimensions, showed him to be a politician by profession. His language was choice and eloquent, though he strove to use the coarsest slang of the day.

"Word of a patriot!" said the Citoyen Godard, after eyeing the speaker suspiciously for some time. "I know that voice; *Cor de Brutus*, he is fitter for the *Piscine des Carmagnoles** than for the tribune."

"Who is the particular?" asked a friend of the clothier, who stood by.

"It is the Citizen Gracchus Bastide," said a third, in a soft and shrill tone, preventing the reply of Godard; and then the speaker bent low, and added, "Citoyen Godard, you are a father and a good man. I am Helene de Clery; the orator is my cousin. Do not betray him!"

The Citoyen Godard looked wildly at the speaker, and then drew the young woman aside. Her garb was that of a man. A red cap confined her luxurious hair; a full coat, loose tricoloured pantaloons, and a sword and brace of pistols completed her attire.

"*Citoyenne!*" said the revolutionary clothier, drily, "thou art an aristocrat; I should denounce thee!"

"But thou wilt not?" replied the young woman, with a winning smile, "nor my cousin, though playing so foolish, so unworthy a part."

"Oh!" said Godard, "thou ownest this, then?"

"Papa Godard," answered the young countess, in a low, imploring tone, "my father was once thy best customer, and thou hadst never reason to complain of him. He was a good man. For his and for my sake, spare my cousin, led away by bad counsels, and by fatal ambition."

"I will spare him," said the clothier, moving away, "but let him take the warning I shall give him."

The clothier had noticed that the Citoyen Gracchus Bastide was about to finish, and he hurried to ask a hearing, which was instantly granted him. The Citoyen Godard was not an orator, and, as is the case under such circumstances, his head, arms, and feet were more active than his tongue. Ascending the tribune, he struck the desk three times with his feet, while his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, at the same time that his lips moved inarticulately. At length, however, he spoke.

"The truths spoken by the citizen who preceded me are truths of which every man is fully aware, and I am not here, in consequence, to reiterate them. The friends of the defunct Louis Capet are conspiring in the midst of us every day. But the citoyen *préopinant* forgot to say, that they come to our very forum—that they dress like true patriots—that they take names which belong rightly only to the faithful—and denounce often true men to cheat us. Many a Gracchus hides a marquis—many a *bonnet rouge* a powdered crown! I move the order of the day."

The Citizen Gracchus Bastide had no sooner caught sight of Godard advancing towards the tribune, than he hurried towards the door, and ere the conclusion of the other brief oration, had vanished. Godard's object gained, he descended from the forum, and gave way to a speaker big with one of those propositions which were orders to the Legislature, and which swayed the fate of millions at that eventful period.

Godard reassumed his former post, which he patiently kept until a late hour, when the sitting being terminated, after speeches from Danton, Robespierre, and Camille Desmoulins, he sallied forth into the open air.

It was eleven o'clock, and the streets of Paris were dark and gloomy. The order for none to be out after ten, without a *carte de civisme*, was in force, and few were inclined to disobey it. At that time, Paris, always rather an early town, in comparison at all events with London, went to bed almost at night-fall, with the exception of those who did the governmental business of the hour, and they never rested. Patriots, bands of armed men guarding prisoners, volunteers returning from festivities, the chiefs of different parties sitting in committees, the orators writing their speeches for next day, the sections organizing public demonstrations; such was the picture of this great town by night. Dawn was the most unwelcome of times, for then the statesman had to renew his struggle for existence, the accused had to defend himself, the suspected began again to watch the hours as they flew, and the terrific machine that depopulated the earth was at work—horrid relic of ignorance and barbarism, that killed instead of converting.

Father Godard had scarcely left the Jacobins, when from a narrow passage darted a slight figure, which he instantly recognised as that of Helene de Clery. The young girl caught hold of his arm, and began speaking with extreme volubility. She said that her father had been dead six months, leaving her and a hot-headed cousin alone in the world. This young man embraced with fiery zeal the cause of the exiled royal family, and had already twice narrowly escaped; once on the occasion of the King's execution, and on that of the Queen's. Every Royalist conspiracy, every movement for insurrection against the Committee of Public Safety, found him mixed up in it. For some time they had been able to exist on what remained of her father's money, but now their resources were utterly exhausted. It was only by the charity of Royalist friends that she starved not, and to obtain even this she had to disguise herself, and act with her party. But Helene said, that she had no political

* Another slang word for the guillotine.

instinct. She loved her country, but she could not join with one party against another.

"Give me work to do, show me how to earn a livelihood with my fingers, Father Godard, and I will bless you."

"No person shall ask me how to be a good citizen in vain. Citoyenne Helene, thou art under my protection. My wife is dead, wilt thou be too proud to take charge of my household."

"Surely too grateful."

"And thy cousin?"

"Heaven have mercy on him. He will hear no reason. I have begged and implored him to leave the dark road of conspiracy, and to seek to serve his country, but in vain. Nothing will move him."

"Let the wild colt have his course," replied Godard, adding rather coarsely, "he will end by sneezing in Samson's sack."

Helene shuddered, but made no reply, clinging firmly to the old *sans-culotte's* arm as he led her through the streets.

It was midnight when the residence of the clothier was reached. It was in a narrow street, running out of the Rue St. Honoré. There was no coach-door, and Godard opened with a huge key that hung ostentatiously at his girdle. Scarcely had the old man inserted the key in the key-hole, than a figure darted forth from a guard-house close at hand.

"I thought I should find the old Jacobin," said a merry, hearty voice, "he never misses his club. I am on duty to-night in the neighbourhood, and, says I, let us see the father, and get a crust out of him."

"Paul, my boy, thou art a good son, and I am glad to see thee. Come in: I want to talk seriously to thee."

The clothier entered, Helene followed him closely, and Paul closed the door. A lanthorn burnt in the passage, by which some candles were soon lit in the cosy, back sitting room of the old *sans-culotte*. Paul looked curiously at the stranger, and was about to let a very impertinent grin cross his face, when his father taking off his red cap spoke with some emotion, laying aside under the impression of deep feeling all his slang.

"My son, you have heard me speak often of my benefactor and friend, the Count de Clery, who for some trifling service, rendered when a lad, gave me the means of starting in life. This is his daughter and only child. My boy, we know how terrible are the days. The daughter of the Royalist Count de Clery is fated to die if discovered. We must save her."

Paul, who was tall, handsome, and intellectual in countenance, bowed low to the agitated girl. He said little, but what he said was warm and to the purpose. Helene thanked both with tears in her eyes, begging them both also to look after her cousin. Paul turned to his father for an explanation, which Papa Godard gave.

"Let him beware," said Paul, drily, "he is a spy and merits death. Ah! ah! what noise is that."

"Captain," cried half-a-dozen voices in the street, "thou art wanted. We have caught a suspicious character."

"'Tis perhaps Albert, who has followed me," cried Helene, "he thinks perhaps I would betray him."

Paul rushed to the door. Half-a-dozen national guards were holding a man. It was the Citizen Gracchus Bastide. Paul learned that no sooner had he entered the house, than this man crept up to the door, listened attentively, and stamped his feet as if in a passion. Looking on this as suspicious, the patriots had rushed out and seized him.

"Captain," cried the Citizen Gracchus, "what is the meaning of this, I am a Jacobin and a known patriot."

'Hum!" said Paul, "let me look at thee. Ah! pardon, citizen, I recognise thee now, but why did'st thou not knock. We wait supper for thee. Come in. Bravo, my lads, always be as alert. I will join you soon."

And pushing the other into the passage, he led him without another word into the parlour. For an instant all remained silent, Paul then spoke.

"Thou art a spy and a traitor, and as such worthy of death. Not content with foreign armies and French traitors on the frontiers, we must have them here in Paris. Albert de Clery, thou hast thy choice—the guillotine, or a voluntary enrolment in the army. Go forth, without regard to party, and fight the enemies of thy country, and in one year thou shalt find a cousin, a friend, and I suppose a wife."

Godard, Helene, Paul, all spoke in turns. They joined in regretting the misery of Frenchmen fighting against Frenchmen. They pointed out that, no matter what was its form of Government, France was still France. Albert resisted for some time, but at last the strong man yielded. The four then supped in common, and the young Royalist, as well as the Republican, found that men may differ in politics, and yet not be obliged to cut each other's throats. They found ample subject for agreement in other things. Before morning, Albert, led away by the eloquence of young Paul, voluntarily pledged himself never to fight against France. Next day he took service, and after a tearful adieu, departed. He went with a ragged band of raw recruits to fight the battle of his country, a little bewildered at his new position; but not unconvinced that he was acting more wisely than in fomenting the evil passions of the hour.

Immediately after the leave-taking, Helene commenced her new existence in plain and ordinary garb, she took her post as the old clothier's housekeeper. An old woman was cook and housemaid, and with her aid Helene got on comfortably. The warm-hearted *sans-culotte* found, in additional comfort, and in her society, ample compensation for his hospitality. Helene, by gentle violence, brought him to the use of clean linen, which like Marat and other semi-insane individuals, Godard had originally affected to reject, as a sign of inferior civism. He became too more humanely disposed in general to his enemies, and ere three months, ardently longed for the end of the awful struggle which was desolating the land. Aristides Godard felt the humanizing influence of woman, that best attribute of civilization, an influence which, when men cannot feel it, they at once stamp their own character. We are all wiser, better, and greater, when guided by a sensible and good woman, and it is not the least triumph of her grace of mind and person, to be able to soften our rugged asperities. There are men who despise and reject the social influence of the sex, but these are amongst human beings, what the rugged Russian bear is to the gentle and noble lion in the animal creation.

Paul became an assiduous visitor at his father's house; he brought the fair countess news from the army, flowers, books, and sometimes letters from cousin Albert. They soon found much mutual pleasure in each other's society, but Paul never attempted to offer serious court to the affianced wife of the young Count de Clery. Paul was of a remarkably honourable character; of an ardent and passionate temperament, he had imbibed from his mother a set of principles which were his guide through life. He saw this young girl, taken away from the class in which she was brought up, deprived of the pleasures of her age and rank, and compelled to earn her living, and he did his utmost to make her time pass pleasantly. Helene was but eighteen, and the heart, at this age, knows how to bound away from sorrow as from a precipice, when a better prospect offers, and Helene, deeply grateful at the attention paid her, both by father and son, soon became reconciled to her new mode of existence, and then quite happy. Paul devoted every spare hour to her, and as he had read, thought, and studied, the once spoiled child of fortune found much advantage in his society.

At the end of three months, Albeat ceased to write,

and his friend became anxious; inquiries were made, which proved that he was alive and well, and then they ceased to hear of him. A year passed, two years, and calmer days came round, but no tidings reached of the absent one. Helene was deeply anxious, her cheeks grew pale, she became thin. Paul did all he could to rouse her, he took her out, he showed her all the amusements and gaieties of Paris, but nothing seemed to have any effect. The poor fellow was in despair; he was deeply attached to the orphan girl. Once a week, at least, he pestered the war office with inquiries about Bastide, the name under which the cousin had enrolled himself.

Father Godard, when the days of the clubs were over, doubly grateful for the good deed which he had done, and which had its full reward, retired from business, took a simple lodging in a more lively quarter, and found in Helene a dutiful and attached daughter. For a wonder, there was a garden attached to the house, and here the retired tradesman, would of a summer evening, smoke his pipe and take his coffee, while Paul and Helene strolled about the alleys, or chatted by his side.

One evening in June, one of those lovely evenings which make Paris half Italian in look, when the boulevards are crowded with walkers, when people take ices in the open air, when thousands crowd open-air concerts, and all is warm, and balmy, and fragrant, despite a little dust, the trio were collected. Father Godard was smoking his second pipe, Helene was sipping some sugar and water, and Paul, seated close by her side, was thinking. The young man's face was pale, while his eyes were fixed on Helene with a half-melancholy, half-passionate expression. There was a world of meaning in that look, and Paul perhaps felt that he was yielding to an unjustifiable emotion, for he started.

"A flower for your thoughts, Paul," said Helene, quietly.

"My thoughts," replied Paul, with rather a forced laugh, "are not worth a flower."

Helene seemed struck by the tone, for she bowed her head and blushed.

"Helene," said Paul, in a low, hushed, and almost choking tone, "this has been too much; the cup has at last overflowed. I was wrong, I was very wrong to be near you so much, and it has ended as I should have expected. I love you Helene, I feel it, and I must away and see you no more; I have acted unwisely, I have acted improperly."

"And why should you not love me, Paul?" replied Helene, with a great effort, but so faintly, none else but a lover could have heard.

"Are you not his affianced wife?" continued Paul, gravely.

"At last I can explain that which fear of being mistaken has made me never say before; I and Albert were never affianced, never could be, for I could not love him."

"Helene! Helene!" cried Paul passionately, "why spoke you not two years ago? I said he should find his cousin, his friend, and his affianced wife when he came back, and I must keep my word."

"True, true—but Paul, he could not have heard you. But you are right—you are right."

"Let me know all," said the young man, moodily, "but for this unfortunate accident."

"Paul, you have been to me more than a brother, and I will be just towards you. Influenced by this mistake you clearly did not care more for me than as a friend, and what else has made me ill, and pale, and gloomy but shame, because——"

"Because what," asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I had let my heart lean where it could find no support."

No man could hear such a confession unmoved, and Paul was half wild with delight; but he soon checked himself, and gravely rising, took Helene's hand respectfully.

"But I have been wrong to ask you this, until Albert gives me back my word."

At this instant a heavy step was heard, the clanking of spurs and arms on the gravelled way, and now a tall cavalry officer of rank, preceded by a woman servant running, was seen coming towards them. Both trembled—old Godard was asleep—and stood up, for both recognised Albert de Clery.

"Ah! ah! my friend," cried the soldier, gaily, "I find you at last, Helene, my dear cousin, let me embrace you. Eh! how is it? still mademoiselle, or are you madame by this time. Paul, my good friend, give me your hand again. But come into the house; I have brought my wife to show you; an Italian, a beauty and a heiress. How do you do, Papa Godard?"

"Hum—ah! I was asleep. Ah! Citizen Gracchus—Monsieur Albert, I mean—glad to see you."

"Guide me to the house," continued the soldier, "my wife is impatient to see you. Give me your arm, Papa Godard; follow cousin, and let us talk of old times."

One look, one pressure of the hand, and arm-in-arm they followed, happy in reality, for the first time for two years.

Madame de Clery was indeed a fascinating and beautiful Italian, and upon her Albert laid the blame of his not writing. He had distinguished himself greatly, and, remarked by his officers, had risen with surprising rapidity to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. On the Rhine, he was one day located in the house of a German baron, with two handsome daughters. An Italian girl, an heiress, a relation by marriage, was there, and an attachment sprang up between the young people. The difficulties in the way of marriage were many; but it is an old story, how love delights in vanquishing them. Antonia contrived to enter France under a safe conduct, and then was married. Albert had obtained a month's leave of absence. He thought at once of those who had paved the way for his success.

Godard, who had seen something of what had been going on, frankly explained why Helene was still unmarried. Albert turned round, and shook Paul by the hand.

"My dear friend, I scarcely heard your sentence. But you are a noble fellow. I shall not leave Paris until you are my cousin."

This sentence completed the general delight. The meeting became doubly interesting to all, and ere ten days the wedding took place, Albert carrying everything with a high hand, as became a gallant soldier. He did more. He introduced Paul to influential members of the Government, and obtained for him an excellent position, one that gave him an occupation, and the prospect of serving his country. Old Godard was delighted, but far more so when some years after, in a garden near Paris, he scrambled about with the children of Madame Paul and Madame de Clery, who resided with the first, her husband being generally on service. Paul and his wife were very happy. They had seen adversity, and been chastened by it. Helene doubly loved her husband, from his nobility of character in respecting her supposed affianced state; and never once did the descendant of the "ancient and noble" House of Clery regret, that in finding that great and sterling treasure, a good husband, she had lost the vain and empty satisfaction of being called Madame "the Countess."

HOME INFLUENCES AND MEMORIES.

HOME is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings, that calls

into play, and powerfully excites, so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home,"—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home,"—play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "Home,"—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home,"—what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations! For childhood's grief and gladness; for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins; for all that brightened or dimmed the eyes; for all that convulsed or tranquillized the breast; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed; for a mother's kiss, or for her grave, for a sister's love or a brother's friendship; for hours wasted, or hours blest; for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. Home, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination, in its fairest pictures, would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called home, neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home histories, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of these home histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home, so fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home-thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory; and when all the furniture which imagination puts together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted,—planted down in the living soul of primal consciousness, flourish to the last; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which, even the thief, Time, has spared; reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As everything human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home, is what the past gives back to feeling; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on.

There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voice. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and, though marred with grief, though pallid with affliction, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations; ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse; angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. Far other things will be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men, and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and the wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noon-tide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions, laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest evenings, after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship; there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire, with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.—*Henry Giles.*

Notices of New Works.

The History of Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair." London: Bradbury and Evans.

We do not exaggerate, when we say that Mr. Thackeray is entitled to take rank as the first humorist and satirist of the age. His geniality and his true wit—his highly-cultivated powers, and his exquisite humour—his extensive knowledge of the world—the eye of genius through which he sees it, and the artistic pen with which he delineates it, entitle him to this high place.

He is less caustic than Jerrold, and less exaggerated than Dickens; he is more indulgent than the one, and more true to nature than the other. He does not obtrude his "purpose" so ostentatiously upon us as either of those writers. He does not censure like the former, nor preach like the latter. He simply paints life as it is; and if he has a "purpose," he leaves his readers to discover it for themselves. There is no need of writing under *his* portraits, as a certain dauber once did—"This is a Lion."

Thackeray has capitally satirized the inflated humbug known as the "fashionable world." He lets us behind the scenes, shows us the actors putting on their rouge, and strutting forward to the gas-lights. He makes the pulleys and the canvas colonnades, the prompter's book and the trap-doors, look very dismal affairs, when viewed close at hand. And yet, too, from materials so unpromising as these, from the humanity which is to be found in even fashionable life, he succeeds in bringing up sparkling gems of pure thought, deep feeling, and poetical sympathy. For the divine spirit of humanity cannot be utterly extinguished by the conventionalities and trappings of any class.

Mr. Thackeray treats us to no pattern characters. All of them, even the best, have some vein of infirmity which makes them human. Your perfect heroes and heroines, who work their way through all manner of plots and counterplots, and are rewarded by a happy marriage at the winding up of the third volume, are not to be found in his books. He takes after neither the silver-fork nor the ruffian-school of literature. Many of his characters are what would be called humdrum, and he

even loves a "fogy;" witness his Rawdon Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," on whom he dwells with a lingering love. There is very little excitement, no duelling, no murder. His characters are such as we most of us fancy we have met with in every-day life. We recognise them at a glance, and can't help saying—"How like! how true!"

Thackeray is always the gentleman; and yet he does not treat us to fine gentlemen in his portraits. There is no affectation about him, and when he drops one of his most beautiful and heart-searching truths, full of true poetic pathos, he hastens away and seems almost ashamed of having dropt it. He is perfectly frank too, and you see his fine, kind nature always uppermost in what he says. There may be an art, a most finished art, in all this, but it seems very like nature for all that. The height of art is the concealment of art.

Thackeray cannot, or at least he does not, paint the physiognomy of places with the minute detail of Dickens; yet there is nothing in Dickens more touching in this way than the Landing on the Stair, in his "Vanity Fair." Dickens seems to take an inventory of everything in the room, or the street, or the landscape he paints, and reproduces the details in all their minutiæ: Thackeray strikes off the scene in a broad, dashing manner, and gives you its spirit in a few words. His characters are more complete. Take his Becky, in "Vanity Fair;" what a picture have you in her, of the designing, selfish, unscrupulous, unprincipled, yet withal, clever and brave woman; full of tact and resources; always having an eye to the main chance, yet not always successful: and then, that admirable portrait of the heavy dragoon, Rawdon Crawley, whose stupid character is quite redeemed by his thorough belief in his wife's honour until almost the last moment, and his touching affection for his boy.

The characters in his new novel, "Pendennis," are quite as good in their way. A great number and variety of men and women are brought upon the stage, evidently copies from the life, and they are treated with consummate art. There is no crowding, crossing, or jostling. The number of the characters is probably too great to admit of very close and riveting interest; you cannot "pile up the agony" on a crowded stage; to be concentrated and intense, there must be few characters. But see to what Thackeray treats us in "Pendennis:"—

The story introduces us to Major Pendennis, a veteran dandy, a "fogy" at his club in Pall Mall, where he sits opening billets-doux, "invites," &c., from great personages. He is a man who lives in the atmosphere of aristocracy, draws in its breath, eats its dinners, and forms his whole man according to its standard. He is a "made-up" man, and owes much to his hair-dresser and his tailor,—we mean as regards the dye of his hair and tournure of his figure. He is a kind of clothes-horse though he *thinks* too, but it is only after the most approved forms; he is a chum of Lord Steyne's, and a diner-out with Bishops: in short, he is the thorough man of the world, ready to wink at all its vices, provided they are sanctioned by *ton*; fashion is his "Mrs. Grundy," and he leaves all to serve it. Among his letters he finds one from his sister-in-law, enclosing another from his nephew, the hero of the story. The young scapegrace has fallen violently in love with an actress, and vows to marry her. The Major's proprieties are shocked, and he hastens down to the country to prevent such a stigma being affixed to "the family." Then we are introduced to Mrs. Pendennis and Master Arthur,—the former a loving, simple woman, rather defective in judgment; the latter a self-willed, spoilt boy, very like other boys similarly trained. The book gives the history of this boy up to manhood, and shows who was his greatest enemy throughout, namely, himself.

There is not much of the hero about Arthur Pendennis. Thackeray does not care about heroes. But Arthur Pendennis is all the more true to nature, inasmuch as he is no hero. Your novel heroes are the falsest of all imaginable characters. This boy is true to life; we have not the slightest doubt that he is painted from the life. He is one of the thousands whom over-indulgent mammas pronounce to be geniuses before they are out of petticoats. They are educated without an object, and enter the world purposeless; their history is one of failures and disappointments, often of follies and extravagances; and if they do succeed, it is because of some hidden seeds of manliness and self-dependence in their nature springing into life, and inciting them to struggle onwards to success, in spite of the defective training of their youth.

Every man who reads "Pendennis" will testify to its truthfulness. There is the first dream of life—the whirl of passionate, but innocent love for some fair being whom, in the blindness of our infatuation, we invest with all the charms, mental and moral, of an angel. We are rudely shaken out of our dream, wonder how we could have been so blind; we gather knowledge, but it is at the cost of our affections; the dream never returns again, only a dim memory of it; we learn to close the heart against such illusions, and often do we close it up altogether, taking refuge in a miserable selfishness, wandering through the world as through a mere gallery of pictures.

Pendennis goes to college, and passes through its dissipations with *éclât*, though, when examined, he is "plucked." He lives the life of a fast man, and runs his poor mother deeply in debt. Then he returns home in the horrors; leads for some time the life of a male flirt; has no pursuit, no object in life; and at last, in a desperate fit, runs up to London with two hundred pounds in his pocket, borrowed from a female relation, who seems to have a secret affection for him; his intention being there to study the law, and make a living at the bar. In the pursuit of his law studies he is as purposeless as ever. He eats his dinners, and spends his two hundred pounds. But he falls in with a generous, rough diamond, Stunning Warrington, a character capitally hit off, and to the life. They live together in chambers in the Temple. When Pen has got to his last guinea, Warrington advises him to replenish his purse by writing for the press; and then we have a graphic sketch of a young man's experience in newspaper editing and literary lionizing.

The incidental characters in the history are admirably drawn. Captain Costigan—"honest Jack Costigan"—who has "borne Her Majesty's colours in the Hundred and Third," an "old soldier and a fond father," who is great on the subject of "me family," and "the Costigans of Costigan town." This Captain Costigan is a gem of the first water, a sparkling Emeralder, full of lustre and vivacity; and Harry Foker, the high-born swell, the fast youth, "not clever, but rather *downy*," who "can tell what's o'clock," is ready to tool the mail-coach, to drink bitters, to patronize the "Fancy," to astonish bar-maids, and to row at Cambridge: *he* is also a genuine character after the life, as any of us could avow. Old Bows, the crooked actor, who had the making of "the Fotheringay," is also a fine character, and so is the curate, Smirke, who sighs like a furnace after the unconscious widow Pendennis.

Further on, we are introduced to one or two knaves of considerable calibre, Bloundell Bloundell, one of your gambling roués, studying divinity at the university, for the purpose of succeeding to "a living," the gift of which is in the family; Sir Francis Clavering, Colonel Altamont, and others. Captain Strong is a trump, capitally hit off; and so are "fatal" Mirabolant, the French cook, and Mr. Waag, the literary man. But we cannot dwell upon these characters in this necessarily brief sketch.

Thackeray is equally at home in his female characters. They are all true women, none of them "heroines.' They, too, have all some mixture of infirmity which holds

them to humanity. Pen's mother, in her almost blind love for her husband and for her son, is unmistakeably human. The former she reverenced "as the best, the most upright, wise, high-minded, accomplished, and awful of men." "If the women did not make idols of us, and if they saw us as we see each other, would life be bearable, or would society go on? Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimation of him. If your wife knew you as you are, neighbour, she would not grieve much about being your widow, and would let your grave-lamp go out very soon, or, perhaps, not even take the trouble to light it. Whereas, Helen Pendennis put up the handsomest of memorials to her husband, and constantly renewed it with the most precious oil."

And then her equally blind love of her son. "The maternal passion is a sacred mystery to me. What one sees symbolized in the Roman churches in the image of the virgin Mother, with a bosom bleeding with love, I think one may witness (and admire the Almighty bounty for) every day. I saw a Jewish lady, only yesterday, with a child at her knee, and from whose face towards the child there shone a sweetness so angelical, that it seemed to form a sort of glory round both. I protest I could have knelt before her too, and adored in her the Divine beneficence in endowing us with the maternal *storgé*, which began with our race, and sanctifies the history of mankind." And yet this mother's love is not always for an object so pure and unstained, as they in their fond hearts suppose. Pen's education at a great public school had introduced him to something very different from the purity of home: the fear of such contamination was a thing that never ceased to haunt the mind of the good Dr. Arnold. We quote Thackeray again:—"Ye tender mothers and sober fathers of Christian families, a prodigious thing that theory of life is, as orally learned at a great public school. Why, if you could hear those boys of fourteen, who blush before mothers, and sneak off in silence in the presence of their daughters, talking among each other, it would be the woman's turn to blush then. Before he was twelve years old, and while his mother fancied him an angel of candour, little Pen had heard talk enough to make him quite awfully wise upon certain points,—and so, madam, has your pretty little rosy-cheeked boy, who is coming home from school for the Christmas holidays. I don't say that the boy is lost, or that the innocence has left him which he had from 'Heaven, which is our home,' but that the shades of the prison-house are closing very fast over him, and that we are helping as much as possible to corrupt him."

"The Fotheringay," Pen's first love, is an unmistakeable specimen of a woman; a lump of physical beauty, without either soul or culture, but whom nature has furnished with the gifts of black eyes, long eyelashes, good skin, regular features, dazzling white teeth, and a large, well-formed figure, which suddenly takes captive the whole unreflective nature of our too-susceptible Pen. The girl has, however, a notion of the main chance, and so has her father, the emerald Captain Costigan; and when it is discovered that Pen is penniless, comparatively speaking, he is "cut" by the actress and her father, and left to his fate. "Perhaps (says Thackeray) all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens." "As for Pen, he thought he should die. Have not other gentlemen been balked in love besides Mr. Pen! Yes, indeed; but few die of the malady." "I never knew a man die of love, certainly, but I have known
—olve-stone-man go down to nine stone five, under a
vinted passion, so that pretty nearly a quarter of
be said to have perished—and that is no small
— 's come back to his old size subsequently;
than ever: very likely some new affec-
nd his heart and ribs, and made them
oung Pen is a man who will console
st of us."

The Major was very consoling:—"Make yourself easy about him," said he, to Pen's mother; half a fellow's pangs at losing a woman result from vanity more than affection. To be left by a woman is the deuce and all, to be sure; but look how easily we leave 'em."

At Oxford, Pen forgets his first folly in a round of dissipation and extravagance. This picture of college-life is one which parents would do well to study. No one who is familiar with Oxford and Cambridge will deny its truth. Pen runs into debt, and fails in his studies, except in dice and loo. He returns home in despair, and the mother impoverishes herself to pay off his debts. "There must be some sort of pleasure," says our author, "which we men don't understand, which accompanies the pain of being sacrificed, and indeed I believe some women would rather actually so suffer than not. They like sacrificing themselves in behalf of the object which their instinct teaches them to love. Be it for a reckless husband, a dissipated son, a darling scapegrace of a brother, how ready their hearts are to pour out their best treasures for the benefit of the cherished person; and what a deal of this sort of enjoyment are we, on our side, ready to give the soft creatures! There is scarce a man who reads this, but has administered pleasure in this fashion to womankind, and has treated them to the luxury of forgiving him. They don't mind how they live themselves; but when the prodigal comes home, they make a rejoicing, and kill the fatted calf for him; and at the very first hint that the sinner is returning, the kind angels prepare their festival, and Mercy and Forgiveness go smiling out to welcome him. I hope it may be so always for us all. If we have only Justice to look to, Heaven help us!"

Other new faces pass before Pen's eyes. The family of Sir Francis Clavering, Bart., who have come to reside at Clavering Park, near at hand: of these, Lady Clavering and her daughter, Miss Blanche Amory, are highly elaborated portraits. Blanche is the sympathetic, suffering, unappreciated young lady, full of disappointments and miseries of her own creating and nursing; she is a forsaken and solitary being, possessing an unlimited supply of tears, evaporating in poetry, which she commits to her album, styled by her "Mes Larmes;" and yet withal, she is a very selfish, unfeeling, heartless girl, and a studied flirt. She tries her "artless" wiles on Pen, and hooks him; and Pen, in his turn, alters and adapts previous verses which he had addressed to "The Fotheringay," and sends them to her! Pen, however, chances to make an ugly stumble with her at a public ball, by which the loving couple were both spilt on the floor, and Blanche Amory again became a "crushed thing." The pair tire of each other, and Pen then goes and makes offer of his hand to another young lady, his mother's companion, Laura Bell, the finest female character in the book. She is a noble girl, and true to her nature, refuses to accept the already *blasé* Pen. "It cannot be," she said; "what do you offer in exchange for my love, honour, and obedience? If even I say these words, dear Pen, I hope to say them in earnest, and, by the blessing of God, to keep my vow. But you,—what tie binds you. You do not care about many things which we women hold sacred. I do not like to think, or ask how far your incredulity leads you. You offer to marry to please your mother, and own that you have no heart to give away? Oh, Arthur, what is it you offer me? What a rash compact is it you would enter into so lightly! A month ago, you would have given yourself to another. I pray you, do not trifle with your own or others' hearts so recklessly. Go and work; go and mend, dear Arthur, for I see your faults, and dare speak of them now: go and get fame, as you say that you can, and I will pray for my brother, and watch our dearest mother at home."

After this, Pen becomes tired of the slow life at home, and he proceeds to London to study law; as usual he studies not at all; but forced by his necessities, he is

driven to work in some way, and accident brings him into connection with the press. He edits a newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and writes a novel. He becomes lionized, and moves through the gay world, aided by his uncle, the Major, who is becoming painfully battered by age and dining-out, and more indebted to his tailor and barber than ever. Pen again scrapes acquaintance with the Claverings and Miss Amory, and meditates "proposing" to her; but he finds that she has got Harry Foker in her toils, and he forbears. Foker comes out quite naturally. As in Rawdon Crawley, there is some true stuff in his heart, and we begin almost to love him. But we need not say that tearful Blanche Amory sustains her character of the heartless flirt to the last.

We need not introduce the reader to the literary life in town of our hero; nor to his dealings with Bacon and Bungay, the publishers, and their Sunday dinners; nor to the Honourable Percy Popjoy, a noble *litterateur;* nor to Captain Shandon, the newspaper hack; nor to Lady Mirabel (who is only The Fotheringay, at last wedded to a rich old fogy); nor to an old friend, Captain Costigan, her father. Sir Francis Clavering gets into difficulties, through gambling and other causes, and is evidently in a state of rapid collapse—haunted by his evil genius, Colonel Altamont, who turns out to be a former husband of his wife. In the midst of all this whirl of London life, Pen continues to be human, and not altogether palled in his appetites. He even gives signs of revival of his old desire of loving; and takes a penchant for a girl whom he accidentally meets at Vauxhall Gardens, in the company of Captain Costigan and her mother. And yet Fanny Bolton is only a poor and humble girl, the daughter of Captain Costigan's portress. Those who would know the rest will, doubtless, read the story for themselves.

In conclusion, we would say, that no man has had better opportunities than Mr. Thackeray for treating such a subject as that of the "History of Arthur Pendennis." It looks so like life, that we cannot help sometimes fancying that it is an autobiography he is writing. Mr. Thackeray is himself of good family, and, like Mr. Pen, was originally intended for the bar. He kept several terms at Cambridge, but left the university without taking a degree, intending to become an artist. After two or three years of desultory application, he gave up the notion of being a painter, and took to literature. He set up a weekly journal, in the style of the *Athenæum*, but it failed. The success, however, of some sketches of his in *Fraser's Magazine*, where he assumed the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, induced him to become a regular man of letters; and his "Great Hoggarty Diamond," his "Jeames's Diary," "The Snob Papers" in *Punch*, his "Irish Sketch-book," his "Vanity Fair," and "Pendennis," sufficiently mark his characteristics as a writer. His own past history tends in some manner to illustrate his works, more especially the last-named; and we cannot help perceiving and admitting that, in his best and most graphic pictures, as in his subordinate sketches (for instance the "Coal Hole," in *Pendennis*), Thackeray draws his materials mainly from the life.

MISS MARTINEAU AT AMBLESIDE.

There was no reason why I should not live where I pleased. Five years and more of illness had broken all bonds of business, and excluded me from all connection with affairs. I was free to choose how to begin life afresh. The choice lay between London and pure country; for no one would prefer living in a provincial town for any reasons but such as did not exist for me. I love London, and I love the pure country. As for the choice between them now, I had some dread of a London literary life, for both its moral and physical effects. I was old enough to look forward to old age, and to have already some wish for quiet, and command of my own time. Moreover, every woman requires for her happiness some domestic occupation and responsibility,—to have some one's daily happiness to cherish; and a London lodging is poorly supplied with such objects; whereas, in a country home, with one's maids, and one's neighbours, and a weary brother or sister, or nephew, or niece, or friend coming to rest under one's trees, or bask on one's sunshiny terrace, there is prospect of abundance of domestic interest. If I choose the country, I might as well choose the best; and this very valley was, beyond all controversy, the best. Here, I could write in the serenest repose; here, I could rove at will; here, I could rest. Here, accordingly, I took up my rest, and I have never repented it.

TOIL.

Toil is man's allotment; toil of brain, or toil of hands or a grief that's more than either, the grief and sin of idleness. But when man toils and slays himself for masters who withhold the life he gives to them—then, then, the soul screams out, and every sinew cracks.

CLOUDS.

Englishmen are laughed at for perpetually talking of the weather. But there is great excuse for this, when we consider the fickleness of our climate, and the influence which the continual change of weather has upon our mental and bodily faculties. How inspirited and exhilarated do we feel on one of those bright autumnal mornings, when the fresh wind chases the dazzlingly white clouds across the sky, rendered more deeply blue by the contrast! how renovated by its influence, and how ready to do or to suffer anything that lies before us! But when the sun is hidden by dense and cloudy vapours, and the sky looks pale and sickly, the spirits are low and the body languid, and we feel inclined to lie down all day, and long for a wind. Consequently, in bright weather we rejoice with our friends in the beauty of the sky, and when it is wet or oppressive we mutually condole with, and pity each other. Yet we wish not the weather less changeable, and above all, we covet not cloudless skies. Oh, no! There is more beauty in the various forms and colours of the glorious cloud-land than in aught upon earth, if we only take the trouble to look upon them. In summer, how lovely the little wave-like clouds dappling the blue, or the long filmy stretches of vapour so white and thin! And at night, to watch the moon silvering the tiny cloudlets, as they sweep across her face, driven by the gentle breeze; or to behold her as she calmly looks down between immense, still masses of vapour upon a sleeping world. One would not, indeed, wish for clouds on a bright frosty night, when the stars look large and intensely brilliant through the crystal ether, and almost overwhelm by the little glimpse they give of the immensity of space. Let us, then, not complain if we have occasional weeks of leaden skies and drenching rain, but be thankful for the sunny, bright, and lovely days that so often bless us. Sailing cloudlets of summer, varied tints of autumn skies, snow-fraught masses of winter cloud, fructifying vapours of tender spring, ye are all welcome! and a sorry day would it be for Old England, if, for your fickleness, were substituted a weary, unvarying, though bright and gorgeous monotony.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

A people's treasure is in useful labour; there is no wealth, and can be none, but what it creates. Every good, great or small, is purchased by it. Savages, with boundless territories and fertile lands, are indigent and often destitute, because they work not. A single day's labour of a peasant or a mechanic, tends to relieve human wants, and increase human comforts, It produces that which is not to be had without it, and to which tons of glittering ore can contribute nothing. In fine, there is no wealth but labour—no enjoyments but what are derived from it.

FRUITS.

The roses are bright, in their summer days' light,
With their delicate scent and their exquisite hue:
But though beautiful Flowers claim many a song
The Fruit that hangs round us is beautiful too.

When Midsummer comes, we see cherries and plums
Turning purple and red when the glowing sun falls,
They hang on their stems like a cluster of gems,
In ruby and coral and amethyst balls.

How delicious and sweet is the strawberry treat,
What pleasure it is to go hunting about,
To raise up the stalks all besprinkled with dew,
And see the dark scarlet eyes just peeping out.

Don't you think we can find in the nectarine rind
A colour as gay as the dahlia's bloom;
Don't you think the soft peach gives an odour as fine
As the hyacinth, petted and nursed in the room?

The apricot, yellow, so juicy and mellow,
Is tempting as any fresh cowslip of Spring,
And the currants' deep blushes come through the green bushes,
Or hang in white bunches like pearls on a string.

The mulberry tree is enchanting to see
When 'tis laden with autumn fruit, pulpy and cool,
And those other rich berries so guarded by thorns—
Oh, who loves not the flavour of gooseberry-fool?

The woodbine's fair leaves and clematis that weaves
Round the window, are pleasant to all that pass by,
But I'm sure the full clusters of grapes on the vine
Are as lovely a sight for the traveller's eye.

The apples' round cheeks, with their rose-coloured streaks,
And the pears that are ready to melt on the spray,
I am sure we must own they have beauties that vie
With the daisy and buttercup spread in our way.

Then the brown nut that drops as we push through the copse,
Till busy as squirrels we rest on the sod,
Oh! I think it has charms for our gathering hands
To match with May blue-bells that sparkle and nod.

So though poets may sing of the blossoms of Spring,
And all the bright glory of Flowers may tell,
We will welcome the berries, the plums and the cherries
And the beautiful Fruits shall be honoured as well.

ELIZA COOK.

NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And thereby win a prouder fame
Than follows a king's or warrior's name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat,
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble, working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
Who drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

C. D. STUART.

DIAMOND DUST.

Do nothing to-day that thou wilt repent of to-morrow.

ON the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

PAST opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting them too long, we shall find that both are soured by age.

IGNORANCE is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase.

IF thou wouldst live long, live well; there are two things which shorten life, folly and wickedness.

ACCOUNT him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy good-will.

ENVY—punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbours.

IT is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.

LARGE minds, like large pictures, are seen best at a distance, this is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

MISADVENTURE, as well as mischance and misfortune, is the daughter of misconduct, and sometimes the mother of goodluck, prosperity and advancement.

CONSENT to common custom, but not to common folly.

TONGUE — the mysterious membrane which turns thought into sound. Drink is its oil, eating its drag-chain.

GENEROSITY, wrong placed, becometh a vice; a princely mind will undo a private family.

WE did not make the world, we may mend it, and must live in it.

MAL-INFORMATION is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance.

THE acquirements of science may be termed the armour of the mind; but that armour would be worse than useless that cost us all we had, and left us nothing to defend.

IT is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven, who desires to go thither alone.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

LET others act as they please; but do thou always act according to the dictates of thy own judgment, and take heed of being self-condemned.

WISDOM is generally an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us; for few are taught by the sufferings of another.

NOBLEMAN—one who is indebted to his ancestors for a name and an estate, and sometimes to himself for being unworthy of both.

PHYSIOGNOMY—reading the hand-writing of nature upon the human countenance.

LET the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself, rather than the world.

DESPOTISM—allowing a people no other means of escape from oppression, than by the assassination of their oppressor.

SOME pleasures, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught.

THE hate which we all bear with the most christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday August 17, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 69.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

CHANCES, CHANGES, AND CHARACTERS, IN AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BIRKENBRAE is a thriving manufacturing town, and as dirty, dull, and noisy, as it is thriving; the houses are well-built enough, but black, and the immediately surrounding country, bleak to a degree. Pale, slender, dissipated-looking young men and women encumber the streets at certain times, and blear-eyed hags, and deformed children abound at all times; however, it is a thriving place for all that, many rich men have risen into mercantile importance from it, and many more are rising. A dull, dark stream, which duly receives all the drainage and dead cats of Birkenbrae, rolls its chocolate-coloured liquid—by courtesy called water—through it; and tall chimneys, vomiting smoke, send their blighting influence so far, that all vegetation languishes in its vicinity; but with what Birkenbrae *is*, I have nothing to do, I am going back full sixty years or more, when it was a very different place. In those days, a long straggling village and several detached farm-houses were scattered up and down the site it now covers; the church steeple then towered above several fine old trees, the stunted remains of some of which yet stand to tell they once flourished there. The manse peeped forth from its clustering apple-orchard, looking as peaceful as its worthy pastor, the Rev. Ebenezer Dalton, who with his half-sister, Miss Mysie Macdragon, the daughter of his mother by a former marriage, dwelt there, dispensing charitable deeds, and kind words, to all who needed them. In the first mentioned occupation, they acted in concert, but Miss Mysie's deeds were kinder than her words, and she deemed it her "duty" she said, "to tak' the flytin' on hersel', for the minister, honest man, liket aye to keep a caum sugh aboot things, an' didna like a din."

She was affectionately attached to her brother, kept his house and wardrobe in perfect order upon half his stipend, and never begrudged the other half to the poor; but she seldom, as Belle, her factotum, declared, "gaed a bawbee without a bark, an' mony wad rather want the taen than thole the tither," so bitter were her words. Miss Macdragon was tall and straight, lean in body, strong in mind, and stern in reproof; she was a very plain woman, and she knew it; so that although accurately clean for her own comfort, she was quite careless as to the form and fashion of her garments, and added to the peculiarity of her appearance by her strange dress. Mr. Dalton never interfered with her domestic arrangements, only stipulating that a small room, he called his study, should never be entered by either of her hand-maidens, Belle or Beenie, or her cat Bawdrons, and by herself as rarely as might be. It was a small room looking into a paved court, where flourished a large Crauford pear tree in the centre; and under the window a luxuriant growth of wall-flower, and some straggling mignonette, that sowed themselves among the stones, threw up their fragrant perfume in their respective seasons. There, in his old black leathern chair, sat the good minister, close to the open casement in summer, and to the fire in winter, poring over some old worm-eaten tome, or transcribing, into large parchment-covered books, passages to be quoted in a learned work he had long projected, but never yet commenced. The birds sung in the pear tree, the summer flies hummed under its shade, and the voices of Miss Mysie, Belle, Beenie, and Bawdrons, inarticulate in the distance through the closed doors and corridor, sounded almost as lulling. Mr. Dalton was a pious and learned man, and an eloquent preacher, but he was as indolent as his sister was active, and he left to her the task of lecturing his parishioners, a duty which it must be confessed she executed *con amore*.

Bird-nesting boys, and idle girls fled at her approach, and, excepting when any one was really ill, when broths, and jellies, for the time being, replaced reproaches, there was not a matron in the village but would rather see her pass her door than enter it. Their nearest neighbour was Graham of Larix Ha', a small proprietor of easy fortune, and old family, whose wife was Miss Mysie's particular friend, although two people more diametrically opposite to each other, in every respect, could scarcely be conceived; for Lady Larix Ha', as she was universally called, was short, plump, and handsome, homely, hearty, and always ready for a jest, which she sometimes pushed (but that was not uncommon in the times I write of) to the very brink of all we hate; she stopped there, however, which all old ladies did not.

"Whawr's the paper?" cried she, one morning, to General Shaw, whom she had observed sometime before reading the newspapers, but who was then standing with his back to the fire, apparently unoccupied.

"My dear madam," answered the stiff old gentleman, "I put it aside."

"What for?"

"Pray," continued he, "do not look at it, for there is a trial it is quite scandalous to put in the public prints."

"A what!"

"A trial, madame, which is positively indecent, and which no——"

"An undaicency in the papers! rax me my spectacles," exclaimed the lady, reaching it. Miss Macdragon was not present, or the worthy dame would have stayed her curiosity until her friend departed; but these were the faults of her era, for she was an excellent, kind-hearted creature—her charity both of word and deed, she carried to even reprehensible lengths, never refusing assistance to the most worthless who asked it, and so bringing beggars about. She was truly a most benevolent being, and never in her life was known to speak ill of a human creature, excepting Bonyparty, as she called Napoleon; her hatred of him, however, was so intense, that she was once heard to declare, after enumerating several of his supposed enormities, as a summing up of her wrath, "Trouth noo, he's just a man I wad na gie a meal o' meat to," a man too bad to be fed by Leddy Larix Ha' *must* be, in her opinion, a monster indeed.

Their near vicinity to each other, and the real goodness of Miss Mysie's heart, under what Larix Ha' called "her girnin' extairlor," must have been the reason of the intimacy between these two ladies, for in no society was Miss Macdragon popular, although she dared not scold in company, as she did in the village; she was for ever saying sharp things that *told*, for she was clever in her way, and to be *feared* is not the way to make oneself liked; the station, moreover, she filled, was not sufficiently important to induce people to bear patiently her "wipes," though few ventured to reply, for fear of another worse than the first. One day, at a dinner party, she found herself seated next Mr. McWrath, a great democrat, and a most presuming, disagreeable man, who as usual kept the conversation entirely to himself, and on his favourite subject, paying no attention to Miss Mysie and her gastronomic wants, and talking on after every one was tired, especially his slighted neighbour; at last he ended his philippic against the government by saying,—

"There is no such thing as liberty in the land, no, none! don't you agree with me, ma'am," turning with a half-absent, half-contemptuous air, to his hitherto quiet neighbour.

"Trouth," answered she, glaring upon him with her keen little grey eyes, "trouth, I think there's ower muckle leeberty in the lan' when the like o' ye gangs louse."

Every one laughed of course, and the crest-fallen orator declaimed no more. Another time she was equally unfortunate, in being seated next to a Mr. Cheetham, a gentleman suspected of having behaved, upon some occasion, in a not very honourable manner; but who, as nothing could be exactly brought home to him, still retained his place in society, where he flourished as a wit and a quiz. The conversation happening to turn upon old customs—that of drinking toasts was mentioned as having been laid aside.

"Come," cried Mr. Cheetham, "I'll restore it, and give you one (filling her glass), which *you*, Miss Macdragon," continued he, with a satirical glance at her face, and a wink to the company, "I am sure will pledge, '*Honest men and bonnie lasses!*'"*

"I'll drink your toast vairy willingly, I'm sure, Mr. Cheetham," replied Miss Mysie, "tho' it neither applies to you nor me."

Every one was silent, and Mr. Cheetham never spoke again that evening, retiring soon, under pretence of illness. But Miss Macdragon was not always severe, she was, as I said before, quite aware of her own ugliness, and, when in good humour, often alluded to it jestingly. Sir John Frederick Philander, a very handsome man as well as an exquisite of the first water, stood for the county, and in those days it was not, it seems, uncommon to embrace in the French fashion, kissing each side of the cheek; and Sir John, anxious to make his way with his constituents (which before the reform bill sometimes numbered not above twenty or thirty to a county), was particularly attentive in fulfilling this piece of gallant politeness, *auprès des dames*, to propitiate their husbands and fathers, through them; Miss Macdragon happened to be sitting with the blooming daughters of Larix Ha' one morning, when the expectant member came to call and repeat this, to him, most agreeable ceremony. When he approached Miss Mysie, however, he for one moment hesitated, but politeness getting the better of the distaste her unusual plainness excited, Miss Macdragon received her kiss with the rest.

"Thank ye, Sir John," said she, rising and making him a curtsey, "I thank ye, Sir John, whan the Lord feeds the craws, the corbies aye get a peck." She had no patience with pretention of any kind, and invariably put it down without compunction, so that it was very fortunate for some Miss Mysie found so much to do at home, that she had little leisure for visiting.

Belle and Beenie spun all the sheets and table-cloths that Miss Macdragon annually filled her presses with, but she took upon herself the task of making thread of the requisite fineness for her brother's shirts, whom she might indeed have clothed in sackcloth for aught he knew or cared about the matter; and she it was who knit his stockings also, sitting on a rustic bench, under an old apple tree, in the heartsome summer days; whilst in winter, she drew her little mahogany wheel close to a roaring, crackling Lanarkshire fire, and kept herself warm by "prancing on her spinning weel," as vigorously as "MY JO JANET" ever did. In spring, she had her hens to set, and the "wee turkies" to watch, carpets to beat, and blankets to scour; then came the distilling rose leaves, and lavender, for Miss Mysie was partial to "a fine smell," as she termed it; and the making jellies, and jams for all the sore throats in the parish, during the ensuing winter. Salting bacon, and beef hams, and seeing that baskets and beeskeps were mended and made, occupied the later season. She had no time for reading, nor much wish; her Bible and three odd volumes of "The Family Library" were the only books she ever looked into, and that more as a duty than a pleasure; for to be ever stirring, was Miss Mysie's delight, and the rest of the Sabbath day came rather as a bore than a boon to her. It was therefore a real satisfaction when the Leddy Larix Ha' announced her intention of giving a grand entertainment to the officers of the militia, their colonel, the Duke of Launceston, the great man of the neighbourhood, among the rest, and that Miss Mysie's assistance was indispensable.

(To be continued in our next.)

* Burns's toast, at the Duke of Athol's.

GLIMPSES OF CHARACTER.

THE "great mind" of the world, it has been said, is essentially the same in all countries. The most observant travellers have told us that national differences are more apparent than real, more dependent on geographical position, climatic, and legislative influence, than on actual differences of character. Prejudices have often been mistaken for principles, and caricatures for faithful por-

traits. How long were we accustomed to think of the Dutchman as an unwieldy monster, in huge "small-clothes," and of the Frenchman, as a scarecrow in wooden shoes, devouring frogs. But railways and steamboats have done much, and are doing still more, towards dissipating these errors, and the traveller landing at Rotterdam or Havre finds the people, after all, not so very different from those he has left behind, Yet if of minor importance, the various forms under which character manifests itself are well deserving of attention. They furnish so many standards of comparison, by which to judge of ourselves and others; and if one nation chooses to laugh while another remains grave, or prefers volatility to earnestness, or is more easily contented than another, there may still be found something worthy of imitation in all.

Railway and steamboat travelling, although excellent of their kind, do not afford all the necessary opportunities for intimate study of local character. This can only be done by going through a country on foot, by frequenting the byways as well as the highways, stopping to rest at roadside cottages, being content to sleep in the *cabaret* as well as in the *grand hotel*, and by talking to all who are willing to converse. During a ramble along the valley of the Seine to Paris, in the summer of 1847, the writer was enabled to observe various points of French character, which otherwise would have escaped his notice.

The first day after landing was employed in looking about Havre, which, with the ramifications of its harbour, running far up into the streets, reminds one of a Dutch town. Some groups of labourers, engaged in driving piles to strengthen the foundations of the pier, were remarkable by the politeness of some of their phrases. "Slack away a little idea"—*une petite idée*, being most frequently heard as the hook descended to the ponderous hammer. Sterne tells us, that his *coiffeur* spoke of submerging a wig in the ocean, to test the strength of its curls, and adds, that an English barber's ideas would not have gone beyond a pail of water. Perhaps the same spirit of magniloquence is possessed by the Havrese labourers; it is, however, certain that "navigators" in England do not use the term "little ideas," when they want an additional inch of rope. So much has been said of the dirt of French towns, that it was an agreeable surprise to find Havre as clean as similar towns on the English coast. The market was particularly interesting, with its abundance of fruit, fish, and vegetables, and sprightly old women seated at the stalls. Their politeness was irresistible; in addressing their companions they invariably used the terms Monsieur or Madame; while their clean white caps, seen in parallel lines across the market, formed a sight both novel and pleasing. A young woman, who walked up and down selling pins at one sous the row, whenever she met with a purchaser, acknowledged the favour by saying "*Merci, ma petite dame,*" uttered in most winning tones; and granting that this politeness is but skin-deep, it is yet far more agreeable to witness such courtesies between those generally reputed coarse in their deportment, than the gross and rude familiarities too often seen elsewhere. I however had a specimen of the reverse of the picture in one of the women, who was "arranging" her husband with a tongue whose volubility surpassed all that I had ever imagined; while he, a heavy lout, six feet high, wisely held his peace. A very little observation is sufficient to make the stranger aware of the greater equality in the bearing of different classes towards each other than appears in this country; there is much less of the *du haut en bas* system. While taking some refreshment in a *café*, I noticed that every one who entered, without exception, lifted his hat or cap to the company seated at the tables, and repeated the same salute on leaving. From the number of working-men who came in at frequent intervals for their cup of coffee, *petit verre* of cognac, and game at dominos, it would seem that their duties receive but a desultory attention; whatever the hour, they are sure to be found in the *cafés*.

While enjoying the beautiful view from the hill of Ingouville, about a mile to the north of the town, embracing the river and port, with the distant hills of Calvados, and Cape la Hogue, a woman, with a child in her arms, stopped to beg: "Monsieur," she began, "we have eleven children, my husband does not earn enough to provide them all with bread, will you give *un petit sous* to help me to get them some supper?" I gave her two sous, for which she returned a superabundance of thanks, adding, "Ah, Monsieur, there are no beggars in your country; you are all rich there." She refused to believe my assurances that beggars and unfortunates were to be found in England as well as in France, and went away saying, "no poor *en Angleterre*." A lady, whom I afterwards met in Paris, and to whom I was explaining some particulars respecting our ragged schools, replied, "Mais, in England your purses are so long," at the same time stretching her hands several feet apart. This idea I found everywhere prevailed; to it we may perhaps attribute the exorbitant charges sometimes made at hotels and other places.

We were rather a heterogeneous assemblage at breakfast the next morning; Spaniards, English, Germans, French. The conversation was a real confusion of tongues, with an equal diversity of provisions; chocolate and rusks, coffee and omelets, wine and beefsteaks, chicken and salad. The Germans were a large family about to sail for the United States; the father and children were full of hope, and in high spirits, but the mother seemed sad and thoughtful. She told me, in the course of conversation, that, although their prospects were bright—a well-established business waiting for them in New York—yet separation from the dear old fatherland was not effected without a pang. Happening to mention, at the end of the meal, that I intended walking to Paris, —*zu fuss*, cried the Germans—*à pied*, exclaimed the Frenchmen, one of whom continued:—"You English are droll fellows: you walk everywhere, you see everything, you go on foot instead of riding, you make hard work of pleasure; *enfin vous êtes le diable pour voyage*." After this, there was nothing more to be said; so, slinging my knapsack on my shoulders, and lifting my hat, I departed.

In the course of my first day's walk, shortly after leaving the high road, about five leagues from Havre, my attention was attracted by a little rural churchyard, on a steep bank by the side of the path. The wooden crosses, standing at the head of nearly all the graves, were to me a novel sight. Most of them bore an inscription, setting forth the virtues of the deceased; but what was most singular, were the black, comma-shaped marks painted on them in great abundance, as though dropped at hazard, intended to represent tears; while larger ones, cut out of wood, were affixed to the top and extremities of the arms of each cross. One of the epitaphs was so eminently French as to induce me to copy it; it ran thus:—"Here lies the body of Mélanie Sidonie Baillache, deceased at St. Aubin at the age of eighteen years, the 17th April, 1845. A pattern to all young Christian persons by her true piety towards God, her devoted affection for her parents, and her constant alienation from mundane pleasures. She passed away from the earth as a flower of delicate odour, whose sweet perfume it is pleasant to recal after the season of spring. May she have been judged by God as worthy of the eternal reward! This sweet hope can alone mitigate the just grief of her weeping mother. Pray God for the repose of her soul." Later in the day, after walking for some time in complete solitude, through the dense and wide-spread forest of Tancarville, I saw a little wooden spire peeping through the trees, and scrambled up the slope for a nearer view. At first sight, both

the dilapidated and weather-stained church, and the little burial-ground in which it stood, appeared to have been unused for many years; the grass was a foot high, and choked with rank weeds, through which the graves were scarcely distinguishable: it seemed like a place cursed and abandoned. In one corner, however, two decayed wooden crosses were yet standing, and on each one hung a circlet of *immortelles*, everlasting flowers, bright and yellow, as though but newly gathered. This contrast of the gaudy wreaths with the mouldering wood,—this evidence of life and affection amid the desolation around, was most impressive, and under its influence I lingered about the spot rather too long for what was yet before me. A short distance farther, the road suddenly opens on the Seine and a miserable little village, a collection of hovels, one of which is dignified by the name of custom-house. The official, in uniform, seated at the door, looked anything but happy, contemplating the flocks of birds feeding on the broad expanse of sand left free by the tide. The appearance of the inn was far from inviting, and, while deliberating whether I should enter or go farther, an old woman, the very personification of one of Macbeth's witches, came to the door and cried: "Monsieur, if you are looking for an *auberge*, here is one at your service." This appeal decided the question, and I went in; the interior was, however, not more prepossessing than the exterior. Shakspere says, that poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows; so will fatigue reconcile him to equivocal accommodation. It is, however, worthy of remark that, even in the meanest *cabaret* in France, the traveller is sure to find clean though coarse sheets, and clean towels and tablecloth. I chose an apartment overlooking the river. On the chimney-glass, some knowing traveller had scratched, with a diamond, the ominous "*Avis, on vole ici.*"—"Take notice, robbers here." After ordering dinner, I went up to look over the ruins of the castle, which has earned a place in the page of history, and climbed to the top of the picturesque promontory of Pierre Gante. The dinner, when placed before me, was such as to defy my inclination to eat, and I contented myself with some bread and cherries, about which there could not be much sophistication. A party of Frenchmen, who arrived about two hours after the household were in bed, kept up a ceaseless fusillade of laughing and singing till midnight, and renewed it again at sunrise in the morning. The hostess had, probably, told them that she had an English guest, as their most uproarious jokes were those directed against *les Anglais*. One of them, imitating the fruit-women of Paris selling a kind of pears called Anglais, cried "*Anglais, trois sous le tas—Trois sous le tas, Anglais,*" Another sang—

"Les Anglais n' auront pas
La tour de Saint Nicolas."

But there was more fun than malice in their jokes, and I left them seated at breakfast, their principal *plat* being a *rechauffé* of my rejected dinner of the day before. Judging from the charge made for my entertainment and lodging, the *avis* on the looking-glass was no libel.

It was Sunday, when I walked through the pleasantly-situated town of Lillebonne. I went into the church, which was crowded with women and children—not half a dozen men were to be seen. The priests were chanting mass, and, in place of an organ, two of the choir, in white robes, were blowing a sonorous bass on ophicleides. Immediately in front of the open door of the church, not twenty paces distant, was the market in full activity: there were countrymen cheapening scythe-blades, women bargaining for calico and haberdashery, or laying in provisions for their dinner; while the cry of cherries, "*deux sous la livre,*" was in strange discordance with the music of the mass. The shops of the town were all open, masons and painters at work upon the new buildings, the cotton factories in full whirl. I asked a farmer, who walked with me some distance on the road, if he did not think it would be wise to rest one day in seven? to which he replied, "Keeping the Sabbath holy is nothing in comparison with money-making." Labourers and artisans, however, generally cease working at noon on Sunday, and dance and drink until Monday night.

It was late on the same evening that I came to Duclair, a little town wedged in between the cliffs and the Seine, and entered the kitchen of the Hotel de la Poste. After a hot day's walk, washing the face and hands is extremely refreshing; I asked for some water, when the hostess, who was busy with her culinary operations, ordered the waitress to supply me. The girl reached a pint basin from the dresser, and pouring in a little water from a decanter, placed it on the dining-table in the middle of the room, saying, as she gave me a clean towel, *voilà Monsieur*. Travellers on the continent are expected to find their own soap, and even in bed-rooms the supply of water is very scanty, in most instances not more than a quart, with utensils to match. While at dinner, a waggoner took his seat at the next table: he is continually employed in carting cotton between Rouen and Havre, with occasional rests of a few hours. To my inquiry, why he did not rest on the Sunday, he replied—"Our masters are *bourreaux;* provided they get rich, they don't care a dump for horses or men." But little observation was needed to know that there was truth in this remark, as regards the horses; it is impossible not to see that they are overloaded, ill-fed, and ill-treated. In one place I saw a woman riding home from her work in the fields, on a poor beast little better than skin and bone. The jaded animal could scarcely move; yet she belaboured it ferociously with a reaping-hook, exclaiming—"*marche donc bigre de chameau*"—"come up, brute of a camel." It would, of course, be preposterous to say, that there are no humane exceptions; but the general impression conveyed is, that but little consideration is exercised beyond what relates to personal convenience or pleasure.

On passing the *barrière* at Rouen, the long line of the boulevard leading down to the quay presents itself. Its appearance greatly disappoints a foreigner, accustomed to associate the idea of order and pleasantness with what he has read of boulevards. This was unswept and dusty, more fit for a place of torment than of recreation. Watering of roads is, however, a luxury not yet permitted to the towns of Normandy. On the quay, I stopped to have my boots cleaned by one of the *décrotteurs*, to be found at the corner of every street, an indispensable operation after a three days' walk along a dusty road. When the boots were polished, the man jumped up and brushed me from head to foot, and ended by taking off my hat and brushing that also. I now walked about the town, and took up my quarters at "The Whale's Rib," an hotel in a street leading from the quay. *Table d'hôte*, as usual, at five o'clock; the landlord, who presided, expressed his surprise that I had not gone to an English house; and, on my replying that, for the time, I preferred to be in French society, a vehement debate arose,—one party alleging that I had not spoken the truth, while another maintained the contrary. There was no lack of animation in the discussion, which was accompanied by such violent gesticulation that I began to fear for the result; when, at last, it was decided that very probably I had spoken truth. The company at table was composed of merchants and their *employés*.

Rouen is the Manchester of France, and its narrow, mediæval streets are thronged with cotton-spinners, wearing the universal blue cotton blouse. While seated in one of the splendid *cafes* on the Cours Boieldieu in the evening, I saw many of these operatives enter and place themselves at one of the elegant marble tables, where, over coffee, beer, dominos, and the newspaper, they chatted away an hour. No supercilious looks met them on their entrance, the waiters paid them the same

attention as to the "gentlemen" around, and addressed them as "Messieurs." It would be long, I thought, before similar individuals would consider themselves at liberty to enter a house similarly fitted up in England, or be permitted to remain if they did. The system of saluting on entering or leaving was also in full force here, and I observed, that no one sat down or rose from any of the seats on the public walks, without touching his hat to the persons already seated.

Our party at dinner, the next day, was increased by visitors from the south of France, come to enjoy the sight of the glorious Gothic edifices, of which Rouen may justly be proud. They were far more affable and courteous than the *habitues* of the house. The day was hot, and our somewhat corpulent host was in a profuse perspiration, which he repeatedly scraped from his forehead and cheeks with his knife. It is not the rule at the *table d'hote* to change the knife during the whole of dinner, and the carver's own knife is used to carve for the company. After seeing the use to which our president put his knife, I was compelled to decline partaking of the next dish—fried soles—which he cut up and passed round, and began to be in doubt concerning the remainder of my dinner; but, fortunately, the succeeding *plats* were carved before being placed on the table. No one else, as far as I could perceive, appeared to notice the circumstance, or to consider that anything extraordinary had taken place.

ANGELS IN THE AIR.

[Suggested by the remark of a little girl, who, observing large snow-flakes falling, exclaimed to her sister, "Oh, don't hurt them, Mary; there's angels in them!"]

Dark, darker grew the leaden sky,
The wind was moaning low,
And, shrouding all the herbless ground,
Sad, silently, and slow,
Wending from heaven its weary way
Fell the white-flaked snow.

A little child looked wondering on,
As larger flakes fell near,
And, clutching at her sister's hand,
Exclaimed, with hushing fear,
"Oh do not, Mary, do them harm—
There's angels in them, dear!"

"'Twas out," say'st thou, "a child's conceit;"
But ah, the lesson prize—
High instinct is best reasoning,
The pure are still the wise:
Man's vaunted head what poor exchange
For childhood's heart and eyes!

Things are to us as we to them,
Thought is but feeling's wing;
And did but our cold withered hearts,
To earth less closely cling,
We might see angels everywhere,
And God in everything!

American Newspaper.

ROBERT NICOLL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIEWS OF CANADA AND THE COLONISTS."

The fate of genius, called early away from us, is ever a subject of touching interest. We cannot even mention such names as Chatterton, Keats, Kirke White, and one who was with us only the other day, as it were, without at the same time experiencing emotions which true genius alone seems to have the power of evoking, to endear the memory of its achievements, and its existence amongst us. If, when with us in bodily presence, it was undervalued or neglected, the spell of its greatness remains behind, ever to walk with us, and often in glory and in joy to reap atonement for the little ruffled speck of toiling past that it had, for our benefit, and for others, through long succeeding times.

Robert Nicoll was early called away from a career of great promise, but not before he could leave behind him a memory, hallowed by noble efforts, and a fount of pure and refreshing poetry to endear him to all who love truth and beauty, and who are well wishers to the onward progress of humanity. As a poet, he has been ranked as the second Burns of Scotland. Ebenezer Elliott in his generous admiration of him says, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him." And Nicoll, besides being a true poet, was an earnest, powerful, and useful public writer, on subjects connected with bettering the condition of his brethren of toil. His history in this respect sets forth one of the most promising types of our times; one of rare hope for "the lowly," to whose every-day interests, as well as to sing of their joys and sorrows, our poet devoted all his powers. His "whole-souled" labours were directed to work out practically the faith and holiest aspirations he has so beautifully and so earnestly embodied in his poetry. He was what we might call a great poet-worker, he not only deeply felt and gave poetic utterance to the better and more hidden existences of all around him, but, like a true man, he put his shoulder to the task, and bore the burden and heat of the day. His noble efforts cost him his life. At the early age of twenty-four, he was cut off by a disease aggravated by, if not originating in, his severe habits of self-denial and incessant labour, in promoting the well-being of the masses of his care-burdened and toiling countrymen.

Nicoll, during his early youth, was brought up in the simple habits of the Scottish peasantry; he was for five years of his short life a herd-boy, tending cattle amid the quiet of a country bordering on the highlands of Scotland, and remote from any large town. He has made this period of his life, which was between his seventh and twelfth year, the subject of one of his poems. It is entitled "Youth's Dreams," and is a proof how early and how deeply those affections and aspirations were stirred which were afterwards so to adorn and give enduring fame to the man and the poet:

"A silver stream o' purest love
Ran through my bosom then;
It yearned to bless all human things—
To love all living men."

The birth-place of the poet was a farm-house in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, lying about midway between the towns of Perth and Dunkeld. Robert Nicoll's parents, from an early period of his life, were in very humble circumstances. He was born on the 7th of January, 1814, and was the second son of a family of nine children. His father, at the period of the birth of the future poet, and until he was five years of age, rented a farm and was in comfortable circumstances; when becoming security, to the amount of five or six hundred pounds, for a relation who failed and absconded, the consequence to the family was their being reduced to the circumstances of humble industrious peasantry. The old man gave up his whole property to satisfy this unfortunate claim, and became a day-labourer on the fields he lately rented, and where he had lived as a respectable farmer. He retained only this much to sustain himself and his family in their misfortunes—"the consciousness of unblemished and unblamed integrity." We can here again trace the feelings of young Nicoll at a crisis which influenced greatly, no doubt, his whole future life. In 1834, writing to Mr. Johnstone, of Edinburgh, husband of the authoress of Elizabeth De Bruce, and other works, (the parties privileged first to notice the obscure youthful genius), he says, after mentioning his father's misfortunes:—"He was ruined out of 'house and hold.'

From that day to this, he has gained his own and his children's bread by the sweat of his brow. I was then too young to know the full extent of our misfortunes; but young as I was I saw and felt a great change. My mother, in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that her children should not want education. Ever since I can remember, I was a keen and earnest reader. Before I was six years of age, I read every book that came in my way, and had gone twice through my grandfather's small collection, though I had never been at school." He farther goes on to say, that when he had attained his sixth year, he was sent to the parish school, which was three miles distant, and he generally read going and returning. At the age of seven, when he was sent to herding, he continued herding all summer, and with the amount of the small wages or "fee," to use Scottish phrase, he attended school during the winter. Robert Nicoll was at this period, a quiet, lonely boy among his companions, who gave him the name of "*the Minister*," owing to his studious habits, and being besides remarked for his sweetness of temper. When taken from the herding, about the age of twelve, he was sent to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. Here he had less time for reading, but, as formerly, he went to school during the winter.

Thus passed, under so seemingly unfavourable circumstances, more than half the period of the brief lifetime of Robert Nicoll. But nature, as if pleased to display the force she can exercise, when pressed down by difficulties, and even disaster, turns not unfrequently the very worst to greatest account in nurturing and perfecting a favorite poet. The greatest of poets has recorded the uses of adversity. Blighting as it seems to come upon the sensitive and ardent nature of genius, it would seem with all its attendant terrors to have effects, especially in early life, somewhat analogous to the thunder, the lightning, and the torrent, upon the atmosphere and landscape of summer. The terror and darkness once over, the sky is clearer and purer, and the landscape refreshed and more lovely than before. Adversity, though not at all to be coveted, yet not unfrequently bequeaths the recompense of having wholesomely searched, purified, and strengthened the character. Many of our first men of genius have been indebted to its great teachings. Its tests make men better acquainted with their own nature; their greatest weakness and their greatest strength. Let us hear the experience of the poet Nicoll:—"My excursive course of reading, says he, among both poets and philosophers, gave me many pleasures of which my fellows knew nothing; but it likewise made me more sensitive to the insults and degradations that a dependent must suffer. You cannot know the horrors of dependence; *but I have felt them, and have registered a vow in heaven, that I shall be independent, though it be but on a crust and water.*"

The life and writings of Robert Nicoll afford a truthful illustration of the value of self-reliance and noble endeavour to the sons of obscurity and toil. In his poem of "Endurance" he has vividly pourtrayed the thoughts that must have burned within him, and impelled him to raise himself, that he might vindicate the claims of of poverty, to a proper share in the common rights of our common humanity.

"If you have borne the bitter taunts
Which proud, poor men must bear;
If you have felt the upstart's sneer
Your heart like iron scar;
If you have heard yourself belied,
Nor answered word nor blow;
You have endured as I have done,
And poverty you know."

But though our poet has thus written of the trials, he has sung sweeter of the many joys and privileges that fall to the lot of the humble and virtuous poor. The poem entitled "My Grandfather," is a very picture of Scottish patriarchal benignity, piety, and domestic enjoyment, and one in every way worthy of this true poet, and ennobling to his memory, who could so well, with the power of his genius, ennoble honest poverty. Of his aged relative, he thus writes:—

"His auld heart danced when I did right,
And sair it grieved when I did wrang.
But mair than a'—frae buiks nae auld—
Frae mony treasured earnest page,
Thou traced for me the march of Truth,
The path of Right from age to age;
A peasant auld, and puir, and deaf,
Bequeathed this legacy to me,
I was his bairn—he filled my soul
With love for Liberty!
* * * * *
God bears his ancient servants up—
He's borne thee since thy life began:
I'm noble by descent:—thy grave
Will hold an honest man."

Such are glimpses of some of Robert Nicoll's joys and sorrows, and which fitted him so remarkably for becoming what he ever will continue to be,—one of the most delightful, because most truthful and feeling, Poets of the People.

At eighteen years of age, our young poet left his lowly rural home, "by the bonnie Ordie's side," as he has sung of the scenes of his youth. He apprenticed himself to the business of wine-merchant and grocer in the High Street of Perth, in a shop kept by a respectable widow lady named Mrs. Robertson. He mentions that the books which he procured on coming to Perth—a stage in his life which appears greatly to have advanced the growth of his mind—were Cobbett's English Grammar, Milton's Prose Works, Locke's Works, and what he says he prized more than all, a few of Bentham's. We have in this statement a key to the strongly political bent which his mind afterwards took, and which, by the labours it so seriously imposed upon him, tended so greatly to hasten his lamented death. The amount of severe study which he underwent in Perth during his apprenticeship, tasking himself beyond his physical powers, and denying himself ordinary comforts, for the sake of self-improvement, besides his long hours of attendance in the shop, must have been very injurious indeed to his constitution, which was not one of the strongest. He was employed in the shop from seven in the morning until nine at night, and it was chiefly during the night that he wrote and studied. It was under similar hard circumstances that a kindred spirit, Henry Kirke White, exclaimed in all the enthusiasm of ardent genius, heedless of the oil of life so fatally spent in these vigils:—"*The night's my own, they cannot steal my night.*" "During winter," writes Nicoll to Mr. Johnstone, of Edinburgh, in 1834, in allusion to these night studies, "to sit without a fire is a hard task; but summer is now coming—and then!" Robert Nicoll had then, alas! but few summers to spend where he loved all things so truly and so fully, as a poet with a great and noble heart like his can only love. He had at this time just arrived at his twentieth year, and in four more years he had to bid adieu to the world's strivings; and with a life so perfected, and so well used, as to be able to bequeath a reputation as a poet, a public writer, and a true and good man, as shall long endure to guide and to soothe all his brethren of mankind he loved so truly, particularly the poor, "the lowly," for whom he more especially devoted his fine powers.

The writer of this slight notice well remembers, as if it were but yesterday, the appearance of Robert Nicoll in the streets of Perth during this eventful apprenticeship, and how he was beloved and admired by a few, who knew something of him, but not nearly enough to appreciate to the full, the great loving heart and fine poetic genius he has now left revealed in his published remains. The writer was a shop lad, like Nicoll himself, at this

same time in the same street with him, and with fully as long shop hours, stealing a night also occasionally in order to burnish up, if possible, and eke out, a somewhat rather sorry sort of early education. Very vividly indeed does the whole appearance of young Nicoll present itself at this hour—the quiet, retiring, studious-looking, humble youth. He was of rather tall, lithe make, his features not wanting in a manly boldness, but his face was thin, probably the effects of his spare mode of living and unceasing study; his complexion was fresh, clear, and fair, and his gait not unfrequently was more a sort of dullish, heavy, loitering saunter, as it might be expressed, than anything else. This was in his perfectly unguarded moments—when he was only *dreaming* of fame, or such like; for Nicoll had physical proportions and spirit to appear to as much advantage as most young men. His dress, too, was in keeping with his simple manners, and every day deportment—corduroy trowsers, blue coat, a cloth cap, and the usual shop livery of the grocer's apprentice, the green fustian over-sleeves reaching to the elbow, and the white linen apron. If there was anything more observable than another to a casual first observer, it was the careless indifference, almost dullness, about his manner at times. It seems to be a striking fact with regard to genius rising from obscurity, that it is in most respects a problem to itself,—the contrast of its own great thoughts with those it ordinarily finds surrounding it,—a sort of prescience of its own high destiny and mission for great purposes to those very beings it lives among, who so faintly, and it may be not in any way at all appreciate it. The result of this is, there can be no doubt, many of those moments of bitter, deep, and dangerous feeling that especially have fallen to the lot of Burns, Nicoll, Keats, Kirke White, and others. The subject is temptingly suggestive, but we must stop, in order not to exceed our limits.

His appearance, afterwards, when he became known, and began to be appreciated, is in striking contrast to the above sketch of him in his obscurity. It is a lady we believe, who writes thus of Nicoll, the particular time was when he was in Edinburgh, and just before he left Scotland to edit the *Leeds Times*:—"Somewhat above the middle size, of a free and buoyant carriage, and with a countenance which was beautiful in the expression of intellect and noble sentiment. His eyes struck us as most poetical, large, blue, and full of enthusiasm. There was an ingenuousness about him that was peculiarly charming, and the spirit of freedom and of progress that animated him seemed to point him out for a brilliant, ardent career in the cause of man."

It was during his stay in Perth, that Nicoll first displayed to public notice those forcible and genuine powers of mind which afterwards so distinguished him. The maiden essay, as we may call it, appeared in "Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine," and gave great joy to the youthful aspirant. It is the tale of an ardent youth, who, smitten with love for a beautiful girl, becomes a water-carrier in an Italian city; and who by enduring privations, and exerting wonderful energy, gets to be the pupil of an eminent painter, and in the course of time becomes himself eminent, and finally, obtains the hand and affections of the object of his love and his exertions. On the appearance of the tale in the Magazine, it was read with great pleasure by one who, although he knew Nicoll, was not then aware that he was the author. On the opposite side of the street to Nicoll's shop was a circulating library, where the new books and periodicals of the day were sought for both by shop lads and their employers. The young readers had sometimes to steal from the hours of rest to satisfy their intellectual longings, and one day one of them having got Johnstone's Magazine, read in the course of that same night after shop-shutting, when all was quiet, the number in which Robert Nicoll's first tale appeared. The impression of that perusal is still vividly present. Like all efforts of true genius, however slight, and comparatively unimportant they may sometimes appear to the parties themselves or to others, bearing yet a stamp of power and beauty about them, such as is never the case with the efforts of ordinary minds. The pictures of a Sir Joshua Reynolds, as in his life-looking portraits of public characters, or of happy gleesome childhood; the exquisitely truthful, and richly humorous domestic scenes of a Wilkie; the mellow beauty and freshness of the landscapes of our painters in other schools, most distinctly, and most pleasingly carry to the mind at once the feeling of genius and power in those masters of their art, who, in perpetuating their own fame, have so abundantly ministered to our happiness and delight. Not the less, although not so distinctly perceivable to so large a number of minds, do the master writers of our language assert their claims, and convey the pleasures they are able to afford. Some such power and beauty as this were felt to pervade the first eventful literary achievement of Robert Nicoll. On returning the Magazine upon the following morning, D——, the proprietor of the library, was informed of the pleasure which the little story of the Italian water-carrier had afforded. The name of the author, which he immediately gave, was then received with much surprise, but with much greater delight, and an enthusiastic prediction of future eminence was hazarded. *Pooh!* said the prosaic bookseller, and hastily turned away, and so ended this little scene in D——'s shop. Nicoll had just left the shop with some work before this conversation took place about his newly published little story.

This, although a slight incident, somewhat illustrates the frequently trivial thoughts we are all apt hastily to bestow upon those who must often strive long and hard, and it may be sacrifice their lives in sore struggles, ere they can be recognised as the true men which only death, by taking them away from us, makes us feel them to have been. Robert Nicoll, like Burns, was not truly known or appreciated until he was lost to us for ever, so far as life and enjoyment amongst us was concerned. And not even yet has his poetry reached the position and favour it must afterwards occupy as the mass of readers become better acquainted with it.

Of a genius akin to Burns as regards reflecting vividly the forms of thought, the feelings, and passions of his countrymen, especially those belonging to the humbler stations of life, there was this great difference in the writings and lives of the two poets; Burns fell a victim to the dissolute habits of his time, and has thus unhappily recorded many sore blemishes and follies—while the more fortunate and more retiring poet of "Ordie Braes," and of the "Ha' Bible," spent his years in a purer and happier moral atmosphere. "Drinking bouts," and a brief space of fashionable "lionizing," followed by a heartless desertion to the miserable shifts of an exciseman, strangely chequered, as it also shortened, the days of one; while the life of the other, was but one short feverish day of devoted and untiring toil, and to almost the last hour, he had literally for a pittance, to fight out his strength—somewhat like the dying gladiator—in one of these rancorous and bitter party contests in politics, that reflect little credit on the tone of intelligence and moderation of the times.

We have, in Nicoll's poetry, his native country reflected to the life. We have Scotland, in her scenery, her cottage homes and hearths; the simple manners and habits of her peasantry, their shrewd untutored sagacity, their fearless yet feeling hearts, that indomitable courage that fired their old martyrs, and that bends not to mere rank or wealth, and has much of its sweetest pleasures in consoling and sympathizing with the distressed, and in relieving the wants of the poor and lowly; their fervent and unostentatious piety, their love of liberty for themselves and for all mankind, their love of home and friends, and

their clinging to early and pure affections; so that go wherever they will, they cherish in their heart's core all the higher and finer associations connected with their own blue hills, and moorland heather, and braes of gorse and broom. All such, and more, is reflected in the poetry of Robert Nicoll, and in that style of simple unaffected beauty, and tender, correct, and chaste feeling so suited to the genius of his country, and the language of the better class of its lowly peasantry. We need only point out such pieces as "Our Auld Hearthstone," "My Grandfather," "Home Thoughts," "We are Brethren a'," "We are Lowly," "The Hero," "The Poor Man's Death-bed," "The Village Church," "My only Sister," without naming many others, to vindicate the claim of Nicoll to all, and more than all we have deemed his due. His love songs, for purity, tenderness, and beauty, can hardly be excelled, such as for instance, "The Lass of Turrit Ha'," and the not less exquisite effusion entitled "Mary Hamilton." Nicoll has also written poems usually styled as of a higher order, the productions of his later, and fast ripening years. Such proofs of the rapid growth in the expansiveness of his mind, and refinement and variety of his tastes, may well cause his friends to mourn that he was not spared to achieve the yet higher things which a genius like his, fully matured, would naturally have done. We wish that we could quote, as we would like to do, in order to illustrate what we have thus advanced. How beautifully, tenderly, and nobly the affections of the poet-brother are transfused into the verses entitled "My Only Sister:"—

"The wild flowers, Margaret, round thee up are springing,
And sending forth into the summer sky
Their pure heart's incense. Unto me they seem
Thy guardian angels, ever watching thee,
And praying for thee in sweet Nature's voice
So purely holy!

The light of love is in thine eye, my sister!
The open smile of joy is on thy brow,
Thy floating hair falls o'er a little heart
As innocent, as loving, and as pure,
As e'er on earth was loved with love like mine—
A brother's love!

Fair as the image of a poet's musings—
Pure as the streams of childhood's vision hour
Thou art to me; for thou dost love me so.
My heart shall never tire of loving thee;
And what the heart doth love grows beautiful
As a pure soul.
* * * * * * *
My sister! friends may fail, and thy affections
On instability may all be laid;
But, in thy hour of loneliness, when those
Thou lovest most have left thee—then through tears
Remember that thy brother's heart and hand
Are ever open!"

Not less beautiful, and indeed a perfect and rare gem in its way, is the poem entitled "Wild Flowers."

"Beautiful children of the woods and fields
That blow by mountain streamlets mid the heather,
Or into clusters, neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small:—
I love ye all!
* * * * * * *
Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
I love ye all
* * * * * * *
Beautiful objects of the wild bees' love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—
I love ye all!"

After such glimpses as these, of the man and the poet, the reader can well believe that Robert Nicoll was entitled to say, as he did in writing to a friend, "I have written my *heart* in my poems." We have here the secret which ever is and must be the true source of all true poetry. And because of this, Robert Nicoll's life and his poetry will be read and admired while *heart* and genius combined can exercise the spell to preserve what the world "will not willingly let die."

The last few years of Nicoll's career are much better known than that portion of it which we have more dwelt upon. On having to leave Perth on account of his drooping state of health, and after a short sojourn among his native "Ordie braes," he set out for Edinburgh in search of employment in his business, and was unsuccessful. But it seems he was not greatly disappointed. He had been introduced, during that visit to the queen city of the north, to Mr. Robert Chambers, and one or two others of literary eminence, and his bent to literary pursuits became more confirmed. On returning from his visit to Edinburgh, he went to Dundee, and commenced a circulating library, which resulted in failure. It was during this unfortunate, and still struggling period of his life, that he prepared and published his first volume of "Poems and Lyrics." We have at this juncture too of his fortunes, the most remarkable proofs of his self-reliance, and indomitable perseverance. He writes to his mother in February, 1836, one of the most beautiful, affecting, and high-souled letters ever penned, perhaps, by youthful genius, surrounded as he was by poverty, difficulties, and disaster. "That money of R's," he says, referring to a few pounds which had been lent him, "hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation, to which earth is the gate." Again he says further on, "I think mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man." And in another part of this letter, he says, "This is my philosophy, and its motto is,

'Despair, thy name is written on
The roll of common men.'"

And Robert Nicoll was no *common* man. We find him very shortly afterwards, in this same year of 1836, through the intervention of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, in the situation of editor of the *Leeds Times*, and such was his wonderful success, increasing the circulation of the paper at the rate of from 200 to 300 copies weekly. His labours in writing for this paper, which met with so much favour from the working population of Leeds, besides other engagements, which he undertook in the cause of the people, and without turning away his attention from poetry (which seemed to be ever his solace in trouble, and sharer in all his joys), hastened on the lamented, fatal result. The turmoil of a general election in 1837, into which he naturally threw his whole soul and heart, gave the finishing blow to his health. His letters to his mother and his brother, at this sad period, are perfect well-springs of the purest affection and tenderness. We never perused their equal in these respects. He left Leeds for Scotland, "to breathe his native air," but he was soon to breathe his last. This event took place at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, the residence of his friend Mr. Johnstone, in the month of December, 1837, when he had not quite completed his twenty-fourth year. Like Michael Bruce, the poet of Lochleven, and author of the beautiful "Ode to the Cuckoo," and that not less beautiful and affecting poem "Now Spring returns, but

not to me returns"—Robert Nicoll, in one of his last compositions, presages his own early fate.

In now having brought to a close this necessarily slight notice, we may state what we have heard not a great while ago, that as yet no stone marks the poet's resting place. His remains are in the churchyard of Newhaven, near Edinburgh. This species of neglect to a poet and man of worth is "the old story." It was left to Burns, to place a stone over the grave of a brother poet in the Canongate Churchyard, at Edinburgh; and Nicoll's grave, perhaps, may be allowed, for aught we know, to lie undistinguished, till some brother bard, with a great heart like poor Burns, shall endeavour fitly to distinguish it.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THOU, too, art gone—thou who hast held the reins
Of Ministerial glory and renown,
O'er this our Empire; and before the world
Thy banner-chart of wisdom hast unfurled,
Whose bold and fearless standard hath borne down
Oppression's sordid rule, and cruel gains
Extorted from the poor man's hard-wrought toil.
'Twas at thy voice the storehouse of the soil,
Her ample treasures yielded to appease
The hungry and the famished of our land.
The mighty triumph won for thee a band
Of true and loving hearts. Fame breathes
An incense to thy name o'er every strand.

July 3rd, 1850. J. S. C.

THE BROKEN HOME.

What tongue?—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name.—POLLOK.

MUCH has been said and written on the glories of war and military conquest; and it has been the aim of interested journalists and governments to fling a halo of false light around military exploits, and to represent the details of a soldier's life as glittering with rewards and golden promises. But plain facts are much at variance with these boasting representations, and the enticing glare of the banner and the sword; and the illusive aspect of helmets, epaulettes, and plumed phalanxes of blood-red automata would soon fade away, if the simple truths of military adventure were divested of all this outward varnishing, and placed palpably and unadorned before us. Such a conclusion, at least, may be drawn from the following narrative of actual facts.

In the south-western corner of the beautiful county of Cheshire, is a group of low hills running from the brink of the Chester canal in a southern direction for the distance of about eight miles, and having several pretty villages pitched here and there amongst them. Although there are no striking features in the scenery of the district, yet there is a quiet air of primitive English life, which, to the traveller who is not satiated with of the fashionable folly of extolling the beauties of foreign lands and sneering at the rustic simplicities of our own, will prove quite refreshing. The quiet villages of Peckforton, Burwardsly, Hart Hill, and Bird's Hill, are scattered about at almost equal distances from each other, and from some of the most lofty points of the hills you may see all the village spires for miles around. Beeston Castle is situated at the northern extremity of this locality, and Bird's Hill at its southern. The latter village is named after the hill on which it is placed, and is a quaint, quiet, tree-embowered, homely place. There are two steep hills rising up precipitately at the lower end of the village, and these are surrounded with soft green meadow slopes, and rich corn fields, and green upland woods. About thirty-five years ago, there lived in a by-corner of the main street of the village, a poor widow, whose name was Harriett B——, and she had one son, and one daughter. She dwelt in an old thatched house which had been threatening to tumble down for thirty or forty years past, but which still stood leaning over, and staggering towards the road, as though it had not yet made up its mind, and must wait a little longer for consideration. The house had been a family mansion, and in old times its walls had often echoed with the mirth and laughter of festivity. It was now, however, a home, and every home is sacred to the highest moral attributes and sentiments of humanity. Her deceased husband had been one of the most important men in the village, and had kept the principal inn, known to all who have ever wandered amongst these hills, by the sign of the "Myrtle Branch." Less provident, however, than he might have been, and less fortunate many times than he could have wished to be; he had made no provision for his wife and family, and at his death, which had occurred some eight years before, his faithful partner was reduced to extreme poverty.

But widow B—— was a woman of strong mind, and of high moral virtue, and although her troubles were many and severe, she yet maintained by the labour of her hands, a position of humble independence and respectability. She was deeply respected by all who knew her, and although her lot had been a painful one, she was yet cheered in the solitary hours of reflection by the consciousness of duty, and the hopes which lived in her two children. Her son was now arrived at the age of nineteen, and was a stalwart, noble-fronted fellow, and devotedly attached to his mother, and was well endowed with those pure sentiments of filial affection and gratitude, which invariable follow from a high example; and which refine and hallow the breast wherein they reside. The daughter was some three years younger, and possessed a gentle and a trusting heart.

One fine April morning, when the sun was shedding a golden light upon the green meadows and the wooded hills, and the air was ringing with the songs of birds, there was the sound of music approaching the village, and every ear and eye in the place was on the alert. The music swelled upon the air, and the carol of the lark was drowned by it. The fife and the drum, and the clatter of horses' hoofs announced the arrival of a military troop. Soon their red streamers appeared at the farther end of the village, and the whole body came wheeling into sight with a majestic march, and a piercing flourish of trumpets. All the villagers were at their doors, and drinking in their fill of banners, feathers, the rattling of drums, and the thrilling flash-like sounds of trumpets. It was a troop of cavalry beating up recruits. Their horses' heads were decked with silken ribbons; the men were dressed in gorgeous plumes, and looked like a troop of heroes. The widow, daughter, and son, left their respective occupations, and came out to gaze upon the sight. At this moment a band of villagers passed, and, at their solicitation, the widow's son left his home, to join them for a holiday. The mother saw her son put on his hat and leave the house, and a cloud of doubt as to his safety, at a moment when such temptations were rife, crossed her mind. "I hope Harry won't be away long; I'd rather he had stayed at home," she said to her daughter Mary. "Oh, mother," replied Mary, "Harry's got too much good sense, and loves his home too well, to get into mischief.'

By this time the whole village was in a state of confusion; drums were beating, colours flying, and noise and excitement seemed to grow to the very walls and house-tops. Troops of unemployed field-labourers, emaciated village sots, and disappointed lovers, were enlisting; some in the grim satisfaction that now they were sure of

bread, and were born to realize no higher hope; some glad that a field was now opened to them, in which they might, perhaps, forget the evil doings of their lives, and shake off the obnoxious coating of villany with which their hearts were encrusted; and others, joyful at the mere metamorphosis which they had undergone, and caring neither for future suffering nor degradation.

Harry had been away about an hour, and one of the widow's neighbours came rushing into the house, shrieking out "you've lost your son; your son has enlisted, oh! may heaven save him, to leave his mother thus!" The widow started up and flew into the street, and had scarcely passed the threshold, when a drunken mob of recruiting serjeants and young men who had just enlisted, came in a march along the road. There was Harry in the midst, in a state of partial intoxication. She rushed up and seized him violently, and dragged him into the house; the mob jeered her, and would have detained their new comrade; but Harry, although bewildered by intoxication, and confused by a returning consciousness of having parted with the liberty which else had been so dear, checked them with his strong arm, and yielded to his mother's entreaties. The serjeant took his name and address, and led off the mob in search of new victims, and the widow and her son and daughter were alone.

And now the mother's heart was rent with grief; she looked upon her disconsolate son, who was so filled with shame, that he could not utter a word, and could almost have prayed for his death. The sister put her arms about her fond brother's neck, and sobbed out "Oh Harry, how could you be so foolish? What will become of you now—what shall we do without you?" "Ah! Mary, I'm a fool—a rascal, but it can't be helped now;" and he brushed the gathering tears from his eyes, and sat gazing at his weeping mother. And she, that fond mother, was weeping as none but mothers weep, and heaved such sighs as none but mothers heave, and her grief seemed as though it would sever her soul from her frail body. The child of her bosom, the pledge and likeness of her lost husband, her only son; he whom her eyes had rested on with fervent hope and promise in hours of joy and sorrow, over whom she had watched when cradled in his infant bed, and all unconscious of his mother's love, and of the warm heart which beat for him, and the eye which watched over him in hours of pain and trouble. He in this hour of folly, and temptation, and forgetfulness, had been led away by gaudy shows, and warlike sounds, which, instead of luring him from his home and those who loved him so, should have made him quail with fear, and cling more closely to the trusting hearts which beat in unison with his. Oh! sad indeed, that glittering colours and flourishing sounds should tempt a man to sell that which is above all price—his liberty, sweet liberty! and sell it too for ever! to get in exchange only long draughts of bitterness and woe, and years of suffering and anguish.

The morrow came, and it was his doom to leave his home. The night had been passed in tears by the mother and daughter; but Harry had grown even in that short time somewhat steeled to his fate, and fervently believed that he might, by steadiness and perseverance, reap honour and fame in the new life which awaited him, and once more become a blessing to his mother. It was the hour of parting, and there were other mothers and wives, and sisters and sweethearts, pierced with anguish at the loss of those they held most dear. "Harry," said the widow, "you have bartered a mother's fond embrace, a mother's trusting heart, and a home, which has till now been a home of peace and contentment, for glittering arms and gaudy lace; if you learn the soldier's pleasures, you must also learn his pains; and when sickness and suffering come upon you, you will have no home to rest your head in, and no mother to watch over you, and pray for you, and shed tears for you while you sleep; for this has broken my poor heart and we shall never meet again,—well, my poor boy, God bless you, God bless you—good-by, I—"and she sank into her daughter's arms, and her utterance was stifled by grief. Harry shook his mother's hand and stooped and kissed her, and bade farewell to his gentle sister, and left the roof under which he had been so happy, to join the troop of recruits who were gathering together for their departure; nearly all of whom were leaving tears and regrets behind them, and was soon hurried away, dressed in the colours of his regiment, and severed from the place of his birth and from the hearts of those who loved him.

Her boy was gone—her child was torn from her bosom, and like a dove, when her nest has been robbed of the love which bound her to her mate, and which in mutual bonds was cherished, pines her throbbing heart away, resolved to perish in a mute despair—so that suffering mother felt the wasting fire of grief within her heart, and her cherished hopes and affections, now rent and broken asunder, were but fuel for its desolating flames. She looked round upon the home which had been so happy to them all, even amid the sorrows and troubles which had fallen upon them while they clung fondly together, and she saw, wheresoever her weeping eyes were cast, the relics which told her of his absence. There hung his hat upon the door, and there was the Sunday coat which he wore when free; there were his Sunday shoes, the tools were lying upon his bench, his chair—the very chair rendered sacred to them all by a father's use, the chair which called to mind the kind parent who had gone where all must go, and the son who had gone to meet a fate more bitter still, and now by both forsaken. And at night, when she saw his deserted bed, she sighed within herself, "ah, my poor boy, my poor boy, you'll not have such a bed as this, but you must lie with rankling wounds upon your flesh upon the blood-stained grass, or upon the hard stones in the cold night air; God only knows how my poor boy will sleep now; he'll dearly miss his mother." And she knelt beside his bed and offered up her prayers to Him who forsakes not the widow and the fatherless, and besought a blessing for her erring child. And midnight came, and the solemn bell rung like a funeral knell for her, as she sat, widowed, childless, and alone, to number out her withered joys in the solitary hours of the silent night. And such days of grief, and such nights of bitter anguish did she know for two long years, and then the news of battle reached the shore, and the demon cry of victory ran through the land. But that cry brought no joy to her.

"What's victory to me," she said, "if my boy has died in the fight, how can I know the joy of victory?" And in her dreams she sees his feather waving in the breeze, and flies to meet him, and press him to her maternal breast, and greet him once again; and then she wakes, and all her fancied bliss forsakes her, and she breathes his name in accents wild until her wasted heart seems breaking. And sometimes she dreams that he is stretched before her a mangled corpse upon the gory plain, and she rushes forth in agony to grasp him; and when the morning ray relieves her grief, the faint hope within whispers "still perhaps he lives, and still again his mother's heart may clasp him!"

And so she did! One night, when the sky was as dark as the night within her own breast, she heard a step approach the door, and as she brushed away her tears, the door opened and a voice exclaimed,—

"My mother!" and her long lost son embraced her in his arms, and kissed her with a joy so great that his very soul seemed rent beneath it. No tongue nor pen can tell the feelings of that mother's breast, no pencil paint that happy scene. She pressed him to his old seat in the chimney corner, she brought his sister fluttering to greet him, and the home was again a home to her, as she

clasped his chill hand, and kissed his altered cheek, and blessed him with her tongue and heart. She was almost beside herself with joy; and although she could trace the scars upon his face, and saw the cheek pale which once was like the rose, her aged eyes lighted up as if her years of youth were returning.

"Oh, Harry, my boy, my own Harry, you'll never leave your mother again; oh, no, we'll never part again," and she clasped him to her breast, and could have kept him there for ever.

The sister and the mother formed his bed as they had done of old, the humble supper was prepared, and the jaded soldier went once more to rest beneath his mother's roof.

The mother did not sleep that night, and long before the dawn she left her bed, and glided softly into his chamber to watch him; and then she saw that strange dreams were working within him, and that his slumber was disturbed. He tossed to and fro in his bed; she heard him sigh, and saw him start as if an arrow had pierced his heart, and then he murmured broken words, and she could hear him say, "no, no, never, I'll never leave her, even if they try to force me, I'll never more desert my mother;" and then he struggled as if his life was battling with impending danger; and all this time his mother sat beside his bed, watching the troubled slumbers of her darling son. But fears gathered upon her mind, she knew not what to think, she seemed to stand upon the brink of sorrow, at the moment when she expected pleasure.

Long before the daylight dawned, and shed its golden light upon that soldier's home, the mother descended and trimmed the fire, and the sister came down too, and both were busy in preparing him a breakfast. But the breakfast had no relish for him, worn and emaciated as he was by toil and suffering, and there was a heavy cloud upon his brow as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He paused in his meal to heave deep sighs, and gazed on his mother's and sister's face with watchful glances which spoke of fears, which hid themselves within him. She strove to wring the secret from his heart; but no, he would not even tell his mother. She strove, in the awakening anxiety of new fears, to guess what grief oppressed him.

"Perhaps some other day," she said, "he'll tell me all; 'tis wrong, just now, to press it."

And three weeks passed away, and the home which should have been made happy by this re-union of three loving hearts, was but a home of doubt and sorrow, and then the sad truth flashed upon that suffering mother's heart. Three strangers came to the door with military weapons and with ill foreboding looks, and claimed her Harry as a deserter! Oh! what a heavy stroke for her; the tide of anguish was so deep and strong, that it threatened to rend her feeble heart, and weigh her to the grave with sorrow. No breast but a mother's can know the feelings of that widow's lonely bosom. No heart but a mother's can know the grief which now possessed her. Ah! better, when she fell a senseless weight upon the floor, if she had never known the pangs of waking! If her heart had then ceased to beat, her bruised and tortured spirit would have been free for ever. But no! she woke to see him fettered like a felon, and torn once more away from his home. She saw the tear start from his eye, she heard him heave a bursting sigh, and then, once more, they parted.

His sister watched him as he marched up the hill, and when he gained the summit, he turned a last gaze upon his home, and was so absorbed in the memories which rushed like an overwhelming torrent upon him, that he attempted to raise his arms as a signal, and this brought him back to a consciousness of the fetters which he wore, and to the fate which awaited him, and he turned round, and marched on with a faltering step,—his home he could not look upon again. "Mother and sister, fare ye well, my blood must flow; I left the ranks to greet ye, may God sustain me in this new sorrow."

II.

"With stripes which Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast."—COWPER.

The nation was engaged in war with half the powers of the world, and all feelings of humanity were sunk in the stream of brutality which pervades every land when immersed in sanguinary wars. There was no pity for suffering, no compassion for breaking hearts; men who wore red jackets had no right to the sentiments of filial love; the inheritance of moral feeling was deemed only a trait of cowards and fools; and the man who deserted the ranks to get back to his mother's heart must endure protracted torture, and pay the penalty of his crime in blood. And so the day arrived on which the widow's son was doomed to bear the lash.

The grey light of the morning had scarcely burst above the east, when the shrill trumpet's awakening blast mingled its piercing tones with that of the sighing air, and seemed a fitting herald of the accursed work which was to be done. The very sun seemed steeped in sorrow, as he rose with a weeping cloud upon his breast, which shed large drops upon each bush and tree. And then came the second trumpet's sound, spreading the fearful summons "to prepare for punishment!" And as its wailing echoes died away, many a bosom heaved with sighs, and many a comrade kneeled in prayer. And from the dark prison comes the trembling victim, drooping with grief and shame, and with no friendly arm to bear him on. Solemn and slow they march along, and silence is sealed on every tongue—there is neither a mother's nor a sister's voice to cheer him, and a withering torture is his fearful doom. The halberds are fixed, and the circle formed; the drummer with the nine-tails armed, and the soldier stripped to bear the lash! His lip quivers, and his eye is glazed with mental agony; but there is no mercy there. "Strike!" and the whizzing whipcord pierced his flesh, and the living blood rolled down in purple streams, he gnashed his teeth, and prayed to die, but there was no mercy there. "Strike!" and every lash and groan is like to be his last, and languishing nature seems about to fail; but there is no mercy there. Stripe after stripe, till the victim is bathed and clotted in his own gore; but there is no mercy there! "Twenty and five" and a fresh lash and arm were brought, as though hell itself had let loose its fiends of greatest terror, and cruelty must now be shown, as the world had never known before! His livid lips were parched, his hands were swollen, and every pore was streaming with the sweat of agony—he laboured hard for every breath, his panting bosom sighed, he would have prayed for death, but the word "mother" came upon his lips; although there was no mercy there! Again the stern command, and again descends the knotted thong; there is no mercy there, and 'twere better not to tell the frantic pain, the scorpion torture—till he sinks exhausted when five hundred lashes have been told! Oh God! why is it permitted for man to be thus a tyrant over man! to tear his heart with rankling wounds, and spill his blood at pleasure? Is Mercy sometimes dead? are thousands so debased in mind, so lost to every tie of love, that they can see a comrade tortured so, and offer not a word to rescue him, or do no deed to crush the tyrant power? The avenging shafts of heaven were slumbering then, and there was no mercy there! It was an Englishman who suffered thus, a man with virtue in his heart, a man who spoke the language of Howard and Wilberforce, and who had the blood of Sidney in his veins. Yes, Britain may blush for her soldiers' wrongs! it is for this he goes to fight on foreign shores, it is for this he bears hardships with a mute endurance; it is for this he freely bleeds, when fighting in

his country's cause. Oh, Britain! blush for shame, for the red flag of your triumph is but a symbol of the blood of your subjects which you yourself, without heeding, spill!

But what is he now? His shoulders lacerated, his eyes closed, his cheek deadly pale, and his breath coming in short gasps, while his pulse is lingering at the threshold of death. But not to die. Oh, no! there is no mercy there; and cruelty refined supplies the cooling and reviving aid of water to waken him to pangs keener than any he has known yet. And there, mangled, disgraced in every eye, languishing from day to day, his outward wounds heal at last, but there is one wound within which rankles him to the soul, and keeps a fire ever burning in his breast, and which neither art nor time can heal or cover. The leading star of a soldier's life is honour; it is that which brightens through the gloom of war, and amid the dark perils of the gory field; and that star and all its beams of glory has set for him, now and for ever! The scars a soldier gains in fight are like to laurel garlands on his brow, and it is his pride in after years to reveal them as trophies of the victories he has helped to win, but scars that the lash upon his back has cut, are those of vileness and of scorn, and ever after gaining these, he blushes and conceals them. And he, disgraced in every eye, without a friendly glance from any one around him, feels his degradation more than he can bear, and, nursing the serpent which dwells within his breast, becomes once more,—a Deserter!

One sultry day in June, he found himself again upon his mother's threshold in the glaring light of the noonday sun. But his mother's door could not long conceal him. His mother's arms once more embraced her son, and her cup of joy was again filled to overflowing. And yet she paused and pondered to think by what means he had regained his home, and then she feared to ask him, for to see his face again was heaven indeed; it was the child she loved so dearly, her own darling boy; and then the madness of the thought would come, that this new bliss might be dearly bought, by repeated tortures and despair. But, alas! even the soldier's grief was nothing to the new shock which awaited him, for when he was disengaged from his mother's embrace, she led him to his sister's bed, and there lay the only other flower which grew upon the humble stalk of this sorrowing family, like an opening blossom chilled by the fierce breath of an early winter, with the hectic flush upon her cheek, and the unearthly sparkling of the eye which told him that death would soon claim his sister as a victim of consumption. "Oh mother," he sobbed out, "is my cup of sorrow not yet full, have I deserted a second time to see this? Oh, Mary, Mary! my loving sister, Mary, must you die so soon, and leave us to mourn for you?" But the girl was frail as an evening shadow, or the morning fragrance of a flower, and she spoke faintly, "God bless you, Harry, I shall not long be here, for there is a cold dew upon my brow, and my heart beats faintly, and I can hear the gentle voices of the dream-spirits calling me to join them."

"Her mind wanders, she will be in heaven soon," said the heart-broken widow, "and I, her weeping and loving mother, will not be long in joining her." And the mother and the son shed tears together. And now the mother's eye was bright again as she rose from her knees and saw that her boy was pouring forth his soul to God in prayer, and she said, "Thank heaven the hand of death will fall lightly on me, for my boy will be here to brighten my last hours, to cheer the gloomy winter of my life, and to support me as I totter to the grave!" And the morrow came, and the fair girl talked with the fleeting forms that gathered round her bed, and without another sigh or pang, she passed silently into the shadows.

Two days elapsed, and while the blanched form of his angel'd sister was lying beneath the roof of that broken home, three men appeared, as they had done before, and he was once more bound in fetters, and torn from the embraces of his mother. He could not say farewell, his tongue refused to shape a syllable. The widow had but one hope left, and that was to meet her boy in heaven. He was conveyed back and cast into prison, was tried and condemned, while the wounds were still green and festering on his back, to bear the lash again. He did bear it, but he felt it less than he had done before, albeit each nerve and muscle of the drummer's arm, were strained to the utmost. He was watched by the surgeon of the regiment, and nature, with a last convulsive effort, restored him, to nourish the only hope which was left in his withered breast.

Not many weeks elapsed ere he was missed again from his accustomed post, and again a guard was sent to the same spot to search for him. But it was too late, his mother was worn down by anguish of heart, and had died breathing the name of her only son; and he had travelled on, barefooted, cold, hungry, and emaciated; had found his home deserted, had found the graves which contained his mother and his sister, and falling there upon the mound over which the grass had not yet had time to grow, had breathed his last breath, and entered into the "better land."

He was found there, and, scarred and emaciated as he was, was yet recognised by the villagers, and hastily entombed in the grave on which he died; for the sorrows of the widow, and the fate which had befallen her and her children, claimed the sympathy of all the hearts in the little village of Bird's Hill, and the villagers were determined that the dead body of the son should not be removed from the grave which held his mother.

And now in the little sequestered churchyard of that sweet old village, the passer-by may find a low mound lying behind the grey church, and covered all over with long grass and daisies, and white dead nettles, and trailing ivy, and flowering wild thyme; and if he will stoop down, and look at the foot of the grave amid the tall weeds and flowers, he will find a small stone on which is inscribed these words:—"Sacred to the remains of a Mother, a Daughter, and a Son." And if he should meet any aged men or women with silvery locks and time-furrowed brows, and will ask them of the fate of the good widow B——, and of her two children, he will see the eye, which has grown dim with the misty shadows of many years, once more sparkle with a gathering tear, and will be told that the widow and her children are resting from their many sorrows in that home to which the wooden spire of the old church points, and that the flowers which each new summer sprinkles on their grave speak in mute accents of the better life to which they have awakened.

Biographic Sketch.

EUGENE SCRIBE.

Eugene Scribe, by far the most fertile and talented of the French dramatists,—whose "Tempesta" has lately been the rage among London *cognoscenti*,—the author also of innumerable poems, novels, and works, displaying no less industry than inventive genius:—Eugene Scribe is a native of Paris, like many others of the most distinguished of French writers.

Very few of our great English names belong to London; great though London be, it is not England, nor does it express the genius and character of England, in the same sense that Paris is France, and expresses the genius and character of France. Thus, when we look at the great-thoughts-men of England, we find the whole

country at large sharing the honor of having given them birth. Take our poets, for instance, and we find that Cumberland claims Wordsworth; Devonshire, Coleridge; Lincolnshire, Tennyson; Ayrshire, Burns; Sussex, Shelley; Edinburgh, Walter Scott; Dublin, Moore; Glasgow, Campbell; Bristol, Southey; Sheffield, Elliott; and so on. Comparatively few of the English men of world-wide reputation have been born in London, at least during the last century. Of the older poets, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, were Londoners; but then Shakspere, greater than them all, was a country man, from Stratford-on-Avon.

On the contrary, most of the great French poets have been Parisians born; Moliere, Boileau, Beranger, and also the subject of this memoir, Eugene Scribe. His father was a silk-mercer, at the sign of the Black Cat, in the Rue St. Denis. It is now a confectioner's shop; and in this house Scribe was born in 1791. His father being in good business, and the boy's intelligence promising, he was sent to the college of St. Barbe, where he somewhat distinguished himself. Here he made the friendship of the brothers Delavigne. But the college, even then occupied his attention less than the theatre, to which he was early attached by powerful instincts; and he began to experiment in dramatic efforts. His mother, on her death-bed, had expressed a strong desire that he should be educated for the bar, and his studies had been directed to this end.

But the success of even his earliest dramatic efforts had the effect of turning Scribe's views entirely in the direction of the theatre. When only twenty, his first little piece, "The Dervises," was played in the theatre in the Rue de Chartres. His own name was not attached to his first dramas; his excellent tutor, M. Bonnet, a celebrated barrister of the day, dissuading him from then venturing openly before the public as a dramatic writer; so they were given out as the works of M. Eugene. But when M. Bonnet had himself witnessed the decided success of the pieces, and discerned the strong dramatic tendency of his pupil, he freely let him take his own course, and give forth his own name as the author of the works.

In 1813, Scribe produced his first comic opera, a department of composition in which he has greatly excelled, creating and sustaining a school of dramatic literature almost exclusively his own. The best of Auber's librettos are from his pen.

In 1815, Scribe's vaudevilles began to be the rage. His "Night with the National Guard" was one of his earliest successful pieces in this line of composition. The vaudeville was indeed his first style—purely French, full of vivacity, fun, and song; his next style, which he may be said to have originated, was the genteel, half-sentimental comedy of the Gymnase; and his third is the complete French comedy in five acts, which he has succeeded in bringing to its highest perfection.

But the vaudeville was his earliest favourite, into which he threw all his youthful energy, frolic, and wit. He had this field almost to himself; for Etienne was then engaged in writing high comedy, Arnault tragedy, Jouy lyrical dramatic pieces; and busy in one or other of the same fields were Lanjon, Desaugiers, Gentil, and a crowd of other young writers, forcing their way into notice. Scribe was then content to amuse the public, and he did so to perfection. From this style—from the pure vaudeville, with its fresh and brilliant sallies, its romping fun and sprightly buffoonery, from such flashing and brief sketches of Parisian manners, he gradually glided into a style more pure and more marked, one of the best evidences of which was the production of "The Solicitor," in the year 1817; a piece which elicited the highest praise from one of the greatest of German theatrical critics, the late M. Schlegel.

About the end of 1820, the Gymnase was founded. This was an event of great moment in the career of M. Scribe. He was then twenty-nine years of age, well practised in his business, and was selected by M. Poirson as *collaborateur* in the getting up of the pieces for the new theatre. He soon distinguished himself by the clever and spirited genteel comedies, which might be said to flow from his pen, and attracted crowds of theatre-goers to witness them. Up to the time of Scribe, the old comedies were still in the ascendant; the more modern pieces had failed to displace them; and the living comedy writers were little esteemed. Consequently, the field was comparatively little frequented, the best authors trying their wits in other directions.

Rochefoucauld has well said, that "accidents reveal us to others, and still more to ourselves." The appointment of Scribe as dramatic writer for the Gymnase, was the accident which revealed him to himself and to the world, as a dramatic writer of the first rank. For many years he was thus exclusively employed, producing an extraordinary number of pieces, many of which have gone the round of the continent, and been translated by English playwrights under various names. His "Mariage d'Argent" was produced in 1827, in the seventh year of his labours in connection with the Gymnase. Strange to say, this complete and exquisite comedy, in five acts, without any melodies or adventitious attractions, sustained entirely by pure dramatic action, unity of cast, truth, and character, was very imperfectly appreciated by the public. The academy indeed, hailed it as a comedy of the highest order; Scribe, however, did not write for the academy, but for "the house." The piece was very successfully played in the larger provincial towns, but some years elapsed before it had reached its highest popularity in Paris itself.

Meanwhile Scribe redoubled his exertions at the Gymnase. The "Mariage d'Argent" was withdrawn, and then appeared "The Marriage of Inclination;" "Before, During, and After;" and other pieces, full of brilliant originality and wit. Never was there an author so fertile, laborious, and indefatigable before. In seizing and reproducing distinctive traits of character, with their nicest shades; in surrounding adventure, intrigue, and enjoyment of all kinds, with scintillations of humour and wit, and working them up into a little stirring dramatic form, complete as a chrysolite, Scribe was now pronounced unrivalled and unapproachable. He hit the Parisian taste to a T. He seemed to know the little corner in every heart, which no one knew so well how to tickle or to probe. His thorough knowledge of character, and, above all, of Parisian character and life, gave him immense advantage over all his competitors. But, unquestionably, his chief cause of success is to be found in his admirable combination and arrangement of scenes. He conducts them with an art and ability,—the result, no doubt, of great study, reflection, and invention—which enable him to carry everything before him. There must, however, be something more than knowledge of Parisian life—something more than mere dramatic "tact,"—there must be real genius in the works of a dramatist of so world-wide popularity, as is Eugene Scribe. His plays are performed in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, London, Madrid. They have been played at the extremity of Russia, and near the confines of China. At Tromsoe, a little town in the far north of Scandinavia, surrounded by snowy mountains, Scribe's "Marriage of Reason," and other favourite pieces of his, are played every winter. "We shall next hear of his pieces having been performed" says Theophile Gautier, "at the central-African city of Timbuctoo!"

After furnishing pieces for the Gymnase for about twelve years, in the course of which time he wrote for it not fewer than one hundred and fifty vaudevilles; he accepted an engagement to write for the Theatre Francais, where he directed his talents towards political vice, and

satirised and lashed it in a thousand fascinating forms. He opened the assault by "Bertrand et Raton," and followed it up with "The Independents," "Calumny," "The Glass of Water," *(verre d'eau)*, and numerous other pieces. Scribe now showed that he could do something more than amuse; he could teach; he could wield political power. He lashed vice in high places; unveiled corruption; exposed folly and injustice. His status as a dramatist enlarged. In showing up the vile, he never disgusted, as our friends the romancists are so apt to do. He had too large a knowledge of his art, not to know how to avoid the odious and revolting. The success of his comedies, produced at the Theatre Français, was as decided as had been the success of his vaudevilles at the Gymnase. He composed for the former house ten comedies, in five acts; and twenty, in one, two, and three acts. During the same period, he was engaged in writing opera libretti, in which he has proved more successful than any living writer. Up to the present time he has written not fewer than forty grand operas, and one hundred comic operas; and to these has now to be added the libretto of his "Tempesta," recently brought out at Her Majesty's Opera House. His entire works are 340 in number, besides several novels and tales which he has written.

It must not, however, be imagined that Scribe has himself written all these works; he has had *collaborateurs*. And here we must let the reader peep behind the scenes of French authorship. In England, we cannot imagine two or three authors sitting down to construct and elaborate a play, yet this is constantly done in France. There is, for instance, a little piece called "Italian Vengeance," which is the joint production of three of the best authors —Scribe, Delestre, and Desnoyers. The two latter wrote the dialogue, Scribe putting in his finishing touches, and arranging the piece with his infinite tact and knowledge of stage effect; the result being a complete whole, every part being executed with the most consummate skill. The division of labour among French writers, in the preparation of plays for the stage, has reached its perfection. They have acquired a degree of precision in the production of effects, which English writers can scarcely understand. A young man, ambitious, and full of talent, writes a new play, and submits it to Scribe; he picks it out, by a kind of instinct, from a hundred others, detects some good points in it, prunes and pares it down, touches it up in some parts, strengthens the colour, gives light and shade, and stage effect, and lo! it appears as a masterpiece of Scribe. True, he did not write it, but it is his genius or tact that has made it presentable at all; it is his curtailments, and little touches here and there, that have secured the success of the piece.

In some cases, a plot is suggested by one of the *collaborateurs*, is improved upon by others, and is then distributed for execution among the whole; then the *chef*, for instance Scribe, takes the piece, and after striking out every word that is superfluous, arranges the whole with an eye to stage effect.

But although many of Scribe's plays are thus written, chiefly and avowedly by his *collaborateurs*, by far the greater part of them have been written entirely by himself. His industry is prodigious. It is not so much a pleasure and a labour to him, as a necessity of his nature, which he must gratify. He has always in reserve an immense number of plans of new plays in his portfolio. Sometimes he takes up one, sometimes another, thinks it over, and elaborates it rapidly into a drama; a six week's journey in a caleche across Belgium, or along the Rhine, with the carriage windows open, generally suffices for one of his longest *chef-d'œuvres*, for a complete comedy in five acts. His composition is the most fertile, and his dialogues the most happy, when done flying. He has frequently sent a comedy to the theatre, act by act, the earliest being in rehearsal while the latter was only in process of composition, so sure was he of the economy of his plan. They would sometimes observe on the margin of his manuscript the task he had set himself for the day; "Here I stop at such an hour," marking the order, as well as the whim, of the writer.

Of course, when an author writes so much as Scribe has done, there will necessarily be many imperfect works, many failures; those written for the passing hour lose their interest, and fall into inevitable oblivion. But enough, nevertheless, remains of Scribe's best works, to entitle him to the merit of being the greatest dramatic author living.

We need scarcely add that his labours have proved exceedingly lucrative to himself; he has derived from the performance of his plays throughout France, for many years past, an annual revenue of about 200,000 francs, or about £8,000 sterling.

In conclusion, we may add, that Scribe has pursued an honest and irreproachable public career; he has kept clear of all parties, and never been a solicitor for patronage or place of any kind; his industry has been his best reward. Honours have, however, been showered upon him; he has been invested with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and received crosses and dignities from the sovereigns of nearly every nation in Europe.

Lessons for Little Ones.

BRASS, LEAD, AND IRON.

Chapter II.

One morning, nearly a year after the departure of Brass for the Golden Islands, Dame Pewter was in the garden, gathering cabbage leaves for porridge, and thinking that it would not be long before she should see her dear Brass again, when Gaffer Tin, a gossiping neighbour, bustled in at the garden gate.

"Good morning, Gaffer Tin," quoth Pewter, "and what brings you here this fine morning?"

"Morning here, morning there, dame; I shall not be so welcome when I have told you my news," replied the man.

Dame Pewter turned pale, and sank down among the cabbage sprouts.

"I know what you are going to say," groaned she, "my Brass has met with some accident."

"Not so bad as that," replied Tin, "but if you would take my advice, you would immediately send some one to look after him, for he is wandering about all alone on the seashore, and is as ragged as your apron, and as hungry-looking as my cat, Tib. A person told me who saw him only three days ago."

Though this news made Dame Pewter very sorrowful, she would not lose time in lamentation, but called out lustily for Lead, who was digging for roots in the field.

"Here is sad news," said she, as the boy slowly obeyed her summons. "Your headstrong brother has somehow failed of reaching the end of his journey, and has made a beggar of himself; and it is on you, Lead, as a prudent and managing person, that I now rely to get him out of the scrape."

"Yes," said Gaffer Tin, "if you are sharp about it, my lad, you may both of you get to go with Prince Diamond on his next expedition. He is just ret- ed, they say, and will be off again immediately."

So Lead received his mother's blessing, and her instructions, and what she could afford him in the way of eatables, and off he trudged to find his unfortunate brother; Dame Pewter first taking the precaution to

paste a label upon his hat, on which were engraven the words, "Modesty and Prudence."

We shall not follow his steps across the desert, as his progress much resembled that of Brass on a former occasion, save that it was slower, so that night came on before he arrived at the rocks. But he was not so fortunate as to meet with a hospitable lion, who could have given him a good night's rest, even though he might have been tempted to eat him up in the morning. Instead of this, poor Lead was obliged to bivouac as well as he could under a shelving rock, where he laid himself down, without a thought of the dangers that surrounded him, and began to snore.

"Who is that?" hissed a serpent, that lived in a hole close by.

Her voice awoke Lead, and he rubbed his eyes, and looked about him. "I thought some one spoke," said he to himself.

"Yes, to be sure, *I* did," said the snake; "who are you? what do you want here?" and she stretched her long neck till her hot breath scorched his cheek.

We may suppose that Lead was not a little frightened when he distinguished by the starlight the polished body, gleaming eyes, and forked tongue, of the intruder. He almost swooned with terror. But the snake glided nearer and nearer; and collecting all his strength, he hastily got up from the ground, and fell upon his knees.

"My good little man," said the serpent, distending her jaws into a ghastly smile, "you need not look so terrified; I know you very well, and I only wish to offer my services."

"*Your* services!" croaked a voice behind her, "pretty services you would render. Don't believe her, little boy, she wants to lead you into a snare."

A gleam of light shone around, and Lead perceived that it came from a small lantern, which a queer-looking little man, the owner of the voice, carried in his hand.

"Come," said the stranger, and his croaking accents sounded kindly; "come, my boy, if you are willing, and do not mind a little trouble, I will show you the direct way over the rocks to the seaside."

So Lead followed him and his lantern; and the dwarf, who was no other than our old acquaintance with the ebony crook, led him a little distance along the rock, and then, directing the light upwards, nimbly began to climb the steep face af the precipice.

Lead climbed after him, but the sharp edges of the rock tore his clothes, and grazed his hands and knees. Besides which, it was not easy to preserve his footing when he could scarcely see where to plant his feet, so that he soon got discouraged, and called out to the dwarf that he could go no farther.

"Persevere but for three minutes longer, my boy, and then I shall be able to help you up with my crook," shouted the dwarf, still hastening on in advance. But Lead thought to himself, "I will not be done, the little fellow means no good;" and he began to slide down again, holding on as well as he could.

"What are you doing?" called out the dwarf after him. "Will you not follow me?"

"No, thank you," replied Lead, shrugging his shoulders to himself, as he sat down to rub his shins.

"You will repent it," shouted the dwarf, "as your brother Brass did before you." And Lead saw the lantern mount higher and higher, till it reached the top of the rocks, and disappeared.

He sat for some time in very low spirits, and wishing the day would dawn, that he might pursue his journey. All at once a low hiss sounded near him, and turning his head, he met the fiery eyes of Madam Snake.

"Well," said she, "has the little man proved a better guide than I would have made?"

"No, indeed," said Lead, sighing deeply. "I will never trust the little rascal again; he wanted to decoy me to the summit of the rocks, doubtless intending to throw me down when he got there. But I know better than all that; my mother understands my character, and she pasted it upon my hat, that other people might comprehend it also. I am, in truth, too modest to wish to rise above my station, and too prudent to be decoyed up precipices for the sake of doing so; therefore, if you can show me a humbler and safer mode of joining my brother Brass, madam, I shall be much obliged to you."

"At any rate, the dwarf has not frightened away your tongue," replied the snake; "but follow me, and I will show you an elegant path through the rocks. Your brother was fool enough to go round, and that caused him to lose his chance."

Off glided the serpent, and closely upon her tail followed Lead, and together they penetrated the rocks by a hole about three feet in diameter, which had been hitherto concealed from view by an overhanging bramble. Lead's face got scratched, but he cared little for that, for he now hoped to attain his object without much trouble. The path was only wide enough for one person, and in many places our hero had to stoop, and sometimes even to crawl on his hands and knees. However, he thought that the rocks, being so steep, could not be of great thickness at the base; so he laboured on with a good heart, for crawling suited his disposition better than climbing.

Hour after hour passed in this way, and still the path stretched out before them, partially illuminated by a kind of phosphorescent light that proceeded from the body of the snake. Lead was growing impatient; he frequently interrogated his guide as to the probability of their journey being speedily at an end. She always told him that they would see daylight immediately; but at length he no longer believed her, and heartily wished that he had not resigned himself to her guidance. She was greedy besides, and was continually turning to demand some of his provisions, which he dared not refuse her, and yet he feared they would not last out. However, there was no help for it; he could not bear to retrace that crushing and suffocating path alone; so he went on until his strength was quite spent, and then he laid himself in despair along the path, and refused to move a step farther.

Finding him quite obstinate, the snake left him; and scarcely had she fairly turned tail, than he fell fast asleep, for he was completely worn out with fatigue and disappointment. He had slept he knew not how long, when a gleam of light fell upon his swollen eyelids, and a croaking voice sounded in his ears.

"Rouse yourself, my boy," it said, "look up and behold a friend, though one whose counsel you despise."

"Oh! dear Sir, kind Sir," exclaimed poor Lead, who immediately recollected where he was, "rescue me out of this horrible place, and I will never slight you again."

"Jump up, then, and lay hold of my crook. Do you know how long you have slept? Two nights and a day; and you have now no chance of accompanying Prince Diamond. But cheer up, seek out your brother, and hope for better luck, which is better conduct, next time."

So the little man drew Lead gently on, and in no long time the fresh breeze blew upon his cheek; and they emerged high up the rocks, under the blue canopy of heaven.

"Here," said the little man, "I must leave you. But I make you a present of my crook. Use it well, and walk in the direction it points out, and you will soon find your brother. Use it ill, and slight its guidance, and it will lose its power, and then you may wander about until this time next year without once seeing his face. Your good mother will then have to lament two forlorn, misguided sons, instead of one."

Whether Lead profited by this counsel or not, and what further befel him, will be seen by the sequel; which our young readers may look for in another number.

THE WORKMAN'S EVENING SONG.

I'm glad to see yon springtide sun
Go down, albeit I love his light;
My bread is won, my labour done,
My reason clear, my conscience right;
And as I linger on my way,
I see, with not irreverent eyes,
The grandeur of departing day
In the rich glory of the skies;
Whilst yet the shadowy coppice rings,
As the brave throstle blithely sings.

To morrow, when his earliest beams
Turn to loose gold the quivering rills;
Rekindle the rejoicing streams,
In purple vesture swathe the hills;
With buoyant mind, and sinews strong,
I'll go, with willing heart, to bear
What burdens to my lot belong,
Of honest toil my needful share;
And on my way see beauteous things,
Whilst the glad skylark blithely sings.

But now I seek that quiet nest,
Shut from the outward world's annoy,
My home, where I am ever blest,
The sanctuary of my joy;
There will my gentle wife with me
Partake the cheerful evening meal,
Talk with confiding speech and free,
Sweetly and calmly, till I feel
The peace, the bliss her presence brings,
Whilst the bright kettle blithely sings.

Then will I sit me at my ease,
Absorbed in some enchanting page,
Something to teach me or to please,
Tale-teller, annalist, or sage;
But chief the poet shall instil,
Into my inmost depths of heart
The lofty spirit of his will,
The essence of his tuneful art;
And lift me high on fancy's wings,
Whilst the shrill cricket blithely sings.

When Sabbath comes, God's holy boon,
Blest day, so dear and fugitive!
I'll ask yon sun, that leaves us soon,
For all the light that he can give;
I'll fly to nature's tranquil breast,
With the same feelings as of old,
And lay me down, for thought and rest,
In fields of fluctuating gold;
Or murmur sweet imaginings,
Where the fresh brooklet blithely sings.

I'll tread the upland's starry floors,
Climb the rough mountain's shadowy side,
Feel the deep silence of the moors,
Silence that awes all human pride.
The voice of birds, 'mid forest glooms,
The lapse of waters in the shade;
Shapes, motions, colours, sounds, perfumes,
Of Nature's making, shall pervade
My senses with delightful things,
Whilst my rapt soul serenely sings.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

SILENT GRIEF.

There are thoughts that lie and glitter deep; tearful pearls beneath life's sea, that surges still and rolls sunlit, whatever it may hide. Common woes, like fluids, mix all round. Not so with that other grief. Some mourners load the air with their lamentations; but the loudest notes are struck from hollows. Their tears flow fast, but the deep spring only wells.—*Mardi.*

DIAMOND DUST.

OUR experience in grief costs us little when we manage to get it second-hand.

FEW people know themselves, because they find the study of themselves an employment but little calculated to satisfy their pride or vanity.

THE calm twilight of evening is the most sickening time for grief; all is delightful, and all is miserable.

THERE are two kinds of false philosophers; those who underrate, and those who overrate man.

THE sweetest flowers are those which shed their odours in quiet nooks and dingles; and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

MAN, though an image of the Deity, occasionally acts as if he were anxious to fill up a niche in the temple of the devil.

ELOPEMENT—beginning in disobedience that which generally terminates in misery.

IF a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.

MIX kindness with authority, and rule rather by discretion than rigour.

THE tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of Affection would perish.

SOUL-CHEERING is it to live in an age when a thought is stronger than a sword, public opinion more powerful than a standing army, the people's mouth more potent than the cannon.

BARRISTER—a legal servant-of-all-work.

AN excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

POETRY—the music of Thought conveyed to us in the music of Language.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope and fear—one that hath no memory of the past, and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy with humanity, and no feelings in common with the rest of his species.

BE not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

WHAT a luxurious man, in poverty, would want for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friend or the poor.

THE flowers which grow in the green pastures of Paradise shed such a profusion of sweet odours, that now and then they find their way into this world, and are inhaled by many souls, but few are so pure as to recognise and appreciate them; but those few which are, become, for ever after, sacred precincts and sanctuaries of love.

MANY Italian girls are said to profane the black veil, by taking it against their will; and so do many English girls profane the white one.

HUMILITY is a virtue that all preach, few practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

LIBRARY—a precious catacomb, wherein are embalmed and preserved, imperishably, the great minds of the dead who will never die.

ON the outside of things seek for differences, on the inside for likenesses.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 8, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, August 24, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 70.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

BOLTON PRIORY.

THE priory of Bolton and the neighbourhood has been made classical ground by Wordsworth, in his fine poem of "The White Doe of Rylstone." The priory is situated in one of the numerous valleys which extend, in all directions, from the wild and rugged range of mountainous country forming the boundary between the counties of York and Lancashire, and which has been so graphically styled "the backbone of England." The mountain ribs which extend east and west from the central range, contain in the valleys which lie between them some of the most picturesque, but least frequented, scenery in England. Westward lie the beautiful valleys of the Ribble and the Lune, and eastward extend the fertile dales of Yorkshire, watered by the Yore, the Nid, the Wharfe, and the Aire. Numbers of tiny, but noisy streams, feed these rivers in their progress to the sea; every little dell and dale sending its brook, beck, or gill. The upper district, torn and upheaved, as it seems to have been, by some tremendous convulsion of nature, presents an almost endless succession of rugged hills and mountain ranges, with beautiful dales lying nestling between:

> "Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
> Beneath their little patch of sky;
> And little lot of stars."

There is the brown heath or bounding fell, and the barren rock above; and along the bottom of each valley a narrow strip of the richest grassy land, watered by its beck or rivulet, on the banks of which there is sometimes planted a little village, and a church, with its taper spire pointing heavenwards, or, as in the present case, the ruins of an old priory.

The usual drive to Bolton, from the pleasant little watering-place of Ilkley, is up the lovely valley of the Wharfe. The river runs sparkling and flashing in the sun, through rich pasture-lands; sometimes under the shade of leafy trees, rapid and noisy; and again expanding into pools, it creeps along by reedy banks, scarce seeming to flow, save for the trout that leap up to catch the flies playing along its surface, the bubbles floating on after the prey has been secured. In some places, you pass along between hedges so thick and close that you can almost pluck the wild roses and geraniums, on either side, with which they are filled. Now you are passing along a high bank, and a noble reach of the river lies before you, the far distance shut in by bounding fells and heaths; and again you are skirting its grassy banks, where a fisher, with his rod and line, is busily engaged in trapping the unsuspecting skimmers of the waters.

Everything has an old-fashioned look in this out-of-the-way district. The railway steam-pace of modern times has not yet penetrated this valley, so well protected by its mountains. The ploughs lying idle behind the old-fashioned, rose-covered hedges, are of the last century's model. The cottages, up which the woodbine and honeysuckle creep, covering them with golden bloom, are as old-fashioned as are the antique matrons, and even the blooming girls that peep from the cottage doors and trellised windows, as you pass. Hill, dale, and river, are all as old-fashioned as Nature herself. Indeed this valley, that grows gradually narrower as you advance, seems to be a world's end, beyond which you cannot pierce.

But now, at a turn of the road, from a lofty overhanging bank, a few straggling old houses are observed, a bridge, and, in the distance, seemingly cooped in the very extreme of the valley, the projecting gable of an ivy-covered ruin. We question our guide, and are informed that "this to t' right is Bolton Bridge, and that theear is t' Abby."

"Ah! what a beautiful specimen of the Old Country have we here!" was the exclamation of an enthusiastic young American, on stepping through the wide fissure in the old grey wall which separates the grounds from the highway, and obtaining his first glimpse of Bolton Priory from the Holme Terrace. You see it almost embowered in trees of ash, lime, and oak, picturesquely grouped in the bottom of the valley, through which the Wharfe flows windingly; and it is on the platform of land, formed by one of its most beautiful curvatures, that the old priory stands, slightly elevated above the river, the green turf sloping away from the eastern gable down to the very water's edge. But little of the building is visible from the Holme Terrace, only the roof of the repaired priory, which forms the present village church, and a few projecting parts of the ruin. Between you and the priory you discern the parsonage, an antique-looking structure, erected out of the ruins of the old building, its garden in front crimson with roses. It nestles amid green, and in the hot sun looks cool and fresh. The low wall which surrounds it is covered with drooping masses of flowers and foliage. Over against the eastern window of the priory, on the further bank of the river, a lofty and almost perpendicular cliff, of a deep purple hue, shoots up; and from its very summit, there leaps forth a silver stream, which dances down from rock to rock into the river below.

The sun is out in all [illegible] power: the rich green grass—the wild flowers—the old gnarled trees—the sparkling waters—all are bathed in the spirit of beauty. The honeysuckles pending from the old grey walls behind you, are laden with odour. The song of the birds is "so sweet, that joy is almost pain;" the lark carols in mid-heaven; the linnet pipes from the hawthorn-bush; the blackbird and thrush shoot, singing, from tree to tree; and anon, you hear the boom of the bee, winging past laden with sweets. The old ruin, the trees, the water, the grass, the flowers, contribute together to form a picture of the most perfect and enchanting beauty.

"It is a spot under these northern skies
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise."

Casting your eyes up the river, beyond the priory, a finely wooded valley, almost shut in by hills on either side, lies before you. Grey crags jut out here and there amid the verdure; a dense copse lines the valley on one side, and an old oak wood on the other. Between these the river winds its way, as if lingering amid the beauties of the scene; and along the bottom lies a fine sweep of pasture land, where, near a spreading tree, you see a group of cattle lazily whisking their sides, udder-deep in grass. After gazing at this enchanting picture, you descend to the priory itself, more commonly known by the name of "Bolton Abbey."

The priory is now but a mere relic of what it was; yet a most interesting relic it is of the religion of our fathers. It is a remnant of the faith which the English people cherished during many centuries; and these old ruins, which fold within their embrace the dead of many generations, speak to us of human hopes, fears, affections, and sympathies, long since stilled. Before that altar, now overgrown with hemlock and nightshade, many worshippers have knelt, and paid their devotions amid the chaunt of priests and the sound of music. In times when mailed tyranny ran riot through the land, and the church presented the only moral power to stem the torrent of oppression and crime, many hearts have there beaten with silent love and gratitude to their Maker; griefs have found consolation, and many tears have been wiped away. But the altar is now desolate and defaced; the choir and chapel are alike roofless; and the worshippers lie crumbled into dust beneath your feet. All that remains is the ruined arch, the dismantled sedilia, the defaced monument, and the mouldering grey walls of the old priory. Yet the stars look down on the sweet spot with their unvarying gaze; the sun shines on it as brightly and warmly now as ever; and the deep heaven is still above it, as when its earliest foundations were laid.

With the exception of the nave of the priory, which has been roofed over, and is still used for the purposes of a parish church—

"A rural chapel neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest,"—

the rest of the building is a mere shell. In the low, rude walls that surround it, you meet here and there with the cope-stone of a column, the fluting of an arch, or the carved moulding of a pillared window. The chapter-house, cloisters, refectory, and adjoining buildings were all destroyed at the reformation, or devastation of the monasteries, in Henry the Eighth's time, though their sites may still be traced. The choir is in a ruined state, but the walls are still standing, and enough remains to show what its fine proportions have been. Underneath the little chapels, formerly attached to each transept, were the burying vaults of the Cliffords, Claphams, Mortons, and Mauleverers, who were the great families of the neighbourhood, when the priory was in the zenith of its prosperity. The tomb of the priors was in the south transept. At the beginning of the present century, the vaults were opened, but found empty. As it was a usual practice for the spoilers of the abbeys to dig up the long-interred dead and sell their coffins for [illegible], it is most probable that such has been the fate of the last depositories of the Bolton monks, as well as of their dead patrons.

The nave having been preserved for the use of the "Saxon cure," at the Reformation, is, of course, in a much better state of preservation. The leaden roof, covering the oaken rafters, has been preserved, with its old colouring of red ochre. It is plainly fitted up as a country church, and contains many old tombs of the former inhabitants of the neighbourhood. On one of these tombs, on the occasion of a recent visit, we found deposited a curious emblem. It was a rustic offering composed of twigs, in the form of a tiara, bound about with white and coloured paper. Such is usually deposited in the church, on the death of a young person, by the relatives of the deceased. This is said to be a practice which takes date from a period anterior to Christianity itself, and was, probably, one of the numerous pagan forms which were, at an early date, engrafted upon the new religion. In the early days of Christianity, the practice was strictly forbidden; but in these primitive dales, it has survived apostles, bishops, monasteries, priories, and the Reformation itself.

One of the most curious features of this portion of the building is the tower concealing the west front, which was commenced by the last prior, and was in progress of erection, when the priory was seized by Henry the Eighth's myrmidons. It still stands in the state in which it was left; and in one corner of it, the bell had temporarily been hung, by which the modern Protestants of the valley are still called to church. On the front of the tower is this inscription, in old English characters—"In the yer of our Lord, MVXX. R. ⊎ begaun this fondashon on quho sowl god have marce amen." On the corner abutments are two figures of sitting greyhounds, supposed to be intended by the prior to commemorate his uncanonical office of Master Forester to the patron of the priory.

Nearly opposite the west front, and standing apart from the priory about a hundred yards, is the gateway of the abbey—almost the only portion that escaped the general wreck. The Earl of Cumberland, to whom the church-lands of the Foundation were principally allotted, preserved it for an occasional residence, and, in his absence, it was occupied by his bailiffs. Here, at the main entrance, did Landseer find the back-ground for his immortal picture of "Bolton Abbey, in the Olden Time," which he painted for the Duke of Devonshire, the hereditary possessor of this fine property. Considerable additions have been made to the original gateway by the Duke, during the last few years, and he occasionally uses The Lodge, as it is now called, as a shooting box in the autumn season. Before his time, the front and rear of the main arch had been merely walled up, and thus a fine vaulted chamber was obtained. The old records of the priory were preserved in an apartment over this chamber, and here Dr. Whittaker, when searching for information for his "History of Craven," discovered many highly interesting documents, relating to the past history of the priory. The lodge is now handsomely furnished with the luxurious accessories of a modern house, and contains several interesting paintings, among which is one of the boy of Egremond about to leap the Strid with his dog in a leash. Landseer's picture, however, originally painted for this house, has long since been removed, and now adorns the magnificent collection at Chatsworth Palace.

But the great charm of Bolton is in the scenery of the valley, rather than in the ruin, or the buildings connected with it. The ruin gives, it is true, a historical beauty to the scenery, calling up associations of the past, and linking the scene to human feelings and passions; it serves as a historic land-mark, and excites thoughts and reflections which carry us far back into another age of England's life. Almost over against the ruined priory, a little higher up the valley, is a lofty knoll, covered with copse-wood, amid which a rustic seat has been planted; and from this point, called Hartington seat, you have the finest and most pictorial view of the old ruin and the scenery towards the south. You have before you nearly the whole of the ruined choir, with its gracefully-proportioned windows, the arches of the north transept, the pinnacle of the south transept, and part of the nave, embosomed in umbrageous foliage. A double winding of the stream lies beneath you, the trees picturesquely grouped along the valley on either side; there is the steep bank, and the purple cliff crowned with trees, over against the eastern window of the priory; south-

wards, down the valley, all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes on rich pastures, skirted with deep woods, the river winding gracefully along — occasionally forming a broad basin, as if for the sun's rays to play in; then gliding under the arches of the bridge, it is for a time lost to sight, but reappears far in the distance, the valley still extending before you, until the bounding fells of Craven, and the purple-crowned Romellis' Moor, close the view.

Everything is grouped, as if a painter had designed it so that the most perfect picture might be produced. But no! the painter could not so have arranged it. There is, indeed, about the whole scene an undescribable beauty, which the painter has never yet been able to transfer to his canvas, far less to create. That essential spirit of the scene, which constitutes its beauty, escapes him. And yet, no mean artists have been here. The magical pencil of Turner has attempted its finest views over and over again; and when we say, that even he has failed, who is there that can succeed? Compared with the marvellous scenery itself, all imitations, however skilful and elaborate, must be pronounced tame and flat. For, in the very finest landscape, as in the most beautiful face, there is always a something that escapes the artist,—and that something is precisely what constitutes its peculiar beauty. It is nature, life, soul,—something far above art, however skilled. In the scenery of Bolton, man has furnished only a second-rate ruin; but the Great Artist has given trees, birds, green-sward, river, rock, atmosphere, and sunshine; nothing is wanting; every feature of beauty is present, and in the right place; and the result is perfection. The spot is, indeed, one of unsurpassable loveliness.

To enjoy the delicious poetry of Keats, one must read it on a beautiful summer's day at Bolton. His "Endymion" is full of passages which, we imagine, can be so fully relished nowhere else. How well does his exquisite picture of rural quietude—the most beautiful ever penned —suit the atmosphere of this enchanting valley,—where it is so quiet,

> "That a whispering blade
> Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
> Down in the blue-bells, or a wren, light rustling
> Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard."

And then the successive and constantly varying views, as you ascend the wooded banks of the Wharfe, when you try to

> "Picture out the quaint and curious bending
> Of a fresh woodland valley never ending;
> Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
> Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves."

Then how well do these lines describe the sombre whirl of the Wharfe, as it rushes through among the Ludstream islands, about a mile above the priory; where you discern

> "Green-tufted islands, casting their soft shades
> Across the lake; sequestered leafy glades,
> That through the dimness of the twilight show
> Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
> Of the wild cat's eyes, or the silvery stems
> Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
> A little brook."

You ascend a lofty bank, and there,

> "In a deep dell below,
> See, through the trees, a little river go,
> All in its mid-day gold and glittering."

And a little higher up, you discern far off the ruined pile of Barden Tower, the residence of the Shepherd Lord; there

> "The lonely turret, shattered and outworn,
> Stands venerably proud—too proud to mourn
> Its long-lost grandeur."

For three miles of the valley, from Bolton Priory to the Strid, and from the Strid to Barden Tower, a constant and ever-varying succession of the most beautiful views are presented to the eye, during which you are companioned throughout by

> "The song of birds, the whispering of the leaves,
> The voice of waters."

CHANCES, CHANGES, AND CHARACTERS, IN AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Long and earnest were the consultations, unceasing and evident the preparations for the projected military feast. Cookery books were brought forth and studied, and the ladies, with their own fair hands, did more than superintend the baking of sugar cakes, the whipping and frothing of creams, and the seasoning of savoury dishes. At last the day arrived; the laird, who was shy, and rather against the scheme, drest and placed in the drawing-room, sore against his will, to receive the company, until his wife, after giving her last orders, joined him, in her blue satin gown, and cherry-coloured turban, radiant with delight, laughing lightly every care away, and as much at her ease as if such entertainments were at least of weekly occurrence; whilst the daughters, red with health and excitement, at any rate, grew redder for shame when any one spoke to, or even looked at them; and Miss Mysie, grim as a goblin, sat bolt upright, as stiff as though she had swallowed a ramrod. The dinner and the wines were good, and the guests, to Mrs. Graham's undisguised delight, did ample justice to the hospitality of their entertainers. "Really, Leddy Larix Ha'!" said the Duke, "I must request a little more of that pudding, it is, without exception, the best I ever tasted." "Weel may it be guid, my lord duke, weel may it be guid, for I cookit it mysel'; there's three pun' o' raisins in't, an' twa o' sweet butter, ane o' marrow, an' twa o' lump sugar," &c., &c.; and so she went through the recipe, enumerating the several ingredients, to the infinite amusement of her noble guest. No one, in Lady Larix Ha's opinion, ever ate enough; everything was offered, praised, and pressed upon each individual, and those who had small appetites were much to be pitied; but such was the custom of the age, in that station of life especially, for it was losing ground in a higher; at Larix Hs', the pressing was most oppressive. "Naebody's eatin' thae creams that oor Nelly whuppit in her dicky." Poor Helen, a pretty modest girl, blushed purple, but was rewarded by every gentleman at once asking for a cream, so that in five minutes no more remained. The leddy's sallies were brilliant that day, and if the noblemen, mentioned under the names of the Duke of Launceston, and two others yet surviving, who were present at this party, honour these pages with a perusal, they will remember much of what is here related. Mrs. Graham felt herself the admired of all observers, and her "mots" elicited shouts of applause. Several of them cannot, in this age of refinement, however veiled, be offered to the public; but the following remark showed her natural readiness:—one of the company observing that Mrs. Bloomington, a lady somewhat liberal in the display of her charms, was a very pretty woman, ended by appealing to Lady Larix Ha'! "don't you think so?" "Very pretty." "I never saw a more brilliant complexion," observed Captain Ironarm; "nor more ruby lips," pursued Major Scavenger; "such rosy cheeks," echoed Lord Charles Scamp. "Vairy bonnie rid cheeks, indeed," answered Mrs. Graham, demurely, "an' what's mair, not only has she rid cheeks hersel', but she gies them to every woman that looks at her."

The Larix Ha' dinner was long remembered by those who partook of it, and the Duke of Launceston, talking it over not more than two years ago, mentioned the circumstance of another dinner, in the same county, which his father used to relate; as unlike the present manners, or more so than the above, and which took place not much more than sixty years ago. The then

Duke and Duchess of Launceston had accepted an invitation to dine with one of their neighbours, the Laird of Redburnbrae, who accordingly made every preparation he could afford to entertain them worthily. But about an hour before the time they were expected came a messenger, bearing a note of apology, and saying that some friends having arrived unexpectedly, they must postpone the pleasure of dining at Redburnbrae till the following day. The proud old laird read the note, and ordered all to proceed as before, and everything to be placed on the table—soups, sweets, and savouries; then, turning the key, he put it in his pocket, exclaiming, "Noo! come when they like, we're ready." Next day, accordingly, the expected guests arrived, making profuse apologies. "Weel, aweel," answered bluff old Redburnbrae, "its yer ain loss, if ye had come yesterday ye wad hae had yer denner het, but as ye've come the day, ye'll hae it cauld, —we canna mak' het dénners for deuks and duchesses every day in the week." It is strange to think that such manners prevailed so short a time ago; but in no country have changes taken place with the startling rapidity they have in Scotland; the very plantations there seem to keep moving faster than elsewhere; no poet could write now of it:—

> "Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,
> Earth, clad in russet, scorned the livelier green."

and Dr. Johnson, were he to look up from his grave, would be quite sad not to find anything he could abuse.

Improvement goes on everywhere throughout Great Britain, but in Scotland it is more apparent than elsewhere, and in more important points than mere matters of ceremony. People are educated so differently; I do not mean by education, the mere attainment of a certain quantity of knowledge, but the attention given to a due regulation of the temper, and the softening of the manners. The standard of intellectual occupation is also much raised, and we see, in consequence of this, I am fully persuaded, that Insanity is far less common. No doubt the advance in medical science, as well as the extending family connection by inter-marrying with strangers, may have something to do with it; but nothing has had so much effect in driving "bees out of bonnets," as the Scotch call it, as crying down eccentricity, and denying peculiarity any merit. Formerly, people studied to appear original, and because many clever people were odd, fancied all odd people must be clever: each individual, therefore, tried to be a character. Now that children are taught self-control, self-denial, and attention to the feelings of others; we may meet with less amusement, derived from buffoons calling themselves originals; but we certainly see more cultivated, civil, conversible human beings. However, we are never content, we hear people incessantly regretting "the good old times," when every one had a character of his own; that is, when every one said, or did, whatever came into his or her uncultivated brain, without the slightest reference to common decency, or to the feelings of their neighbours, all the while dignifying this total want of self-restraint, by calling it originality. Then again, we find grave grandpapas finding serious fault with seven o'clock dinners, and lamenting the good old times, when four or five was the hour—forgetting that, when it was so, our respected progenitors sat down at ten or twelve to an abundant hot supper, which they washed down by plentiful potations of port and punch. Then, a person of sixty was *very* old, walked with a stick, and if stage representations are correct, always spoke with a squeaking voice, and flew into frightful furies when contradicted; most certainly those who attained seventy were, in those days, capable of much less exertion and enjoyment than most persons of eighty are now, in these degenerate days of temperance. "The good old times," socially as well morally, were very bad old times in many respects, one heard of less crime because there were fewer people to commit, and fewer newspapers to record it. Justice was not so evenly dispensed; cruelty was more common, and ignorance in all grades more universal. The humbler classes were servile or uncivil to their superiors, and even the most kind-hearted, among the higher classes, spoke to those below them, with far less suavity than is the practice now; but the manners attempted to be described in these sketches are quite gone by; some live to attest their truth, but the greater part of the descendants of those here introduced under different names, may be met with in the world, looking, and speaking, and behaving, like those they associate with. Some who, in the times I treat of, were never seen beyond the servants' hall, at present occupy places which entitle them to be considered on an equality with their former masters as we may almost call them; and where integrity, as well as talent, helped them to rise, and good sense prevents their being ashamed of their origin, they are as much respected as a vulgar purse-proud parvenu is despised; and the following true tale will show that it is so:—

About a mile from the kirk of Birkenbrae, just above the old lint mill, then the only mill on the red burn, so named from its running over red sandstone, lived Sandie Lorimer, a wheelwright; with a bonnie wife, and a bien house, possessing not only a but-an'ben, but a cosy cockloft into the bargain; his family, however, increased so fast, that he was forced to send out the elder ones to the adjacent farm-houses as herds, from sheer want of room to hold them. It was a wild spot, and so hemmed round by bleak, but not sublime, or picturesque hills; that one wonders the Lorimers, even with all the attachment we naturally feel for the place we remember from childhood, should persist in thinking, "there was not in the wide world a valley so sweet," and when viewing the loveliest scenes in Switzerland and Italy, say "I wod give all this ten times over for one look at Todlowrie, as it used to be langsyne." Heather, broom, and whin, growing among grey rocks, or rather stones, a bit of ragged thorn hedge, one shabby ash tree, the last to gain, and the first to lose the few leaves it boasted of, (for it brought forth more abundantly than leaves, that fungus of which the French make their amadou,) a stunted birch, and two as stunted elders, were all that was to be seen in regard to timber.

Their kailyard indeed, besides producing kail and potatos, had two bushes of thyme, a York and Lancaster rose, and several plants of appleringie (southernwood,) from which Mrs. Lorimer made a bouquet to take to church, in the same hand that carried her bible, wrapt up in a clean cotton pocket handkerchief, just to hinder her "frae sleepin' afore the minister, honest man!" They kept bees, and one oury looking beast they called a cow, not much larger than a well-grown donkey; but they had good air, good water, good fires, good beds, and plenty of meal: what wonder then that the thirteen Lorimers all grew up into strong, hearty, handsome men and women. They were all taught to read and write, and cast accounts, and yet Sandie's income averaged just 11s. a week, bees and cow included. Those of the family not herding, or at school, spent their time "paidlin in the burn," or catching wild bees to suck the honey—the favourite occupation of our hero, who has yet to be introduced to the reader.

One day a violent thunder-storm came on suddenly, and Sir Harry Eaglescroft, of Doocotside, begged permission to take shelter until it passed over. As Peggy Lorimer was "just at the doonlying," it was certainly a most inconvenient time to admit visitors; but when was a Scotchman ever known to be inhospitable? Sir H. was welcomed to the kitchen by Sandie, who, looking as pleased as if it added to his means instead of taking from them, as soon as the gude wife gave birth to this thirteenth child, brought it "ben to the laird," and besought permission to name it after him. Sir Harry

readily assented, saying he would pay for his schooling, and give him a suit of clothes, as soon as he was old enough to wear them; and in the meantime a guinea towards the "blythe meat," brought smiles into the cross old Howdie's face, having the same effect upon it as the sun, which just then broke out, had upon the hitherto scowling skies, making both look cheerful; and, under these united bright influences, Sir Harry rode off.

This gentleman possessed a large, but encumbered estate, and had a family as large as his nominal income, to which was added the orphan daughter of his sister Mary, whose fortune, when her father's debts were paid, amounted to just £400. Sir Harry had a tutor for his boys, and a governess for his girls, as being cheaper than sending them to school, and one more he said did not signify. He had never any money for anything, but he lived hospitably, and, upon the whole, comfortably enough, in rather a coarse way. They had a carriage and horses, splended old pieces of furniture, pictures, mirrors, a number of servants—such as they were, and rough plenty of all essentials; but things worn out, or broken, were never replaced, or repaired; wages and salaries accumulated, for there was no money going for any of these purposes; however, the laird pursued his sports, and the lady entertained her friends, just as their forefathers had done, Sir Harry never allowing himself to reflect that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later. In the mean time, Harry Lorimer throve apace, and was sometimes sent for to Doocotside, where the clothes the Eaglescrofts had outgrown were added to the clay-coloured corduroy suit, which his god-(or as they call it in Scotland, name) father had given him according to promise. He came in, too, for sundry torn books, and broken toys, and for what, in infancy, he prized much more—permission for an hour's fruit-eating in the garden. The boys used to have him to play with them on these occasions; but they were rough, turbulent, and tyrannical, although good-natured in the main, and he much preferred weeding the little girls' gardens, which always called forth smiles and thanks. One day, while so engaged with Effie's plot, the worthy squire advanced, with anger in his eyes, and a horse-whip in his hand, "Who left the garden-gate open? the dogs have got in, and destroyed Lady Eaglescroft's flowers. Harry, if it was you, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and I am sure it was," cried he, advancing with a threatening gesture towards the trembling child, for Harry was not endowed with much physical courage, and, moreover, looked upon the whole of the Eaglescroft family, Sir Harry especially, as something equal to, if not far above, the kings and princes of the earth. "No uncle, indeed," exclaimed Effie, "I fear I am the culprit, I forgot to shut it." "Pray miss, don't say so," cried Harry, his sense of moral rectitude overcoming his cowardice, "I'm sure it was mysel';" but Effie persisted that she was the guilty person, and her uncle giving up his flogging intentions, in consideration of her sex, sent her to bed without supper. Poor Harry was in great distress, for he felt that it was to screen him, she had said so, and ever after he felt a deep interest in the kind-hearted little girl, whom he looked up to as a sort of angel. He used to watch for her coming into church in her cottage straw bonnet tied with blue ribbon, the very colour of her eyes; and, although inferior to her cousins in personal appearance, Harry thought her superior to every one, and his imagination pictured angels like her, so fair, gentle, slight, timid, yet so courageous in taking the part of the oppressed; and he longed for the Sunday to come round, just to see her again, and hear her clear young voice joining in the psalms; but he never presumed to address any of the ladies, looking up to them from his lowliness as Princesses, and Effie, as I before observed, taking yet higher ground in his estimation as an angel. As he grew older he was sent for seldomer to Doocotside, his time was also occupied in doing little jobs for the neighbours, going to school, and beginning to learn his father's trade, which, however, he showed no great aptitude for.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

"So dense is the population of London, and so imperfect are the arrangements for identifying the persons 'found dead,' that they sometimes disappear, and are buried, before their friends miss them."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Alone, unfriended, and unknown,
The world-deserted die,
With none to aid, to cheer, to bless,
Or soothe their agony.
They close the eye, and droop the head,
And sink to rest—the Unknown Dead.

At the dark hour, when Anguish comes,
And Care sits on the brow,
Oh, ne'er is woman's watchful love
More truly blest than now!
How sweet around the sufferer's bed!
But ah! it flies the Unknown Dead.

There's none to smooth the pain-toss'd couch—
The burning brow to lave—
To yield those tender sympathies
That cheer, and bless, and save.
Oh! why have Love and Pity fled
The chambers of the Unknown Dead?

They die—lone sufferers to the last,
With none but hirelings near;
No hallowed words of pitying friends
In sobbings meet their ear—
Only the churlish stranger's tread;
They die alone—the Unknown Dead.

Far, far from home and all its loves,
The lonely stranger lies—
The visions of his happy youth
Come o'er him as he dies.
He sees the hills and valleys green;
Sky-music, too, he hears;
The ripplings from his native brook
In murmurings meet his ears.
The vision flits around his head,
And soothes to rest the Unknown Dead.

The unknown die—their part is o'er—
Their spirits mount to God—
And now, earth-shrouded, cold they lie
Beneath the trampled sod;
Yet oh, kind brother strangers, tread
Most gently o'er these Unknown Dead!

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

There is an old saying which everybody is sure to have heard that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." It is a crabbed, crooked, perverse, selfish old adage, always ready to do the dirty work of excusing men for neglecting what they ought, but are not bound to do. In its application, it seems practically to mean this, that anything to be done for the common good, any opposition of wrong doing, not immediately affecting the individual, any work of charity or benevolence, all forwarding of general knowledge and happiness, in short, a very large portion of the good of action is everybody's business, while the promotion of self-interest is the real business of each of us. It seems, too, as if everybody was a corporation, and a witty orator once said that "a corporation has no soul" We presume that the necessary inference from that conclusion is, that a corporation has no conscience; and if that be so, and everybody be a corpo-

ration, that accounts in a great measure for the callousness and hard-heartedness displayed by that numerous portion of society which passes under the cognomen of everybody. There is a companion old saying to the one we have quoted, which is the very fittest associate for it that could possibly have been invented; it is just as perverse and crabbed, and seems to be a twin production of the same mind. We mean "Each one for himself, and God for us all," and when we see the two together scowling at patriotism, philanthropy, and charity, we cannot avoid being reminded of the story of the good Samaritan who aided the wounded traveller. We think we see in the Pharisee and the Sadducee, who passed by unsympathizing and unheeding, the appropriate impersonations of these two old saws. We do not know that the precise forms of expressions were then invented, but we have no doubt that the Pharisee in the pride of his heart, said something equivalent to "Each one for himself and God for us all," and the Sadducee in his selfish, calculating, philosophical way, mentally felt the idea "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." The cant slang-sayings of our day have frequently in them a good deal of hidden meaning, and we have heard vulgar people rebuke the pride of another, by informing him that he is not everybody. The correctness of the application of the phrase is shown by the Gospel tale we have referred to. The Pharisee and the Sadducee were the representatives of pride and selfishness, and they, evidently like proud folk of the present time, thought themselves everybody. They practised the self-relying exclusive doctrines—they did not want anybody to take care of them, and they did not feel themselves bound to take care of anybody. There are a vast number of modern Pharisees and Sadducees, who are every day preaching and following the same mode of action; and the two sayings we have noticed, are the correct representatives of their frame of mind, and the everlasting excuses by which they justify themselves to themselves and to their fellow men. But there was another person in the Gospel narrative who represents the precisely opposite idea, the true idea that "what is everybody's business," is the business of each one among us—and that God will never be for us all, while each is for himself. The poor despised Samaritan, without the pride of the Pharisee, or the philosophy of the Sadducee, did not think himself everybody, although he set to work to do everybody's business by comforting the afflicted stranger; and in his simplicity and open-heartedness, acted as though he thought each for the other was right, and we ought to be thankful that there are still a few such men left, for if there were not, more of the good which is emphatically "everybody's business," would be left undone, and more of the selfishness embodied in "each one for himself," would be enacted. It is curious, too, to remark how the notion that what is "everybody's business is nobody's business," tallies exactly with the recognised attributes of the Pharisaical character. The chief element in it is, "the pride which apes humility," men of that class are proud in reality, but humble in appearance; selfish in fact and practice, but religiously benevolent in theory. They assert themselves in their pomp and ostentation to be, as the vulgar people have it "everybody," while they escape the obligations of performing the duties of that multitudinous personage, by admitting themselves to be "nobody." They invoke the aid of the Deity for all, themselves included, but take as much care as possible, that they will not be the channels through which the stream of charity is to run—they are a mass of contradictions, at once asserting the good of universality, and practising the bad of exclusiveness and individualism.

We could almost wish that such people should suffer a little evil in their own persons, and be obliged to rely on, and supplicate for the aid and sympathy of others, in order that they might be taught in the school of example, what we fear the greatest master of precept would fail to make them comprehend—that is, not only the want of beauty and goodness in their pet sayings, but also the impolicy of acting upon them. Suppose one of them to have his uninsured house on fire, his property shrivelling up in the flames, and himself upon the verge of ruin, how he would curse the cruelty of the man, who when requested to render assistance, turned away saying, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," or the selfishness of the other who answered, "each man for himself, and God for us all." Imagine another carried out of his depth and away, by the current of a strong deep stream, and his fellow bathers answering his cries for help by coolly turning away, declining to incur the peril of the rescue, and excusing themselves and recommending him to Providence, with "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and "each one for himself, and God for us all." Or picture a third stricken down, by paralysis, in the public streets, and seeing a crowd assemble around, looking with hard unsympathizing eyes upon his powerless limbs and distorted face; and then one after the other leaving him to his fate, and muttering as they turned away, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and "each one for himself, and God for us all." The men who in their health, and strength, and prosperity use these bad old sentences, would then feel how cold, selfish, calculating, hard-hearted, and wicked they are, and how unsuited to the condition of the poor, the suffering, and the perishing. And they might then, perhaps, feel that what everybody ought to do, ought not to be left to be done by nobody, and that each one best serves even his own selfish interest, by raising himself as near as possible to that standard of divinity, which, even in the world of bad sayings, recognises God as striving for the good of all.

COLLECTING AND PRESERVING BOTANICAL SPECIMENS.

"Or would'st thou turn to earth? Not earth all furrowed
By the old traces of man's toil and care,
But the green peaceful world, that never sorrowed,
The world of leaves, and dew, and summer air.

Look on these flowers! As o'er an altar shedding,
O'er Milton's page, soft light from coloured urns!
They are the links man's heart to nature wedding,
When to her breast the prodigal returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest dingles,
Fresh banks of many a low-voiced hidden stream,
Where the sweet star of eve looks down and mingles
Faint lustre with the water lilies' gleam.

They are from where the soft winds play in gladness,
Covering the turf with pearly blossom-showers;
Too richly dowered, Oh! friend, are we for sadness,—
Look on an empire—mind and nature—ours."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE practical study of Botany is a source of the most pure gratification, opening, as it does, a new world of life, lying at our very feet, and furnishing food for pleasant thoughts at all times and seasons. Putting aside its high utility as a branch of natural science, it is in itself one of the most pure and innocent enjoyments in which we can possibly indulge. Some of the most delightful memories of our own are associated with the herbarium. We have been led into some of the most sweet and sunny spots of "Merrie England," in quest of specimens for drying and preserving. In presenting the reader with a few directions for the preparation of botanical specimens, we shall presume that he has a love for botanical science, and would wish to adopt that course in the formation of a collection of plants which would prove most useful in advancing his studies; for, although dried plants are objects of great beauty, and are frequently collected and

preserved for their beauty alone; yet, those who most need information on this subject are those who, just entering upon botanical studies, are desirous of knowing something more of the plants they collect, than the mere colours of their blossoms. The directions we shall give will be those which we follow in our own practice, but they are, of course, subject to all the modifications which the taste or means of the individual may suggest.

In the first place you must get your plants; this is a work for all seasons, and not an amusement for summer merely. The most exquisite specimens of mosses and lichens are only to be obtained in the winter, and are in their highest perfection during sharp frosty weather. To know the best spots and situations for particular tribes of plants must be a matter of experience, but, at commencing, the student will do well to collect plants of a dry woody texture, as ferns, heaths, grasses, and mosses. They should always be collected, if possible, in dry weather, as the trouble of preparing is increased ten-fold if they are gathered wet with rain; this, of course, cannot always be ensured, and it will often happen that choice specimens may be obtained during unfavourable weather, when it might not be convenient to visit the same spot on more favourable occasions. The moment a plant is obtained, the process of drying should be commenced; for this purpose it will be necessary to have a collecting box. These are usually made of tin, and may be purchased at the herbalists' shops. We have always used a box made of milled-board, covered with leather, and furnished with suitable fastenings, after the fashion of a small portmanteau. The larger the box the better, as the specimens can then be placed in it, root and stem entire, without breaking. Convenience of transit, however, will not admit the use of a box so large as many plants require; the size we have found most convenient, both for facility of carriage and for preservation of the specimens, is about eighteen inches in length by eight in width, and about six inches deep. Before starting from home the box should be about half filled with strips of dry blotting, or coarse sugar paper, cut to fit it, and several pieces of cardboard covered also with blotting paper. A strong pocket book with some pieces of blotting paper will also be found very useful for small and choice plants. A strong pruning knife will answer all purposes for cutting and digging up. When you determine on taking up a plant, look carefully about for the most neat and perfect specimen, and then dig it up carefully and with the root as entire as possible. It is impossible to get more than a small portion of the roots of some trailing and creeping plants, but, whenever it is possible, obtain the roots, stem, leaves, flower, and fruit, of every plant complete. Nothing but practice will enable you to determine the best mode of procedure in all cases; this is a matter of detail and study. You will find some plants curl up and wither a few minutes after being removed from the soil, (this is particularly the case with water plants, and some succulent land plants,) while others may be neglected for hours without much injury. Having obtained your plant, place it between some pieces of blotting paper, and put several of the slips of cardboard above and below it. Lay the plant so that it will dry flat and preserve its natural character: if too thick in foliage, it will be better to break off some of its branches, for if the leaves lie thick upon each other, it can scarcely ever become a good specimen. Having filled your box with plants, alternating with slips of cardboard and blotting paper, you are at liberty to continue your pilgrimage, and develope all the green heroism which you may have, or to return home, at least, as far as we are concerned.

For completing the drying process, it will be necessary to have a quantity of porous paper, such as good blotting or coarse sugar paper. A few thin pieces of flat wood are also necessary, and some leather straps furnished with buckles. A convenient size for the boards is about sixteen inches by twelve; we use various sizes ourselves, according to the sizes of the plants. Let a board be warmed at the fire, and then warm a few pieces of the paper and lay upon it; lay one plant on this, taking care to place the leaves smooth, and to bend the flower aside, so that the leaves do not touch it, in order that its colour may not be deteriorated by contact. Pile up boards, paper, and plants, in this way, until six or eight, or perhaps a dozen, specimens have been so managed; then strap them round tightly, or pile a few books or weights upon them to press them, and let them lie in a dry place, where there are no smoky vapours, or fumes that are likely to injure them. If the plants are very moist, and particularly if they are aquatic, they must be tended very carefully; take them out after three or four hours, and dry the papers well at the fire, and replace them. If they are of a dry nature this need only be performed once a day until they are quite dry. Some plants will be found to have produced and ripened their seed while this drying process has been going on: thistles, dandelions, hawkweeds, and other compound flowers, invariably do this, and the beginner will be frequently surprised to find, that in the place of a rich flower, he has a ball of downy seeds, the change having taken place during the drying of the plant. Some of the small spurges will begin to eject their seeds in all directions, with great force, the moment they are released from the pressure of the drying boards, although the plant appears dry and dead. The foliage of some pines and fir trees is apt to crumble into powder after the drying process: this is owing to the resin which they contain, and which gets hard and brittle. The best method in this case is to plunge the plant into boiling water for a few minutes before placing it between the boards for drying. The silver fir is particularly liable to this, and some specimens become nothing else than leafless sticks in the course of a few years. As a rule, it is a bad plan to place plants in water in order to revive them before they are laid out for drying, although, with judgment, it may sometimes be useful. These remarks apply to the ordinary flowering plants of the fields, but there are some which offer rich rewards in their beauty and economy, if the student can succeed in preparing them. The extensive class of fungi are among these, and they are mostly very difficult of preparation. Some of the dry, firm kinds, as the agarics, may be wrapped up carefully in clean blotting paper, and laid near the fire, or in some warm place, to dry, and with care will turn out very good specimens; but those of a moist, delicate nature will tax the ingenuity of a beginner: to speak individually in this case, we usually make a few trips during autumn to collect these plants: only we take with us a small collecting box, furnished with blotting paper, for the dry and firm kinds, and a few tin boxes, nearly filled with silver sand, for the moist and jelly-like specimens: these latter should be carefully handled, and when a quantity of sand has been removed from a box, the fungus should be laid in it and the sand gently strewed upon it, until it is perfectly covered. Some botanists have very large sand boxes in which to dry their fungi, but experience has satisfied ourselves that it is better to have several smaller boxes made of tin, so that only a few specimens can be placed together; and this method gives the additional advantage of enabling us to put specimens of a kindred together, as it is a less easy matter to determine the species after drying than at the time they are collected. The specimens may be transferred from the collecting boxes into these larger boxes, or may be dried in those in which they were first placed, and after having been carefully covered with sand, must be placed near a fire. They will require to be taken out and placed in fresh dry sand every two or three days; or if the boxes can be placed on the side of a stove, where there is a fire, and with the lids off, they may remain for a week or ten days, when the whole of the moisture will have evapo-

rated, and the specimens will be obtained as perfect in form as when gatherod from the fields.

The plants now obtained in a dry state require to be disposed of. They may be either packed away together as they are, or mounted on paper. It is well to put duplicate specimens in a box or drawer, with a label attached to them, indicating the name, class, and order of the plant, and also the place of its growth. Grasses, dried carefully, and tied up in bunches, each species by itself, and accurately labelled, may be kept in this manner very conveniently. So may ferns, heaths, and many other plants of a dry and firm texture, which are incapable of being handled without injury. But to render them objects of art, and to exhibit their botanical character to the greatest advantage, they must be nicely mounted on paper, a task which calls for considerable neatness and skilful manipulation.

The best paper for this purpose is a stout, hard cartridge; we have always used imperial paper, and have obtained it, of a quality admirably suited to the purpose, of Mr. Bird, Ave Maria Lane. Of course, a paper of suitable quality may be obtained almost anywhere, but this surpasses any we have ever elsewhere seen. If imperial paper is used, it will be best to cut each sheet into four, and this size will suit the majority of plants. In the case of some specimens which cannot be mounted on this sized paper, a half sheet may be used, and the paper and plant folded down together in the middle of the sheet, in order to render it uniform with the others. Many plants, as, for instance, the camomile, flowering rush, daffodil, &c., are too tall to be mounted on quarter sheets in an upright position, and they may be laid on with the flower upwards, and the stem bent upwards and downwards as many times as necessary, so that the whole plant may be placed upon the paper. The best cement is a solution of gum arabic; common paste, or glue, will answer very well, but, whatever material may be used, it must be exceedingly clean; and a few drops of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, should be added to it, to prevent the attacks of insects or mould. There are many ways of fixing the specimen to the paper. Some very delicate plants, as minute ferns, and alpine plants, may be fixed close with the gum, and further secured by a few stitches of thread passed round their stems. Stubborn, woody plants, as holly, hawthorn, ling, &c., will require to be strapped down firmly by strips of paper. In mounting such as these, first, lay the plant on the paper, and mark with a pencil at those points where the straps will be most needed, and then make a slit in the paper at each mark, just wide enough to admit your paper straps; then lay the plant down, and pass the straps over the branches at the points corresponding with your pencil marks, and bring the ends of the straps through the paper to the back, and there fasten them down with cement: this method renders the specimens exceedingly neat in appearance, and secures them firmly to the paper. Some which have pliable and flat leaves, as dead nettle, ivy, &c., may be glued down close, without either straps or stitches. The next thing will be to label them: let this be done neatly, and with great care that the labelling is correct. If you are acquainted with both the Linnæan and the Natural System, it will be well to register the plant under both the methods of classification. At the top of the paper, and in the centre, a consecutive number should be written, indicating the number of the plant in your collection, and having no reference to its botanical character. On one side, at the top, you will write the class and order of the plant according to the Natural System, and on the other side the class and order in the Linnæan arrangement. At the bottom, on the right hand side, you will write the name of the plant in English and in Latin, the name of the place from whence it was obtained, and the date when collected, for example:—

(No. 87.)

Natural System.	Linnæan System.
Class—Exogenæ.	Class—Syngenesia.
Sub-Class—Monopetalæ.	Order—Polygamia Æqualis.
Order—Compositaceæ	*(All the florets furnished with stamens and pistils.)*
(Several flowers united in one receptacle.)	
Genus—Leontodon.	

Leontodon Taraxacum.
Dandelion.

Cheshunt, Herts.
March, 1843.

It is highly important that paper of an uniform size should be used, and that only one kind of plant be placed on each page. It is absolutely impossible to refer to specimens at an after time, if they are mixed with each other on the same sheets of paper. The study will also be greatly facilitated, if a catalogue is kept of the specimens, arranged under the separate botanical divisions to which they belong, as also in accordance with the consecutive number, as collected. By reference to the catalogue, you will be enabled to ascertain what species you require to complete any particular genera, as also the particular localities where you have been most successful in obtaining rare or choice plants.

Those whose means will not enable them to obtain all the materials we have enumerated, can still pursue the study, and enjoy all its delightful associations and instructions, by the help of a very moderate amount of ingenuity. The plants may be collected, and brought home in the hand, and after being duly dried and prepared, may be mounted on the leaves of old newspapers, and then stitched together. Very beautiful imprints of leaves and dissected portions of plants may be obtained by laying the specimens, of which copies are required, between two leather cushions, on which printers' ink has been thinly spread, and then removing them to a sheet of white paper and pressing them down gently with the hand. A little experience will enable the student to obtain beautiful impressions of leaves, petals, and other parts of plants; and as they are quite permanent, they will supersede, in some measure, the necessity of expensive works on physiological botany.

The reward for your trouble is a great one. In turning over these leaves from Nature's own book, you may travel all your adventures again and again, without the expense of railway fare, or the inconvenience of dust and rain. That clematis calls to your mind the luxuriant hedge-rows and chalk hills of Kent. That brilliant specimen of helianthemum vulgare brings you a picture of the rocky glen and wild scenery of the rugged mountains where it was gathered. This pretty epilobium gives you a reminiscence of a sweet, quiet spring, which gushes forth in a lovely green nook in a little village in Buckinghamshire. Another gives you a pleasant memory of a lonely green wood, where the thrush and the blackbird pour their joyous notes at sunrise. A little alpine plant, or even that common flower, the linaria cymbalaria, will tell you of some old castle, which, with its high bastion and massive crumbling

walls, hangs frowning upon the edge of a huge beetling cliff above the lashing of the briny sea. In fact, no end of sunny memories, and sweet associations of woodland rambles, country gossip, and rustic simplicity and beauty, are always to be found in these dried plants.

"The flowers, in silence, seem to breathe
Such thoughts as language cannot tell."

ENDEAVOUR.

I BOAST no power of magic force,
No skill nor special art,
And yet, amidst the busy world,
I'd bear a useful part.
In patient toil, upheld by Hope,
I never would complain;
Content to hear, in words of truth—
"He does not live in vain."

Of sounding words no store I own
To use with winning grace;
To wiser heads and better hearts
I willingly give place.
But still, around me, I would wish
To mitigate man's pain,
Persuaded, by unselfish thought—
My wishes are not vain.

There's much in this great world of ours
Requiring Wisdom's rule;
And infinite, undying truth,
Springs forth from humblest school.
The good immured in simple hearts,
Though dead, shall rise again,
And to the world the precept give—
That Virtue's not in vain.

The proud desire of sowing broad
The germs of lasting worth,
Shall challenge give to scornful laugh
Of careless sons of Earth.
Though Mirth deride the Pilgrim feet
That tread the "narrow lane,"
The thought that cheers them onward is—
They do not live in vain.

Belief that LOVE shall bear the sway,
Though Vice triumphant seem,
By day shall be my firmest creed,
By night my fondest dream.
Where'er a human heart is found,
Let Love supremely reign,
That all may join in chorus song—
"We do not live in vain."

JOHN BLOCK.

THE SECOND-FLOOR LODGERS.

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise
And what they do and suffer men record,
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a sigh, without a word."

THOSE of our readers, to whom London is familiar, well know that in many of its business quarters, as well as in its suburbs, there are whole streets comprised of houses which are let out in floors or single rooms, mostly to artisans and their families. Some of these lodging-letting localities are of a superior class to others, and it is a house in one of the most respectable, situated in a quiet back street, that we are about to introduce to notice. This dwelling was tenanted by three families, besides that of the person who rented it. There were two maiden sisters who lived in the parlours and carried on a humble millinery business; a widow and her son who occupied the first floor; and a watchmaker and his daughter who tenanted the second: the front kitchen being the home of the master of the house, who was a decent working man with a wife and two children.

We will take the reader, in imagination, to the second-floor, where we shall find the family with whom we have most to do. This family had, till recently, consisted of three members, but the watchmaker's wife, a pale, thin, careworn-looking woman, had wasted away by slow degrees, pent up in those two rooms, and at last sunk into her grave—the victim of sorrow. She was missed only in that little sphere, and even there but by *one*—that one was her youthful and now desolate daughter. Alice Brayton, however, was a child of affliction; though twenty winters had scarcely passed over her pale brow, nearly ten of them had been spent in that rough school. Her knowledge of happiness was nothing more than the recollection of a brighter dawn. But we will sum up in a brief sentence, that which will account for *all*—suffering, sickness, death—she was a *Drunkard's Daughter*.

The illness of Mrs. Brayton had first introduced the now motherless girl to the tenants of the floor beneath, though they had previously resided some months in the house. The widow Flemming, though a confirmed invalid, and somewhat advanced in years, had had it in her power to render some neighbourly offices to the sick woman. In how many instances do we find the poor thus acting the good Samaritan towards each other! The kind widow's sympathy extended also to the bereaved daughter, when there was no longer any need for its exercise towards the mother, and she did her utmost to comfort and console her, and to render her solitude less painful.

Brayton was always absent during the day, either at his work—for he was a journeyman—or in one of his haunts, it was unknown at which, until his return home late at night, when it was evinced by his appearance. It was usually the case that he spent the first three days of the week in drinking, but when he had been at his work he did not return any earlier; for he did not seem to think it necessary to spend any part of his time by his own fireside. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Flemming frequently invited her young friend to bring her work, and sit in her apartments. Then Alice put her little spoonful of tea into the widow's tea-pot, and they would partake of that social meal in company.

It may be expected that indulging as Brayton did, in his selfish and sinful pleasures, he had little to spare for the comfort of his family. Such was indeed the case. Their home presented but a forlorn appearance, for when he wanted money, he did not scruple to carry off, either for sale or pledging, anything he could readily convert to such a purpose. Often would his wife and daughter have wanted the bare necessaries for existence, if they had not applied themselves laboriously to the needle to supply their own need. Close application and deep anxiety had already wasted the latter's naturally healthful form, and her new-found friend greatly feared that she would soon follow her mother to the tomb.

Mrs. Flemming's little home was a pattern of neatness, order and comfort, and poor Alice thought it a treat to sit on her nicely carpeted floor, beside her clean hearth and bright fire. Then her company was so agreeable, she was so intelligent, cheerful, and kind, no one could do otherwise than benefit by being in her society. But we have said the widow had a son and, to confess the truth, he was not altogether unattractive. He was an industrious, sober, and well-informed young man of four or five-and-twenty. He spent most of his evenings at home with his mother, either engaged in reading works of utility, procured from a Mechanics' Institution of which he was a member, or in forming designs for the branch of art in which he was engaged.

The presence of the young seamstress did not put a stop to the readings, and Alice by these means became interested in pursuits to which she was before a total

stranger. Her mother had been a worthy and pious woman, but she was very illiterate, and though her father had had a tolerable education he cared not to give any to his child.

Finding Alice took great delight in listening to his readings, the young man offered to give her some instruction in writing and keeping accounts; an offer which the poor girl very gladly embraced, though to make up for the time it occupied she, unknown to her teacher, sat up many an additional hour at work.

Thus the otherwise dark and dreary days and nights of the winter passed away. At length, the Spring came, the bright sunbeams found their way into that narrow, back street, and a few myrtles and geraniums, which the widow had been very carefully watching and tending for some months, began to bud and blossom, to give fresh beauty and sweetness to their humble home. Both the mother and son, however, observed with concern, that the revival of nature did not bring bloom to the cheek of the young seamstress. So far from it, she grew paler and her slight figure seemed to become even more fragile. By their persuasions however, she was induced to take a little more exercise in the open air. Luke Flemming cheerfully gave up his evening studies in order to become her escort, and the wisdom of the plan was soon discernible in its speedy invigorating effects.

The immediate neighbourhood of London presents but few rural walks, but to minds intent on imparting or receiving information, something interesting can be gleaned from the most unattractive spots. The young man was himself almost wholly self-taught, for though he had been blessed with worthy, well-informed parents, he had lost his father at an early age, and since then his labours had been the principal support of his widowed mother. Instead of the frivolous chit-chat which too commonly passes between young people of different sexes when they are in each other's company, Luke made these walks a medium of great usefulness to his fair companion. He took every opportunity from passing objects to enlighten her on some simple truth in science, or else talked to her of the history of the great metropolis, whose mazes they were threading; its small beginning, its progress in civilization and extent, its commerce and its noble institutions—thus a new life seemed to dawn on the maiden who was his attentive and delighted hearer.

But the young man did not engross the whole of the conversation himself, he encouraged Alice to talk of her childhood. Of the events of later years she was almost silent, for they would have been little else but the recital of sufferings which would have exposed a father's vice and degradation. She was born in a small country town where Brayton had for many years been a respectable member of society; but finding business on the decline, and fancying, like many others, that he could do better in London, he had removed his family thither and had subsequently fallen into bad company, which, together with a natural tendency to drink to excess, had been his ruin. Poor Alice, in her simplicity thought that London was the principal theatre of vice, and her heart yearned towards the scenes of her infantine joys.

But these pleasant and profitable communings were to cease.

The young seamstress, late one Saturday night, had just returned from the warehouse for which she worked, and was re-entering her home, when a voice gently whispered her name. It was a familiar sound to which her heart had now learned to respond, and she turned hastily to meet the affectionate glance of Luke Flemming.

"May I come in?" he asked, "I have news to tell you."

"News," repeated Alice. "*Good* news I hope."

"Yes, it *is* good, though it is not without a little, a ry little damper." Here he entered the apartment, then gently closing the door added, "It is, Alice, that I have an excellent situation offered me at Birmingham."

Alice tried to speak, but could not, a rising in her throat almost choked her, and dropping into a chair she burst into tears.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she at length sobbed out, "this is *very* selfish, but what shall I do without—without—your dear, dear mother."

The young man drew near and, for the first time, threw his arm around her.

"Oh, Alice, *dear* Alice," he cried, "is it only my mother you would miss?"

"I did not say that, Luke," she replied. "But she has been so good, so kind, so like a mother to me."

"And she wishes to be a mother to you still, if you will let her," the young man pursued. "Alice, *dear* Alice, though I have never had the courage to tell you so, you *must* know that I love you. I hoped, too, that you loved me. Is it so?" he looked earnestly in her face, but she did not answer.

"It is chiefly for your sake, dearest Alice," he went on to say, "that I rejoice so in the offer of this situation. Oh, how I have longed to put a stop to your toil, and take you from such a scene as this," and he glanced round the half-furnished room with a shudder. "I have watched you at your work till I could scarcely bear the sight, but I was not then in circumstances to tell you what I felt or to offer you a better home. Alice, dear Alice, won't you give me one word?"

The maiden still replied not, but covered her face with her hands and wept on.

"You *must* go with us," he resumed. "I will take no denial, for if you will not be my *wife*, you will surely be my *sister*, I will be a brother to you, and *my* mother shall be *your* mother. Surely you will consent to that, and let me serve you in *that* way, even that will make me happy."

"You are very, very kind, dear Luke," Alice now murmured forth.

"Am I indeed dear to you?" he interrupted her by exclaiming. "Am I indeed dear to you, Alice? Oh, if I am, say that word again."

"Yes, you *are* dear. I must be the most ungrateful creature on earth, if you were not. I *do* love you, but—"

"But what? Oh, don't *unsay* what has made me so very happy, Alice."

"I shall never unsay that I love you, Luke, but you know I have a father."

"You have one who bears the name of father, but he has never acted a father's part. Has he not left you to want—has he not suffered you to toil till your health is quite gone—has he—"

"Stay, don't say any more, if you love me," interposed the maiden. He *is* my father, and I am bound to do my duty towards him."

"Yes, certainly, but you surely do not think it is your duty to give up everything, everybody for his sake?"

Alice again burst into tears.

"It is a hard struggle, I know, my sweet Alice," the young man resumed. "You have ever been such a dutiful and affectionate daughter, but this is not,—I am *sure* this sacrifice is not required of you."

"You will not think so, Luke, when I tell you *all*, the maiden murmured.

"*All!* don't I know all?"

"No; not *quite* all."

"What can you have to say? Surely, surely, it is not that you have any other engagement?" he gasped out.

"Oh, no, no—nothing of the kind; at least, I have no engagement except what I have made not to forsake my father. Sit down, and listen dear Luke, and I will tell you all now."

The young man complied in silence.

"On the very evening on which my dear mother died," she began, "as I was sitting by her bedside in that little room,"—and she pointed to the back apartment—"she said to me, 'Dear Alice, I have something to ask of you, which, if you will promise, will make me die happier.' 'Oh, mother,' I said, 'I will promise anything to make you happy. What is it?' 'It is,' she answered, 'that you will never leave your poor father.' 'I never thought of such a thing as leaving him, mother,' I said. 'Perhaps not, my dear child,' she replied; 'but you *may* think of it. It would, I know, be more pleasant and comfortable for you to go out to service; but I cannot bear the thought of your leaving him alone, for no one else in the world but you will take care of him or love him when I am gone. You know,' she said, 'my own father and mother, and my brothers, have often wanted me to leave him. They would have helped me, and taken charge of you, if I would have only left him; but I never *could* do it. I loved him too dearly to leave him, though he is not kind to us now.' She was going to say more, but I stopped her, by telling her, 'I was quite ready to promise what she wished.' 'Then,'—and here Alice's voice became more agitated—'then,' she said, 'it is possible that you may have an offer of marriage, and it is scarcely likely that any sober young man would consent for you to have your father living with you.' 'I will not marry whilst father lives, I promise you that, mother,' I answered, and I knelt down and solemnly asked God to witness my vow. Oh," added the maiden, "I cannot tell you how happy my mother looked then; she folded her poor thin hands, and called down a blessing upon me, and prayed that I might be strengthened to keep my resolution. Then she said she felt sure all would end happily; that *I* should live to see the blessing *she* had so long looked for. Oh, Luke," and Alice now looked up brightly into her lover's face, "you did not know my mother, if you had you would have loved her as much as I love yours. She was so good to everybody, and so fond of me; and she never once said an unkind word even to father, at any time. Oh, you *would* have loved her, dear Luke."

"Yes; I am sure I should," he replied; "and I love you, dear, *dear* Alice, ten thousand times better for all you have told me; though I cannot help wishing you had not made such a cruel promise. But I will wait for you, if it be for ten or twenty years. We will pledge ourselves to love each other, and hope that God will yet make us happy together."

As the young man spoke, he reached out his hand and took up a well-worn Bible which was lying on the table before them. Never was it taken up for a more sacred purpose, for his heart was full of pure and holy thoughts and generous impulses.

"Oh, that's father's step," Alice gasped out, starting up in terror, and almost pushing her lover from her side; "he will nearly kill me if he finds *you* here," she added, looking round as if in search of some other outlet besides the door.

"Don't be alarmed, dearest Alice," cried Luke, "I will go out to meet him. You have done no wrong, and what have you to fear?"

But the door was at this moment forced suddenly open, and Brayton staggered into the room.

"Oh, this is the way you spend your time, when I am away, Miss Alice, is it?" he vociferated, adding a terrible oath; then looking fiercely at the young man, "and who are you sir?" he demanded, "how dare you intrude here in my rooms?"

"My name is Flemming, sir," Luke replied, summoning all the composure he could command, "I love your daughter, and I came here to offer her honourable proposals."

Brayton muttered something quite unintelligible in reply, for he was too much intoxicated to take in the full meaning of Luke's words. Then turning to Alice he uttered a volley of execrations, too dreadful for recital. The poor girl was but too familiar with such language, but she blushed to hear it in the presence of her lover; she did not speak, but looked at him as if to entreat him to go.

Perceiving her meaning, Luke moved towards the door, but his indignation rose almost beyond control, his teeth became clenched, his hand was half raised, as "wretch, unnatural villain," escaped his lips.

"Do you threaten me," exclaimed Brayton, observing his gestures; and assuming a menacing attitude, he attempted to approach the young man, but reeling and overbalancing as he did so, he fell heavily to the ground.

"If you love me, do go, dear Luke," Alice now, in an agony, faltered out.

"What, and leave you with this——"

"Oh, Luke, you forget he is my father."

"Forgive me," he rejoined. "Oh, would," he passionately added, "would that I could remove you from such a dreadful situation. But let me stay, perhaps I may be of some service to you."

"No, no, no, you cannot; I beg you will go, if anything can soften my father, it is being patient with him. He is not quite so bad as you think, he will very likely be sorry for this afterwards."

These words were uttered in a hurried whisper, and casting on her a look of inexpressible tenderness, the young man now descended the stairs.

Brayton made one or two efforts to rise, but finding the attempt vain, he sunk down again, and shortly after fell into a sort of stupor. Alice gently removed his neckcloth from his throat, and then succeeded in placing a pillow under his head; this done, she retired to the inner chamber.

Little rest did the poor girl get that night; the events of the evening awoke a strange mixture of contending feelings, and sad recollections. So sweet was the thought of becoming the wife of Luke Flemming, and exchanging her own wretched home, for his peaceful and happy one, that her resolution was, for a season, shaken. It was, however, but for a season; her mother's dying wishes, and her own desire to discharge her duty towards her still beloved, though erring parent, at last prevailed over the temptation; and rising from her bed, she once again knelt down in the place where her promise had been given, and there solemnly renewed it.

There were periods when, as poor Alice said, her father was sorry for his brutal conduct, and asked forgiveness of his injured wife and child; but these had been rare. It was much more frequently the case that he stifled his remorse by plunging into fresh scenes of wickedness. The forbearance of his ill-used family had, however, often made him feel truly ashamed of himself, and produced some relentings when he was too proud to acknowledge it.

But we will turn from the wretched father to the suffering and devoted daughter. She arose in the morning, and prepared breakfast as usual, but Brayton sulkily refused to take any; and, dirty and disordered as he was, staggered again out of the house.

She took an early opportunity of relating to Mrs. Flemming the substance of what had passed between her and Luke on the preceding evening, but the widow had already heard the recital from the lips of her son. She grieved over the sad prospects of her young friend, especially as they would, ere long, be removed far distant from her; but she could not but commend the heroism which had enabled this young creature to make such a sacrifice to a sense of duty. She said everything she could to cheer and comfort her. She was sure, she said, that God would bless her filial piety, and eventually make her happy, even in this world.

Ere a fortnight had elapsed, the widow and her son had made all the necessary preparations for departure. Those who have little of this world's wealth can soon prepare for such changes; then the parting came, and that was a trial which the trio had looked forward to with dread. An engagement was mutually entered into to write often; and thankful was poor Alice, that she had learned enough of the art to enable her to do this.

Luke begged she would continue to devote a little time daily to mental improvement, deeply regretting that it would no longer be in his power to give her instruction. He insisted on her accepting the greater portion of his little library, he could re-furnish it by degrees, he said, and it would be of great value to her. These minor matters settled, he renewed the subject nearest his heart, and once more proposed that they should enter into a solemn engagement to remain true to each other.

"No, dear Luke," returned Alice, affectionately, but firmly, "I will not suffer you to bind yourself by any such thing. It may be many years before I shall be free from the engagement I have made, and in that time you may see some one else who would make you happy —happier than I could do. Think of me, then, only as a sister; to feel that you love me as a brother will be enough happiness for me."

"Is this really your wish, Alice?" asked the young man, looking earnestly in her face.

She suffered her head to drop on his shoulder, and wept forth her answer.

"It is not—oh, no it is not; it is only your generous desire to promote what you imagine may be my happiness, that prompts you to say it," Luke exclaimed, "then may I perish if I——"

"Hold, hold," interposed the maiden, "I beg of you make no rash vows. I am contented with your simple word—my faith in your sincerity is very great, believe me," she added, "and——"

"And I must be the basest of the base if I were to prove false," he rejoined.

It was not till the excitement of the parting was over, and poor Alice was left alone, that she fully realized the desolation of her position; for never since the death of her mother, had she felt herself without a friend to whom she could fly for sympathy. The first floor was not long without a tenant, but the fresh lodgers were people with whom she could not desire to be on terms of intimacy. Indeed, her father's drinking propensities being soon discovered, they rather avoided her as a person of doubtful respectability. Too often it is the case, that the sins of the parents are thus visited upon the children.

Further troubles arose in her home. Brayton's habits of intemperance grew upon him, and he became more and more idle, and had consequently less means to pay his way. So backward was he with his rent, and not being in other respects a very desirable lodger, his landlord gave him a notice to quit, intimating at the same time that he should distrain for the arrears, if they were not paid within the week. Alice naturally made her absent friends acquainted with her troubles, and the result was, that the money was immediately sent. The poor girl did not hesitate to accept of it, for she hoped by these means they should be allowed to remain, and the thought of going to a fresh home amongst entire strangers was dreadful to her. She was not mistaken in this hope, for though everybody in the house would have rejoiced in her father's departure, there were several who felt an interest in her, and pitied her.

Amongst these persons were the two sisters of whom mention has already been made. They noticed Alice's neat, and somewhat tasty home-made apparel, and, as it was now the busy season, proposed her trying her hand at their business. She gladly availed herself of the offer, and they were so well satisfied with her performance, that they gave her constant employment at a less laborious occupation, which was moreover somewhat better remunerated, than that she had hitherto pursued. From this addition to her earnings, she set aside a small sum, to assist in the payment of the rent, and she was thus able to avoid any further application to her generous friends. Luke and his mother were, however, constantly devising some means of benefiting her, by sending her up parcels, containing something useful. Indeed, of such frequent occurrence were these gifts, that she felt constrained to expostulate with them, fearing that they were themselves suffering privations, in order to make them. This supposition was not without foundation, but of what worth is that love which will not make some self-sacrifice for its object. The affection which existed between these two young people, was of no common character; so generous and disinterested was it on one side, and so trusting and grateful on the other; it may be said, to have been born in adversity, and now it was cherished under clouds and storms; still hope presented a beautiful vista to both, amidst all. The letters of Luke abounded with assurances of unchanged regard, but he made them also a means of improvement; he tenderly encouraged her to persevere in her attempts at self-culture, and to submit all her difficulties to him.

Thus year after year rolled on, and no material change took place, excepting that as time strengthened the debasing habits of Brayton, his health began to suffer, and he sunk into premature old age. It is rarely the case that the confirmed drunkard lives out the natural term of existence. No language can give an adequate idea of what his devoted daughter endured, through these long dreary years. Such trials can only be conceived by those who have experienced them, and nothing short of the high motive which had at first stimulated the sacrifice, could have enabled her to persevere in carrying it out. The lovers continued to correspond, and Alice had now become an expert scribe; but they had never met. Their intimacy was vaguely surmised by Brayton, but it was not acknowledged. Several times Alice attempted in his sober moments to mention the subject, for she felt uncomfortable at the seeming want of ingenuousness on her part; but he spoke so roughly to her, and so disrespectfully of Luke, that she had not courage to go on, as she did not wish to make him acquainted with the promise she had given her dying mother; she found also a difficulty in speaking of the engagement.

The time was, however, at hand, when the horrors of a mis-spent life were to rise in array before the stifled conscience of the unhappy man, and awaken his besotted reason to a sense of his position. A drunken revel led to a drunken quarrel, as is not uncommon, and this ended in blows, which occasioned a fall and the fracture of a limb. Brayton was now confined wholly to his bed, he suffered the most excruciating pain, and was, moreover, debarred the indulgence of his customary potations. At first his temper became so irritable under these trials, that his presence was scarcely endurable, even by that devoted girl, who had become habituated to his ill-usage. But after a while his fury abated, and as his senses became more and more free from the influence of the poisonous liquor, he awoke to some apprehension of his real condition. Now it was that the piety which had for so many years supported the heroic maiden was brought out to the aid of the dying man—for dying he was; the fracture, which in a healthy body could have been speedily cured, produced inflammatory symptoms in one predisposed for them, and the results were consequently fatal. Alice, like an angel of mercy, hung over him, and pointed to comfort for the repentant, even in the latest hour; but an overwhelming sense of how deeply he had wronged her and his departed wife seemed to oppose a barrier to his receiving it. Then she told him of her promise to her dying mother, and of her affection for

Luke Flemming; he listened with bewildered amazement. No marvel that his selfish nature should find it difficult to comprehend such self-devotion. But these revelations, at length, melted his proud, hard heart, and he wept like a child, and attempted to utter something like gratitude. All the return Alice desired was to see him restored to health with resolutions of reformation; it was, however, too late; he died the victim to his own vices—a slow suicidal death.

The over fatigue and excitement, which the poor girl had endured during the period of her father's illness, brief though it was, threw her on a sick bed when all was over, and a delirious fever followed. But when she was restored to consciousness, what was her happiness to find herself tended by the mother of Luke. Some of the people in the house being aware that they corresponded, had written to Mrs. Flemming, and both mother and son had hastened immediately to the spot. As soon as she could possibly bear the journey, Alice was removed to the home of her faithful friends, and their tender attentions, at length, restored her to some measure of health. Her constitution was so greatly impaired by close confinement, irregular diet, and sedentary habits, that it gave no promise of entire renovation. Thus the unnatural parent had, as it were, bequeathed the effects of his sins to his child, when death had terminated his own sad career. But Alice was now associated with congenial minds, and with those who reciprocated her affection, and she was happy. It was, indeed, a blissful change for one who had been so long isolated and neglected, to become the centre of a peaceful home, and an object of deep interest and tender concern.

Alice Flemming is now a matron of four or five and forty, still pale and delicate looking, and with a thoughtful and somewhat subdued aspect—the effect of her early sufferings. But she is a happy wife and mother, and the mistress of a home, which, though devoid of everything superfluous, is furnished with all that is wanted to make it comfortable, and her ambition rises no higher. The widow, though now greatly advanced in years, is still a sharer and a witness of their conjugal happiness; and often do they, when gathered around the fire on a winter's evening, recal the sad, yet sweet memories of their early acquaintance, when they were First and Second Floor Lodgers in that little back street.

ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

SHORT NOTES.

A PAPER OF TOBACCO!

The army of smokers in Great Britain and Ireland consume yearly about six millions of pounds worth of tobacco. This does not include the fancy-smokers, the consumers of Havanna, genuine Cabbage Cuba, and other kinds of Cigars, which would, doubtless, largely swell the expenditure. But think of six millions a-year blown away in tobacco-smoke, while we are higgling on a paltry hundred thousand pounds for national education. The duty alone paid upon tobacco and snuff, by the people of England and Scotland, averages about three million five hundred thousand pounds a year! The quantity consumed—smoked, snuffed, or chewed—during the same period, is about twenty-eight millions of pounds weight, or about four pounds weight per annum for every male adult in Great Britain. We ought also to allow a considerable share for the juvenile male population, who now horrify us by their public smoking exhibitions in the open day. Possibly, however, they smoke more cabbage and rhubarb-leaf than genuine tobacco, and, therefore, the average may still hold as above. Ireland,—poor Ireland,—annually pays not less than eight hundred thousand pounds of duty on tobacco and snuff; and only about thirty thousand on coffee. For every pound of coffee that the Irish people use, they smoke away about *four pounds of tobacco!* Ireland also furnishes about a million sterling per annum to the British revenue through the tax on "home-made" spirits; and on malt about two hundred thousand a year. These three articles—tobacco, spirits, and malt—raise considerably more than one-half of all the excise and customs duties levied in Ireland. The tobacco which the British people have consumed during the last three years would, it is said, if "worked into pig-tail half an inch thick," form a line 99,470 miles long—long enough to go nearly four times round the world! If St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were placed in one scale, and the tobacco in the other, the religious houses would kick the beam! Yet it all ends in smoke! The "fragrant weed," as its admirers call it! But let any one enter a room that has been smoked in over-night, and talk of "fragrance" then. Tobacco-smoke is bad enough; but as for your snuffer—a fellow that keeps poking that nasty black powder—forced, on the blast of a sudden inspiration, into his nose, which he pokes, thrusts, and exaggerates, ending with a terrific snort or blast, enough to raise King James from his grave to issue a "counter-blast" against it; what good thing can we say of him? Snuffing is more a Scotch than an English or an Irish vice. An Edinburgh tobacconist, who made a large fortune by the sale of snuff, had painted on his carriage-pannels (for he was not ashamed of his trade) the following pithy distich:—

"Wha wad ha thocht it
That noses could ha' bought it?"

And truly the consumption of snuff in Scotland is prodigious. Every man who would have a smooth path north of the Tweed carries a "mull;" it is a letter of introduction, a begetter of conversation, a maker of friends. Hence it has been said, that "the way to a Scotchman's heart is through his nose." It would be easy to count the cost of these fascinating little vices; and we recommend our readers to exercise their arithmetic on the interesting subject.

THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the rapid increase of the Irish population in the United States, and the increasing swarms of emigrants that are yearly pouring over into that country from Ireland, one would almost be disposed to infer, that before long, the Irish people would become bodily transported from their native soil. The Irish themselves would unquestionably be the greatest gainers by this migration. In the States and the colonies they invariably thrive; in their own land they are weighed down as if by a curse. Get an Irishman out of his own country, and he seems at once to have got a passport to success. The most thriving and the most industrious emigrants in all our colonies are Irish. Stigmatized at home as indolent and slovenly, you have only to get them moved out of Ireland, to see what a different nature is at bottom. How busy, industrious, thrifty, and foreseeing, the Irishman then becomes! How steady, laborious, and patient! His very nature seems to change, and his whole being is altered and improved. Among the fine traits of the Irish people, is the strength of family affection among them, they stick to each other while a shilling remains, and share and share alike to the last farthing. One member of a family first ventures into the States, sometimes a young man, sometimes a girl; they commend themselves to their employers by their industry, save a little money, and the first use they make of it is to dispatch it home to their friends, to send out another member of the family. One after another emigrates, until at last the whole are transplanted to the American soil. The amount of money yearly sent to Ireland for this purpose is immense. Thus, in the year endi

December 31st, 1849, not less than £327,722 was transmitted home from emigrants in America, to their poor friends in Ireland, through the principal Liverpool houses, besides a large amount, through smaller houses, which cannot be ascertained. In addition to this, the Liverpool shipping houses received prepayments of passages on the American side for about 19,000 emigrants from Ireland, or an amount of £58,800. These passages are usually paid during the winter, the parties whose passages are paid receiving an intimation to be ready to "come over" in the spring. We rejoice to see this transplantation going forward. Races of men, like plants, sometimes require a change of soil to enable them to thrive. The baneful influence of antiquated and pernicious institutions is thus summarily got rid of. And the mixture of races on the other side of the Atlantic will have as good an ultimate effect on that side, as the removal of so large an amount of festering pauperism will have on this. Like bees, we must "swarm." The world is wide, the earth is only half peopled, and the sooner we can be more equitably distributed over the surface of the globe, the better will it be for human happiness in the aggregate, and for the ultimate destinies of all the races of mankind.

TALES OF LONDON LIFE.

Under this head, Miss Anna Maria Sargeant, whose contributions occasionally appear in the Journal, has collected and reprinted some of her popular tales. From her accompanying introduction, we select these passages:—

"The tales which comprise this little volume give (it is hoped) a faithful representation of the struggles, cares, temptations, failings, and vices peculiar to London life—principally amongst the humbler ranks. Human nature, it is true, is essentially the same in all places; but every locality has its distinguishing characteristics, and it is interesting and instructive to observe those peculiarities. When penning these narratives, the writer had an end in view beyond the mere amusement of the fancy. * * * The beautiful sentiment of universal brotherhood is gradually expanding in the world, especially in our own favoured land, not as a *mere* sentiment, falling in harmonious cadences from the lips of a few philanthropic individuals, or gracing the effusions of the pen, but as a living, acting principle; producing untiring efforts for the mental and moral advancement of the most degraded, and awakening good will towards all. The great desideratum in the social world is *Love*. That would lead the high-born and wealthy to exercise something beyond benevolence in their intercourse with the humbler ranks, even to sympathize with the feelings and prejudices peculiar to their position. That would teach the working classes that they are unjust towards their superiors in station, when they suppose themselves overlooked, or utterly uncared for. * * * If we wish to further this great and desirable end, we must *individually* aim at its accomplishment, each one thinking, speaking, and acting out those principles which would produce it, in the little circle in which he may move."

This is right teaching, and this little volume will be eagerly read by the young and the self-reliant, to whom we commend it.

Notices of New Works.

Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology, with other Poems. By WILLIAM CHARLES KENT. Longman and Co.

THE subject of Mythology, embodying as it does so much of the history of the human race, is one which must be always fertile of interest; and the poetic beauty of its symbols and analogies will ever render it a favourite theme with those who court the muses. To those who study the action of mind in all its phases, too, it must be of importance to know how, in all ages, men pushed on by that faculty which prompts them to adore have elevated into deities those powers of good and evil, to which they found themselves subject, and rendered them both worship—the one in praise of its beneficence, the other in depreciation of its evil influence. It is interesting, too, to comprehend how untutored men, unable to conceive of abstract principles, have endowed them with, or typified them by, some great material form, such as the sun, the moon and the stars, and bowed down before them; and the manner in which such worship has become thoroughly materialistic; because they have, at last, rendered adoration to the thing, forgetting the idea of which it was at first emblematic.

To the student of history, too, the study of its fabulous part is almost as necessary as that of its authenticated portion. It is there he will see how fact exaggerated into fiction, and handed down by tradition, has made the heroes of one generation the demi-gods of another, or the presiding deities of a third; and has elevated and exaggerated human labours into the efforts of supernatural power. And as an age of greater refinement and luxury advanced, both religiously and socially, for though the simple principle of religion, the tendency to adore is always the same, its forms change, and have their eras of barbarism and refinement; how, under such circumstances, the deities have assumed a more attractive shape, and have been made the representatives of the highest embodiments of human passion, feeling, sympathy, and intellect.

But, perhaps, the chief beauty and interest of mythology consists in the analogies its fables have to the operations of those known laws which govern both mind and matter, and those occult influences, of which even now we know so little; and any one with a wide and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, able to trace the connection between all the mythologies, religious rites and fairy superstitions of the world, and to drag out from each the hidden truth or fact; which, like a pearl in its oyster there lies entombed, might not only do good service to the scientific world, but would open up a realm of surpassing interest and romantic beauty.

But, there is a great general want of knowledge of mythology, or indeed, classic literature of any kind, among even what are called the educated classes of society, which prevents mythological works from becoming even moderately popular, or even passing beyond the select circle of the classic few; and it is, therefore, that we cannot anticipate a very extended success for the opening poem "Aletheia," which occupies a large portion of the book. Indeed, Mr. Kent himself seemed to be perfectly aware of this difficulty, under which the writers of such works labour; for he has appended to the book a glossary extending over many pages, for those who know but little of the pagan deities, and are, therefore, unable to appreciate or understand the allusions which the poem contains. Nevertheless, Aletheia is a poem, which, besides showing an intimate acquaintance with the subject of mythology, possesses considerable independent power of thought and poetic beauty. In proof of which, we might quote the two following stanzas on life.

> "Life, changeful Life! thou art but as a dream,
> Full of false pleasures and illusive woe,
> A vision such as 'wilder'd sophists deem,
> A problem whose solution none can know;
> And when destruction's pang thy torpor breaks,
> The soul not slumbers, but from sleep awakes.
>
> Then weep no more, ye mourners for the dead
> Nor sadden their grass-graves with sorrow's cloud;
> No lengthen'd sufferings wrack that nerveless head;
> No cold heart throbs beneath that sullen shroud;
> Corruption soars not where their spirits go;
> Their crumbling relics only fade below."

And the others, where viewing the ruins of all those creeds,

which from time to time have held the world captive, and gathering together the fragments; the author imagines himself to stand on the shore of the great sea of circumstances, over which the broken spars of old religion float to his feet, like the wrecker of the past.

"The Wrecker of the Past, that on the strand
Of bygone centuries awaits the tide,
Fraught with the spoil whose fragments still are grand
As when first floating in primeval pride;
Once the stern arbitrers of weal or woe,
Now sport of Fortune's fitful ebb and flow.

Altars and shrines roll towards me on the surf,
With diamond pomp encrusted, like torn crowns
Of blossoms cull'd from dew-bespangled turf,
What Time the Autumn husk of nut embrowns;
Robes, censers, amulets like bubbles run
On seas for ever heaving in the sun."

And when, in tranced vision wrapt, the author's mind sees the pagan deities of old pass in review before the mind's eye; and the once great gods of classic Greece, and warlike heroes beam upon his soul with their awful majesty, he yields them adoration; but they fade and vanish before Aletheia, the spirit of Truth, who in the guise of "a maid, as fair as purity," tells him to

"Know that the classic phantoms thou hast seen
Were but the symbols of terrestrial feeling;
Know that thy mind in impious mood hath been,
When down before their ghastly presence kneeling;
Know that those Godheads are, in sooth and deed,
The Pagan devils of the Christian creed.

Beauteous and noble though their shapes appear'd—
Grand incarnations of ideal vice!—
More in proportion should their sway be fear'd,
As with superior charms their looks entice
The admiration that enkindles awe,
And renders Sin Beatified thy Law."

and directs his attention to that Trinity of Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, and Love.

"Have Faith implicit in the Present hour;
Have Hope for all the Future holds in store;
Have—though dark memories around thee lower—
Love for the solemn Past for evermore:
And thus serenely let thy soul confess
Heaven's holy rule of earthly happiness."

Among the minor poems, there are some stirring patriotic stanzas, written under the influence of the political earthquake, whose heavings have just been stilled for the time; and many graceful lyrics, from among which we select for quotation—"To a Wasp at Sea," an insect sadly out of his element, and a warning to mortals who leave the shore of good to venture across the sea of error, and the "Magnetic Flower," which, on the boundless prairies of the new world, ever bends its blossom to the north, and guides the traveller over the pathless plain as infallibly, as the compass directs the track of the mariners across the uncertain ocean.

TO A WASP AT SEA.

A golden rover o'er the deep,
Emerging like a dream from sleep,
Where the emerald billows weep
In silver spray,—
Thy wings a drowsy droning keep
Thro' twilight grey.

Whence—wherefore were't thou borne aloft,
Away from verdant scenes, where oft'
Thou—rear'd on insect pinions soft—
Hast liv'd thine hour,
Humming around the garden croft,
From flower to flower?

For thee the tendrils of the vine
Dark clusters and fresh leaves combine,
For thee each bloom with dewy wine
Is brimm'd at morn;
But now above the heaving brine
Thou sail'st forlorn.

For thee the apricot's green ball
Was ripen'd on the sunny wall,
For thee would bursting fruitage fall
In showers profuse—
Figs, nect'rines, peaches, one and all
Surcharg'd with juice.

For thee the cherry boughs were hung
With milk-white buds, whose petals clung
Till by the throbbing fruit-germs flung
Abroad to die,
Where the bird-scaring bells were rung
Amidst the rye.

The custard apples still grow fair
And ruddy in the Autumn air,
But thou art now no longer there,
Crisp rinds to bite;
No more the blush of tawny pear
Retards thy flight.

For far art thou away from land,
Far from the tide-beleagur'd strand,
Where glows the beacon's saving brand
Above the lee,
Whose light, like God's protective hand,
Illumes the sea.

So mortals, here, in wilful mood,
When straying from the source of good,
Drunk with the pleasures that delude,
Soon end their course,
And perish in some solitude
Of vain remorse.

THE MAGNETIC FLOWER.

'Mid the blue meadows of the sky,
Mid the green deserts of the land,
A silver star-gem blooms on high,
A golden blossom on the sand,—
Guides, God hath letter'd all around,
In air, and in the verdure of the ground.

And even when the traveller turns
His track across the wild or main,
There, thro' the clouds, the star-gem burns,
There glows the blossom on the plain,
There o'er his head, or 'neath his feet,
The guardian jewel doth his glances greet.

The soul, too, hath its star and flower,
Its guides amid the glooms of sin;
Aye, luring when dark passions lower,
Or from on high, or from within;
The bloom perennial, and the light
Shining unquench'd amid temptation's night.

Faith is the star that gleams above,
Hope is the flower that buds below;
Twin tokens of celestial love
That out from Nature's bosom grow;
And still alike in sky, on sod,
That star and blossom ever point to God.

We must now take leave of Mr. Kent and his book, wishing him more mythological and classic readers than we wot of, and hoping that he may have that success which his learning, talent, and graceful versification unquestionably deserve.

BRITISH MEDICAL FUND.

A society has just been formed under the name of the British Medical Fund, being a provident and relief society for medical men, their widows and orphans. This is an instance of one of the thousand forms in which the idea that lies at the root of all socialism is gradually, unostentatiously, and most usefully working throughout all English society. The objects of the institution are two:—first, to offer means whereby the savings of medical men may be made available for their own relief in times of sickness and old age, and of benefit to their families in case of death. A series of tables has been calculated, adapted to meet the wants of all classes of the profession. The other object is, by bequests and donations to raise a fund out of the interest of which cases of severe distress may be relieved, loans granted, and residences provided for decayed members or their widows.—*Athenæum.*

It is wrong to judge a man by a single action, though, at the same time, all the circumstances attending it should even be known. In a moment of enthusiasm, a false calculation, a transient error, may make the most honest man commit a censurable action. Judgment should be deduced from the whole life.

BESSIE GRAY.

Another of my childhood's friends has passed into the grave,
The living waters of my heart are ebbing, wave by wave;
The floodtide of my youthful love has left its sparkling strand,
But Memory keeps the margin marks, in rifts of golden sand.
I will not count how many of my playmates I have lost,
I only know they all have gone, like gems of morning frost;
I only know that they who shared my path at break of day,
Have vanished from my side before Life's noontide sheds its ray.

I scarcely now can find a name that chimed with mine at school,
And often wonder why I'm left to live as "Fortune's fool;"
For many a cheek had more of red than mine could ever show,
And many a spirit had more will to struggle here below.
Fine saplings were around me, and full many seemed to be
More likely to become a strong, and storm-enduring tree;
And the fair stem just stricken! oh, I dreamt not of its fall,
For Bessie Gray was ever deemed the rarest of them all

Poor Bessie Gray! ah well-a-day! I sigh to learn thy fate,
For thou wert dearest of the group—my chief and chosen mate;
We were a pair of daring things in mischief, mirth, and noise,
But famed for peaceful partnership in story-books and toys;
We clubbed our pence when cash was scant, and had a "joint-stock" hope
Invested in "Arabian Nights," hoop, ball, and skipping-rope;
And battle as we often did—aye, even with a brother
Our busy hands were never seen upraised against each other.

Poor Bessie Gray! we spent Life's May in merry games together,
We made fine silken puppet-shows and spun the shuttle-feather;
And how we sat on Winter nights beside old Kitty's fire,
And found choice themes in quaint Dutch tiles that never seemed to tire;
How we stirred up the blaze to see where Jacob's ladder stood,
Where Isaac offered up his son, and Noah stemmed the flood;
Where Solomon and David sat in grandeur on their thrones,
And how we loved the Bible lore of those old pictured stones.

And then we'd turn to that prized book—'tis now before my gaze,
I see its well-thumbed pages, and its title, "Shakspere's Plays;"
And how we talked of Hamlet with the zeal of older praters
And did it quite as well perchance as greater "Commentators.'
And then with motley drapery, tin shield, and wooden sword,
What "Histrionics" we assayed as "Lady" and as "Lord;"
But truth to tell I never shone in that peculiar way,
And ne'er could "make believe" so well as thou couldst, Bessie Gray.

And then our bright half-holidays, our happy summer walks,
Oh, Childhood's richest fruit e'er hangs upon the poorest stalks!
Pleasure and Triumph, can ye give to any grown-up daughter,
Such joy as ours when we had leaped the dyke of weeds and water?
Oh, Bessie Gray! we used to play, like two unbroken hounds,
Strong health was thine, warm thoughts were mine, life had no thorny bounds;
And somehow as I've travelled since, no young face seemed to stay
Upon the mirror of the past, as thine did, Bessie Gray.

We parted when we had outgrown our rudest peals of laughter
When each began to meditate upon a grand hereafter,
Thy steps were turned for ever from thy native home and shore,
I saw thee on a bounding ship and never saw thee more.
I will not say, poor Bessie Gray, that later years have not
Strewn truest friendship on my path in many a fairy spot;
But favoured as my heart has been I never yet could see
Two merry girls in giddy sport without a thought of thee.

For thou wert frank and kind and true, and shared my sunniest time,
We sat upon the selfsame form and learnt the selfsame rhyme;
We sang the same old ballad scraps, and when my fault was blamed,
The chance was rare when thou wert not as guilty and ashamed.
But thou art dead—'tis like a dream! they tell me thou'rt at rest
Where prairie flower, and panther cub, may spring above thy breast.
'Tis strange! for thou didst often speak in wild romance of youth,
Of distant land, and lonely home, and lo! 'twas augured truth.

My gay young playmate! can it be? and art thou lying low
Where tawny footsteps leave their trail and waves of blossom flow?
Oh! can it be, that thou art gone—so blythe, so brave, so strong,
And I, the weaker one, still left to hum thy requiem song?
I wonder where my eyes will close, and sleeping-place will be,—
No matter; sleep where'er I may, 'tis little care to me;
I only hope some gentle hearts when I have passed away,
Will thank of me, as I do now of thee, poor Bessie Gray.

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

MANNERS are more esteemed in society than virtues; though the one are artificial, like false brilliants—and the other pure, like real jewels.

POETRY is the key to the hieroglyphics of Nature.

AMBITION is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness.

WHEN penetration is guided by malevolence and hate, it sees only that which is superficial; but when benevolence and love direct it, it fathoms men and things, and may hope to attain unto the most elevated mysteries.

MEMORY is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention; and there are many books that owe their success to two things—the good memory of those who write them, and the bad memory of those who read them.

A NATURAL, in music, is quite different from a flat; but a natural, among mankind, is a decided flat.

THE interest of an old debt is often paid in bad language.

INTELLECT is a mercenary who will fight under any banner, and never once stumbles over moral scruples.

IF every one will but do his duty as an individual, and will be but courageous and sufficient in the sphere of his immediate calling, there need be no fear for the weal of the whole.

SELF-WILL will break the world in two to make a stool to sit upon.

MOTIVES are like harlequins, there is always a second dress beneath the first.

TRUST him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or, when he has proved you, with nothing.

RE-ISSUE OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ELIZA COOK.

Numerous subscribers having expressed a desire to have the whole of the Poems reprinted in the JOURNAL, we have much pleasure in announcing that a re-issue will be commenced in the FIRST NUMBER of the FOURTH VOLUME, to be published November 2nd, and continued weekly until completed.

This arrangement will not interfere with the present features of the JOURNAL, which we shall endeavour to make more attractive than ever, by supplying instructive and amusing matter.

Subscribers will thus obtain, at a trifling cost, the whole of the Poems written before the commencement of this JOURNAL.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 8, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, August 31, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 71.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE FLIRT.

"*He wants style!* I should be bored by such a man."

"But he has sense; and that is a thing that wears better and longer than style."

"Pshaw!—look at him dawdling there, with his hands fumbling about his breeches pockets. That is always my mark of a man's breeding: when he does not know what to do with his hands, depend upon it he is—"

"Well—what?"

"Why, little better than a booby. I could never get on with such a man."

"And yet you have accepted him!"

"Oh! just because no other is in the way at present."

"Then, you are trifling with that good creature's heart."

"There again—a good creature! Who ever heard of your good creature being anything but a ninny?"

"Well, it is not my business; but I cannot help thinking that you are in a fair way of achieving a very unenviable reputation as a—"

"Say the word—a coquette?"

"No, not a coquette,—something worse—*a flirt*."

"And pray, most sweet coz, tell me the difference."

"A coquette is a natural being—full of heart—eager to be loved; and she plays off her pretty graces in order that she may attract, and win a lover: a coquette is rather rustic perhaps, but I have known such in a ball-room like this. But *a flirt!*—"

"Ah! do tell us now what a flirt is."

"Very well; though you must excuse the severity of my definition. A flirt is an artificial being, very deficient in heart. She has gay manners, clever repartee, ready sarcasm, and an unbounded love of admiration from the other sex. As she gets tired of one lover, she throws him off as she would a pair of old gloves, and tries on another, and another, and another."

"What! so many?"

"In this course she grows reckless, is often unfeeling, and generally short-sighted; for she becomes *fade*, and then lovers fail to come at her bidding; and she is surprised in her advanced womanhood to find that, while she has made many victims, the greatest of all is herself. In short—"

"Well, really, I must cut you short myself. Who ever heard such rubbish? But here comes Tom Dubbing to relieve me—and think of us losing the benefit of such delicious music—that enchanting Strauss!—Well, Tom?"

"You'll take a turn of course? I know you never resist '*La fascination!*'"

And with her head upon his shoulder, his hand in hers, his arm circling her beautiful person, away the couple wheeled round the ball-room, to the strains of one of Strauss's waltzes. A pair of eyes followed them sorrowfully in their gyrations. William Benson was certainly out of place in that gay assembly, though his heart was there. He loved this girl, and had been fascinated by her; for she was intelligent as well as beautiful. But she was altogether wanting in heart; it had been so frittered away, or hardened, or closed up, that the most beautiful quality of the woman's nature had disappeared. Benson had been already rebuffed by her that night; she thought he had danced clumsily; and certainly the art of moving his limbs about gracefully, after the most approved style of dancing masters, had not been cultivated by him. He was proud, and would not condescend to fawn upon her; though he loved, had offered himself, and been accepted, he would not presume upon that standing, but would rather leave her still free to take her own course. He thought she studiously avoided him, and she had hurried away from him across the room to her cousin, with whom we have just found her conversing.

She was certainly a beautiful girl. Tall, taper, and lithe—nothing could be more charming than the round and oval outlines of her figure as she glided along the floor. Her dark brown hair enhanced the purity of her complexion, and her eyebrows arched over a pair of dark blue eyes, which glittered with life, as she turned her delicate little head from side to side like a bird, showing the alabaster curve of her stately throat. Her mouth was the sweetest of mouths, deliciously formed, full of fascination when she smiled; though sometimes there lurked upon her lips a polished curl, which made you fear that her smile did not quite express the real feeling of the moment. No wonder that our youth followed with his aching eyes, and with a sad heart, the movements of this beautiful creature.

She felt his eyes were upon her, and she was only the more bent upon piquing him. Assiduously avoiding his gaze, she devoted herself to her partner, whose nature

was very congenial to her own—a dashing, and rather impertinent youth.

"Oh, by the way," said he, as he led her panting to a seat, "when does your affair with Benson come off?"

"Impudence!—how dare you?" was her answer, flapping her perfumed handkerchief in his face. He adroitly caught it in his hand.

"Shall I, your most faithful slave, carry the *gage d'amour* to the sighing youth? Don't you see him?"

"No! I see nobody that answers your description. What can you mean?"

"Why, Benson to be sure. You know you are going to be married to him—everybody knows that."

"Well—I don't. What do you think of that?"

"Ah! that's all nonsense. But here he comes himself. And now I resign my charming charge. Well, Benson, you are an enviable fellow to be sure. *Au revoir!*"

And Dubbing whisked off, and was soon whirling round with a new partner.

"You enjoy yourself much, I hope, dear Julia," observed the youth.

"Well—why not? Of course we are all here for that purpose?"

"Surely! And yet, do you know, I rarely feel more oppressed than at one of these gay parties."

"The more fool you!" she muttered. But he seemed not to hear her remark.

"I always contrast the glare, and glitter, and noise—musical though it be, as I confess—of such places, with the charming quiet and converse of one's own fireside—"

"With a dowdy wife, and a pair of dip candles for companions."

"Dowdy! Who would ever have dreamt of such a thing? *You* dowdy!"

"Oh, excuse me, I could not be the person you were thinking of."

"Why? Who else could grace my house, and make my fireside happy?"

"Oh, I fear, with your serious tastes, you will require for a Grace, some heavy person to make you happy—some such individual as Miss Murdison, for instance: see how the floor shakes under her ponderous tread."

And here she gave one of her silver-ringing laughs—not a very hearty or cheerful laugh it is true—perhaps her laugh was a little bit studied; and she rather prided herself on it, since some incognito poet had, in certain verses he had sent her, styled it "Julia's silver music-laugh."

And Benson was rather nettled both at the remark and the wh[illegible]th she expressed, at the exhibition of one less gra[illegible]But [illegible]usly dealt with by nature than herself. He had before And[illegible]oted this unfavourable feature in Julia's character.

"It is scarcely charitable," he quietly observed, "to make fun of the infirmities of others."

"Infirmity do you call it? Miss Murdison infirm! why look at her! she has the strength of a giant, and the dimensions of—"

"Stop, Julia, stop—it is really too bad!"

"And who asked you for your wise opinion, Mr. Benson, as to whether it is either good or bad? *Who cares?*" And here her blue eyes flashed with ire.

"I ask your pardon, Miss Julia, for I see I have offended you *again*."

"To tell you the truth, you bore me."

"Ah, Julia! (for I will still call you so once more), I fear your heart turns from me. I have discerned it before, but shut my eyes to the fact."

"Well, if they are open now to the fact, keep them so—Dubbing, come here! you dance the *Schottische*, don't you?"

"Ah, charming Julia—with you anything." And away they went again.

"Benson looks rather dumpish."

"Pshaw! the brute's got his quietus, I think."

The rooms were full. A whist party occupied one drawing-room, and gay music resounded from the other. I hate whist at those crowded evening parties; for there you cannot give yourself thoroughly up to "the quiet rigour of the game," as Mrs. Battle termed it; and so I soon found myself among the more brilliant and juvenile portion of the assembly. A young lady—young you might certainly style her, though it was obvious from her finished manner, that she had seen many seasons—sat at the piano, and sung with admirable execution Spohr's *recherche* song of "A Bird sat on Alder Bough." The notes trilled through her beautiful throat, clear and glittering as diamonds. There was no reserve, no blushing insipidity in the singer, she sung in "full-throated ease," like the lark as she springs exultingly from her nest into the sky, and pours a flood of melody on the listener's ravished ear. Murmurs of applause followed the lady as she was led from her seat at the instrument to make room for another performer; and then it was that I noticed the exquisite grace, the full round beauty, the fascinating manner of this beautiful woman. Many admirers seemed to hover round her, but there was one in especial whom I had no difficulty in setting down in my own mind as the "favoured one." He paid all those little attentions which are so charming in a drawing-room, or indeed anywhere, indicating polish and manners; and though some French cynic has very cruelly styled these "the hypocrisy of society," they are very charming nevertheless in their place.

Taking advantage of a vacant seat near to the accomplished singer, I soon became an unconscious listener to a conversation going on between her and a beautiful fair girl who sat by her side.

"I think I could love him myself," said the fair girl.

"Then, why don't you propose?"

"Julia, how cutting you always are. You know I only jest."

"There's much truth in a jest, love. But I can spare him—there's many more as good as he."

"What! are you refusing still?"

"My love, no woman of spirit dreams of flinging her self away upon the first that offers."

"The first?"

"No, not quite the first, I confess."

"Pray, do confess a little more. What is the number of the slain?"

"Pshaw! not worth talking about."

"Well, there was Benson, you know."

"Oh the horrid bore!"

"But what a good, kind husband he makes. And what a charming wife he has got at last."

"Dowdyish, isn't she? but a good kitchen-woman I dare say."

"Oh, she's good in all ways, and I think Benson very happy."

"And very stupid."

"Then, there was Dubbing."

"Ah, do stop, Caroline. Dubbing was all heels; plenty of brass in his face, but none in his pocket. I hate your poor lovers."

"Then there was—"

"I really won't hear another word—let me turn the fire upon yourself. What of your affair with Charles?"

"Hush! not a word."

"Hasn't he spoken yet?"

"I can't tell."

"Now, Caroline, you don't mean to tell me that he has been dangling on so long without explaining himself? You love him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"But what if he loves you not?"

"He does! he does!"

"Then he *has* explained?"

"That is my secret."

"Ah! but if he changes?"

"I never dream of such a thing. I should love him still; because I could not help it."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Carry. I fear you are going to make a silly business of it. He has no position."

"He will make one; he is so clever."

"Bah! all the world is clever now-a-days."

"But he is affectionate, pure, and noble-minded."

"Why child, you are talking of a thing which never existed. You are in the clouds."

"I am happy though; and am satisfied to believe, and hope, and love on."

"Poor silly Carry!"

Supper was announced, and the conversation was interrupted. I kept near to the pair of charming girls, and took care to make myself agreeable. Being a *Benedict*, I was suspected by neither. I was no "match," so the majestic flirt could be at her ease with me. I found her clever, almost too clever, at repartee; brilliant in conversation; and full of satire and wit. She astonished, but did not warm you. I found the charming Caroline by far the more pleasing of the two—a woman whom one could live and be happy with. Julia's beauty dazzled and attracted the most, until you felt a touch of the thorns, which made you fear danger and shun it. The young gentleman, her favoured admirer, fluttered about her for a time, but shortly disappeared to give place to another, like him to disappear and vanish into domesticity elsewhere.

Poor Julia! I watched her grow old. I saw her beauty becoming more stately and rigid, her wit becoming more savage, her temper more soured. Lovers fell away, and she ceased to be the observed of all observers. She was no longer the charming, fascinating Julia; she was the wit of a party still, but had ceased to be its belle. Pretty nothings were no longer poured into her ear; polite attentions ceased to be lavished upon her; other and younger beauties were asked to sing; and she sat apart, a lone woman.

Alas! the Flirt leads an unhappy life, and makes a sorry ending. She has stifled her heart-longings, and sealed up the fountains of her nature from which the truest happiness flows. If she looks back, it is upon triumphs which have left only regrets behind. She has drawn forth the feelings of others, but not to avail herself of them. Like a butterfly she has flown from flower to flower, and sipped the sweets, but gathered no honey for the evening of her life; and when her brief beauty has fled, she leaves the world neither better nor happier than she found it. Sometimes the flirt marries, and then, instead of one person, two are made miserable. She becomes *fade* and desperate, accepts hurriedly, and is married. She seeks an establishment perhaps; the husband discovers that the showy woman he has selected for his wife has but a small store of affection reserved for him. His admiration ceases; but the flirt cannot exist without it, and she seeks for it elsewhere. The quiet duties of home are neglected, and the curtain drops over scenes of domestic unhappiness, if not worse.

There are male flirts too in numbers—men who have grown grey in heartless trifling with the tenderest feelings of the other sex. Spoilt puppies at an early age, they grow up with an increasing appetite for admiration, which at length becomes the aim and end of their existence. Of all the abortions of men, we have no hesitation in pronouncing as the most miserable of all, the exhausted, padded, bewigged, and whisker-dyed Male Flirt.

Of all human actions, pride seldomest obtains its end; for, aiming at honour and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

WILLIAM LOVETT'S LESSONS ON PHYSIOLOGY.

Until recently, law, as it governs the entire physical and spiritual universe, was neither declared nor explained in any of the processes of popular education. It was neither made use of as a magnificent instrument by the teacher, for laying a true foundation, nor was the child endowed with the supreme gift of seeing in what courses nature wisely runs; but barren, narrow fact, serving to little purpose, was all a youthful mind could gather from its meagre books, and from its uninstructed and consequently in degree its soulless teacher. For the perception of, or knowledge of, truth can alone bestow the sacred energy, whether upon the writer or the teacher. This it is, this guidance by, and growing up, from a fixed knowledge so characterized, which makes the difference between Lord Bacon and the strolling empiric, between Adam Smith and the economical quacks of his day, between John Stuart Mill and the mob orator, who flatters his audience with a recital of their virtues, but passes over their vices with closed eyes, contented if he can father all the sins of ignorance, dependence, and self-gratification upon one word "wealth;" and this knowledge it is, in degree, arising as it must do out of his own self-culture and observation, which makes the startling difference between the industrious and progressive working man, and the drunken, ill-contented sot, who prefers the workhouse to the spade. It is this teaching of law, this setting forth the bounds and lines of nature, however restricted by the codes and formulas of teachers, which have so influenced, through universities and high-class schools, our present state of knowledge amongst the educated of this and other countries. For though many so educated keep safely within the prescribed limits of speech and action, there are happily a largely increasing class, who stride beyond these "pleasant places" of the formalist, and give to law those interpretations which are destined to carry out yet more fully all the progresses contained within itself.

Though but lately come, the present is a time when not alone the mathematician of the university, the physiologist of the school, the speculative thinker, or the enlightened economist, usurps this great prerogative of knowledge under the sublime aspect of law, but the new and great class of the self-cultivated and observant see likewise the force of cause and effect, of action and concomitant result, and thus the self-taught, the disciples as it were of new-found truth, are the teachers destined to precede and to clear the way for the higher taught and recognised schoolmaster. As in all else, law is here too; the child goes first to the schoolmistress, and as in that fine idea of Pestalozzi, of monitor and scholar, the disciple himself, a continuous scholar, brings greater patience to the duties of recapitulation and detail, than one who, having long passed these things, has risen into the province of generalization, wherein new truths and experiments grow forth from those already ascertained. Thus, till physiology, social economy, and geometry, be recognised for their worth as essentials of primary education, the earnestness of the disciple teacher, the enthusiasm of the amateur will precede the severer logic of the master, and the holiday botanist, with his humble *hortus siccus* from the fields, precede the Linnæus of the school-room.

I am led to these remarks, by attending some weeks ago, a school lesson on physiology, given by William Lovett. By one of those coincidences, with which the soul-life of all of us is so strangely filled, I had been reading that morning a French review on Pestalozzi, and yet whilst in full meditation thereon, some one shouted out close beside me "Day and Martin, if you please," making certainly as fine a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, as could be conceived even by the matchless brain of Douglas Jerrold. And thus aroused, I cer-

tainly was not with the rare old man bending amidst his listening children, but in an omnibus straight before the veritable region, where blacking is brewed like ancient ale in mighty tuns. But once with my face turned from that contemplation of limitless hostlers, maids-of-all-work, and dusty-booted gentlemen, "No. 97, High Holborn, London," and the picture was there before me, as free from the specific adjunct of blacking as it was before the ludicrous antithesis. When again no longer there, it was as if the purely mental fact had passed by some sudden process into the vital and actual, for here stood William Lovett amidst his group of little girls, as I had unconsciously for an hour before been seeing the good and great Pestalozzi amidst his scholars. For the minute I was struck dumb by the parallel—by this extraordinary likeness between the mental and the actual; and whilst the impression was such a one as will never be effaced from my memory, I asked myself, "is then benevolence, when thus approximated to truth, so high and divine a quality of the soul, as to show somewhat the same likeness under many aspects?" The answer was an unconditioned affirmative. If too I could stamp upon my age, nay upon any one human heart, as the teacher stood there, as the uninterrupted lesson went on, what filled my soul, as by some momentary illumination, neither would the age, neither would one man or woman of it desire a more legitimate method towards the future greatness of their country, or have a higher ambition for themselves individually, than either to have to be, or to duly appreciate teachers of this sort. I thought to myself—the man who is only great through the possession of money, or the fact of title, can at this hour inhabit the costliest room, can order forth his carriage, can sign a cheque that stands good for hundreds or thousands; but in a century hence the chamber will have lost its gilt, the carriage be rotten, the money spent, whilst here the seed thus sown, the truth bestowed, the knowledge given so unobtrusively, and with such pure benevolence, will have served to good effect a generation of human mothers, sown and resown itself in the actual fact of organization, and perhaps even beyond the circumstance of physical progress, moulded some noble specimen of the noble Saxon type—an actor, a thinker, whose influence may act and re-act on an age. So I then thought, so I now believe, as always, that truth not only has an ascending scale, but that in great secular acts of this sort, in teaching, modifying, progressing, the humanity of our age is destined to work out its own development, and that as, in a former time, men built cathedrals and monuments and prayed thereby, so now has come a less ostensible, though grander and far more spiritual ambition—the ambition of labour and result in the divine province of Humanity. And this it was that made me see the true dukedom, the actual noble, in the fact and man before me.

Mr. Lovett gave a sort of general lesson, that I might understand his plan, and the proficiency of his little scholars—all girls from about eight to fourteen years of age. First upon digestion, and the organs of digestion, upon the conversion of the food into blood, upon the arterial and venous blood, and the process by which the latter becomes again fitted for the great vital process of circulation and nutrition, upon the arteries, veins, lacteals and capillary vessels, upon the lungs, nerves, brain, and skin; showing, as he proceeded, the opposing effects of good and bad food, of pure and impure air, of cleanliness and dirt, and the comprehension and answers of the children were singularly clear, and so varied though apposite, as to plainly show the ability with which the teacher had addressed the understanding of his scholars. Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, who visited the National Hall School last November, thus writes on this matter to the *Scotsman* newspaper, "In the same school and at another hour, I heard Mr. Lovett give a lesson, with admirable precision, to a class of girls, on anatomy and physiology. They were taught by the aid of large well-executed drawings, the structure of the human body, and they showed a ready knowledge of the bones, the superficial muscles, and the circulating, respiratory, and digestive organs, with their uses. When these girls become wives and mothers, we may hope that this institution will enable them, better than sheer ignorance of such subjects would do, to understand and obey the laws of health, on which their own lives and those of their own children will greatly depend."

Mr. Lovett is an amateur in teaching physiology, but he executes his task well. No books are used, though he is at this time preparing a little work for the press, to serve as a manual of physiology. His aids have only been some admirable diagrams of the human body; but, as respects this subject, I think the diagram greatly preferable to any book, even though the best of its class; for the reason, that it conveys a lesson, which, though unspoken and unreferred to, is of as profound significance as the one which has a voice, particularly to the female mind. I mean the silent culture of pure ideas, arising from the habit of thus looking on the beautiful human body, as we do on a landscape, a tree, or a cathedral aisle, for its beauty, its purpose, or its use, and not as hitherto constantly in reference to sensuous property, making, as it were, what is most beautiful in nature, a mere vehicle for one class of suggestions, and that which it is the most stringent duty of all culture to modify. It is in this matter that our middle and working classes are so far behind those of continental states, particularly those of Germany, nor shall we have, in this country at least, indications of the coming age of art I predict, till we are capable of reading out of the book of nature purer lessons than we yet do. Let us be but cultivated, and the anatomist and the sculptor will become as pure interpretators of nature as the abstract and inductive astronomer.

I think too much stress cannot be laid upon the worth of physiology in performing a primary function with respect to secular education. It bears intimate relation to the mental, moral, and religious progress of the people; as the great sanitary measures, of even Government itself, will necessarily remain half inoperative, till the general understanding be brought nearer to a level with the reforms themselves. I look upon the fact of women being educated to a better understanding of their duties one of national significance, next to increasing cheapness and abundance of food, for in the cause and effect of civilization the amelioration of the physical condition stands first. And, as respects society, as well as the individual, it is useless building the school-house till some care has been had for the cradle, the kitchen, and bed and board. No doubt, from the time of the Conquest until now, the physical development of our Saxon race has been one of continuous progress, and no one service which Mr. Macaulay has done by his noble works equals that in which he has made clear to thousands, what had long been an inductive fact to the historical student, that at no time in the period of our history has the physical condition of the masses, and the abundant supply of food, equalled those of the present day. Let any one who doubts the truth of the historian, or sighs for the golden age of the English Georgics, turn to the old county histories, to manor rolls, or to "Sir John Cullum's History of Hawkstede, in Suffolk," and "Eden's State of the Poor," and find there the rates of wages and the supplies of food through centuries gone. This fact of improved physical growth is further borne out by the anatomist and the antiquarian, and however wretched are yet the lower depths of our social condition, no doubt exists that if we could tread the path back step-by-step, we should find a still worse state of things to deplore. At this time, therefore, it seems fitting, when we have an aristocratic class

equal to, or perhaps, surpassing, in physical condition and beauty, any yet known development of the Caucasian type, to find means springing up in so many quarters for a proportionate development on the side of labour, and that, in the harvest-field, by new methods of and appliances to cereal culture, in the quick importing ship, in the public baths, in the better houses, in the schoolroom, through the fact of milder laws, and by the intrinsic culture of the amateur preceding the master, the body of the people will beget its true spirit,—a spirit out of which culture has yet to fashion giants. I believe in this, and that the office of the physical ameliorator is, in consequence, of supreme value. The man or woman who popularizes the noble labours of the two Combes, of Dr. Bull, Peter Hood, and Caldwell of Philadelphia, is one of the noblest of public servants, whom a future generation of the medical profession, of registrar-generals, of philosophical mathematicians like M. Quetelet, of Brussels, will award all due honour. Too long has the marvellous connection between spirit and matter, viz., mind and body, been neglected: "For, as the body," says Mr. Wilkinson,* "is the *forum* of all public and private business whatever, and as WORK is the spirit of the age, it is time to enter into an edifice where such great and instructive concerns are carried on. Public health is the carrying out into the city, into agriculture, into commerce, into social relations, and into everything, the same principles that are laid down in the body. Thus, for instance, the problem of ventilation is simply that of continuing the lungs without interruption through the room, through the street, and through the particular air of the district, into the blue firmament where purity reigns. The problem of drainage is simply that of the continuation of another department of the body into the bosom of the earth, where wear and tear, and the injuries of time are repaired, and whence newness everlasting springs. The human body offers them a focus of light in treating the question of public health."

As I have long thought, as singularly struck me on my visit to the Peoples' College, at Sheffield, women, particularly those of the educated higher and middle ranks, should perform some service in departments of this nature; there should be an ambition in their souls to light up and bear onward the culture of their time. A month or two of study would give the requisite knowledge to a mind of ordinary intelligence, whilst the method taught through imparting it to others, would discipline and invigorate the faculties to an extent not easily conceivable. Neither is expense needful; only a few books or drawings, whose cost would not exceed twenty shillings; the great thing wanting is the will: and this not long so, for human progress is always fashioning her helping hands. As is so now,—strangely,—powerfully,—though unobserved; and the great humanities of the age asking for, and creating a new culture of women, will adorn the parlour and chamber with still more grace, carry new service and understanding to the kitchen, and bring knowledge of large price *before*, as well as to the cradle. That knowledge will descend, and we may yet wipe away the thousand infant tragedies begot of Godfrey's cordial, neglect, and ignorance.

Mr. Lovett's success in this, and other departments of his labours, as well as the success of Mr. Ellis in the masterly lessons he gives to both boys and girls on Social Science, have drawn much and distinguished attention to the new light thus thrown upon secular education, its needs and capabilities, which will, without doubt, be significant as examples, whenever the Ministry of the day shall be assisted by the votes of a House of Representatives to give education to its people. And that William Lovett may live to see this day in health and unimpaired usefulness, and be known widely as the apostle of enlightened secular education, as he is already as the patriot and the man, no one wishes more sincerely than myself.

ELIZA METEYARD.
(Silverpen.)

* Prospectus of a work on the Human Body, and its Connection with the Soul, the Universe, and Society. By John James Garth Wilkinson, surgeon.

CHANCES, CHANGES, AND CHARACTERS, IN AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THIRD ARTICLE

MISS Macdragon, as I have before hinted, "likit to see things weel red up," so, very often, Harry was sent for to weed the walks, and "mind he didna middle wi' the berries." Next to gazing at Effie in church, there was nothing Harry liked better than going to the Manse; for he was, although energetic when necessary, naturally a quiet boy, indulging in meditations above his age and station, having a turn for mechanics, and a strong desire to raise himself somehow or other; and the *how* was the frequent subject of his thoughts. Here he spent many a happy day amongst the old-fashioned, sweet-smelling plants—for the garden was close to the churchyard, and apart from the village which was almost screened from view by some old beeches, so that its noise, though near enough to be heard, was too far off to disturb. Miss Mysie watched him closely, and having never detected him, either robbing nests or taking fruit, was kind to him in her way; while the minister patted his head, and pronounced him a "most sagawcious bairn." One day, seeing him sitting under the trees very busy, at what he supposed some childish play, Mr. Dalton went to remind him that the weeding must be continued before Miss Mysie, who would be *sure* to scold, found out his idleness. To his surprise, on a slate, with a bit of chalk, he found him drawing a sketch of the Manse, so correctly that no one could mistake it. This put it into the good man's head to ask him some questions, and, delighted with his intelligent answers, he thought he would try to assist in his education, and devote an hour or so to his instruction every day. Harry gave his whole attention to what was taught him, and came on surprisingly, reading fluently, and writing a good bold hand; and was soon able to repay Mr. Dalton's kindness in many little ways, copying passages for him, and reading, when his kind old friend's eyes wanted rest, before he had been eight months a visitor to the little study. His mother had set her heart on his "wagging his pow in a poopit," as she expressed it, and, for some time, Harry was elated with the thought; but as his natural taste was for a more stirring career, the final attainment of this present object of his ambition would be the least pleasing part to him; for *then* all struggle, all hope of getting on would be over; he would have reached the topmost bough of his tree, and could get no higher; there would be nothing further then to do but his duty, and Harry's thoughts, though well disposed and religiously brought up, soared not above this world in his youth; long before he was removed from it, however, he turned them to a better, and tried to "lay up for himself treasures in Heaven." But his mother so much wished it, Mr. Dalton took so much pains, and seemed so sure the laird would give a helping hand towards the little that is needful for a Scotch college education, to which he himself would also contribute, that Harry looked forward to being a minister as a matter of course, and endeavoured with all his assiduity to profit by the instruction so liberally given.

Things were in this train, when Mr. Dalton and his sister prepared to make their annual round of visits to their parishioners. On arriving at Wolf's Craig, they were informed that Lord Wolverton was with his brother in the fields, inspecting some newly-purchased cattle, but

that the young people (Lady W. being dead) were at home. The minister, therefore, joined the gentlemen, while Miss Macdragon was shown to the room, where the seven Miss Miltonparks sat at their lessons, the elder instructing the little ones, during the temporary absence of the governess on a visit to her family. They received her in the shy, embarrassed way, in which girls who live in the country and see little company often do those much older than themselves, with whom they are but slightly acquainted; and, in truth, Miss Mysie's dry manner and unprepossessing exterior, made the attempts at conversation even more languid than usual. At last the youngest, a child between nine and ten, who had been gazing very earnestly at her for some time, cried:—

"Do you know, Miss Macdragon, what my papa says about you?"

"No, ma dear; what does your papa say about me?"

"Papa says you are a d—d ugly——, Miss Macdragon."

"For shame, Laura," hastily broke in her eldest sister. "No, indeed, papa never said such a word, Miss Macdragon."

"Yes, but he did," sharply responded Laura, angry at the contradiction; "and he was sitting on that very chair when he said it too."

This carried conviction to poor Miss Mysie, and few indeed who heard the story ever for a moment doubted it, "it was so like Lord Wolverton." Now, although (as we before stated) Miss Macdragon knew she was not handsome, it was far from agreeable to be so coarsely reminded of it; though it was plain that the poor child (who was what they call in Scotland, half-witted) was not at all aware of the force of the words she repeated, and, as soon as the gentlemen returned, she took her leave in no very placable mood. She did not, however, speak of her grief to her brother, and they continued their round of visits, stopping next at the house of Miss Beanie Blether, a gossiping old maid, that Miss Mysie at no time had much patience with, and who indeed had been "set down" several times by that straightforward lady for her ill-natured remarks upon the absent; a fault unknown to the minister's right-minded sister, notwithstanding all her severe retorts. This amiable being, immediately perceiving that Miss Macdragon had been annoyed by something that had happened at Wolf's Craig, rejoiced in the thought that there was "a raw for her to touch."

"Weel, 'an so ye're just frae Wolf's Craig, are ye? An' ye would see the Miss Miltonparks, upsettin' Misses as ever I saw: I've had very impident looks frae them mysel."

"That's very likely," gruffly replied Miss Mysie.

"An' to think o' the ill-natured things they're ay sayin o' folk; even you, Miss Macdragon, wha are sae clever and an' sae guid, they canna leave you in peace."

"What do they say?" asked the poor spinster, morbidly anxious to hear from another what had just been said to herself by little Laura, in order to have an excuse for conversing upon what vexed her; and so, like Mr. Shandy, getting rid of her grief by talking of it, "What do they say?"

"Oo, they just mak' redeeclus stories oot o' naething. They say, Miss Mysie, that ye hae very aften a pain in your stamick, an' ask for a wee hair o' brandy, just ae singl' spune fu', an' that ye hand the spune on ae side, till the cup's fu', and *then* cry, thank ye mem."

Now really this *had* once happened, when some of the daughters of Lord Wolverton were present. Miss Mysie, who really felt unwell, had openly and unaffectedly asked for a single spoonful of brandy, and the kind-hearted lady of Larix Ha', who poured it out, *did* contrive to give more than was asked for; but it was not Miss Macdragon's habit either to be taken ill, or to touch spirits, for she was a healthy, as well as a strictly abstemious person. However, this tale, thus coupled with what had recently occurred at Wolf's Craig, both gave her pain, and made her angry as it were with the whole world; and, upon her return home, she vented her outraged feelings on Harry, whom she scolded heartily; and, in the poor boy's hearing, addressed so many reproaches to her brother for bringing him about the house, that he felt seriously hurt and offended, and never willingly came again, making an excuse, that his uncle, Matha Muir, the gardener at Doocotside, wanted his assistance at that time.

Matha (as the Scotch universally pronounce Matthew) lived at Doocot Hill, a neat thatched cottage, with a garden sloping to the south and east, while a wood sheltered it from the north and west. The soil was extremely good; flowers flourished there that grew with difficulty at "the toon," as the common people called the laird's house; the profusion of roses and lime-trees, and the not very distant vicinity of a bit of muirland, covered with heather, made it a capital place for bees, and Matha had a row of hives, as long as a short street. No English cottage was ever cleaner, than his niece Peggy Brownlee kept his; and none ever could boast of such thick walls, or such blazing fires, so that winter or summer there were few more cheerful places than Doocot Hill, for they had all the sun going, and an extensive and fertile view besides. In the wood, at the back of the cottage, was a clear spring-well, the water of which was as cold as ice on the hottest summer-day; and round which Peggy had planted the finest wild flowers she could find—for an innate good taste told her that honeysuckle, wild roses and broom, foxglove, white and blue-wood hyacinth, &c., were more in unison with the scene than cultivated flowers would be; and as she kept them free from noxious weeds and too much grass, they bloomed there both earlier and later, and more luxuriantly than elsewhere. One of the objects from the rustic porch was the old dove-cot, or *doocot*, which was an unusually large one, built like a house with two enormous stones, round as cannon-balls, at the end where chimnies might be supposed to stand, and Matha, when he pointed them out, always repeated the ancient prophesy—

"When the Doocot's stanes fa'
The Doocot's maister gangs to the wa'!"

One of these circular stones *did* "fa" one calm night, without any ostensible reason, and the Doocot's maister "went to the wa:" but we are anticipating. Matha was a curious character. At one time, many petty depredations were committed, especially on turnip-fields, from one of which nearly the whole crop was carried off in a night. Matha instantly put up the following notice:—"It is earnestly requested by Sir Harry Eaglecroft that no one will steal turnips, except from the headrigg." His plan succeeded: those on the headrigg vanished accordingly by degrees, but the rest were saved. Sir Harry readily forgave the use his gardener made of his name, in consideration of its giving him another anecdote to add to his budget, as well as preserving his turnips. It was a great pleasure to our hero to be where he occasionally caught glimpses of Miss Effie, sometimes counting the lambs, feeding the birds from the window, sitting with her work in the garden, under the old apple-trees singing "Where the bee sucks," or feeding her rabbit on the turf-walk, holding it by its long ears, more to her own satisfaction than that of the rabbit's; but Effie seldom looked at *him*, passing with "a fine day, Harry," or "we hear you are turning a great scholar," without waiting for an answer; while Harry shuffled his bonnet or pulled his hair, and looked sheepish—for he studied books with Mr. Dalton, not the graces: he also knew too well the gulf that separated him from Miss Euphemia Eaglecroft to be surprised or disappointed. Some time after this, a relation of his mother, who was employed by a manufacturer in England, came to see the Lorimers; his intelligent conversation, and the hopes, not to say certainty expressed, of one day having at least a competency, determined Harry upon going with him and trying

his fortune in the same way. His parents were against what they called such a wild-goose plan; but the cousin, pleased with the boy's intelligence, and evident deference for *his* opinions, overruled all objections, and Harry set off for M——, the mercantile town where his mother's cousin lived. Here, his industry, superior education, and regular good habits, soon procured him permanent employment; and we may leave him to hope on, and creep up the ladder of fortune, whilst we take a look back at Birkenbrae, and see how matters are proceeding there.

FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Like pillars tall and brown
The old trees stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four, at noon,
On their mossy roots sat down,
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were we.

Perchance old memories came
Through the silent shades and the breezeless day
That glorious then on the woodlands lay,
For all our thoughts and theme
Were Friends; but each in that forest dell
Had a tale of his own heart's trust to tell,
And some were there who had loved well.

One said—"I will have friends,
For my home is rich in kindred now,
And they call me blythe of heart and brow;
While favouring fortune lends
Her sunny smile to my youth's glad cheer,
And I know that such to men are dear,
For their love still flows where its course is clear."

"I have had friends," said one,
"But time tried some, and fortune more,
And they that stood when the storm was sore
Fell off before the sun;
Yet some on my faith had firmer hold—
The young, but now they are far and old,—
Brave hearts, but their place is low and cold."

Then musingly one said,
"I had a friend,—'twas a strange mistake
As poor false world like this to make,—
And how our friendship sped
It matters not;—but my days are lone,
And weary the waning years have grown,
Since the vanity of that trust was known."

And one spake low but clear,—
"I have a friend, though there long hath been
Much cause for doubt and change between;
Yet I will not strive or fear,—
For the sower's toils have a time of sheaves,
And the love that sees not yet believes
Hath as sure return as the stars and leaves."

So freely spake each heart,
In its native tongue, the wisdom taught,
At that wondrous school of life and thought
Wherein men learn apart;
And which came nearest to the way
Of the strong old truth, lete sages say
If they e'er take note of a minstrel's lay.

Athenæum.

IS THE ENGLISHMAN DEGENERATED?

We extract the following from an address to the middle classes, by Lord Dalmeny, upon the subject of gymnastic exercises:—

"That the artificial habits of a large portion of mankind may have enervated their frames, may be true; but the capabilities of the human frame, when skilfully trained, are equal to what they were in the earlier ages of society. Englishmen are born with all the materials of activity and strength possessed by the primitive nations. I have seen a few specimens of ancient cuirasses—and these were so narrow, that but few of my countrymen could wear them. The Greeks and Romans were, I suspect, smaller men than the inhabitants of northern countries. Their historians make constant allusions to the gigantic size of the Teutonic nations. Yet there is no ground for concluding that we have degenerated from the stature and bulk of our forefathers. At Lord Eglinton's tournament, scarcely a knight could squeeze himself into the corslets of the middle ages. A curious experiment was made by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, who possessed the finest collection of armour in the world. In his gallery hung sixty complete suits, once the defensive arms of that heroic chivalry of whom we are supposed to be the dwarfish and degenerate descendants. Two of his guests, Englishmen of average size, tried on the whole sixty in succession, and encountered failure in each case. The chests and shoulders of the effete moderns were found too brawny and broad for the panoply of their ancestors. An error of the same kind prevails as to the comparative physical powers of man in his savage, and man in his civilized state. It is generally supposed, that the former has a great advantage in both agility and vigour. The reverse, however, has been proved by various experiments. In trials of strength between our soldiers and the North American Indian, the superiority of the British has been invariably displayed. This is the more remarkable, too, because our soldiers, owing to the indolence and intemperance of their life, are not the most athletic portion of our population. One of the fleetest of the North American Indians was recently beaten in a ten mile race at New York, by a second-rate Lancashire runner. In fact, civilization need not, necessarily, be the parent of either degeneracy or disease. If a man observe the rules of strict temperance and exercise, the enjoyment of warm lodgings, a regular, wholesome meal, the intercourse of society, and moderate mental occupation will be more favourable than unpropitious to his physical powers. Starvation, exposure and filth are pernicious to growth, and fatal to physical development. There is no inherent mischief in civilization. It is not like an epidemic, against whose baneful attacks no precaution can guard, no prudence afford protection. Its evils are incidental and contingent, and may be resisted or avoided by the exercise of resolution and self-control. It is true that it exposes men to the temptations of sensuality and sloth, and that indulgence in these is inimical to health. But if placed by poverty below these temptations, or by self-government above them, the civilized man will surpass the savage in both activity and strength. It was in the zenith of her civilization that Greece produced her most vigorous athletes. It is within the last few years that the trained champions of England have accomplished their most extraordinary feats—feats exhibiting almost superhuman powers of endurance, activity and strength. In fact, it is only in a state of high civilization that the physical powers of man, when disciplined by temperance and invigorated by exercise, can attain their highest perfection. But while some assert and lament the degeneracy of Englishmen, others, perhaps with more reason, take pride in our physical superiority over other nations. This pride is not entirely unwarranted by facts. It is my firm belief, that Englishmen possess the elements of greater physical power than the natives of other countries, and that when their physical education corresponds with the benevolent design of nature, they surpass foreigners in stature, in activity, and strength. It is in England, as I have observed, that the boxer, the pedestrian, the wrestler, achieve those extraordinary performances, unsurpassed, or even unequalled, in ancient or modern times. Were the Olympian victors to come again to life, it would be easy to find their match between the Thames and the Spey. The chronicles of *Bell's Life* record feats which would fill the champions of Elis with astonishment and despair. It is in England that are bred those sons of toil, whose herculean frame and stubborn energy, whose massive limbs and iron endurance induce the jealous and

parsimonious foreigner to bribe them into his service, by the offer of an enormous recompense—a recompense more than repaid by their superiority in industry and strength. It is in England that, according to Waagen, the President of the Academy at Berlin, are now to be seen the most perfect models of the human form. It is in England, in short, that the strongest men and the most beautiful women are to be found. But yet it is England that most abounds in invalids and medicine; it is England that is the chosen seat of dyspepsy and catarrh; it is in England that the quack rises soonest to distinction and wealth; it is in England where, amid the losses and fluctuations of other trades, that of the druggist alone is sure to defy either fashion or adversity."

DO I FORGET THEE?

BY THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.

Go, in the summer when the morning breaketh,
And all around is lull'd midst placid light;
When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
And softly sighs its perfume exquisite.
Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes;
From his bright speckled breast the dew-drops flinging,
Away, away, till lost to sight, he floats.
Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
Unclosing every leaf to drink the light?
Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height?
If flower and bird change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the noon-tide, when the sun is gleaming,
To the deep forest—watch the panting deer
Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
Timidly startling at each sound they hear;
List to the throstle and the blackbird singing,
Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves,
The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
As light with shade and music interweaves.
Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading,
Their wide hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers?
The songsters of the grove are serenading,
Each to its mate the joyful tiding pours:
If such as these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the evening—watch the streamlet flowing,
O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads;
The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
Flash in their crystal home as day recedes;
And mark the sun-flower, when the west is streaming
With rainbow clouds of light, as Sol retires,
Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
Then bowing to its grave, the earth, expires.
Do not the sportive fish, when day's descending,
Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play?
Doth not the sun-flower—faithful in its tending,
Linger to catch the LAST departing ray?
Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

LIGHT OUT OF THE CLOUD.

A TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MANY years ago, how many does not perhaps much matter, there stood in one of the London suburbs, then a lonely place with green shady lanes and tall waving trees and chorusing birds—instead of its present occupants, long rows of houses in streets, and noisy criers of their wares—a comfortable-looking substantial old-fashioned red-brick house, surrounded by pleasant old-fashioned gardens with fine box-bordered gravel walks, and angular formal-looking flower beds, and well-clipt thick hedges, and ridiculous yews trimmed into castles and peacocks, and such-like fancies which gardeners of those days were wont to indulge in. This house was the residence of Mr. Williams, a fine specimen of a real old English merchant, and every morning at nine o'clock precisely, you might see the groom lead from the stable at the side of the house, but hidden by a thick row of trees, a sturdy cob, on which Mr. Williams rode to his counting-house in the city; and precisely at four you would see the same cob trot soberly back and deposit his owner in time for dinner, at the gate which separated that trim garden from the road.

Mr. Williams was the last of a long line of merchants, and as he was now past the middle age, and a bachelor, it seemed likely that that line would end with him, and that at his death the city would lose one of its most honoured names. I do not know how it was that Mr. Williams had never taken to himself a wife, for although the grey had begun to sprinkle his dark hair he was still a handsome, comely man, with a cultivated mind and ample wealth, and one would think, that he would not have had much trouble in persuading some fair lady to cheer his home; but I think I have heard it whispered that there was a disappointment in early life, which had kept him single, and perhaps that accounted for the graveness, approaching to melancholy, which habitually sat upon his calm benevolent-looking face.

However that may be, certain it is that Mr. Williams was a bachelor, and did not seem to have any inclination to change his state. He carried on business in the same premises which his grandfather and father occupied before him, and the grey-headed clerks in the counting-house, to whom he spoke as kindly and familiarly as though they were friends, could have told that the son did not forget his father's servants. They all of them looked upon their master's interest as their own, for they knew that like others, when they were unable to work, they would be provided for out of the wealth they had helped to create; and they were proud of the firm which they knew to be one of the most stable and secure in the world, and they were proud, too, of their master, who independent of his kindly qualities of heart had a powerful intellect, and was so much respected for his commercial honour, that among his fellows his word was held to be as good as his bond.

Mr. Williams might, if he had pleased, have aspired successfully to the highest honours the city can bestow, but he was not an ambitious man, perhaps his ambition died when his love perished, and he had always declined to take a prominent part in public affairs; preferring to uphold the honour and good name of the house of which he had become the last prop, and when the day's work was over to retire to the lonely house we have just pictured.

That house, like his business premises, had also been tenanted by his father before him, and no doubt it was associated in his mind with many tender memories, and just as the old clerks who had served his father still occupied the high stool in the old counting house, so domestics who had lived under the former master still ate the bread of Mr. Williams.

The old gardener, bowed down by the weight of fourscore summers, still tended the young flowers in the parterres and trimmed the tail of the yew peacock which it was his glory to have cut sixty years before. The old coachman had grown so pursy and corpulent that he could hardly mount the box of the seldom-used carriage; the old footman, whose grey hair was too white to need and too thin to hold the powder which had sprinkled his brown hair half a century since, wheezed as he carried the tray upstairs. The old housekeeper indeed was gone, but she lived in a comfortable cottage a few hun-

dred yards off with a girl who was hired to attend to her in her infirmities, and Mr. Williams would often call to ask old Nancy how she was, and would smile when the purblind old woman, forgetting that the boy had grown into a middle aged man, called the wealthy merchant "Master Charles," as she used to do when he was a stripling at home for the holidays.

The new housekeeper was not a new comer either, she was the widow of a warehouseman who was employed in a department of business in the city, but who was killed by a fall from one of those dangerous-looking trap-doors, out of and into which we daily see huge bales lowered. The man left a wife and daughter apparently unprovided for, but Mr. Williams was not the man to let them sink unassisted, and finding that the widow was a worthy woman, he, after her first grief was over, contrived the scheme of pensioning off old Nancy, notwithstanding her protestations that she was strong enough to do her work, and her vehement unwillingness to being made a lady of with nothing to do, and Mrs. Walker was forthwith installed in the place thus left vacant.

This had happened some twelve years before our story commences, and little Jane Walker (who is to take a very prominent part in this story), had grown into a smart young woman of twenty. For some three or four years she had been engaged as a sort of upper nursemaid in a rich family, with which Mr. Williams was on friendly terms, and to whom he had recommended her, and he was glad to know that she had justified the good opinion he had formed of her.

We must introduce her, in form, to the reader, for we have arrived at a great point in her history, and it is time she was more particularly mentioned.

The best time to select, will perhaps be when she came on one of her visits to her mother, which she generally did once a fortnight, and if you were on the look-out, as Mrs. Walker always used to be, you would see the morning-coach from town stop at the gate and the coachman help down a neat little figure dressed in a plain, dark, nicely fitting gown, from the skirts of which, peeped a small foot in a well-polished shoe, and a snowy stocking, and when she turned round, although you might see handsomer faces any day, you would not often see a pleasanter one, than that of Jane Walker. The eyes were as bright neither more nor less than the eyes of most girls of twenty—the nose was I am afraid almost a pug, but it was a happy-looking nose for all that. The mouth might possibly have been a trifle smaller without diminishing its beauty, but when the full red lips opened and you saw the two rows of fine white teeth as she laughed merrily, you did not think much about its size; and altogether what with the thick brown curls, and the reflection of the rose-coloured lining in the bonnet, and the happy look of the face, you could not help being taken with Jane Walker. She was my *beau-ideal* of a nursemaid, and if Mr. Williams had been anything but a bachelor, and a troop of young Williamses had run about the garden, I am sure that Jane Walker would have been there, and that the children would have caught from her her own happy look and ringing laugh.

But though some women seem expressly cut out to look after children, and teach them to be happy, they grow tired of their lot in the long run, and instead of tending the offspring of others, begin to think of setting up an establishment of their own, and so it was with Jane Walker. For on one of these visits Jane, with a good many blushes, and a good deal of hesitation and stammering, and no small amount of confusion, asked Mrs. Walker whether she might bring somebody with her the next time—whether her mother or Mr. Williams would mind it? And after considerable questioning the truth came out with more blushes and more confusion, that it was not a young woman, and it was a young man, and that the particular young man was Thomas Jones, the son of an old friend of her father, and that father and son were employed in a large wool warehouse in London; and that in short, Thomas and she had settled to be married soon, and that his father knew about it, and was glad of it, and they all hoped, and she hoped too, that her mother would not object.

Mrs. Walker looked very grave at all this, and of course the tears began to start in her eyes, as they always do, in the eyes of all women, when either themselves, or any very near or dear relation thinks of getting married. And Mrs. Walker thought that Jane had been very sly, and that she ought to have been told of it before—before the Joneses indeed. But Jane said, "that Thomas told his people—*she* didn't, and she didn't like to say anything about it," and she was so ashamed, and she begun to cry a little too, and Mrs. Walker, who was really a kind mother, and who knew that the Joneses were creditable, respectable people, ended the matter by kissing her daughter, and telling her that she would ask Mr. Williams when he came home from church, to let Thomas Jones come there next Sunday.

And so Mrs. Walker did. She went upstairs wiping her eyes with her apron, and blushing, and looking almost as much confused as Jane herself, and told Mr. Williams all about it; and he smiled, and said, "by all means Mrs. Walker, I think it would be far better that you should see him here," and taking up his note book, and putting down the name of Jones, and where he was employed, he said, "and I will see about it too."

Mrs. Walker was of course profuse in her thanks and curtseys, and ran down stairs almost as lightly as her daughter could, to tell Jane the good news; and after that the coachman used not to have to help Jane down when the coach stopped at the gate, for some one she liked far better did that instead, and Thomas Jones, for of course it was he who always came with Jane, grew into a great favourite with Mrs. Walker, and it was settled that the wedding should take place as soon as Thomas could furnish a house comfortably; and he on his part resolved that that should not be long first.

We dont think we have yet favoured the reader with a description of Jane's lover, and to leave that undone would be a most unpardonable omission. Well then, he was a nice healthy broad-shouldered young fellow, four or five years older than Jane, with a clear complexion, and a bright blue eye, and dark curly hair, and if he was not decidedly handsome, as the housemaid confidentially informed Mrs. Walker she thought he was, when you saw him dressed in his Sunday suit, with Jane on his arm, walking along as proudly as though a queen were leaning upon him, if you did not think him positively handsome, you would at all events pronounce him decidedly good-looking.

As to his mind, you have no right to expect that that was very highly polished; considering his position in life, that was not very likely; but he was a good, honest, hard-working fellow, and could read and write tolerably well, and as Jane said, had "such a good heart." The only thing that would make you doubt Jane's choice, was a certain restlessness and unsteadiness of look, which one who had seen much of men would possibly say, betokened a tendency to undue excitement; but Jane did not see that, and Mrs. Walker was not a physiognomist, and they were all very fond of, and very well satisfied with each other.

After things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, and Thomas's purse was getting rather heavier, and he had been with Jane to see a little house, and look at some furniture, something happened which quite changed all their plans.

Mr. Williams had never spoken about the matter since the day when Mrs. Walker asked for his permission to let Thomas come to the house, but he had thought of

it; and in a day or two after had called upon Thomas's employers, who told him that Thomas was a very good, steady, honest young man, whom they would be glad to see in a better situation than theirs, where he had only eighteen shillings a week; and in the course of the week Mr. Williams calling an old Scotch clerk, who was at the head of the office, into his private room, said,

"Mr. Macnab, I think old Murray is getting very infirm, is he not."

"Weel Sir," said the clerk, "he's a bit crippled, but he's na sa auld as I am."

"No," said Mr. Williams, "I know he is not, but I see he can hardly do the work in the warehouse, and his wife too, she's not fit to help him see to keeping the office clean, and I think the best thing will be to let the room at the other warehouse be made comfortable, and put them there, where there will be little or nothing for the old couple to do, for they are not very fit for work now. I think you had better see Murray, and tell him about it."

"Ye're vary gude, Maister Charles—Mr. Williams, Sir, I mean, I beg yere pardon. I'll tell Murray, and I'm sure he'll be vary thankful."

"Why, Mr. Macnab, the truth is, there's a young couple I think will do for the place very well, and I should like them to come here; and when I find any youngster, fit to take your place, Macnab, I shall send you off too."

"Na! na!" said the old clerk, shaking his white head; "that ye'll not do, Maister Charles—for this twenty years yet."

"Well, well," said Mr. Williams, "Maister Charles and you will talk about that by-and-by; but in the meantime see and get old Murray comfortably settled at the other place."

Some weeks passed on, and just about the time when Thomas and Jane had been looking at a house, and thinking that the rent was too high for their small means—Mr. Williams one afternoon, after his dinner, told Tim, the old wheezing footman, to ask Mrs. Walker to step upstairs.

When Mrs. Walker heard this, she went up with a face as red as a peony, for she imagined that it was something about Jane and Thomas, and she could not think what it was, but she hoped, as she phrased it to herself that "Mr. Williams was not going to forbid the banns," and that it was nothing else very bad; but, still she was, in what folks like her call "a twitter," and felt far from comfortable when she entered the dining room.

Her fears were however quickly dispelled, when she saw Mr. Williams smile; he said—

"Well Mrs. Walker, when are those young folks of yours going to be married?"

"I don't exactly know, Sir," said Mrs. Walker, playing with the hem of her apron; "but, as —— soon —— as ——"

"Ah! as soon as possible, I suppose, Mrs. Walker; but I wish they would make haste."

Mrs. Walker looked up in surprise, at hearing Mr. Williams express such a wish; and said, "Why, Sir?" but, checking herself, she said, "that they must get a house and furnish it before they could settle."

"Oh! is that all?" said Mr. Williams; "Well, I am glad there is no other obstacle, because I think I can find the young man a house, and a situation, and furniture too. Let's see; to-morrow's Sunday, and you will see them. Well! on Monday, then, let him call on me at the office at twelve, and I daresay we can arrange it; there—no thanks Mrs. Walker; the fact is, I want just such a couple: good afternoon."

But women, we are convinced, while they are far better able to render thanks fervently than men, are positively fond of showing their gratitude, and Mrs. Walker was not to be stopped so easily; she recounted the long series of obligations she was under to her good master, and thanked him in all manner of forms, till she fairly ran herself out of breath, and was declaring that she did not know how to thank him, when Mr. Williams, with a good humoured sort of peremptoriness, pushed her out of the room, and shut the door, saying, "Nonsense, nonsense, Mrs. Walker, you are a very good servant; good enough to make me glad to employ you and yours."

The next morning, which was Sunday, Jane and Thomas came, as expected, and Mrs. Walker, who had a womanly love of mystery, heard their tale, and told them she thought they had better not buy any furniture yet; and that she did not think they would find a house to suit them that they could afford, and she did not think they could live upon Thomas's wages, and that indeed she thought they had better not get married till Thomas got a better situation. I dare say the good woman thought, in her own mind, that she was paying them for their slyness to her before, and certainly she did tease them till Jane began to cry again, and Thomas looked quite red and angry; and then she burst out laughing, and told them what she had been longing to tell them all along. So she recounted what Mr. Williams had said to her, garnishing it with her own observations, and throwing in her wonders as to what the situation could be, and bringing various wild suppositions to bear, till at last the young couple could not understand, whether Mr. Williams had said he wanted a head clerk, or a carman; and the only thing they could get at for a certainty was the only thing Mrs. Walker certainly knew, and that was, that there was a situation, house, and furniture, for Thomas, and that he was to call on Mr. Williams at twelve o'clock the next day.

This account greatly relieved the hearts of the young couple, and they went home full of glee, and when Thomas called on Mr. Williams the next day he was formally engaged to take the place of old Murray, as resident porter of the establishment; and a few weeks saw him and Jane, now Mrs. Thomas Jones, snugly installed in their comfortably furnished rooms, and beginning life with brighter prospects than they ever looked forward to.

Life is something like an April day. Now all brightness and sunshine, it seems as though summer was casting her smiles forth on the earth; but suddenly the brightness and the warmth vanish, and the clouds which looked as beautifully white as angels' wings when tinted by the strong light, grow dark and stormy, and overspread the sky, and burst in pouring drenching rain.

Poor Jane was destined to prove this. All around her looked cheerful and joyous, and promised to make her life as radiant as a spring morning; but even then the cloud was gathering, which was to change the scene, and make it gloomy.

Poor little Jane, if even at this early period of her wedded life, we could have looked into her heart, we might have seen that the shadow of the cloud, whose edges were yet bright, were upon her. She was not very cultivated, nor very learned, for she had only had such an education as was deemed suited to the station she seemed destined to occupy; neither was she very experienced, for her knowledge of the world was but limited, but she had a woman's quick perceptions, and they were, where her husband was concerned, rendered yet more acute by the warm deep affection for him which filled her whole heart; and she believed too, and truly, that her husband fondly loved her, but she had seen that during the period of festivity, which accompanied their wedding, Thomas drank more than she had ever seen him drink before; and she noticed, too, that he seemed to want control over himself under the influence of excitement, and she shuddered as the gloomy cloud-thought of a drunken husband passed across her mind.

But while love quickens the perceptions, it calms

apprehension of wrong from those who are its objects, and so it was with Jane. She thought—"no, that cannot be, he has always been steady hitherto, and I am sure he loves me, and now that he has still stronger motives to do right it would be very wrong of me to suspect him," and so chiding her fears, Jane looked out again into the sunlight of hope.

But still the cloud did not entirely pass away; every now and then it came darkly across her mind, and she could not entirely banish it. But she thought—I will not let him give himself up to this habit—I will be so kind, and so attentive to him—I will amuse him so in the long winter evenings that he shall want no other company, and in the summer I will make myself smart, and walk out with him after work is over, and I will make his home so comfortable, that it shall be everything to him.

And Jane, good kind little creature, kept her word, and well too. Few men had a neater and more cheerful home, or a more affectionate wife than Thomas, and she was forgetting her fears, and laughing at herself for ever having entertained them. Often on Sunday she would spend the day with her mother, and make her heart glad with the sight of her child's happiness. Sometimes, too, they would go to see Thomas's friends, and many were the pleasant evening walks they had; and when the weather was not such as to tempt them abroad, and the husband came to sit down by the clean swept hearth in their trim sitting room; she would lay aside her work, and re-arrange her thick curls under her neat cap, and put on her gayest smiles, and chat to him in her tenderest tone, or read to him from one of the few books which filled the hanging shelves on one side of the room; and would thus, and by a thousand small artifices, bind him to her, and fill his mind, so that their love was excitement and occupation enough for him; and he never, or at all events, very seldom felt the wish to leave his own happy fireside.

But still the cloud, now unseen and unfelt, had not gone, it was bright it is true, with the light of happiness, and might have continued so, if Jane had been enabled to keep up the rule of conduct which she had laid down for herself, and which she felt to be at once a duty and a pleasure.

But with marriage come the cares of a family, and the time approached when Jane was about to become a mother. She looked forward to this period with joy, for she thought that it would bring another bright star into their little sky. The mother sprung up in her nature, and seemed to open for her another fountain of happiness, and she thought she saw in the child another tie which should bind her husband still closer to herself, and to his home.

Poor Jane! She was not philosopher enough to know that pleasures very seldom come unmingled with pain; that when one sweet drop falls into the cup of life, a portion of bitter generally accompanies it. She had not calculated either, that for some time she must cease to be the presiding deity of their home, and that her husband would be thrown more, than he had been since their marriage, upon his own resources.

She had nothing to force these things upon her mind, for as the time of her confinement approached, Thomas grew yet more affectionate and tender. It came at last, and Mrs. Walker, who had readily procured leave from Mr. Williams, was there in all the grandeur and dignity of grandmama expectant; and the nurse was there too as bustling and as important as those personages usually are, and Thomas, who was really very fond of his good little wife, and had come to lean on her, and take her advice almost as implicitly as a child, sat down stairs in an agony of mixed dread and expectation, till Mrs. Walker came down and informed him that all was safely over, and that he had a daughter.

And when the nurse brought him down the little tiny red-faced squalling baby, he felt, as he kissed it, new emotions came up in his bosom; and when he was permitted to go up and see Jane, it seemed to him, and truly too, that he loved her more than ever.

NOTES ON THE MONTHS.

SEPTEMBER.

Harvest Home is now being celebrated all England over. The rich crops have been garnered up, placed safely under thatch and roof, while the farmer already counts his gains, and bethinks him of how his year's rent is to be met. Though his mind may be full of anxiety, yet his heart is full of blessing. The peasant rejoices that the season of hard work is over, and he celebrates, in thankfulness, the crowning festival of the year. He thinks not of rent, but of wages of labour past, and of food stored up. Thank God! The cares of life lie but lightly on the mass of men who toil the hardest. Sufficient for them is the passing hour, with its burdens and its joys. Were they to allow themselves to look forward, were the curtain of their future to be raised, no head could lie on its pillow in quiet, no heart but would be wrung by agony and distress. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The fields are now bare; the sportsman is brushing the rustling stubble in search for game, his gun across his arm, and attended by his dogs. The hedgerows are now of a russet brown, and are studded with red haw-berries, dog-hips, and other winter's fruit for the birds that spend the cold season in England. The air is now clear; the mornings are cool and bracing; and the thin web of the gossamer hung across the path is studded as with diamond drops. The morning and evening's cold ripens the fruit still loading the boughs of the fruit-bearing trees; and in the large orchards of the southern counties, there is a great gathering in of apples and pears, in huge baskets, when the autumnal work of cider and perry-making commences. In the hop-fields of Kent and Sussex, too, there are many picturesque groups at work; and hop-picking, washing, cooking, and nursing, are going on in full vigour, amid the delicious fragrance shed by the bine.

In the country places, village children prepare for a day in the woods, or in the lanes, to gather nuts or blackberries. Ah! what glorious days those were of our early nuttings! To wander through the old woods, along paths trod by deer; sometimes through a dense undergrowth of bushes, and then along a grass-sward, by and amongst the taper stems of stately forest-trees, until in some green dell, amidst shoutings of joy, we came upon a treasure—trees almost borne to the ground by their load of nuts; and then such pulling, and feasting, and filling of baskets, until the day was far spent, and the sun's rays fell aslant and mellow along the green turf; when the troop collected and marched homeward rejoicing, lighted by the rising moon, just tipping the southern hills. Since those times, nutting has become more rare; landed gentry have more care for their game and less for their peasantry; there are few of the best nutting districts, where the old sport of our youth has not been forbidden; and it can now be enjoyed only by stealth and under penalty of trespassing.

The foliage of the woods is now charmingly variegated. Autumn has touched them with her pencil of many hues; and they present an endless variety of tint, from the rich green to the yellow and orange, the deep-brown and blood-coloured. The dark hue of the pine-trees looks gloomy amid so much beauty. But Nature is arraying herself in those fascinating tints only to excite our regret. We saw her clothing herself in her youth and beauty, in the young month of June; she is now preparing to cast

her garment, and lie down in the cold grave of the year. The hues she now assumes are like those of the dying dolphin—the loveliest when nearest death.

The most pictorial days of the year occur in autumn. Now landscape-painters seize upon "effects," such as perhaps no other country can exhibit. The changes of the passing clouds, the sun streaming down behind them upon embrowned woods, and especially the gorgeous sunsets, which are observed at this season, are full of intense beauty; indeed the effects produced are sometimes so wonderful, that painters would be regarded as rash and daring who ventured to imitate them.

The scenery of the sea-coast is beautiful at this season, and trips by steamer from port to port are delightful. The air is pure and clear, and the white sails of passing vessels can be discerned far out at sea from every point of the coast. Boating and yachting are now pleasant pastimes, and attract crowds of spectators to enjoy the excitement of this nautical and thoroughly English sport. And what can be more charming than a yachting voyage along the English shores—to peep into a snug little bay—to run into a haven or into a river's mouth—to skim along almost under the shadow of tall cliffs, against which the waves fret and vex themselves, or to stand out to sea before the full fresh breeze of the ocean; now to cast anchor in a secluded creek, with green turf almost to the water's edge; now to run into a quiet inlet, embowered in deep woods. Or to thread through studded islands sleeping under the sun, great ruined castles of old Norwegian kings or Norman barons, looming over the mainland beyond; passing light-houses, planted on sunken rocks or on the summits of bold headlands; martello towers set over against the mouths of crowded harbours; time-worn abbeys and village spires, planted along the indented coast; now meeting a giant steamer, steering against wind and tide, like a great sea-monster; now a huge bulwark of war, her sides bristling with cannon; and again, a fleet of colliers or of fishing-smacks, deeply laden. Surely, there is no more delightful and fascinating pastime than this for the lover of the blue ocean.

The sportsmen are now far up among the mountains of the north, seeking health and sport.

> "High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
> The new-wakened day-light, so bright and so still;
> And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
> The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
> 'Tis his, on the mountains, to stalk like a ghost,
> Enshrouded in mist, in which Nature is lost,
> 'Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
> In one moment all seem in an ocean of light;
> While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
> Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world."

There, among the gigantic monarchs of the land, the lover of nature may indulge in deep joy. The free air of the mountains is a delight; the springy tread over the heath, the odours breathing from the turf, the richly-tinted lichens, the bounding deer, the gush of pure water down the rocky ravines, peak towering above peak far above him, wide valleys stretching away at his feet, the grand sublimity of the scene, impress an idea of freedom, of strength, of colossal grandeur, to which no words can give adequate expression.

In groves and copses also, in more southern counties, the ringing report of the fowling-piece is heard, for partridge and pheasant-shooting commence on the first of the month. And now the game begins to appear in poulterers' shops, and those who love it are not very particular about how it comes there—whether by the skill of the licensed sportsman or the midnight depredations of the unlicensed poacher,—for Hodge is abroad too, and is taking his share of the sport. His springes, nets, and guns are all in request, and many are the midnight forays now made by bands of armed peasants, among the well-kept preserves of our great landed proprietors. Even sporting cannot be monopolized, and the strong love of it, implanted in every English peasant, *will* break out now and then, not to speak of more necessitous considerations.

Lessons for Little Ones.

BRASS, LEAD, AND IRON.

Chapter III.

A YEAR passed away, and our old friend, Dame Pewter, was looking confidently every day for the return of her two eldest sons—never considering, poor woman, in her blind dependence upon Lead's prudence and management, how "many a slip" there is "between the cup and the lip"—when one morning she came down in a strange humour, burnt the porridge, scalded the pig, and finally broke a whole set of her best yellow porringers.

"Mother," said Iron, who was sitting by the hearth making cabbage-nets, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen Grugon."

Grugon was the name of an enormous giant who had once over-run the land.

"It is nothing, my son, nothing," returned Pewter.

"Nay but, mother, there is something, I am sure. And now the tear is in your eye."

"It was but a dream, Iron, and dreams are nothing. I am very foolish." And the poor woman tried to smile, but instead of that the salt drops began to trickle down, and throwing her apron over her head, she cried as if her heart would break.

It was long before Iron could console her, and persuade her to relate her dream; which she at length did in the following words:—

"I thought that I was walking in a wood, when I met a little man, and in his hand was an ebony staff with a hook at the end. He stopped and regarded me with a strange look, and then he said, 'Brass went round—Lead crept through. Until Iron shall surmount and overcome, thou shalt not see thy sons again.' While I was pondering upon his words, he vanished, the trees around me disappeared, and I was on the shores of a wide ocean; and upon the waves came plaintive voices, that wept and said, 'Take pity upon us, O our mother!' Then all became confusion, and I awoke."

"Mother," said Iron, standing upright, "I shall obey the voice of the dream. Give me my knapsack and your blessing, and let me go."

"Whither? Ah! my son, I shall lose thee also."

"No, my mother, God is with the brave in a good cause. He will not desert me; something tells me that I shall return in honour and safety, and bring my brothers with me."

"Well, my son, if it must be so, it must. I will not repress thine ardour; only remember that if thou perish, all is lost, and thy mother's heart will break."

As soon as his preparations were complete, Iron took a tender leave of his mother, and set out as his brothers had done. He crossed the desert without adventure, and without yielding to the fatigue which prompted him continually to lie down and rest. He was rewarded for this perseverance by arriving at the rocks in the middle of the afternoon, and thus he had plenty of time to choose his lodging before nightfall.

Now a little way up the rocks was a secret cave, that was neither infested by serpents, nor appropriated by a lion; for the fairy Brightlocks had once dwelt therein, and had charmed it against the entrance of anything noxious or hurtful. This cave Iron was so fortunate as to discover, and there he slept without molestation; for although the cries of wild beasts sounded at intervals all

the night, he was so tired that he heard nothing of them, but slumbered as soundly as if he had been in his own bed at home.

He was early awakened by the intrusion of an impertinent sunbeam, that danced carelessly into the cave with a legion of happy motes on its back, and alighted upon his heavy eyelids.

"Where am I?" said the boy softly to himself, as he sat up and rubbed his eyes; whereupon the sunbeam danced off to his second button.

But there was neither lion nor serpent to answer him, and his memory was obliged to supply the desired information.

"Well," thought he, "I must not lose time here, pretty as the place is, with all its glittering spars. What said the dwarf in my mother's dream? 'Brass went round, Lead crept through, Iron must surmount and overcome.' Courage, good Iron, thou shalt subdue the world yet, my boy. Now for the rocks."

And Iron set himself steadily to climb the huge masses of stone, that in many places threatened to slide down and overwhelm him like an avalanche.

Courage will do much, yet the aid of friendship is sometimes desirable. This Iron found, when, as he paused almost despairingly before a perpendicular rock that was as smooth as crystal, and presented not the smallest crevice or tuft of grass to serve as foot or hand hold; he was saluted by a friendly voice from above, and immediately afterwards saw a head protrude itself over the edge, followed by a long muscular arm, which held down within his reach the strong hook that formed the termination of an ebony staff.

"My mother's dwarf, as I am alive!" ejaculated Iron, and then he laid hold of the friendly hook, and planting his feet firmly against the rock, was gradually hoisted over it.

"Hail to the conqueror!" shouted the dwarf, as he arose and shook himself, after having performed this feat. "If thy brothers had but possessed a little of thy hardihood and endurance, my brave lad, they would have been at home long since, and you might all have eaten off gold if you had wished it. But boldness alone will not always work miracles, nor caution either; persevering activity and steady endurance are the qualities for rising in the world."

"My dear sir," said Iron, who, boy-like, thought the dwarf rather prosy, "I am obliged to you for your compliments, but will you kindly allow me now to proceed? there is no time to lose."

"Better, and better," exclaimed the dwarf. "Why, thou art the boy after my own heart. Now look around."

Iron did so, and found that they were standing in an arch formed by the rocks; in which was framed, as in a picture, the blue ocean with its Golden Islands.

"Oh," said Iron, stretching out his arms towards the ravishing prospect, "oh, that I were there!"

But the dwarf touched his elbow, and placed in his hand a small telescope.

"Your brothers must first be succoured. Look through this, and tell me what you see."

Iron looked, and beheld a pitiful sight; a youth covered with rags, and haggard from starvation, lay on the pavement of a splendid city; and as a gay and glittering troop passed by, at the head of which rode a princely form clad in adamantine mail, the squalid wretch clasped his hands and gazed after them despairingly. Iron was not long in recognising Brass.

"Look again," said the dwarf, as Iron dropped the telescope with a heavy sigh.

The boy obeyed, and beheld a solitary figure standing in a glade, in the midst of an ancient forest. In his hand he held a staff, which our hero started to behold, for it was the counterpart of that in the dwarf's hand. As Iron still looked, the wanderer paused, and raising his staff, appeared to wait for something. Suddenly he flung it away with a passionate gesture, and hurrying onwards, was soon lost to view in the recesses of the wood.

"That is Lead, poor Lead," exclaimed Iron. "Why had he a staff like yours, and why has he thrown it away?"

"I gave him a sure guide," replied the dwarf, "and he has neglected and misused it, and now like a fool he has dismissed it, because, forsooth, its counsel does not please him. But hasten on, my boy; thy glorious mission is to reclaim these wanderers. Follow the windings of the beach, and thou shalt shortly find those whom thou seekest."

And the little man waved his hand in token of farewell, and disappeared among the rocks.

Our space permits us not to relate how Iron, steady, cool, and persevering, travelled along the beach in search of his brothers; how he found Brass among the filthiest beggars in that city of palaces and hovels—how redeeming him from his wretchedness and clothing him decently, he proceeded with him in quest of Lead—how they found the latter still wandering in the wood, and released him by means of the staff which he had despised and thrown away—and how all three, returning to the city, enlisted under Prince Diamond, and sailed with him and his troops for the Golden Islands.

Just as they were on the point of embarking, a little man was seen making his way through the crowd towards our three heroes.

"Have you no message for your mother?" croaked he. "Her sighs disturb me day and night."

The next night, as Dame Pewter lay tossing on her restless bed, she had a vision, wherein the benevolent dwarf gave her news of her absent sons. Meanwhile the brothers were sailing across the smooth ocean, to the sound of delightful music, and the morning after they landed on the Golden Islands.

Here were wondrous caves full of gold dust, and intersected by veins of pure gold, to be had by laborious digging; and shining cliffs studded with auriferous grains. Iron and his brothers were one day busily at work with their hammers among the rest, when Lead's old friend, the serpent of the rocks, glided from a crevice and reared herself on her tail before them.

"Soh!" hissed she, "you have found your way into my father's dominions after all. You missed your chance, Master Brass, by reason of your headstrong disposition and rashness in drinking the Leaden Waters, which are likewise our property; and you, Master Lead, because of your laziness, which caused you to prefer following my deceitful guidance to boldly mounting the opposing rocks. Had it not been for Iron the hardy, to whose descendants our race are fated to succumb, neither of you would ever have been able to retrieve your fortunes. As it is, good day to you." And with a malignant hiss she disappeared, leaving a slimy trail behind her.

And now the time drew near when the expedition should return, rich, and covered with glory. Brass, Lead, and Iron were as splendid as anybody in their fine new scarlet coats, trimmed with gold embroidery, and studded with buttons of the purest gold. As the boat drew near the shore, they leapt impatiently from it; and there, amongst the crowd that had assembled to welcome them and their fellows, whom should they see but their dear old mother, no longer Dame, but Madam Pewter, as was the custom when people returned successful from the Golden Islands.

The kissing and hugging, and the thousand questions asked and left unanswered in the hurry, may be imagined by our readers. Our three heroes and their mother tarried not long by the sea-shore, but hired a fine equipage, and drove away to the cottage; where, among the first

callers, came Gaffer Tin and his dame, and their cat Tib; and little Steel, who had been very extravagant since his successes, and had sold all his gold buttons. It was not so with Brass, Lead, and Iron. By the advice of the latter they laid out their money in a fine farm; and here they lived with their affectionate mother, loved and respected by all the country round, until—they died.

My dear readers, if you do not see any moral in this tale, I will not spoil its conclusion by giving you one. Only remember, that according to our qualities will be our fortunes; that perseverance is the all-conquering ingredient in the soul; and that indolence becomes the serpent that will lead many hopeful spirits away from ultimate accomplishment and victory.

HOPE AND LOVE.

Heart! take courage, upward strive,
Higher still, and higher;
Faint not, blanch not, shrink not now,
Heaven is ever nigher!

Higher aims, and higher hopes,
Be our great endeavour.
See! the glorious guerdons near,
Love enduring ever!

On! and reck not of the toil,
Nor of burthen mind thee;
Look up! its shadow let the sun
For ever cast behind thee.

Angels beckon, saints applaud,
Nobly have we striven,
Triumph now! the prize is gained
Of endless Love in Heaven.

OPPORTUNITY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Nicolo Machiavelli, one of the greatest geniuses that Florence, fruitful as it was in great men, ever produced, was born May 3rd, 1469. Sprung from the noblest of the Florentine families, he gave up rank and title to enrol himself as a citizen of the Republic. He held the situation of secretary and historiographer for fourteen years, during which period the government having had an opportunity of observing his political and diplomatic ability, appointed him to several important missions, and entrusted him with some private and delicate negotiations. After filling the highest offices of the state, he was suddenly accused of a conspiracy against the government, and, like his illustrious countryman Dante Alighieri, was put to the torture. He sustained excruciating torments with unmoved fortitude, but the severe trial had injured mind as well as body. Machiavelli left the scene of his tortures a morose and gloomy man. He died in 1530 in obscurity, and almost want.

The following apologue may have been suggested by the circumstances of his own life.

OPPORTUNITY.

"Who art thou that seemest not to be of mortal mould, so richly hath Heaven dowered thee with graces? Wherefore dost thou hurry onward without a pause? and why have thy feet those soft, bright pinions?"

"I am Opportunity! unheeded by most, and known to few. I cannot pause in my onward course, for seest thou not, my foot is upon a wheel? Swifter am I than the eagle in his flight, and the bright pinions on my feet move like the lightning in its flashing speed. Before the gazer's dazzled eye can behold me, I am gone.

"Seest thou, too, how thickly my locks are scattered over face and bosom. Thus covered, I may not be known, save by him who is on the watch for me. All are in front, not one single hair behind, so that he strives in vain to seize me, whom I have outstripped in the race, and upon whom I have turned my back."

"But say who is thy companion? Tell me the name of the being by thy side?"

"Regret.—And now mark me well. He that fails to lay hold on me, him, my companion seizes with sure and unrelenting grasp. But, seest thou not, vain man, that thou hast been wasting the moments in idle words? Even now I elude thy grasp, and am lost to thee for ever!"

PHYSICAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals, is no small aid to intellectual and moral progress. A man living in a damp cellar or a garret open to rain and snow, breathing the foul air of a filthy room, and striving without success to appease hunger on scanty or unsavoury food, is in danger of abandoning himself to a desperate, selfish recklessness. Improve then your lot. Multiply comforts, and still more get wealth if you can by honourable means, and if it do not cost too much. A true cultivation of the mind is fitted to forward you in your worldly concerns, and you ought to use it for this end. Only, beware, lest this end master you; lest your motives sink as your condition improves; lest you fall victims to the miserable passion of vying with those around you in show, luxury, and expense.—*Channing.*

COFFEE, AS DRANK IN TURKEY.

Coffee is the universal, and almost only beverage of the Turks, the Arabs, and the eastern nations, and is considered by them as the special gift of Heaven. The Persians, who appreciate highly its delicious virtues, venerate it from the romantic notion, that it was first invented and brewed by the angel Gabriel, to restore Mahomet's decayed moisture, which it did effectually. The Turks prepare their coffee in a most simple manner. A small vessel, containing about a wine-glass of water, is placed on the fire, and, when boiling, a tea-spoonful of ground coffee is put into it, stirred up, and suffered to boil and bubble a few seconds longer, when it is poured, grounds and all, into a cup about the size of an egg-shell, encased in gold or silver filagree-work, to protect the finger from the heat; and the liquid, in its scalding, black, thick, and troubled state, is imbibed with the greatest relish. Like smoking, this must be quite an acquired taste. People of all classes in Constantinople use these drinks. A good cup of strong coffee may be had for a farthing, and a glass of sherbet for little more. Their coffee is made in a simple, easy manner, and most expeditiously. When a single cup is called for, the attendant in the coffee-house pours hot water into a little copper pan, or rather pot; puts it over a charcoal fire for an instant, to make it boil; then adds a proportion of well-ground or pounded coffee, either alone or mixed with sugar; returns it again to the fire, to boil for an instant, and the coffee is made. It is poured, boiling-hot, into a small porcelain cup, and handed to the customer; the coarser grounds quickly subside in a few seconds, whilst cooling down to the drinking point. Disagreeable at first, a taste for this strong unclarified coffee is soon acquired. It is an excellent and safe substitute for a dram. Major Skinner, in his "Overland Journey to India," says, "It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East; but more used by the Arabs of the desert than by any other class. They will go without food for twenty-four hours, if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. I can vouch for both its strengthening and exhilarating effects.—*T. L. Simmonds.*

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the velvet banks of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the birds that warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand—with a merry laugh, threw it upon its surface. In her glee, she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprung upon her feet, and burst into tears, calling aloud to the stream—"Brink back my flowers!" But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful burst of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry—"Bring back my flowers!" Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, observe in this thoughtless child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its benevolent Giver. Else when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child—"Bring back my flowers!" And the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past—"Bring back my flowers!"—*Lowell Offering.*

KINDNESS IN WOMAN UNIVERSAL.

I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform an hospitable and generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, and ingenuous! more liable, in general, to err than man; but in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.—*John Ledyard.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

Audubon, the Ornithologist, says, "An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in Ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the preserver of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge of a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my notebook, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than before. And, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, my portfolio was again filled."

SICK ROOMS AND SLEEPING ROOMS.

If we turn to a sick room, we are apt to surmise, that the surgeon never once takes the state of the lungs under his serious consideration, except in cases of apparent consumption. Although he has learned from anatomy that pure air is most essential to them, still he allows his patient to be in a tomb, as it were, walled round with dense curtains, where the wholesome breeze can gain no admittance, and where the foul vapours issue from the feverish mouth, and return to it, and from thence to the lungs, which are barely able to perform their duty. The windows are constantly shut, and the door most carefully closed, by which mischievous custom the lungs have no chance of receiving a fresh supply of air from without, and at last the patient sinks in death for want of it. If those in typhus fever were conveyed to an open shed, screened on one side against the blowing wind, with a sufficiency of clothes upon them, very little physic would be required; for the fresh air would soon subdue the virulence of the disease in nine cases of ten. Then, a person finds that he cannot sleep at night; if he would open the window, and take a few turns up and down the room, there can be no doubt but that sweet sleep, *placidissime somne Deorum*, would return with him arm-in-arm to bed. Wonderful is the degree of heat which is generated by the human body, when prostrate on a soft bed. Those parts of the sheets which do not come in contact with it, will, of course, retain their wonted coldness; and, then if the person becomes restless in his sleep, and rolls over upon them, he runs a fair risk of contracting rheumatic pains, scarcely ever to be removed. Should a man ever have the misfortune to pass the night in a damp bed, he would be much worse off than if he had been condemned to lie on a pismire's nest. These little tormentors would merely blister him, perhaps even with salutary effect, but the humid bed would cause him damage often beyond the power of art or nature to repair. I trust we may safely conclude that, when the soft and downy preparations for the repose of the night have been completed, we do wrong, very wrong indeed, to exclude the night air from our apartments. That we can absolutely do without it, it is certain; but that we should do better with it, is equally certain. Still, civilized man will never change his usual habits, but will go snoring on from night to night, awake this hour, and dozing that; whilst his lungs, if they had the power of speech, would cry out, and say—"Oh! we cannot stand this nasty atmosphere; we are obliged to work all night, and still you seem to have no pity for us. What with the unwholesome vapours arising from your own overloaded stomach, and what with the stagnant air in the room, we shall be overpowered at last, do what we can to keep our action up; and then, for want of having your window an inch or two open (which would put everything to rights in our department), when you least expect it, you will be called away to your long account by a fatal fit of apoplexy."—*Waterton's Essays.*

A POET'S WISH.

Oh! give me a cot in some wood-shaded glen,
Shut in from the clangour of conflict and pain,
Far away from the turmoil of town-prisoned men,
Who strive for subsistence, or struggle for gain;
Aloof from all envy, secure from annoy,
My chiefest companions my wife and my child,
I could think with some purpose, and labour with joy,
In that home of seclusion far, far in the wild.

The lark should arouse me to action and thought,
I would take my first draught at the health-giving rill;
I would gaze on the beauties that morning had brought,
As I strengthened my limbs up the slope of the hill.
The early prayer uttered, the early meal done,
The day should have uses and joys undefiled;
Some good should be gathered, some knowledge be won,
In that home of seclusion far, far in the wild,

When the clouds which were golden grew faint in the west,
The sun having left them to melt in the sky;
When Nature seemed folding her mantle for rest,
And Hesperus hung his bright cresset on high,
I would draw up my household about the fireside,
(Unless the dear muses my spirit beguiled)
To talk with and teach them, with pleasure and pride,
In that home of seclusion far, far in the wild.

I would have—would kind Fortune her bounty impart—
Nor blind me to virtue, nor steel me to woe,
Some good things and graceful in nature and art;
Some music to make my best feelings o'erflow;
Some touch of the painter to gladden my eyes;
Some books to enchant my dark cares till they smiled;
Some shape of the sculptor to charm and surprise,
In that home of seclusion far, far in the wild.

Surrounded by nature, I could not but see
In each change of season God's goodness unworn;
Young Spring would delight with bloom, beauty, and glee,
Bright Summer with hay-harvest, Autumn with corn;
Even Winter would charm, I should joy to behold
His frost-work fantastic, his snow-drifts up-piled,
His phalanx of storm-clouds arrayed and unrolled
O'er that home of seclusion far, far in the wild.

To the mourner I'd bring consolation and cheer,
To the wayward be calm, to the humble be kind;
I would blend with benevolence nothing austere,
But kindle new hopes in the cloudiest mind.
Thus earnest and helping, forbearing and just,
I should get my reward from a source undefiled,
With assurance of mercy go down to the dust,
In that home of seclusion far, far in the wild.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

PLEASURE BEFOREHAND.

The expectation of being pleased, which prevails so much in young persons, is one great source of their enjoyments. All are felt beforehand, and their hopes are not easily given up; the conviction that they shall be pleased, makes a strong impression on the imagination, which often lasts long enough to make them really so, when otherwise they would have found little reason for it. This illusion cannot, nor is it desirable that it should, be preserved, but the disposition to be pleased may yet remain, and there is hardly anything of so much importance to the happiness of life.

DIAMOND DUST.

VULGARITY—unsuccessful affectation. Fashion—successful affectation.

IF thou wilt be cured of thy ignorance, confess it.

THE world is only rigid for petty and common faults, a rare audacity astonishes it, a splendid misfortune disarms it.

WHEN a man is unhappy, people are ready to find him faulty, lest they should be forced to pity him.

IT is proper to have the consciousness of having done well, but it is the height of vanity to wish to be informed of it.

THE vain abhor the vain; but the gentle and unassuming love one another. It is the effect of sympathy with the latter, the want of it with the former.

SOME confine their view to the present, some extend it to futurity. The butterfly flutters round the meadows, the eagle crosses the seas.

PUBLIC opinion is a jurisdiction which the wise man will never entirely recognise, nor entirely deny.

PHILOSOPHY, like medicine, has abundance of drugs, few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.

THE glutton is the lowest souled of all animals, the butcher's boy is to him an Atlas bearing heaven on his shoulders.

PERHAPS the most acceptable kind of flattery consists less in eulogizing a man's actions, or talents, than in decrying those of his rival.

IT is only in the bitter time of affliction the sanctuary of man's heart is open; in quiet times, the temple of Janus is closed.

A FINE book resembles a kaleidoscope, you admire the beauty of that part you survey; and, whilst admiring, the author's hand moves, and fresh beauties rise.

THERE is nothing on earth so ludicrous as the affected caution of a fool, after you have humbugged him.

THERE are two classes of people that can afford to be modest, those who possess a vast amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

HYPOCRISY is the necessary burden of villany; affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.

THE pains we take in books or arts, which treat of things remote from the use of life, is a busy idleness.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

THE most ignorant have knowledge enough to detect the faults of others: the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

THE best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.

KNOWLEDGE will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep-digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

AN act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

A BACHELOR is like a jug without a handle; there's no taking hold of him.

GENTLENESS is a sort of mild atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sunbeam into the rosebud, slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigour.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 4, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, September 7, 1850.

COOK'S
ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 72.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

PALMISTRY.

THE HAND INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.

MEN are very curious and speculative in all that relates to character. They desire to know the marks of their own character, and to read the characters of others. They eagerly listen to the phrenologist, as he "reads their head," and to the physiognomist, as he deciphers the features of their face. Some have even confined themselves to a single feature, and have pretended to interpret character by the nose, the eye, or the mouth. Others pretend to read the gait, and a few to interpret character by the hand-writing. But the very oldest of these arts is that of Palmistry: the old chiromancists pretended to divine the future life and fortune by the direction of the lines on the palm of the hand—an art still professed by the gipsies and wise old women in country districts. The ordinary rule of the palmisters, we believe, is to infer *contentions*, from the lines spreading at the bottom joint of the thumb; if the lines above the middle of the thumb meet round about, it portends a *hanging destiny*; many transverse lines upon the last joint of the forefinger denote *riches by inheritance*; right lines in the same place, *a jovial nature*; lines in the points of the middle finger (like a gridiron), a *melancholy, unhappy wit*; and if the lines on the little finger be conspicuous, they denote a *good wit*, and eloquent, but the contrary if obscure; and so on. This art has, however, long been exploded.

But an ingenious French physiologist, M. D'Arpentigny, has recently revived the art in another form, and in a very clever and elaborate treatise, has endeavoured to show how the character of a man may be inferred from the configuration of his hand, very much in the same way that the inspection of a metacarpal bone by Cuvier enabled him to infer the nature and character of the entire living animal. The hoof of the horse, the paw of the monkey, and the wing of the bird, certainly must be admitted to furnish at least general indications of the disposition and character of their respective owners. It will not be denied either, that the human hand is the chief instrument of man; by its means he acquires most of his knowledge; by it he reacts on the external world. It corresponds strictly with the character of the brain, and indeed of his whole frame. Let an artist substitute for the beautiful hand of the Niobe or the Venus, a large, coarse, disproportioned hand, with a broad, unhuman-like palm, ape-like thumb, and massive, knotted, mis-shapen fingers, and all the world would immediately declare that such a hand could never have belonged to so glorious a figure. There does not seem to be the smallest reason for doubting the fact, that the brain and hand, in well-marked cases, must correspond. The interesting "Bridgewater Treatise," by Sir Charles Bell, contains cumulative proofs of this fact. The French philosopher only bears him out, when he avows that the Creator, in bestowing on man divers instincts, has given to him differently formed hands, conforming to this diversity in his intelligence.

The palm of the hand, according to M. D'Arpentigny, gives the signs of the physical appetites, and to a certain point, of the intensity of the intellectual aptitudes which these appetites determine. A palm, slender, narrow, thin, indicates a feeble and unproductive temperament; an imagination without heat, without power; instincts without an object; a taste more delicate than solid; a wit more subtile than comprehensive.

If you have it supple, of a suitable thickness and surface,—that is to say, in harmony with the proportions of the fingers and thumb—you will be apt for all pleasures (inestimable privilege!), and your senses, easily excitable, will hold in check the faculties of the imagination.

Without ceasing to be supple, should the palm display extreme developments, egotism and sensuality will be the dominant propensities.

Finally, should its size be altogether out of proportion with the other parts of the hand, if to an extreme hardness there be added an excessive thickness, it will then indicate instincts and an individuality marked with the stamp of an *animality* without ideas.

With respect to *the signs attached to the fingers*, M. D'Arpentigny is very elaborate:—

"There are smooth fingers, and there are others which are knotty. Amongst these last, the fingers of one may show but one knot; those of another may have two. The significative knots are those recognisable easily and at once by the eye, and not those requiring touch to detect or discover.

"Our fingers *terminate* either like a *spatula*—that is to say, by enlarging more or less; or in a *square form*—that is to say, by a phalanx, whose lateral lines are parallel or in a *cone*, more or less acute. To these different forms are attached so many different signs; but, before offering their interpretation, let me say a few words respecting the knots. If that which connects the first phalanx to the second is prominent, *there will be order in your ideas*; if that which connects the second phalanx to the third is prominent, you possess much material order of thought. The first knot never exists without the second; but the second is often present without the first.

"Now, this implies that *external order* is always in the faculties of persons gifted with *moral order*, whilst there are many known for their *punctuality* who have, notwithstanding, an extremely illogical mind.

"Smooth-fingered persons have all a humour more or less artistic; even those in whom the fingers terminate *spatularly* or *squarely*, they will proceed always by inspiration, rather than by reasoning; by phantasy and sentiment, rather than by knowledge; by synthesis, rather

than by analysis. A man expends annually the double of his income, yet his house is in the most perfect order, and everything in its place; be assured that he has smooth fingers, squared or spatular.

"Let us proceed to the interpretation of the *exterior* phalanges, that is to say, the first.

"Place before the eyes the hands of seven different individuals, stretched towards you, without support, and the fingers partly separated from each other. The first has smooth fingers, terminating in the spatular form; the second has knotty fingers, also terminating in the spatular form. Now, in both these individuals we find, by reason of their spatula-formed fingers, an imperious necessity for corporeal agitation, for locomotion, and, very generally, for manual occupation; more bowels than brains; all science weighed by its *useful* and physically sensible aspect. There is a love of horses, dogs, the chase, navigation, war, agriculture, commerce.

"To both belong the innate sense of tangible things, the instinctive intelligence of the *real*, the worship of physical force, the genius of calculation, of the industrial and mechanical arts, the exact applied sciences, natural and experimental science, the graphic arts, administration, law, &c.; but a marked aversion for the elevated philosophic sciences, for transcendental metaphysics, for spiritualized poetry, for subtleties, for all which springs from the world of speculative ideas only.

"As those with smooth fingers proceed by inspiration, passion, instinct, intuition, and knotted fingers (with the double knot) by calculation, reasoning, deduction, probabilities, the hand with smooth fingers will especially excel in the arts by locomotion, in those applied sciences where spontaneous address and genius prevail over combination.

"Now, here is a hand with smooth fingers, and terminating in a square, whilst this other has the phalanges equally square, but the fingers are knotted. To both belong a taste for the moral, political, social, philosophic sciences; for didactic, analytic, dramatic poetry; for grammar, languages, logic, geometry; a love of *literary form*, of metre, rhythm, symmetry, and arrangement, or art defined and agreed on; views, juster than enlarged; a genius for business, personal respect, positive and moderate ideas; instinct for duty and authority; attention (*culte*) to the truly practical fine wit, correctly formed in conduct; love of offspring, and usually more brains than bowels.

"To men with squared phalanges are due the prevailing theories and methods — not elevated poetry, but *letters*, the sciences, and some arts. They carry the name of Aristotle inscribed on their standard, and they march at the head of four faculties.

"This type excels not in brilliant imagination, as poets understand the phrase; everything of this kind appertains to the smooth-fingered man; and all that holds to the reasoning, to combination, as history and the social sciences belong to those with knotty fingers. Descartes and Pascal had knotty fingers; Chapelle and Chaulieu had them smooth. Men with spatula-formed fingers, have first the action and the knowledge how to act *(savoir faire)*, then the knowledge itself (*savoir*).

"In France, square-fingered hands abound; hence there are more men with *tongue* than men with hands; more brains organized for the theory of the sciences than men adapted to apply them. Our military engineers, for example, are at once the most learned and the least practical of Europe; if, on the one hand, the difficult questions they are called on to solve, in order to obtain their brevet, prove their theoretical capacity, on the other hand, our gloomy and unhealthy barracks, our guard-houses, our barracks of encampment—residences fit only to shelter savages; and our stables—absolute burial-grounds for our horses, attest their total incapacity for practice.

"The fifth hand before me has the fingers smooth, with the phalanges formed like a cone. The tendency of intellects with such hands is towards the plastic art, painting, sculpture, monumental architecture, poetry of the imagination and of the senses (Ariosto); a worshipping of the beautiful in its solid and visible form; romance; antipathy for rigorous deductions; a need of social independence; propensity to enthusiasm and to fancies. This same form of hand, knotted, has the same genius, with more combination and moral force.

"The philosophic hand is different; the fingers are knotted, with the phalanges, as it were, partly squared, partly conical; the first knot giving to the exterior (distal) phalanx a form nearly ovoid. The genius is turned towards speculative ideas, meditation, and rigorous deductions by *words*; love of absolute truth; elevated logic; a desire of political, religious, and social independence; deistical; democratic.

"Finally, here is the psychical hand, with smooth fingers, terminating in a slender cone, indicative of a mind contemplative, religious, ideal; a cultivator of every form of the beautiful, in form and essence, but especially in essence. Thus, the Creator has bestowed on the square and spatular-fingered hand, matter and reality—that is to say, industry, and the useful and necessary arts—action and the knowledge of facts. To the conical and pointed hand has been opened the way to the ideal without limits: the conical established the beautiful on the basis of the external senses; the pointed aiming at the same through the internal sense.

"To large hands belong the spirit of minutiæ and of detail: Frederic I. of Prussia, surnamed the King Corporal, had large hands. The poets say the same of Moses; and Domitian, whose hands were enormous, amused himself with killing flies.

"To moderate-sized hands belongs the synoptic spirit—that is, the conception of the details and of the whole: such were those of Walter Scott, Montesquieu, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, Wast, Leibnitz, &c.

"Some hands show better what the intelligence to which they belong is unfit for than for that which suits it; they tell us of antipathies, but say nothing of propensities. Many persons have merely the defects of their type.

"Most correct and learned musicians have square-formed fingers; but mere instrumentation or execution belongs rather to the spatula-formed fingers, and singing especially to the pointed. Musicians, such as they are, abound amongst mathematicians and algebraists; they weigh the sounds by numbers better than others. Long, external phalanges indicate a quick taste and aptitude for music.

"A subtle and disputatious spirit is connected with small hands, having delicate fingers; knotted and square phalanges, a desire for controversy rouses them before the dawn; and such, no doubt, were the hands of the miserable triflers who governed Greece in her closing struggle with the barbaric East: under the very sword of Mahomet they engaged in the dispute of incomprehensible trifles, abstractions, theological follies; thus deserting their country, not from a want of courage, but from sheer stupidity.

"When small and slender hands form the majority, they show natural decrepitude; large palms and hard and inert fingers preside, on the other hand, at the early development of nations. They build pyramids, Cyclopean walls, &c.: they worship Fetiches.

"Look at the engineer or land-surveyor, who follows a profession to which he has been called by nature; who seems to delight in squares and triangles, and trapezoids; look at his hand, with its squared, or spatula-formed fingers.

"The finest horsemen of our day, the most elegant, M. le Vicomte d'Aure, has the hand evidently spatular, but extremely supple.

"Examine now, the hands of lyric poets, of romancists, as Sand, A. Dumas, Ade Mussel, Balzac, &c., and you will find the fingers conical.

"Those of grammarians, critics, didactic poets, analytic, dramatic; of medical men, lawyers, geometricians, artists, *selon la règle*, &c., their phalanges will be found square, and even spatular.

"Of *believing* philosophers, theologians, &c., the phalanges are partly square, partly conical, and knotted.

"But if in a polytechnic school you encounter a fine and pointed hand, have pity on an unhappy poet, formed to pass his days in sacrificing to the cyclops and to the gnomes.

"Finally, look around you at the hands of your neig'-bours and friends, and observe this one who can dispense with the essential, the useful, but not the beautiful and the superfluous; his purse, open to all, is closed only against his creditors. In advanced life, his heart is still young and romantic; he sees the world through the antique light of spiritualism, and is profoundly ignorant of the material value of things; he sees poetry in everything; he loves to wander by moonlight on the desert shore, watching her pale light trembling on the waters, his heart filled with a voluntary sadness. Now, examine the hand of this person, whoever he may be, friend, parent, or neighbour, and be assured that the fingers are either conical or pointed.

"Now listen to the discourse of this parvenu: he has been a cowherd, a hawker, a smuggler, and he boasts of it; he might live on ortolans if he chose, his means being ample, but he prefers pork; his clothes are wide, and his hair is cut in the brush fashion. Of his three sons, he esteems him only who beats his own clothes, cleans his own boots, attends to his own horse: the others, says he, read, ruminate, and play on the violin, and they do not even know how to clarify wine. Music sets him asleep; the very sight of well-bred men upsets and irritates him. He prefers eating without a coat, and in his shirt-sleeves, and waistband loose. He knows nothing of statues and pictures, which he calls rubbish; but he is well up to cattle and manures. Science and art! fine things, truly, but they are quite unknown on 'Change and in the market. In his gardens you will find carrots, cabbages, and sunflowers. He frequents the slaughter-house, chops his own fire-wood, &c. This man has a large, thick, and hard palm, with the fingers spatula-shaped."

M. D'Arpentigny also lays much stress on the importance of the thumb to the efficiency of the hand. Newton has said, "that in the absence of other proofs, the thumb would have convinced him of the existence of a Deity." Without the thumb, indeed, man's constructiveness would have been of no use. It is its possession which constitutes him the "tool-making animal." With the thumb and brain together, man is the greatest wonder-worker on the face of the earth. The thumb, according to our author, indicates free moral will. The intensity of the reasoning will and moral force he measures by the length and thickness of the root of the thumb, which includes the ball of the thumb. In the second phalange, he detects the signs of perception, judgment, reasoning; and in the first, or nail phalange, he detects invention, decision, initiative power. Have you the phalange narrow, slender, thin, short? then there is a complete absence of decision, there is adhesion to the opinion of others, everlasting doubt and uncertainty, and, in the end, moral indifference. If the second phalange is largely developed, the decision is prompt, tenacious, decisive.

"A small thumb generally announces irresolution, and a mind regulated by sentiment rather than reason. Albert Durer, Homer, Shakspere, Montaigne, Barrere the Conventionalist, had certainly the thumb small. With this portion of the hand large, the mind is apt to be pharisaical, despotic: such must have been the thumb of Souvaroff, Saint Just, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Condillac, Kante. Voltaire, as proved by his statue, had the thumbs enormous. Now, the statuary Oudon, an artist of a fine and delicate taste, would never have given to Voltaire's statue such hands, with thumbs so large and disproportioned, had it not been that, *the hands* of his model being so well known, he dared not deviate from the truth.

"It has been said of Napoleon (by J. Arago) that he loved promptitude and determination in every matter, important or not. He gave a preference to the decision by inspiration (instinct) over that by mere reasoning, and he considered irresolution as the proof of a false or weak mind. Hence artists have given to his statue, perhaps with justice, a small or medium hand, with smooth fingers, and a very large thumb. The Corsicans, a most obdurate race, have the thumb large.

"In Vendée, people with large thumbs, and rolling, restless eyes, are held to be sorcerers.

"With a small thumb and smooth fingers coincide the germ of poetry or of art; if the fingers be smooth and pointed, there is a higher tendency to spiritualism: hence Raphaello, Correggio, Perrugino, Tasso, George Sand, &c.; whilst the others—I mean those with the phalanges of a square or spatular form—will be drawn towards the *true* and the *real*, towards the *ordinary* in the sphere of things, and towards utility in the sphere of ideas: such were Teniers and Callot, Scarron, Reguard, Lesage.

"Conical and pointed hands, with large thumbs, proceed in art, methodically, logically, deductively, nearly as do men with *squared fingers* and *small* thumbs. Such was David (the artist), Voltaire, Fontenelle. That man is thrice destined to poetry who has conical phalanges, smooth fingers, and a small thumb; and he who has the phalanges squared or spatula-formed, united to knotty fingers and a large thumb, is thrice devoted to science. No eminent poet has excelled in the abstract sciences; but distinguished philosophers and *savans* have formated their systems in verse."

Of soft and hard hands, D'Arpentigny says:—

"Though in two persons the hands may strictly resemble each other in form, yet, if these hands differ in this respect, that the one has them soft and the other hard, their character will still differ essentially. If both love motion, the one will seek it in dissipation, the other energetically; and these differences will extend to their studies and their profession. This is easily seen in artists so circumstanced.

"Paris draws from Picardy, handsome, massive flunkeys, with red cheeks, eyelashes almost white—young apprentices with depressed foreheads, who, at one and the same time, credulous and distrustful, proceed conformably to their instincts by sluggishness and obstinacy. Vulgarity, the striking character of their Picard physiognomy, predominates in their face in full lustre Their hands are large, red, and very hard.

"Hard hands, though not insensible to love, know little tenderness; soft hands are more capable of tenderness than of love.

"Firm hands without hardness, and elastic without softness, show an extended and active intelligence. This hand becomes hard with difficulty, though under severe labour, the naturally hard hand, on the contrary, hardens still more with extreme facility."

Such are a few of the speculations of the ingenious Frenchman on this novel subject. Whatever we may say as to their truthfulness, we cannot help being amused at the fancy, the reading, and the observation which are displayed in their illustration.

THERE is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity.

GLIMPSES OF CHARACTER.

SECOND PAPER.

After two days among the picturesque and interesting sights of Rouen, I started for Andelys, twenty miles distant, where, on a precipitous hill, commanding a magnificent view over the winding river, the corn-covered plains and vine-clad slopes, and the village in which Poussin and Brunel were born, stand the imposing remains of Chateau Gaillard—the "Saucy Castle," built by *Cœur de Lion*. The pleasure of visiting them is all the greater, from there being no gates, no guides, no fees. You climb up the hill, and wander at will among the massive and ruined walls. A shepherd was seated in an opening, which had once been a window in the topmost tower, while his sheep nibbled the grass in the interior of the building, or in the warm and sheltered ditch. His life, he said, would be, all that was delightful, were it not for the cold blasts and storms of winter; every day he is on the hill. In the course of our conversation he observed—"I cannot think what makes you English come here: are there no ruins in your country that you come climbing over ours. It is a droll taste; *c'est incroyable*, but you travel everywhere." He was hardly willing to believe that we have ruins, and very beautiful ones in England, and continued to repeat, as I walked down the hill, "*c'est incroyable tout le même.*"

Normandy, though greatly resembling Gloucestershire in general features, is deficient in water, in the cool springs and blithe streamlets which so abound in the English county—a great privation for the pedestrian traveller. While going through the forest of Andelys, I looked in vain for the means of quenching my thirst, and inquired of a *cantonnier* at work upon the road, if he could direct me to a spring. "*Non, Monsieur,*" he answered, "there is not a drop anywhere, but if you don't mind drinking out of my bottle I can offer you some cider; if you had come a little sooner you might have shared my bread and cheese." I was glad to accept the offer, which was accompanied with a morsel of crust, "it being dangerous," so said the road-mender, "to drink in hot weather without eating." He was very desirous of knowing whether England was a country more *vivant* for the working man than France; his own earnings are from 25 to 30 sous per day; *cantonniers* of an inferior class, who break and remove the stone, earn only 15 sous—"not enough," he added, "when a pound of bread costs 4 sous 3 liards. On my offering to pay him for the cider, he said, "*Non, Monsieur, je vous donne ca de bon cœur, par amitié.*"—"I give it to you freely, out of friendship." I thanked him for his hospitality, and walked on much gratified at this glimpse of homely character.

At Vernon, the usual *avis* appeared written upon the walls of the church, but in more glaring characters than on any of the churches I had hitherto seen. A broad black stripe was painted round the whole of the building, about eight feet from the ground, on which, in white letters, the notice was four times repeated:—"*Défense de faire ni deposer aucunes ordures sous peine de police.*" To a stranger, this notice appears so much out of place on the walls of the really beautiful gothic edifices which form the boast of Normandy, that the feeling with which he regards the bad habits of the people, that render such a caution necessary, will be far from charitable. The landlord of the *Soleil d'or*, (Golden Sun,) where I staid for the night, came to talk to me after dinner. He was a favourable specimen of the facility and fluency characteristic of the French, and which, on first acquaintance, would lead one to suppose them to be a better informed people than the English. It appears to be the custom in France to refer the mutilation of old buildings, or the desecration of historical sites, to the Revolution, as in England it is the practice to refer all similar mischief to Cromwell. After exhausting his topographical information, my host, in common with nearly every one with whom I came into contact, broke out in loud complaints against the Government. He has lived fifteen years in the house he now occupies; every year his taxes have been augmented, until the original amount has been doubled. Besides a franc for every window, he pays for some of his doors, and for his *patente* or license. Every shopkeeper in France, by the way, is obliged to pay annually for a license; and whether a house have one window or twenty,—even little country cottages, they are all taxed—"*enfin,*" said my host, "*ca n'en finit pas des impôts.*"—"There's no end of imposts." It is surprising, however, after the slender advantages which the French have gained by revolutions, to find so large a party still looking forward to another convulsion, as the best means of improving their position. The landlord of the *Soleil d'or* was one of these, but influenced, on the other hand, by interested considerations, impatience made him say, there would be no chance for the people until the Government should be once more *culbuté*; yet, he added, after a moment's reflection, "it is a bad thing; for business comes to a stand for two or three years afterwards. When it does come, the first thing to be attacked will be the railways, which have thrown so many out of employment, and ruined trade along the roads. Railways are well enough in a country like Russia, where the towns are thousands of miles apart; but here, where we have a town every two or three leagues they are only a mischief." When I replied, that for every visitor whom he formerly lodged, he would now have ten, he rejoined—"*C'est possible, mais c'est une invention du diable tout le même.*"

Vernon is surrounded by vineyards, and excellent *petit vin*, unadulterated, is sold at from six to eight sous the bottle. Notwithstanding this cheapness, which is general throughout France, the people are remarkably temperate. Wine constitutes the chief beverage at dinner, and, although of no great strength, I observed that nearly every one diluted it largely, and cider also, with water,—a proof that drunkenness or excess is not a necessary consequence of cheap liquors.

Between Rouen and Paris, the appearance of the cultivated portion of the country presents a striking contrast to that of England and of Lower Normandy, by the innumerable little patches into which the land is parcelled out. So small are they as to appear, with their various crops, when seen at a distance, on the slope of a hill, like stripes of different coloured ribbons. They are separated from one another by a broad furrow, and when the produce is gathered, the owners carry it on their shoulders across the field to the road, where they transfer it to the back of a horse or donkey. With such diminutive possessions, there is nothing to spare for foot-paths. What work for the solicitor of a railway company about to run their line, in drawing up the host of conveyance deeds! There were some thousands of this sort of transactions necessary on the route between Rouen and Paris. One patch will be vines, another wheat, a third oats, the fourth lucerne, producing an endless variety. A vineyard, with care, will last forty or fifty years, and yield in this neighbourhood an average profit of three francs per perch. I inquired of a man who was hoeing his vines, whether each patch belonged to a different proprietor; he replied in the affirmative, adding—"*Vous savez, Monsieur,* that since the revolution, farms are equally divided among the children, when the father dies. The children divide in turn, and so it goes on." But why, I asked, do you all stay at home to live on the land; would it not be better to let one be a farmer, while the others learned a trade? "Bah," was the reply; "we don't think of that; it's nothing to us if we are brothers; the land is left to each one, and each takes his share without troubling himself

about the others—*allez*." It is difficult to understand how individuals can be induced by such motives to persevere in a system so fatally short-sighted. The effects are such as might be expected,—squalid poverty. Any one passing through the miserable villages inhabited by the little occupiers, would soon see the hopelessness of making "every rood of ground maintain its man."

We are accustomed to laugh at one another in England, on account of a national propensity to make *weather* the "open sesame" of conversation, and for a disposition to be taciturn when travelling. As far as my experience goes, however, it is just the same in France; every one that I met had something to say about the weather. "Isn't it hot," said one—"*le temps boude*;" "sultry weather," remarked another;—"*il va pleuvoir*," "'tis going to rain," predicted a third. In railway carriages, conversation generally commenced with similar remarks; thus proving that, as a nation, we are not singular in our propensity, and that the way to social intercourse must be paved with a few preliminary observations on a subject equally obvious and interesting to all, and in which no principle is compromised. There is quite as much conversation among travellers in England, as amongst any who came under my notice in France.

Vaux was my last resting-place before reaching Paris; it is a long, uncouth, unprepossessing village. After running the gauntlet of the whole population who were lounging at their doors, I saw a *cabaret* which externally promised tolerable accommodation. How far the reality fell short of the promise it is unnecessary to relate; exercise brings appetite, and fatigue, as Topffer says, eiderdowns every bed. I was, however glad to defer my breakfast the next morning until my arrival at Poissy—a town in which is held one of the great cattle-markets for the weekly supply of Paris, and where well-furnished *restaurants* wait the traveller's pleasure.

At most of the railway stations in Paris, and the environs, and on the line to Havre, young women are seen performing the duties of clerks, generally at the pay-office. They are, doubtless, more to be depended on for steadiness and honesty than young men, and are, probably, contented with a lower rate of remuneration. To an Englishman, there is something singular in seeing a female in such a situation, yet it is by no means uncommon in France. Le Verrier's sister, it will be remembered, was appointed to a post in the stamp-office. We might learn a useful lesson from the French, as regards some of their arrangements at railway stations: there is one waiting-room, and it is open to passengers of every class. Handsome settees, spring-stuffed, and, in numerous instances, covered with crimson plush, are placed equally for the gentleman and labourer. The tone of the attendants is as respectful while addressing third, as first-class passengers. The people submit easily to discipline, and the arrangements go on like clockwork. There is no crowding and confusion in taking seats, beyond a little haste to secure the corner of the carriage. The rate of travelling is about twenty miles an hour; in some particulars, there is less of substantiality than is seen on English railways. The fences, generally, are so slight as scarcely to bear the weight of a person leaning against them, and when, as is frequently the case, they are brought into use round a well-built station, they have, to use a French term, quite a *mesquin* appearance.

On the short lines out of Paris to St. Cloud, Versailles, Corbeil, &c., the carriages have seats on the roof, or *impériale*. I generally took my seat on one of these, as the best means of viewing the country. One day, returning from Versailles, a number of workmen were on the carriage; one of them, a young man, who was by my side, related to a companion a little history of his experience. "Ah, Pierre," he said, "I find, after all, it is best to do one's duty. Now our job is completed; I tried always to do my best; the employers were well content with me, and I am well content with myself. I have one hundred and fifty francs in the Savings' Bank, and in five years shall be able to marry, if I like." "*C'est vrai*, Pierre, it's best to do one's duty." He then began to sing—

"C'est le roi popu—
C'est le roi popu—
C'est le roi populai—rrrrr—e."

a *refrain* in which he was joined by all his companions, seated on the adjoining carriages. This circumstance, perhaps, attracted my attention the more, as the great fact which forces itself upon one in France, which it is impossible not to see, is, that the people have but very slight confidence in one another; they appear to be always on the defensive, —always anticipating a lie or a trick.

On another occasion, while in the train, on the way to Blois, a builder, who lived in the vicinity of Beaugency, told us that six years previously he had left Paris, but with a firm conviction that it was impossible to exist out of the capital. "*Mais*," he continued, "for the first three years my business went well, and I found that commercial transactions were regarded more *loyalement* than in Paris. I made a great deal of money, but in the fourth year, there came a competitor, then another, and another, and now there are six. *Eh, bien*, I mean to remove farther into the country, where I shall again be the only one. During the first two or three years I shall make money, and then, if competitors come, *flan*, I am off again. I am not married to a place, *moi*, and, provided that money is to be made, it is all I care for. You could not persuade me to live in Paris now; there it rains competitors in every street. But, in the provinces it is another thing; *oui, oui*, it is possible to exist out of Paris." These remarks, uttered with all the finished fluency of a Parisian, drew an assent from all the other passengers, who, however, were provincials, with the exception of one young woman, leaving Paris for the first time: she thought it must be *bien triste* in the country. It is not difficult to distinguish the unquiet party in France; they may be everywhere known by the profusion of hair on their chin and upper lip. There is no accounting for freaks of taste, but it certainly does appear most incongruous, to see a man, with the beard and moustache of a grenadier, selling ribbons behind a mercer's counter. But the more sedate portion of the population wear no beards; neither the legislators in the Chamber of Deputies, nor the philosophers in the Academy of Sciences, carry the hairy appendage on their chins.

As far as was possible, in the foregoing observations, subjects which illustrate no point of character have been avoided; the study of humanity being, in most cases, more interesting than that of topography. Much might be said about Paris, its buildings, baths, streets, and washerwomen. Many useful hints might be derived from its municipal arrangements regarding cabs and omnibuses, *abattoirs*, and theatres. The Londoner submits to numerous inconveniences which the Parisian would not endure for a day, and, with all his vaunted liberty of the subject, is a slave to absurd regulations, which his own dogmatism helps to perpetuate.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN LAW RHYMER

"The Corn Law Rhymer!" What curious thoughts and associations the title calls up! It brings in review before us the great political struggles of the nineteenth century—the fight for life and death between the lords of the power-loom and the lords of the land—the steam engine and the factory pitted against the plough and the barn—the thin, sharp operative of the north bearing down the sturdy, but slow, agricultural peasant—while the Corn Law Rhymer, like a troubadour of the olden

time, stands by to sing, not the splintering of lances in knightly tournament, or the lusty blow of quarter staff, or well-shot arrow from the yeoman throng,—but the war of words, when "Greek met Greek" on the hustings or the platform. We suppose it is the vocation of bards to sing the feats of men (for the Miltons, who tell of angels' deeds, are few and far between); and since Trojan wars are past, and raids and forays are now no more, our modern Homers must sing the deeds of warriors who fight with other weapons than lance and sword, and conform themselves to "the piping times of peace," in which, fortunately for us, we live; but knowing all that, it sounds strange to the ear when a poet, having a wide reputation among his countrymen, comes forward, and claims to be "the bard of Free Trade."

It is, indeed, a new era in the world's history, and in the history of poetry, which such a claim marks. Trade? Why what has trade, either free or shackled, to do with poetry? many will ask, who revel amid the lore of the past, and bask in the gorgeous rays of the poetic imaginations of the great dead. Trade, indeed? what has trade, with its sordid, money-getting spirit—its heart of barter, and its soul of gain—with its get-all, give-nothing teachings—to do with poetry? What have Chaucer, or Spenser, or the king of all, Shakspere, to do with trade? Their great souls were divorced from all its huckstering considerations. They cared but little for cent. per cent., or profit and loss, and mentioned such low things only to show contempt for them. The rich merchant at Venice, with his freighted argosies at sea, scoffing the Jew, is not one of Shakspere's highest heroes; and his high qualities are shown out at last not by his success, but by his misfortune; and that same Jew, *Shylock*, clamouring for his bond—buying blood and life for gold—insisting upon his *quid pro quo*—what is he, forsooth, but a delineation of the money power of trade, rampant in its selfishness?

Softly, good sir, softly. All men have in them some of these trading propensities. Even the best of us have a hankering after profits. Romance may say what it likes, but those plumed and armour-cased barons of old did not make war for nothing. Either they "drove" their neighbour's kine, which were money's worth, or they risked life for revenge—a lower and meaner spirit far than that of trade. And that same Shakspere, too, great poet as he was, and deservedly a world's idol now, had a little of the trader in his soul. Even he wrote for gain—selling high thoughts and noble images for mere vulgar dross. He, if history tells truly, kept a sharp look out after the "main chance," and retired betimes, like a snug city merchant, upon "a competence." And though he did paint *Shylock* black, yet, if our memory does not play us false, we think we have heard something of some old memorial, raked up by an antiquarian from the dust of Time, which tells how Shakspere sued some unlucky bumpkin for a few shillings and odd pence, and perhaps put him into gaol. Well, Shakspere was, after all, but a man. He inherited our mortal nature with all its imperfections—the tendency to trade included, if that be one of them. He had a hankering after value for his money as well as a manufacturer, and if he had lived till now would, perhaps, have amassed a fortune; while he found in the wants, and miseries, and misfortunes of those who toil, a theme for his immortal muse.

All this, we fear, sounds very unromantic and unpoetic. But is it not true? And is there not a poetry in every truth, however humble? Besides, we should recollect that times have changed, and men, too, have changed with them. Commerce is now what war was—the occupation of almost all the strong and energetic of the age; but it is producing, and not destroying: and if there be poetry in good, there is poetry in the creative power of commerce. The warlike tendencies are dying out—fading, like black clouds, away, and the desire to gain by intellect and labour rather than by courage and force—the feeling of trade, which existed with less strength in Shakspere and the men of his time—has grown up to be a mighty power now, with which men fight for wealth, position, and existence, as fiercely as their ancestors ever did with other weapons. Trade has become interwoven with the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, necessities and comforts of the many. Trade has become a contest as desperate as was ever yet fought by men at arms, and so trade, too, must have its poetry and its poet.

It is, after all, only natural to feel that the poetry of trade—though a stern, true, and, if we may so speak, practical poetry—must be of a lower order than the poetry of chivalry. It cannot have the same qualities of hardihood and daring—the same apparently, devoted disinterestedness. There is not about it the whirl and dash, and headlong excitement and clangour of the fight, to rouse the passions and feelings. It is a cautious, cold, calculating progress for which—why we cannot tell, but so we feel it is—our nature has not the same heart-born sympathy. But this is only saying that the world has grown colder, and more cautious and calculating, and therefore its poetry, born of the world's thoughts, must be so too. There are transition states in the history of all created things, and the record of man's progress is but a history of transitions. No phases of his existence can be considered independently, or as a complete whole. We must take all, with all their various but blending shades, marking where they converge with each other, and view all the many-coloured thing before we judge its progress. This era of trade is but a phase, and probably not a permanent one, arising, naturally enough, out of the era of war; and the poetry of the two, distinct as they are—grand and destructive as appears the one, and sordid and accumulative as seems the other—will mingle, like the rainbow hues, into the great whole of the poetry of humanity.

Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law Rhymer," is not, however, the bard of trade so much as the bard of the struggles of trade against the memories, traditions, and privileges of the past. This gives to his political poetry a stern, combative, energetic character, which the true poetry of a peaceful trading era will not wear. This is, perhaps, all in his favour, as it gave a scope to his energy; but another thing was as much against him—that he was not really the poet of the many, though all his sympathies were with them. He, actuated by the sincerest motives, wrote the opinions, and advocated the desires of the comparative few of the aristocracy of wealth and trade. The political contest between Free Traders and Protectionists, which gives soul to his rhymes, and in which (poetically speaking) he lived, was not an agitation between the millions of workers and the hundreds of hereditary rulers, as it has been often represented, but between old feudality and young commerce—between the power of the past and the present—between the lords of money and the lords of land—between the hundreds and the thousands of society in fact, while the millions stood by, for the most part, with their arms folded, hardly knowing whether the coming change of matters was to bring them weal or woe. We knew this so well before, strongly as it has been attempted to show the contrary, that we were prepared to find an honest, fearless, sincere man like Ebenezer Elliott admitting it; but the public will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that, in so many words, he records in his volumes the "great fact," that the Corn Laws were repealed "by the middle classes, not only without the consent of the working classes, but, for the most part, in *spite of their opposition*." This fact took from "the Corn Law Rhymer" a great element of poetic power, which consists, in a large measure, in giving form and expression to the feelings which peal and echo from the hearts of the millions.

Ebenezer Elliott was, then, the poet of the struggle of trade, and the apostle of trade's magnates; and perhaps

it is not too much to say that, but for that and the prominence into which the struggle lifted him, his poetical reputation would have been neither so high nor so extensive as it is now. Few, we should think, who read his non-political works, will fail to see that he lacked the highest development of some of those qualities which all great poets have. He wanted the power of construction, and the open sympathy which gives the key to all hearts. Of the first deficiency, we might take his "Etheline" for example, where there is scarcely the trace of a consistent or connected plot. The whole seems like a heap of beautiful stanzas, thrown loosely together, without much regard to their relation; and amid the darkness which is thus engendered amid so much light, there seems to gleam out a striving for some of that mystic power which made Coleridge so great. Of his other deficiency—the want of sympathetic feeling—we may find the root in the doctrine maintained in his Lectures, that poetry is "self-communion." Self-communion, no doubt, is poetry, but it does not include all poetry, nor poetry of the highest kind. Shakspere was great, because his heart communed with all hearts. Milton was great, because his soul communed with those great spirits with which tradition had peopled heaven, and earth, and hell. Thomson and Bloomfield were great, because they "held communion sweet" with the still nature around them. Byron, too, was great, not because of his sympathy, but because of the antagonism he was in with the world. All these enjoyed self-communion, doubtless:—Shakspere, so sweetly and calmly, as to be almost unconscious of it; Milton, grandly and greatly, so that the consciousness of it could not but be present with him; Byron, bitterly, writing its result in lines of hate and revenge upon his great heart. But their self-communion, and their poetry, too, rose out of their relation to their fellow-men, living and dead.

Ebenezer Elliott too, (we do not know whether he felt it when he took the title of "Rhymer,") paid too much attention to mere versification. It is evident that he has studied the poets of the Elizabethan and the succeeding eras, as much for the structure of their verse, as for their sentiments, and yet, no man knew better than he did—no one expressed it more plainly and forcibly—that the form of words is of far less consequence than the thoughts they clothe. True and great poets (the truest and greatest) we should suppose, think but little of "what they shall say." The ideas flow naturally into the best form of expression, just as the waters of the murmuring brook flow between the verdant banks which bound its channel. After writing, it may be that they retouch here and there, culling choice epithets and sonorous words to deck the stream of thought; but in the main their verse must be as the almost involuntary unconscious product of the heart, rather than the brain.

With Ebenezer Elliott it does not seem to have been so. In his non-political poems, he studied forms and words, and what he gained in expression, he lost in spirit; but it is curious to see how in his political rhymes in which his whole heart rushed out, and "head work" was cast to the wind, construction is not so much attended to. Rhymes are often neglected, and words are taken as they come hot and strong from the forge of his soul. Still, it would be unjust to say, that with all these faults, Elliott is destitute of attractions, perhaps but few authors could be named who, in the same space, could supply so many beauties. From that same poem of "Etheline," which we have already characterized as obscure, from its want of connection, we take a passage of more than ordinary power and beauty. Such is the soliloquy of the frenzied Adwick:—

> "Mad, yet conscious of his madness,
> Long he paus'd—then spoke in sadness:
> 'Ere the eyes of midnight beam'd;
> Ere red morning's banner stream'd;
> Ere the sun began his race;
> Silence, and the grave of death,
> Were my throne and dwelling-place:
> Yet I draw an outlaw's breath!
> Can I make the desert's tree
> Beautiful, and all for me?
> Or, to soothe another's woes,
> Out of nothing bring the rose?
> Yet—all shunn'd, and hom'd with pain,—
> Vainly love, and wildly fear,
> Vainly heave unceasing sighs,
> And from beauteous woman's eyes
> Vainly bid a pitying tear
> Drop, to cool my burning brain!'"

In a ballad, too, entitled "The Gipsy," which contains much that is coarse and rough, there are some lines as purely descriptive of the Gipsy woman, as any we remember in any poet.

> "Whose eyes flash'd black venom where stately she stood,
> In her grey cloak and long sallow gown;
> With her slightly arch'd nose, her smooth brow finely spread,
> Her chin, sharply chisel'd and bold
> Under lips of firm beauty. Her face and her head
> Formed an oval of darkness and gold.
> Her hair was like horsehair, when glossy it lies
> On the strong stallion's neck, where the fledg'd linnet flies;
> And her black felted hat, suiting well with her size.
> Was a crown on the head of a queen;
> But 'twas strange! when he look'd on her face and wild eyes,
> Her eyes only seem'd to be seen."

The third extract we take, because it is so characteristic of the man, who, while he had work to do, never seemed to tire; but wrote on to the last, with his mind full of the cause which to him was associated with all that was good in politics, and likely to promote the power and prosperity of his fellow-workers.

SONG.

> They say I'm old; because I'm grey,
> The aged hard, they now call me!
> But grey or green, I boldly say,
> We're not old yet, but mean to be.
>
> Though sixty years and ten may doom
> Tir'd men to rest with worms and me;
> With sixty gone, and ten to come,
> We're not old yet, but mean to be.
>
> My eyes flash flame, my heart is glad,
> When poor men shake their sides with glee;
> And though they cry, "Come on, Old Lad!"
> We're not old yet, but mean to be.
>
> While soars the skylark high and higher,
> And bids the mountains wake, to see,
> How morn can fill my veins with fire,
> We're not old yet, but mean to be.
>
> Thou brightening cloud, that sail'st afar
> Where screams the falcon, wheeling free!
> Tell yonder fading, winking star,
> We're not old yet, but mean to be.

The spirit of that song is the one which animated his Corn Law rhymes and all his political poetry. Bold, energetic, and full of the strong impulse of will, they were just the lyrics to forward a political agitation, and to rouse that spirit of stinging sarcasm and burning strife which seem to be inseparably roused up with all struggles between classes. There is no "head work," as he calls it, in them; but though they come from the heart, there is a want of consideration and tenderness. They are brim full of spite, even to running over. It is strange, while reading them, to remember, that the man who is denouncing his opponents so fiercely, and with such tremendous force has, when disengaged from political strife, a well of tenderness in his heart, from which gushed such a stanza as the following:—

> "Oh, Love thou art a heav'n on earth,
> And earth is heav'n enough for thee!
> But souls must have their second birth,
> And far, far hence thy home must be.
> We go to join the lost and true,
> Our task perform'd, our foes forgiv'n:
> In wind and rain, on earth we grew,
> And need not fear the calm of heav'n."

And it is strange, too, that a man so sincere as he was should not give to his opponents one atom of credit for sincerity. The worst, perhaps, of his lyrics is, that they are disfigured by a violence which ought never to be

suffered to prevail, and we can only hope that the manner in which political rancour clouded the better, tenderer, and more generous feelings of Ebenezer Elliott's nature, will warn all poets who may, in future, suffer themselves to be engulphed in party contests. The evident truth is, that once convinced of the justice of the cause he espoused, he threw himself headlong into it without ever stopping to think; and the torrent whirled him through all that stream of political enmity, which we cannot but regret, that an honest, upright, and talented man has in many of his works left a record of.

At last we are compelled to come to the unwelcome conclusion, that Ebenezer Elliott, with all his power, has not acquired an enduring reputation of the highest order; and his poems, we fancy, are not likely long to continue general favourites; while of his political poetry in particular, we think we may safely predict that, forcible as it is, it will share the fate of almost all productions written to serve the purposes of the moment, and be forgotten with the cessation or abatement of the interest, excited by the great political struggle out of which it arose.

Of Ebenezer Elliott as a man, however, we form a far higher estimate. He was sincere, honest, fearless, and persevering—a fine specimen of that determined, sturdy character, which has made the north of England the hive of the world's history. Self-educated, he conquered difficulties, and made himself fit for the task which he felt himself called upon to perform; and when once he had put his hand to the plough, there was no faint-heartedness—no thought of looking back—no wish for rest, till difficulties were beaten down, obstacles overcome, and the goal won. If men are to be judged by their motives, he was a true man, ardently wishing the happiness of his kind. His virtues were essentially his own—his errors the product of his position. It was his misfortune that he lived amid circumstances and events which tinged love with hate, and sullied poetry with abuse; that, educated by every event of his life to think successful commerce the highest good, he looked at things through the calculating spectacles of trade. He must have been at heart a good man, or we think the part he was called on to play would have made him a hard and selfish one; and knowing that, to the last, he was as warm-hearted and affectionate a friend, as he had been to his opponents a bitter and unsparing enemy, we—while we bow to the memory of the departed "Corn Law Rhymer"—remembering his virtues, and deploring the faults, which were more the world's than his own—cannot find it in our hearts to breathe a harsher sentence, than that the aspiration for rest after work, which speaks in the following beautiful lyric, may, in his case, be realized:—

LET ME REST.

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best.
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft' in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest—But lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustic plod;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs!
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tir'd and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

ON, ON FOR THE FUTURE.

On, on for the Future! the Present is thine,
The Past has gone down to Eternity's sea;
'Tis useless to murmur, 'tis vain to repine,
And sigh for the days that have long ceased to be.
But, on for the Future! andwhen ye look back,
On the rocks, and the sands, ye have met in your way,
Let them serve as bright beacons to lighten your track,
And guide ye aright to a happier day.
On, on for the Future!

On, on for the Future! though sorrow ye've known,
The time been misspent, and deeds done to deplore,
Remember this still, if ye work with good-will,
When happiness comes ye will prize it the more.
Then, on for the Future! ne'er think of the Past,
Let Hope be your pilot to point out the way,
'Tis a bright beaming star shining on to the last,
To guide ye aright to a happier day.
On, on for the Future!

M. E. Berry.

LIGHT OUT OF THE CLOUD.

A TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

The next day, of course, the news spread abroad in the establishment, and Mr. Williams and the clerks kindly congratulated Thomas; and his mates at dinner-time, made him go to a public house close by to christen the child, and perhaps it may be thought excusable that Thomas drank more than he ought, and went home slightly the worse for liquor.

That was the first time he had been so since his marriage, and though when he went to his wife's room he instinctively tried to conceal it, yet Jane soon comprehended his condition, and all her fears at once returned to her mind. The cloud seemed suddenly to grow darker, and when he left the room she entreated her mother to go and persuade Thomas to go to bed; and clasping her infant closer to her, wept bitterly to think that with a new joy should come the fear of another grief.

When Mrs. Walker returned from her mission, and told Jane that Thomas had gone to bed, she chid her gently when she found her crying, and made light of the matter, but Jane could not shake it off; all she had thought of before came back vividly to her mind, and it seemed as though some trouble, which she had long dreaded, had suddenly overshadowed her.

Thomas woke the next morning with a bad head-ache, for, unused as he was to drinking, a comparatively slight debauch affected him, and with his naturally excitable constitution, the re-action was extreme; he could not eat his breakfast and loathed his dinner, and felt uncomfortable and miserable. He was a good, honest, kind-hearted fellow, without any pretence to very fine feelings, but yet he was sensible that his wife knew his condition and he was much grieved at it. Perhaps indeed, if he had spoken precisely what he thought, he would have said as well, that after all there was no very great sin in it, and that he could not be called an unsteady man, for he had been married nearly a twelvemonth and had never been tipsy before during that time. But these, like most of our self-consoling reflections after we have gone astray, were deceptive and unsound; for Thomas did not remember, possibly did not know, that his good conduct had not arisen from his own strength, but from the unremitting attention of his wife who, with the quick perceptions of a fond woman, had seen his danger, and by constant care shielded him from it.

Thomas was, in fact, like a great many more of his fellow men; he could walk steadily enough along the

path of life with a staff to lean upon, but, take away the prop, and we begin to totter.

Still Thomas was full of good intentions; partly the product of his giddy conduct, partly referable to his affection for his wife, and he determined that he would not again indulge in excessive drinking, with every intention of keeping to that resolution.

If he had spoken to his wife, or Jane to him, upon the subject, perhaps the future would have worn a different aspect; but a kind of shame prevented him from alluding to it, and Jane, who was too ill from suppressed fretting to see or speak to him for more than a few minutes, shrank with instinctive delicacy from the topic; besides, she thought she saw sorrow and compunction in his face, and she was very unwilling to give him pain; and as she uncovered the sleeping babe by her side, and Thomas's unusually pale face leant down to kiss it, she thought with a mother's pride, that the child would help her for the future to keep the father steady, and a gleam of her old confidence shone upon her again.

Still, with a tender thoughtfulness, she asked her mother to leave her to the charge of the nurse, and see that the sitting room was comfortable, and the hearth clean, and the fire bright, and to endeavour to amuse Thomas, who would feel lonely without company. And Mrs. Walker, smiling at the invalid's anxiety and misgivings, complied with her desire, and did the best to prevent Thomas from feeling his wife's absence.

But that was a task for which Mrs. Walker was unfortunately incompetent. She was a good housewife, it is true, and the place was kept as trimly as usual, but that done, she fell short. She was a good, affectionate, plain woman, fonder of Thomas than most mothers-in-law are of their daughters' husbands, because she doted upon her daughter, and Thomas had made her child happy; but she could not anticipate his wishes as Jane did, and there was not the same confiding tenderness in her looks and words, and she moved about, and did things, more as a matter of business, than as a labour of love, and she did not know what to talk about—and above all, she could not read the books to him as Jane used to do, for she was but a poor scholar, and her eyes were getting weaker than they used to be, and so, altogether, the presence of the mother-in-law but poorly filled up the blank left by the wife.

Thomas unconsciously felt all this. His attempts at conversation broke down, for he was accustomed to be supplied with thoughts and topics, instead of having to find them for others; and then he looked at the fire till the water came into his eyes, and hummed a tune, and drummed upon the table with his fingers, and at last fairly yawned; while honest Mrs. Walker, with her hands upon her lap, and her feet upon the fender, sat at the other side of the hearth, and innocently thought that she was keeping Thomas from feeling lonely.

At length the good old lady began to feel lonely herself, and then she thought that she would just run up and see how Jane was, and during the half hour that the run took, Thomas took down a book and began to try and read.

If he could have so amused himself, all would have been well, but though the book read by his wife had often interested him, he felt what uneducated, or half educated people too often experience—that the charm had lain in the voice and manner of the reader, rather than in the book itself; and he soon found that occupation as tiresome as sitting opposite the mother-in-law; and by the time she returned he had lighted his candle, and was ready to go to bed without waiting for his supper.

Three or four evenings passed over in this way, each more wearisome than the other, but still Thomas adhered stoutly to his good resolution of staying at home; when an apparently trifling event occurred, which went far to determine the course of his after life.

It so happened that several of the men in the establishment belonged to a Benevolent Society, the managers of which had taken one of the minor theatres for the next evening, in order to have a benefit in aid of its funds.

Thomas was not a member of this society, though he had talked of joining it for Jane's sake, in case anything should happen to him; and one of the first things said to him in the morning, by one of his shopmates, was—

"Jones, you'll go to the play to-night for the benefit of our Society?"

"No, Thompson, I don't think I shall," was the answer.

"Why not, old fellow, you can afford it better than most on us?"

"Well! if my wife was about I'd go and welcome, and take her, but I don't care about going without her."

"Sorry your missus ain't about," said Thompson, "but that's no reason why you shouldn't go. Its going in a good cause you know. Mr. Williams has took a box, and all the gentlemen in the office are going, and I don't see why you should stand back. All of us will be there; so say you'll go—come."

"No; I shan't say I'll go, but I don't want to look shabby, and so I'll take a ticket."

"Hang it, Jones, if you take a ticket you may as well go. We should like to see the house full, for the credit of the Society."

"I don't think I shall go," said Thomas, handing over the money, and receiving the ticket, which he put into his pocket.

Why did he not tear it up? It is not meant to be said that there is anything intrinsically evil about a pit ticket, or that there is any harm in paying a visit to a well regulated theatre; on the contrary, the stage ought to be a high teacher; but yet Thomas's fate turned ruinwards under the influence of that very piece of pasteboard.

The conversation between Thomas and Thompson dropped where we have left it, but throughout the day there was some suppressed tittering, and sly jesting about henpecked husbands, and men being tied to their wives' apron strings, which Thomas could but ill brook. Not that it was done in bad temper, far from it, but it arose from the habit of rough joking, to which rough men are accustomed, and of which they are so fond; but in Thomas's frame of mind it grated harshly upon his feelings, and awoke thoughts which had perhaps better never have arisen.

And when night came again, Thomas felt the want of companionship, and the loneliness of his home. Jane's anxiety for his recent fault had helped to make her worse, and he could not stay in her room, for she must not be disturbed, and downstairs there was little to occupy his attention. Their small store of books, full as they were of eloquence, and feeling, and sympathy, were dumb to him now that the voice which used to make them eloquent was absent; and good Mrs. Walker, in her white apron and trim cap bustling about, or sitting smiling by the chimney corner, could not divine his feelings and enter into them, and chat with him as Jane could, and all this helped to make him think more of the ticket for the theatre, and the jokes of his fellow workmen.

Thomas had placed the ticket upon the mantel-shelf, and Mrs. Walker, whose eyes were glancing about everywhere, as people's eyes will glance when they want to talk and yet do not know what to talk about, saw this piece of pasteboard, and taking it up produced her spectacles and read it.

"What is this, Thomas," said she, "a ticket for the theatre?"

"Yes; the Benevolent Society are going to have a benefit, and all our men bought tickets, and so did Mr. Williams, and I couldn't be shabby, so I bought one too."

"Are you going, Thomas?"

"N—no, I don't think I am; I can't go." But Thomas felt that he should like to go, and a bright thought struck him, so he added, "not unless you'll go, and I can get another ticket to-morrow."

It was a pity that Mrs. Walker did not care about plays, she didn't care much about them when she was a young girl, and she was an old woman now. Besides she had better stay at home and mind Jane, and Thomas could go by himself. So said Mrs. Walker, and so she persuaded Thomas, who was not very unwilling to be convinced; and at last it was arranged that he should go the following night, and that Jane should not know anything about it.

How often we deceive ourselves when we are only trying to blind others, even in such small matters as this! Mrs. Walker thought she wanted Thomas to go so that he might have a night's pleasure to cheer him up; though, while in fact, she was far from indifferent to Thomas's happiness, a truer reason would have been that she felt the irksomeness of those dull evenings, and would much rather have been upstairs in her daughter's room; and Thomas argued to himself that he should come home all right and steady, though he felt that there was a chance he might not. But both of them agreed to conceal it from Jane. Would they have done that unless they had felt that she would have objected to it? and would she have objected to it unless she had seen that it might turn out badly?

There is no abstract harm in going to a theatre. A theatre may be made a school of virtue, and wisdom, and morals, and a visit to such a place now and again, when the representatives of noble characters tread the mimic stage of life, and noble sentiments thrill through the heart, and great deeds are represented with all the force of genius, and all the accessories calculated to give them effect, makes a man feel that he has a soul in him, and tends to raise him higher in the scale of being.

There is no danger in this, but the peril lies in the circumstances attending; these, by the steady head and the firm heart, are easily surmounted or put on one side, but there are some natures—aye, and many too—so erratic from excess of energy and excitability, and others so weak and wavering from the want of it, that to place them in temptation is almost to ensure their fall. Such men are like those who descend a dangerous precipice; the rash run fool-hardy risks which ensure their destruction; the timid fall too, through excess of caution: it is the bold and prudent who descend in safety.

Enough has been said of Thomas's character to tell to which of these divisions of humanity he belonged, and to indicate that he was running a risk when, dressed in his best clothes, with the key of the door in his pocket, he promised his mother-in-law to come home as soon as the play was over, and set out for the theatre.

Thomas did not come home till very late that night, or rather the following morning, and when he did, his step was unsteady, and his face flushed, and his head dizzy, and he had some difficulty in finding the keyhole. He had started full of good intentions; but the lights and the noises, and the interest of the pieces, soon worked him up to a pitch of excitement which made him forget his wife and tame and prudent resolves; and when the curtain fell between the pieces, he went out with the group of acquaintances amid whom he sat, and without a misgiving entered the nearest public house and shared in their potations, drinking deeper than most of them.

When they returned to the theatre, the music of the beautiful overture the band was playing seemed to inspire him—the lights looked more brilliant than ever, and the stage more splendid, and the dizzier his head grew the more enchantment was gathered around him, and when the entertainment finished, he was ripe for anything.

The more sober of his comrades, after a final pint of beer, went to their homes; but there are always upon such occasions a few wild fellows bent on "making a night of it," and, unfortunately for Thomas, some such, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, were at the bar of the public house, and drew him into conversation. They proposed to go to a night-house of low character and have a game of cards, and they laughed down the faint objections Thomas made; and two of them linking his arms in theirs, bore him off in triumph to the chorus of "we wont go home till morning." Well it was late, but he had the key in his pocket, and he could get in without waking anybody.

And Thomas, who had drank too much already, drank more, and got still more excited, and from being at first a looker-on, was at length persuaded to take part in the games, and only stopped when he had lost all the money in his pocket, and found himself a few shillings in debt; and then, too unsteady to think of what he had been doing, he found his way home.

The next morning he awoke, suffering under the reaction of the previous night's debauch, and to bitter reflections upon his folly; but somehow just as danger loses its terrors when a means of escape appears within reach, so those reflections were to some extent smothered by his calculating the chances of concealing his error; and when he found, at breakfast, that his mother-in-law had gone to bed and to sleep early, and did not know at what time he returned, he recovered his confidence.

But there was one who had heard him come in. His wife, anxious and watchful, knew, without being told, that he was out; and when she, as the grey streaks of morning appeared, heard him awkwardly open the door and heavily stumble upstairs, she instinctively knew his condition, and as the tears flowed over her pale cheeks, it seemed as though the cloud settled down over her denser and darker than ever.

Still she said nothing, she uttered no reproaches or murmurs, she even strove to seem as though she knew nothing about it, and longed for the time when she could again watch over her husband.

As no man becomes bad all at once, so Thomas did not yield to the infatuation which was enthralling him, without somewhat of a struggle, though it was but a weak one; poor fellow, his was one of those natures in want of careful and constant guidance. He had made an appointment to meet his companions of the overnight at a public-house that evening; at first he thought that he would not go, but then he owed them some money and that must be paid. Then he thought that he would send it, but who could he send it by? He did not know, and even if he did, shame would keep him from confessing his folly; so at last it ended in his determining to go, but he wisely resolved not to gamble again, but to pay his losings and come away.

That evening, at tea time, he told Mrs. Walker that he had a little business to do, but he should not be gone more than an hour, and then he repaired to the rendezvous, where he found most of the party assembled. He paid his losses and was going out.

"You're not going away yet, old fellow?" said one of the merry party.

Thomas said he was.

"Oh, nonsense, you're down because you lost last night. Here, take a pull at this, and drink to better luck next time."

Thomas did not like to refuse to drink, so he partook of the tankard which was offered him. Well, it was a nice comfortable parlour, with its white pipes, and clean pots, and shining glasses. The fire, too, blazed brightly up the chimney, and a cold wind was cutting to the skin out of doors, and the company were a jolly set of fellows, passing round the song and the jest with their drink, and his home was so lonely and solitary. So it appeared to

Thomas after that drink he had taken, and he accepted a seat with the determination not to stay more than half an hour.

But half an hour is a very short time, and the liquor was potent, and his companions merry, and the minutes flew by, if not exactly on "eagle's wings," at least quite as quickly, and when the cards were again produced, which they were before long, Thomas did not feel so great a disinclination to try to retrieve his fortunes.

So he played again, and this time with better luck, winning back more than he had lost before, and when his adversary with a curse threw up the cards, swearing that he was "cleaned out," and would play no more, Thomas's eye glanced at the clock, and his exultation was rather checked to find it was past midnight.

Thomas had not drank so much as on the previous evening, neither had his head been set in a whirl by the blaze of the theatre, and his reflections were not so sorrowful as those of the morning. He had not the key, and Mrs. Walker must sit up to let him in, and all the way home his thoughts were occupied in endeavouring to concoct an excuse.

When he knocked at the door, his mother-in-law, looking very sleepy, and tired, and rather cross too, opened it; and to her he stammered out, by way of justification, that he had been at a meeting of his club and did not know that it was so late, and then, without taking any supper, or going into his wife's room, he went straight to bed.

From that night the fate of Thomas Jones was settled, he was an altered man. The mania of the sot and the gambler, as inevitably fatal as the bite of the mad dog, had seized on him, and he was past hope. Night after night he was out, and the remonstrances first, and the scoldings afterwards, of his mother-in-law, only seemed to make the matter worse.

Poor Jane did not complain, but when he saw her tearful eyes and thin cheeks, he felt some compunction and promised himself to amend; but still the night found him again tempting fortune with various success at the card table.

When his wife, after a long illness, could get up and move about, and her mother, with a heavy heart, had returned to Mr. Williams's country house, matters went on in the same way, and Jane, after much searching for the savings' bank book, found it hidden away in a cupboard, and found too, that all their little stock had been drawn out and dissipated during her confinement.

Still, with all a woman's tenderness, she did not give way to complaint or invective, but strove to win back her erring husband to the path of duty by attention and kindness; she now only received part of his wages, and was sadly pinched in her housekeeping: but she managed, by dint of stinting herself, to have nice dinners for her husband, and at tea she would take down a book, one of those old books which had made their evenings so happy, and with a smile on her lips, belying the corroding cares at her heart, she would read some pleasant tale; and when Thomas yawned, for now he wanted fiercer excitement than that, she would dance their little Jane till the baby crowed with joy, and holding it out to its father bid him note how blue its eyes were, and how soft its skin, and point out the dimples in its plump cheeks and fat silkworm-looking fingers.

Alas! poor Jane, such simple arts as these could not win back the gambler and drunkard, and Thomas would take up his hat, and say he must go out for half an hour. Oh, that half hour, what a weary time it was! Jane sat night-by-night, and counted the tardy chimes, and listened anxiously to the passing footsteps till after midnight, when Thomas would return, sometimes joyous with excitement and maudlinly affectionate, at others pale, wan, haggard, and surly. The cloud was very dark, but the blue eyes of the child, as it lay upon the lap, cast a light even through the darkest shadows.

What need to trace the downward career of a lost man? Five years had passed away, and from one degradation he had descended to another. His wages were generally spent upon his vicious pursuits. Bit by bit the few articles of value they possessed had found their way to the pawnbroker, and Jane's good, but plain stock of clothes, had taken the same direction. You would hardly have known the comely, fresh, smart young woman, and the stalwart man, who used to alight on Sunday mornings from the coach at Mr. Williams's gate, in the pale anxious woman, in the faded, patched cotton gown, and the bloated blear-eyed sot they had now grown into.

But just as Jane's heart was estranged from her husband, it clung with greater closeness and tenacity to her child, who was growing up into a flaxen-haired girl, never away from her mother's side; and at no time did little Jane nestle closer to her mother, than when her father made his appearance in the room, for he seldom took more notice of the child, than to give it a slap for being in his way.

Only mothers, so circumstanced, can imagine—few even of them can tell how Jane loved that child. To say that it was dearer than life, would be a weak expression. Her heart lived only in that love—that was the bond which bound her to the world, and that one affection, gathering all her feelings into a focus, consoled her for all other troubles. She lived, indeed, in the very midst of the cloud she had so dreaded; but out of the cloud there came this one ray to light up the avenues to her heart.

Mr. Williams all this time had not been blind to what was going on, and was several times tempted to interfere; but Thomas, at the worst of times, did his work, and the kind merchant saw that any blow struck at him, would fall heaviest upon his wife and child. But now a time was fast coming, when Thomas's errors could no longer be hidden.

In all his recklessness, Thomas had never yet struck his patient, uncomplaining wife. He had neglected her, abused her, cursed her, but he had never yet branded himself by a blow; yet, that was to come too. The cup of bitterness would not have been full without it. The cloud would not have been quite black.

One unhappy night Thomas was out as usual, and little Jane was crying for food. The poor mother had none to give her, nor money to buy it with. Every available article of value was gone. What should she do? She was nearly mad with anguish; and at the sight of her mother's tears, little Jane dried her eyes, and prayed mother not to cry.

Jane looked down at the child, and as she did so, her eyes fell upon her hand, which rested upon her lap. Yes, there indeed was the means of getting food. The golden ring which Thomas placed upon her finger at the altar would fetch a few shillings; yet, how reluctant she was to part with it; how old tender memories and warm feelings sprang up like angels, and peopled that little magic circlet, and bound it to her heart. It was sometime before she could muster courage to pull it from her finger; but little Jane's "Oh, mother, I'm so hungry," went like a sharp arrow to her heart, and tying on her bonnet, she went out to dispose of the valued ring, and little Jane had her supper.

Is there anything in the old superstition of charms and amulets? Who shall say? There are influences at work around and within us, of which we know nothing, and a love gift, or a token of friendship, may do more than merely ornament the wearer. At all events we do know that inanimate things seem to be wedded to us by the circumstances under which they come into our possession; and the thoughts, either their presence or their absence call up, may determine our actions, and mould our lives—and this is as great a power, as the old wizards contended that their amulets possessed.

Certain it is, that up to the night when she parted

with her wedding-ring, Jane had been submissive and uncomplaining. She had met her husband's repinings with patience—had answered his reproaches and curses only by tears, and had endured his wrongs almost tenderly and lovingly, but this evening a different spirit came over her—it seemed as though, with her ring, she lost her submissive character.

UP-HILL WORK.

Lazy people are in the habit of looking upon industrious ones as if it cost them no more trouble to be industrious than it costs themselves to be lazy. Their system of philosophy in the matter acts like a continual narcotic on their consciences; and they argue, plausibly enough, that the difference between activity and indolence is a mere difference of constitution; much the same as the difference of colour in the hair of any two men, or between the length of their noses: in short, that there is no merit in an industrious man's industry.

This may be a very comfortable doctrine for indolent folks to preach to each other; but, I doubt whether it be a wholesome one, either for themselves or the community, because it is not true. That is to say, it is not true in any high or enlarged moral sense, and it is not true in a practical and worldly sense. I grant that it may be said, with truth, that Nature is stronger than education; and that a man who is born idle and supine, cannot help being idle, any more than one who is born energetic and active can help being industrious. But, as the reverse of this may also be said, with truth, it follows that either of these true assertions, standing alone and unqualified, as an article of belief or a principle of action, is but a *half-truth*. A half-truth, like the half of a pair of scissors, is useless; and even likely to become mischievous in young and inexperienced hands. But, it becomes efficient for good and useful purposes, if we can get it skilfully joined to its other half. Let us proceed to find the other half of the foregoing truth; and, afterwards, let us see if we cannot find the proper rivet that will fasten them together securely, while it allows them to play easily one against the other. The two half-truths, thus joined, will form a useful little instrument in cutting asunder some of the difficult knots in the tangled web of human life and duty. We shall find it of some help, for instance, in our meditated brief consideration of what is commonly called *up-hill work*. . . . . To say that "nature is stronger than education," seems to imply a sort of pitched battle between two opposing powers; and gives at once a false idea of the meaning of the word education. You can only *educate* what is *in* the nature of a human being; you can lead outwards and upwards what already lies within him, but you cannot give *a faculty* by education; that is very nearly a contradiction in terms, and it is positively a contradiction in the essence of things. Education has so strong a modifying power over the character, by calling into action certain mental and physical qualities, while it keeps others in abeyance, that, in one sense, it may be said to be stronger than *nature*; by which, I suppose, is meant the blind instinct development inherent in all our varied faculties. These faculties should not be divided into bad and good; all are good, if allowed to assume no more than their due influence in the constitution of the character. "Order" is the first great law in the education of the faculties of a human being, as it is "Heaven's first law."

"And this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Now, which are to be greater than the rest? Not those which are first developed in the infant, and which thus get a start of the higher and later-developed faculties. These, for the most part, unintelligent propensities and faculties must be brought into subjection to the higher powers. You cannot bring them into subjection by crushing them tyranically. The intelligent and higher faculties which are to rule over the mind must be strengthened and trained to tower over them, as the large forest-trees rise up above the thickly-tangled underwood. This must be the work of education; without her kindly assistance the lawful ruling powers, reason and the sense of right, the desire of good and religious Faith and Hope would be choked to death by the vigorous undergrowth of the animal and selfish propensities. These are not to be rooted out; only they must not be allowed to acquire an inordinate growth. They require careful pruning and cutting away, here and there; and they must not be suffered to impede the development of those faculties which are later in making their appearance, slower in their growth, and infinitely longer in their duration. This is the business of education—of moral education. And when she has done her work well, nature must, in justice, thank her as a most powerful ally; for, by the assistance of good moral education, a man becomes a far higher being than he could have become without her. She may not be positively stronger than nature, but her assistance can by no means be dispensed with, if man is indeed to be worthily called "the paragon of animals." Let those, who will, feast their imagination on days

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

For my part, I find it far pleasanter to meditate on those hopes (fallacious or not) set before us by some philosophers,—hopes, that the days may come when civilized man, freed by education from the tyranny of his lower propensities, shall attain the true freedom which lies in self-restraint.

The rivet of which I spoke metaphorically, which was to fasten together these two half-truths, viz., — that "nature is stronger than education," and that "education has a controlling and directing power over nature," will be found in the following consideration:—All the talk of all the talkers, and writers upon the philosophy of human nature, cannot destroy the innate conviction of every one of us, that we have a guiding principle of right within us, if we choose to listen to it. This conscience, or moral sense, or whatever else we think proper to call it, will never mislead us, if we appeal to it humbly and in sincerity. It will tell us very clearly when we ought to allow our natural propensities to come into free and uncontrolled operation, and when they ought to be subjected to the higher faculties; those which make us "look before and after," and by which we attain a knowledge of the great philosophical fact, that man's noblest privilege on earth is the power of learning and doing his duty. His innate sense of right is the rivet which will make these half-truths work together for good.

To apply them to the subject of up-hill work. There is not much work that is worth anything which can be called *easy*, if we knew all. Custom may give labour a property of easiness, and love may make a labour pleasant. These are the only two things which make work easy:—love and custom. The latter it is impossible to have in aid of our exertions at the period when they are most difficult, viz,, at the beginning; and the former, it is often impossible to get in aid of them at all. It may also be said, that custom makes work wearisome and tedious; and the work will sometimes wear out the love, as well as the lover. Upon the whole, it is best not to set about any work with the notion that it will be easy to perform well. To very few is it granted to be great without an effort, even intellectually; and morally, to fewer still, or to none; and these exceptional cases do not come under present consideration. It is always the wisest plan to look all things (evils especially) steadily in the face. Do not let us squint at them (moral squinting is a common disease) or affect to look over them loftily, or stare at them through coloured glasses. The evil to be recognised on the present occasion is this, that all real

work is painful,—full of toil and struggle,—attended with failures, — short-comings, — disappointments, — partial successes, more or less frequently recurring, before it becomes completely successful. All real work is up-hill work.

Perhaps, no one will deny that the most arduous labour is that performed by the mind. Now, all mental work is up-hill work. No one can *think* without an effort. Thinking is not a function of man's nature, which is performed unconsciously or spontaneously. It is a very different thing from that passive state of mind in which a train of vague shadowy ideas and half-ideas is allowed to pass through it, without any conscious exercise of will on our own part. To think at all, in the proper acceptation of the word, requires a strong effort of the will, forcing the intellectual faculties to some definite point. To think steadily and consecutively is hard work, and is very truly called up-hill work; for thought does not keep on progressively accelerated by its own weight, as physical bodies are in descending an inclined plane; its progress is kept up, in spite of its own weight, by the force of will in the thinker, and each step forward is a painful step upwards. As in physics, it is found that the attraction of gravitation increases as bodies approach the earth or its centre, so in metaphysics, the *vis inertiæ* of minds is found to be the greatest within the lowest range of their motion, and to decrease as they ascend towards the higher and more spiritual regions. To go from pure mental work to that sort of mixed labour, partly intellectual and partly unintellectual, in which great part of the business of this world consists, a little consideration will convince the most indolent, that this, too, is mostly up-hill work. It is not so much a pleasant peculiarity of constitution that keeps a man regularly and steadily industrious, as a sense of duty, supporting and keeping together his educational habits and his natural aptitude. It is a very common form of detraction to say of a man who has been successful in life—one who has achieved good work for others as well as for himself—"Oh! he has been a very fortunate man!" "A very lucky fellow!" Or, "Circumstances have conspired to favour him!" This sounds plausible and semi-philosophic; but it is generally the expression of a small feeling of envy, and should never be indulged in by those who value their moral health. Let them remember that circumstances never obtain uncontrolled power over men who dare to control them, and that they can be made to conspire in favour of those who learn how to bend them. In common parlance, to say that a man is "fortunate," when he is industrious, and has used the right means to gain an end, is as unjust as it is to say that a man is "unfortunate" who is idle, and uses no proper means to gain his end. The industrious man is, probably, better aware of the charms of ease and rest than the lazy one, but he does not sit down at the foot of the hill of difficulties to enjoy them; he listens to the voice of conscience, which says within him, "there is work to be done up there, and you have your share to do." He begins to do it, and he finds that to do it at all, he must

"Scorn delights and live laborious lives."

And this not for a short time only, but for his whole life. Now the lazy, habitually idle person does not understand this; and he must be made to understand it, before he can do justice to the successful man, whom he is contented to call lucky, forgetting the forceful old proverb, which says—"God helps those who help themselves." He must recognise the truth that nearly all work is *against the grain*, that there is a power of resistance to be overcome, that it is in a greater or less degree UP-HILL work, and cannot be performed, even by the most apt and industrious, as easily as the linnet pours forth its song. Perhaps the best method of opening the eyes of the naturally indolent to the merits of the industrious, is to induce them to read the biographies of great men. Here they will find an answer to the exclamatory question,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb?"

Here they will find what is meant by hard work; work, in spite of all obstacles; work, often unassisted, unknown, unsympathized with. They will find that men of genius and men of talent do not lie down on a bed of roses to do their allotted task; and that those who have attempted to do anything of the kind have gradually lost their good gifts. Idleness is the root of all evil; and we shall not be very far off the truth if we say, that the root of all practical good in a man's character is the doing of up-hill work.

THE PROGRESS OF GREEDINESS.

A TALE FOR PARENTS.

THAT much of our happiness and well-being in after-life depends upon education will be readily admitted by all, and yet how few of those who have the care of children manage them properly. Most people lay down general rules, which they apply to all young people indiscriminately; never reflecting that tempers vary, and that the management which succeeds with one child, may have a very different effect upon another, of a dissimilar, though, perhaps, not a worse disposition, which, by a more judicious mode of management, might have been led into amiable habits. Sometimes, indeed, vices are actually induced, by the faulty mode of treatment of the best-intentioned people.

I do not think I was naturally greedy; nay, I am sure I was not so; anxiety for my health, which was, nevertheless, good, although I never was a robust child, led my parents to be particularly careful of my diet. "Children should live plainly, and not be permitted to over-eat themselves;" they said—a wise maxim, certainly, but which, notwithstanding, should be followed with caution. I was never to be permitted to taste tea, butter, pastry, cheese, beer, creams, cakes, salad, or a hundred other every-day things, which, although unwholesome in any quantity, are not likely to do much harm to any child that takes a sufficiency of exercise, if eaten in moderation. For some of the above-named delicacies, as I then believed them, I had no inclination—further than that which leads frail human nature to long for what is rare and difficult to obtain—as was plainly proved by my never touching many of these said dainties, when there was no longer any restriction.

Perhaps I was inclined to think on forbidden fruit more than I should otherwise have done, by seeing my companions—great, strong, healthy, noisy children—eating as much as they pleased of whatever came before them; and hearing them express pity for me, as a poor little half-starved thing, that dared not live like other people, and would in consequence most likely never grow. My chief playfellow, a blowsy, gross-feeding, romping cousin of my own, without the slightest intention, used to mortify me continually. She ran about without bonnet or gloves, late and early; I was always dressed in hat, spencer, walking-shoes, and all the etceteras; cautioned against going on damp grass, eating wild fruit, or walking where the least wind could touch me; while Maria, all this time bounding about unchecked, was never ill, and never quiet. She was not much more than one year older than me, but a full head taller, and much stouter; her legs, upon which she seemed greatly to pride herself, almost as thick as my body, and her arms almost as red as her cheeks. By all the children who visited us, she was preferred to me, for she was extremely good-natured; and being able to go anywhere, used often to leave me on the gravel-walks, from whence I durst not stir, while she led the youthful band to gambol about the grass, cross the brooks,

laughing and screaming with delight; poor little me standing solitary and mortified, having for my only consolation the nursery-maid's remark:—"Never mind, Miss Augusta, you are a good girl, doing as papa and mamma bid you, and not following the example of these naughty, noisy children, who are tearing and dirtying their clothes, and who deserve a good whipping;" or occasionally overhearing a visitor—after, however, saying to me, 'Maria would make two of you; why don't you jump about like her?"—observe to another "Augusta is much more like a gentleman's daughter: Maria is really a rough, vulgar little thing, although a fine child." I was inclined to look up to one who often, in the kindness of her heart, used to lift me over puddles, that I might extend my walk without danger of wetting my feet, and pull flowers, which I was never so expert as herself in climbing walls or rocks to attain, lest I should fall down and hurt myself, or what I dreaded even more, tear my frock; and as she had a great many brothers and sisters older than herself, she used to carry off their ideas and conversation, and repeat them to me, till I thought her a female Solomon. I had no one to speak to me but those who always adapted their conversation to my age, or younger than my age; so it was not very extraordinary that I leant to the positively expressed opinion of my young cousin, who gathered from her family that health, height, thick legs, and muscular strength were the most noble attributes of human nature—to understand all country matters, and sew neatly, the most desirable accomplishments. Alas! for me, I had nothing except the first of the requisites to boast of: I was neither tall, strong, nor had I thick legs, large feet, red cheeks, or brown hands; I hated sewing, and was not sufficiently among servants and work-people to gain the sort of knowledge which I was told was most to be prized. I did not care for being lady-like, which I fancied was synonymous with mental and bodily weakness; and I became quiet, timid, and irresolute in company, though I tried to be as noisy and vulgar as I could, when alone, by way of practice; but I never could somehow be, as they expressed it, like "*one of them*," which I regretted at the time, as sincerely as I have rejoiced at it since.

But, to return to the more immediate subject of this paper. Of the injudicious mode in which my eating and drinking concerns were managed by my affectionate, but not quite wisely-judging parents, I may enumerate some needless mortifications. One day, I accompanied my mother and aunt in a round of country visits: the first place we went to was Titchfield Park, where, as there were young people, I was almost immediately carried from the drawing-room into the school-room, to be played with and caressed. They showed me their toys and picture-books, gave me a ride on a rocking-horse, and, on parting, a large slice of plum-cake wrapt in paper. I was called off to join the party just as they were stepping into the carriage, where I sat at their feet, waiting for a pause in the conversation; when, proud of having something of my own, something to give, something to bestow on elder people, I held up my piece of cake, and begged them to help themselves, exulting in the gratitude (which I thought, comparing their feelings in my mind with what I knew would be my own in the same case) I would raise in their breasts by so precious a gift, my aunt goodhumouredly smiled and said, "no, thank you, love," went on talking; but mamma, as soon as she caught sight of my treasure, cried, "Why, Augusta, who gave you such a thing? How very imprudent in Miss Titchfield to give such a child a large piece of rich cake. My dear, you will make yourself sick; give it to me, and I shall take care of it; you shall have a bit every day, but if you were to eat it all at once you would be ill, and I should be forced to give you senna." I relinquished my cake with a heavy heart, and, although I received every crumb most regularly in the course of five or six days, my pleasure in the possession of the cake was gone, and I inwardly resolved not to offer to anybody the next good thing I got hold of. Sometime afterwards I forgot my intended prudence, and being deprived in a like manner of some nuts, which General Tarrance had given me, I made a resolution to the same effect, which I kept better. Every bit of cake or fruit I could clutch, I ate secretly and quickly, lest some one should find it out and take it from me. I was afraid to offer anything to playfellows, lest they, not thinking of the consequences, should imprudently betray me. Servants generally like to indulge children, and many a greasy potato from under the meat, many a piece of baked paste was given me by the cook; and I still look back with gastronomic delight to the fresh-churned butter, spread upon a piece of oatcake by the thumb of Tibby the dairy-maid. I have never tasted butter so good since. I was always looking for something to eat. I ever roamed about seeking what I might devour, from new cheese down to horsebeans. These stolen indulgences did my body no harm, but the effect they had upon my mind long remained; and even when I grew up, and was introduced into company, I was warned to avoid this, to take little of that, to be careful of indulging in the other. Could any one suspect the unnecessary feelings of mortification entailed upon a child, in being (even when kindly used) treated differently from other children, they would pause before they inflicted so cruel a wound on their young feelings.

I was taken to ——, to see a grand procession. At the house where we went to, there were several young people of my own age, assembled to enjoy the sight; and left together, we soon became acquainted. When we had strained our little delighted eyes till the last ragged urchin of the rabble that followed had disappeared, we turned round, and, to our pleasure and surprise, discovered the table covered with plates, upon each of which was a gooseberry tart. Few of the elder part of the company were in the room, and we all advanced, chattering and happy, to the table, I among the rest, when the lady, who was in the act of presenting a tart to me, was stopt by another, saying, "we must not venture to offer Miss Courtney any until her papa and mamma give her leave; here is some bread and butter to eat till they come;" but I, annoyed by this precaution, and the publicity of it, answered crossly, "I mayn't eat butter neither." "Well, then, here is some jelly, my dear." I took it sullenly, kept it some time without even tasting it, but at last hunger prevailed. The rest of the chidren had demolished their tarts, mine remained *en attendant* my parents' return, and I began to nibble my bread and jelly. At last my parents entered, were applied to, gave their consent to my having the gooseberries, but not the crust. Everybody said I was a good girl for not crying, and for refusing the forbidden butter; but neither praises nor fruit gave me any pleasure; I felt myself an unhappy MARKED child.

That this love of eating was created by circumstances, any one with much power of discriminating character might have perceived; for, when I had a story-book which interested me, I was always very unwilling to leave it for a dinner, where was served even my favourite dishes; still there was always so much talk about eating; every finger-ache was accounted for by having eaten something that was too rich, or too strong; whenever anything was well dressed it was so praised—when the reverse so lamented; the tasting this or that made such a favour, and such little tiny bits given after all, that I learnt to consider eating as the chief good. I cannot say, although I liked good things, that I was particularly dainty. I had a vigorous appetite, and a dislike to be different from others, and could not be made to believe that things were unwholesome which were pointed out as such; as I knew well I had often ate butter, cheese, fruit, unknown to any one, and in large quantities, without doing my health the

slightest hurt; so, in more ways than one, these silly restrictions did harm.

At last, in consequence of an addition being about to be built to the house, the family dispersed for a time, and I was sent to school for six months, to be out of the way. At first, the mortification I endured in being treated differently from the rest was very painful to my feelings. I actually longed for water to my milk as well as butter to my bread, because I alone, of the sixty assembled at Beech House, was without it; but as, after the first quarter, nothing more upon the subject was said, I was permitted to fare like the rest, and the quantity of stale bread, thinly spread with *salt* butter, I devoured, was incredible, and greatly excited the wonder of my companions, who frequently grumbled because they did not live so well at school as at home, though few of their papas kept their carriage as mine did. I eat myself stupid every Saturday, upon a doughy meat-pie, made up of all the scraps of the week, and became so *fat* that, when I went home at the holidays, every one was astonished. Any one would naturally imagine, that the manifest improvement in my appearance would have opened the eyes of my family; but, no! the same system recommenced, and I soon lost my flesh again.

When I married my present husband, whom I really loved, one of my matrimonial castles in the air (well may ye start, ye romantic young ladies!) was, that being mistress of store-rooms and closets, I should be able to eat all the nice things I fancied, as often as I pleased, without restraint.

Strange as it may seem, no sooner did I feel secure that at any time I might have what I liked, than all desire for having it died away, and, after a few years, I became quite abstemious.

Profiting by the mistakes of my parents, I have been careful to pursue a totally different plan with my children, and to let them have every kind of food, in sufficient quantities, and without remark: healthier, happier children I never saw, and none of them are the least greedy.

I endeavour also to make them as comfortable and independent as our fortune will permit; I allow them to have things and places of their *own*, and as religiously respect their property as I expect them to do mine. They have their own quiet little sitting-room, and when we are together, at meals or in the evening, I promote mirth and innocent amusement to the utmost of my power. I think it would require a very strong attachment indeed, for any man to be able to persuade them to exchange their father's house for his. Alas! how many unhappy marriages have been made, for no worse reasons than a desire to possess a home where they could feel independent and *comfortable*. "I wonder what can make Dora Maitland marry Mr. Becher, good, and good-looking though he be," said a young lady of my acquaintance, who was evidently very anxious to be married herself; "she and her sisters have such a nice, happy home, a sitting-room, a pony, a garden, liberal pocket-money, and all they want: were I as comfortable, I know I should not wish to be married for a long time to come; but as I am quite different at mamma's, and of course cannot indulge them, I am so very *uncomfortable*, that I shall take the very first respectable man that asks me." She accordingly married a very cross old general, much her senior, and was extremely unhappy for six years, when he died, leaving her an easy but not large income. She has had many advantageous proposals since, but resolutely rejects them all. "Why should I marry," she says, "when I am quite comfortable?" One of her sisters ran off with a lieutenant in a marching regiment, another married the curate; both have large families, small fortunes, and cross husbands; and both say they never would have married, had they been happy at home: their parents were good, kind people, but made no distinction between a daughter of eight years of age and one of eighteen. Fathers and mothers, reflect upon these *truths*, and reform ere it is too late!

Dora Maitland, whose marriage to an amiable young man excited the wonder of the *cidevant* Miss Stevens, was the only one of six sisters who married young. Two of the others, who were engaged, waited till the death of their parents; and the three who remain yet unmarried are as united, independent, and happy in their sweet little cottage, as they were in their father's more magnificent mansion. One manages all out-of-doors concerns, another the house and servants; and the youngest, who has a weak ancle, receives the company, writes the letters, and takes care of the library: one does not interfere with the department of the other, and all goes on smoothly. If this slight sketch will induce those, better fitted for the task, to enlarge upon mistakes in education by well-meaning parents, I shall rejoice in having written this paper.

ASSOCIATION AND COMPETITION.

The broad and determined tendency to Association is an earnest that it will eventually reach the field where it is more particularly required; that it will confront Competition and annihilate it. Competition has been the one idea for long enough now. It has done mighty things in breaking up all bonds of loyalty between man and master; it has annihilated the kind and friendly relationship that once existed between master and servant; it has strengthened and nurtured all the wolfish, selfish qualities of our nature, and has dwarfed its more generous gifts and impulses, and it is quite time that it should perish. How a new state of labour laws would get organized—in what precise fashion, nothing but time and laborious experience will demonstrate. Neither Fourierism, nor Cabotism, nor Proudhonism, nor Socialism, nor Communism, nor Louis Blancism, are what is precisely wanted. I do not advocate these; but I do advocate that the inhuman principle of Competition, which says to the master—You shall huxter, and chaffer, and bid down human souls and bodies in the same manner, and with the same spirit, as you would stones and bricks; and to the work-people—You shall join in one huge, insane, inhuman scramble for work and wages; intent on self; careless and callous as to who starves, so that it be not you,—I do advocate, I say, that this should be done away with, and that a principle of help and good-feeling, loyalty between man and man, between servant and master, which association, in some measure expresses, be introduced.—*Social Aspects, by J. S. Smith.*

FICTION IS TRUE.

Fiction is Truth in another shape, and gives as close embraces. You may shut a door upon a ruby, and render it of no colour; but the colour shall not be the less enchanting for that, when the sun, the poet of the world, touches it with his golden pen. What we glow at, and shed tears over, is as real as love and pity.—*Leigh Hunt.*

WAR.

I look upon War as one of the fleeting necessities of things, in the course of human progress; as an evil (like all other evils) to be regarded in relation to some other evil that would have been worse without it, but always to be considered as an indication of comparative barbarism; as a necessity, the perpetuity of which is not to be assumed or encouraged; or, as a half-reasoning mode of adjustment, whether of disputes, or of populations, which mankind, on arriving at years of discretion, and coming to a better understanding with one another, may, and must, of necessity, do away. It would be as ridiculous to associate the idea of War with an earth covered with railroads and commerce, as a fight between Holborn and the Strand, or between people met in a drawing-room.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

There's a Cavalier that rideth on a white and bony hack!
There's one beside his bridle with a spade upon his back!
A truer pair, as Knight and Squire, were never yet seen,
And their hostelrie is ever on the churchyard green!

They wander through the world and keep chanting as they go,
Their ditty theme is constant, for it tells of human woe;
The passing bell is tolling, and their chorus comes between,
"Oh, a bonnie trysting place is our churchyard green!"

Ah! list to them, good people, as the strain comes floating round,
The echo is a wide one, and truth is in the sound;
For though Winter bites the blade, or Summer flings a sheen,
Still a bonnie trysting place is the churchyard green!

Come, neighbours, do not quarrel over dice or drinking cup,
For there's a meeting spot where ye needs must make it up;
And to part and dwell in bitterness is Folly's work I ween,
When a trysting place awaits us, on the churchyard green!

Proud noble, in your chariot, smile not with too much pride,
When your wheels have splashed the pauper who sweeps the kennel side;
No panel and no coats of arms will keep your ermine clean,
When ye both shall find this trysting place—the churchyard green!

Poor, broken-hearted mourner, ne'er hang your heavy brow,
Our spirit-fruit is often grown upon the cypress bough;
And though the loved are hidden, 'tis but a grassy screen,
That keeps you from the trysting place—the churchyard green!

Grand rulers of the earth, fight not for boundless lands,
Head not your myrind armies with fierce and crimson hands;
For a narrow field will serve ye when your pioneer is seen,
With his mattock on his shoulder, on the churchyard green!

Pale worker, sadly feeding on your tear-besoddened bread,
With cold and palsied fingers, and hot and throbbing head,
The only pleasant dream that your haggard eyes have seen,
Comes when thinking of the trysting place—the churchyard green!

Oh, a bonnie place it is, for we all shall jostle there,
No matter whether purple robes, or lazar rags we wear;
No marble wall, or golden plate, can raise a bar between
The comers to the trysting place—the churchyard green!

Hark! there's the passing bell, and there's the chant again!
The Cavalier and Squire are keeping up the strain;
Oh! loudly sings old Death, on his white and bony hack,
And loudly sings the Sexton, with his spade upon his back.

'Tis hard to say, where they may stay and troll their theme of sorrow,
It may be at my door to-day—perchance at yours to-morrow;
So let us live in kindness, since we all must meet I ween,
Upon that common trysting place—the churchyard green!

ELIZA COOK.

To tell what a man says, pay attention to the tongue. To ascertain what he means, pay attention to the eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world; to look this opposition is more difficult than algebra.

DIAMOND DUST.

HIM whom inquisitors hate, angels may love.

A MAN'S eyes, the manlier they are, perceive at last, that there is nothing nobler in them than their tears.

IDLENESS travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

ALL actions and attitudes of children are graceful, because they are the luxuriant and immediate offspring of the moment, divested of affectation, and free from all pretence.

THE make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business.

INVENTION is the combination of the possible, the probable, or the known, in a mode that strikes with novelty.

A WITTY word spoken by a rich relative is a very witty affair—even when the wit is not very apparent; but nobody laughs at the wit of a man in disgrace, or whose coat is out at the elbows.

IT is just on entering into life, that we anchor by the passions and affections, and if the ground does not hold us, we drift away hopelessly.

MAN and horseradish are hottest when rubbed and grated.

ABUSE is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

GRACE is beauty in motion.

AS the shadow follows the body in the splendour of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hours of prosperity.

IT often happens that those are the best persons whose characters have been most injured by slanderers. As we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

IT is the lot of genius to be opposed, and to be invigorated by opposition; all extremes touch each other; frigid praise and censure wait upon attainable or common powers; but the successful adventurer in the realms of discovery, leaps on an unknown or long-lost shore, ennobles it with his name, and grasps immortality.

HE who sports compliments, unless he knows how to take a good aim, may miss his mark, and be wounded by the recoil of his own gun.

EMPTY minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere. The corn bends itself downwards when its ears are filled; but when the heads of the conceited are filled with self-adulation, they only lift them up the higher.

A BRILLIANT talker is not always liked by those whom he has most amused, for we are seldom pleased with those who have in any way made us feel our inferiority.

LIKE flowers of heaven, dreams often pass through the whole nights of men, leaving only a strange summer perfume, the traces of their vanishing.

CHALLENGE—calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction by shooting you through the body.

HE who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

A SPOILT child is an unfortunate victim who proves the weakness of his parent's judgment much more forcibly than the strength of their affection.

THE compliments of the world are seldom more sincere than those of the undertaker, who wishes the dying person may be better.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 2, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, September 14, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 73.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

VULGAR PEOPLE.

If universal condemnation and dislike of anything be a proof of its unamiability, then we do not know any quality which ought to be more sedulously avoided than vulgarity. Yet it is a very common thing, indeed one of the commonest things in the world, if we are only to credit a tithe of what we hear on the subject. Everybody, and surely that many-headed, multitudinous personage, must be everybody's best authority, finds something vulgar in everybody else; and, of course, everybody else retorts the censure by finding a species of vulgarity in everybody.

This is the common report of the world, and although common report is oftener wrong than right, yet in this instance, we are inclined, to a great extent, to agree with it, that vulgar people are very common, but we think that we should dissent from the general opinion as to what is vulgarity. Perhaps, indeed, the prevalence of vulgarity is owing to the ignorance of what really constitutes vulgarity, and the excessive desire not to be thought vulgar; and in this case, as in others, want of knowledge and over anxiety to avoid danger, cause people to run headlong into it.

That dictionary maker who inserted in his pages, "Vulgar, *s.* the common people," and who consistently enough defined Vulgarity as the "state of the common people," must have had a very aristocratic mind, and like some good friends of our own, probably could not have contemplated the monstrous possibility of the Duke of Ceremony, or the Countess of Etiquette, committing a vulgar act. In the eyes of such folks, Mr. Five-per-cent., and Mrs. Firkin, and Timothy Hobnail, and their compeers, have all the vulgarity to themselves; but we have different notions upon the subject, and are disposed to think that this same vulgarity is not monopolized by any one class, but that all classes have their fair share of it; and that, always allowing for circumstances, it is as often manifested in the polished region of Belgravia, and the aristocratic assembly of legislators, as in the marts of trade, or the workshops of industry.

The same qualities animating different people ought, we think, to be called by the same names, and if it be a manifestation of vulgar ambition for Mr. Scales, the grocer, to strive to be elected as churchwarden, we are at a loss to understand by what other designation to describe the anxiety of the Marquis of Flimsybury to carry a gold or silver stick at court; and if Mrs. Deputy Countertop makes herself ridiculous by her strenuous attempts to obtain an admission to a Mansion House ball, what reason on earth can there be why her folly and that of Lady Quadrille, who moves heaven and earth to obtain the *entree* to Almacks, should not bear the same title? Of course, those who look upon vulgarity as the especial property of low people, will be apt to say that churchwarden is a very common office, and city balls vulgar affairs, while the gold stick is the badge of a very exalted function, and Almacks the place where the most polite and polished of the land assemble; but, after all, these things are only comparative, and the parochial dignity of Mr. Scales is as fair an object of ambition to him as the courtly dignity is to the most noble marquis, and admission to the civic festival is as high an elevation, compared with the social position of Mrs. Countertop, as the right to exhibit her diamonds at Almacks is to Lady Quadrille.

It is not the things striven after that so much mark the vulgarity of the striver, as the fuss, and flurry, and self-esteem, and personal assumption which are as common to the noble as to the tradesman, to the titled lady as the citizen's wife. One of the most infallible characteristics of vulgarity is meanness, and when men or women—no matter what their social position may be—tease, and worry, and submit to insult, and put up with slights, and practice artifices and deceptions, and sacrifice their own self-respect either upon the altar of power or dignity, or pleasure, they are essentially vulgar.

Vulgarity seems to be instinctive in some people, just as politeness appears the natural attribute of others. The boor, for example, who opens a gate upon a country road for you with an awkward bow, is far more polite than the spruce-looking gentleman, who, if he were facing you in a dance, would salute you much more elegantly, but walks on and leaves you to open the gate for yourself; and the man who, at dinner, eats his peas or takes up his gravy with his knife, is far less vulgar at heart than the epicure on the other side, who keeps a sharp look out for all the tit-bits, and does not care whether his neighbour is served or not, so that he gets what he likes. But although we sometimes meet with instances of natural vulgarity, they are not half so common as those other instances of conventional vulgarity, which we meet with on every hand.

If we go into a theatre, of course we shall see the vulgar people in the pit, and the polite ones in the dress-circle, and we shall look down upon the vulgarity, and upwards to the politeness of the audience. This is as it ought to be, vulgarity should always be down and politeness elevated; but sometimes, in this good world of ours, things as well as people change their places strangely, and we find them where we should least look for them. Perhaps it is so here, too, but that is a very unlikely supposition, for there are pale, high-bred, aristocratic faces peeping out of the sumptuous boxes, and common florid complexions, ill-cut heads of hair, and dirty bonnets down there in the pit; never mind, a very wise man, very many years ago, said that there was no faith in appearances, so we will observe a little, and look for the indications as the play goes on.

The piece is "Othello;" the swarthy Moor and the lovely Desdemona are on the stage, and the crafty Iago, and the betrayed Cassio, play their parts. The interest rises to its highest pitch, the love of the hero and heroine is shown in all its tenderness, and the crafty villain plots, and schemes, and dissembles, and his dupe follows him unsuspectingly, and Cassio falls into the wiles of the scoundrel, and the noble lover is racked with green-eyed jealousy, and the trustful, confiding wife is sacrificed. The actors are good, the scenery is splendid, the illusion is complete. It is a scene of real life you see, with all its woes and sorrows, and the voice of stifled emotion is breaking forth, and making itself heard in the house. Where does it proceed from—from the boxes? Oh, no! the pale, and high-bred faces are there as pale and high-bred as ever, not a trace of tears in their eyes, not a sign of emotion upon their countenances. Their snowy handkerchiefs, scattering perfume around them, are not needed to wipe away the dew drops of pity; their voices are not tremulous with sympathy; they are reclining in graceful languor, or flirting their fans in the faces of their beaux, or using their eye-glasses to recognise distant acquaintances. We need not look there, none of them would be so vulgar as to cry or sob, that would be an exhibition of ill-breeding not to be tolerated in decent society; they are not likely to fall into so gross an error. But look down in the pit, that is where the sound proceeds from—some poor servant girl, perhaps out for an evening's holiday with her sweetheart, the hostler from the King's Arms, is sitting on one of the benches; she has given herself up to the magic of the scene. Her feelings have entered thoroughly into the drama; there may be some hard words in it that she cannot understand, but she comprehends that Iago is a villain, and that Othello's confidence has been violated, and Desdemona's innocence has been warped to bear the semblance of guilt, and she has felt her heart beat faster, and her breath shorter, and she has untied the strings of her vulgar bonnet, and unpinned her shawl, and taken off her cheap cotton gloves and exposed her large, red, hard, vulgar-looking hands, and has felt difficulty to keep herself from giving vent to her indignation or her pity; but the catastrophe has overborne her, and with a loud sob she has pulled out of her pocket her coarse handkerchief, and sits there wiping her wet eyes, which look as red as the eyes of ferrets. How horribly vulgar to be sure, compared with the polite people not far off! Is this really so vulgar after all? What would the great man, who wrote that same play, have said if he had seen this, and his opinion had been asked? Alas for the world's conventional estimate of vulgarity! We think he would have said that real emotion is never vulgar—that it is the language of the heart, and the heart will not descend to vulgarity; that it rises far up above mere politeness, and that those who cannot feel for human woes, or sympathize in human joys, or who feeling and sympathizing, bow to a common opinion, and think it incumbent upon them to affect a stolidity or an indifference they do not experience, are far more vulgar than those who are too candid, or too unsophisticated to conceal their emotions.

Some people form their estimates of vulgarity by the clothes others wear. The gentleman in superfine broadcloth and patent-leather boots looks upon the common fellow, with a greasy collar, and threadbare elbows, and thick nailed highlows, as the very height of vulgarity; and Mrs. Finery, who goes to church in a new bonnet and a fresh gown once a month, turns up her nose with contempt at poor Mrs. Prudence, whose plain straw, and well-worn black silk, have been seen in a neighbouring pew for a twelvemonth. The very fact of estimating a man or a woman by dress is of itself one of the best evidences of innate vulgarity of mind; and perhaps, too, the clothing which to the world bears a vulgar appearance, is the manifestation of a real respectability, and the spruce garments often exhibit the vulgarity of their wearers. We have a sort of reverence for the threadbare, well-brushed coat, and the clean, though patched and darned gown—they tell a tale of honest poverty, and persevering struggle with the world, which superfine and glossy satin are not eloquent with. Their poorness and their cleanness, together, make them respectable, and vulgarity is never respectable; and while the exquisite too often has a host of clamorous creditors, and Mrs. Finery's husband undergoes the ordeal of an insolvent court; the owner of the patched shoes works on amid self-denial, and the husband of the woman who is content to wear her bonnets out keeps, though with difficulty, his credit with the world, and preserves his reputation as an honest man.

But after all, sham and pretence is the great source of vulgarity; people who are true to their own nature and not ashamed of their own position are very seldom really vulgar. The tradesman who serves retail customers over the counter, and accumulates wealth, is not vulgar while he does so. He is performing a useful office, and usefulness is never vulgar, but when he has gathered a fortune and retires to a country house and assumes the character of a country gentleman, he often becomes vulgar forthwith. He tries to hide all the traces which a life of business has worn in his nature, he strives hard to conceal his connection with trade, he seeks the society of those who have all their lives held the position to which he aspires; he puts up with neglect and studied rudeness to attain that end, and then vulgarity stamps itself upon all his actions, for he is pretending to be what he is not; and his wife, who was really respectable while she stood behind the counter, grows vulgar too, when she becomes the mistress of a would-be fashionable establishment. It did not so much matter how a bill was spelt, so that the total was correct, but a letter too little or too much, or a grammatical solecism is glaring in a polite note of invitation. When a mechanic's wife came to the shop for a pound of sugar, it was not of much consequence that she pronounced *w* instead of *v*, or aspirated the *h* in the wrong place, or used the indicative mood instead of the subjunctive; such things were not vulgar then, but seeking to rise out of her sphere without acquiring the qualities to fit her for another, she becomes at once glaringly vulgar, and the over-trimmed bonnet, or the over-flounced gown which excited no remark in the Sunday drive, become ridiculously conspicuous in the park, and obtrusively vulgar at the dinner party, when she manages, by hook or crook, to get a title at her right hand and a millionare at her left.

So too of ignorance. Ignorance is not vulgar though many people think it so; it is unfortunate and misfortune and vulgarity are seldom synonymous. But when ignorance pretends to knowledge, the height of vulgarity is attained. The lady who adores the Opera, without comprehending a word of the music or language she hears there, is a fine specimen of genuine vulgarity. So is the other lady who *hidolizes* Pope, or thinks Byron '*eavenly*. It is not, however, the ignorance which is vulgar but the pretence of knowledge, with which such persons seek to cover their ignorance. But the worst species of literary vulgarity is that which is exemplified by persons of moderate education, who assume to know everything, and who are so afraid of being thought ignorant that they are ashamed to ask for an explanation of anything beyond their comprehension, and who endeavour to cover their deficiencies by seeming to admire excessively anything which passes their understanding. To give a high instance of this sort of vulgarity, we are afraid that when Sir Cicero Somebody interlards his famous speeches in the House of Commons, with Greek and Latin quotations, the "loud cheers" from his side of the house, and the silence of his opponents, do not proceed from the majo-

rity of the honourable members feeling the aptness of the comparisons, but from their not knowing a syllable about them, and their anxiety to seem to comprehend it all, so that they may not be thought vulgar people. To take a more familiar example, everybody knows that the shortest way to get rid of a troublesome argument with a man at once vain and ignorant, is to clinch it with a classic sentence, no matter whether apt or foreign to the purpose; and the contentious disputer, ashamed to show that he does not know what it means, either acquiesces with an "Ah, yes, exactly so," or tacitly gives up and changes the conversation to some other channel.

So too, Molly the housemaid, twirling her mop or scrubbing the stairs, and Dorothy, the cook, basting the sirloin are not vulgar—far from it, they are simply useful—they are doing that which they know how to do, and are probably doing it at once far more effectively and less awkwardly than their mistresses could if they tried; but when they go out for a holiday with a whole warehouse of ribbons, and rainbow gowns, and pretend to be fine ladies—the one, forgetting the glowing warmth of her kitchen, protesting from under her parasol, that she is quite exhausted with the heat, and the other, oblivious of the fatigue of household work, getting up a shudder at the toilsome idea of a long walk—they become vulgar directly, not because they are cook and housemaid, but because they are affecting to be what they are not.

In short, pretence and seeming, of all sorts, is the very height of vulgarity. The dandy, in the dress he cannot pay for, and the miser in habiliments which tell of poverty, the educated pretending to universal knowledge, the uninitiated in the manners and customs of the great assuming exclusive airs, and discarding homeliness for ceremony, the high exhibiting a contempt for usefulness, are each equally vulgar in their way. While the earnest, the enthusiastic, the sincere, and the candid, those who are not restrained by the fear of being thought vulgar, from showing their real natures, though they may be foolish or even annoying, are seldom amenable to the just application of the epithet "Vulgar People."

TO THE DAHLIA.

Bloom on in thy beauty, sweet child of the west,
By the sunlight of heaven so softly caress'd;
Bloom on in thy pride, and with statelier show,
Fling around the rich charm of thy colour and glow;
Shed on each patient heart the sweet smile of thy face,
And teach us our duty in life's pressing race.

'Tis beauty that charms and enraptures the sense,
And gives to each moment a bliss more intense;
'Tis beauty that wins us to virtue and truth,
Making hope a fair shadow to guide us in youth;
And wherever we meet it the joys of the heart
Come around like the incense that flowers impart.

Like new hope to a lost one all sadly forlorn,
Thou bringest thy blossom when summer is gone;
As a token of beauty when sunlight departs
To cheer and enliven our desolate hearts;
So, even in sorrow some gladness may bloom,
To make holy the pathway that leads to the tomb.

J. S. Hibberd.

POVERTY'S FRIENDS.

ADVERSITY.

The mournful ceremony was over, and the widow and her two daughters sat in the parlour of the strange, deserted-looking house, whence had been borne, an hour previously, the cold and stiffened remains of him whom they had best loved upon earth.

How airy looked the room above, with the window wide open, the curtains of the bed drawn back, the bedding removed; not a trace left of him whose long illness had gathered around him all the little conveniences they could muster. While the body still lay there, and they could reverently lift the 'kerchief from the marble face, and gaze upon the still features, they had not felt the extent of their loss. The dimness, too, that pervaded the house while the blinds were down, and every foot trod softly, and every voice whispered, had been in harmony with their grief. Now that the still presence was gone, and the garish light of day admitted, the full sense of their desolation came upon them; and they sat silent and oppressed in their sable garments, and did not even cling for comfort to each other.

The mother was the first to break the dreary quietude.

"My dear," said she, to Mary, the elder daughter, "it is a chilly day, and the fire is very low; fetch a few coals."

The daughter returned with a small shovel-ful.

"Mother," she said, "our stock is nearly exhausted; we have only enough for one day more."

"God help us! Have you looked into the pantry, child?"

"Yes, mother."

"What have we to rely upon there?"

"There are two loaves, a little bit of butter, and some sago. That is all."

"And in this cupboard we have about an ounce of tea, and a little sugar screwed in a paper. Have you any money, Mary?"

"Sixpence, mamma; no more."

"I hope we shall hear from your aunt to-morrow. What is to become of us, if we do not, I cannot tell."

"It is strange," said Sophia, speaking for the first time, "that I have had no answer to my advertisement in the *Ogle Courier*."

"You must go again to-morrow, love, some answers may be lying at the office. It is two days since you called."

"So it is; how time slips away! But I could not go while poor papa was——. Oh, mamma, what a weary life we have had of late! Such waiting, and hoping, and heart-sickness with hope deferred. Mamma, we seem utterly forsaken." And the young girl hid her face in her emaciated hands,—she was wasted almost to a shadow by anxiety, and watching, and privations,—and wept quietly."

"Come, my dears," said the mother, cheerfully, endeavouring to rouse herself and them; for even Mary, brave Mary, sat the picture of despondency, her arms hanging listlessly by her sides;—"come, my dears, we must waste time no longer. Where is your crochet-work?"

"Ah! mamma, if we could but meet with customers for it."

"Did you go to Sykes's, as Mrs. Thompson advised you?"

"Yes, but the shopman told me that he could give me no encouragement, for really they had so much of that kind of work offered them, that they were obliged continually to refuse people."

"Mrs. Thompson once said that she could obtain us some orders for couvrettes."

"Mrs. Thompson is one of those who are lavish in promises, but as for performing them, that is another thing."

The evening came; they took their scanty meal, and retired to bed with heavy hearts.

Watching for the postman!—which of us, peaceful and uneventful lives as we may usually lead, which of us has not waited, listened, and looked—now with a quick beating

of the heart, as the well-known double knock approached, sounding cheerily on the neighbours' doors, now with as rapid a sinking of the spirits when, unmercifully passing by, the rap-tap gradually died away in the distance? How often we have wished that we were ourselves the postman, that we might put an early termination to our suspense!

Mary and Sophia watched long, next morning, for the expected letter from their aunt; and even in their impatience, ran out to the gate when the postman came near; but he passed them with a shake of the head, and they silently returned to their mother. A few minutes afterwards, just as Sophia was putting on her bonnet to go to the *Courier* office, they were startled by a loud double knock at the back-door. Mary ran down to open it, and was surprised to see the postman again, who had found a letter for them at the bottom of his bag, which he had overlooked in the sorting.

"Here Miss," said he, with an attempt at the facetious—by-the-by, postmen are often disposed to be facetious and quizzical, which, in our opinion, must arise from their speculations upon the love-letters they carry, and the people who receive them—"here, Miss, 'better late than never,' as the lass said."

It was the epistle for which they had waited so anxiously, and they ran with it upstairs to their mother, and waited impatiently while her trembling fingers broke the seal, which was impressed with the ominous motto "Alas!"

The widow had put on her glasses, but her eyes were too dim, from many causes, to decipher the scrawled handwriting. So Mary took the letter, and read it aloud.

"My Dearest Sister,

Your account of your present condition cuts me to the heart; God knows how willing I should be to take you and the two dear girls, and give you a comfortable home for a time; but, indeed, my dear sister, you will believe me when I say that we have not too much for ourselves. I am just going to place John with an eminent solicitor in the town, and that, as you know, requires a large sum. My daughters see a great deal of society, and I can assure you that since the death of my poor husband, we have had some trouble in making both ends meet; if my two nieces are industrious, and well-conducted young women, I have no doubt they will easily find places. I enclose two advertisements from the *Stannington Gazette*, for them to answer; and just to help you a little for the present, my dear sister, I send a post office order for one pound, made payable to you. I would have sent you more, but have not yet received my dividends, so I hope you will accept what it is in my power to do, and believe me, my dear sister,

Your very affectionate,
JANE ANN STEARS.

P.S. My poor Arabella is very delicate; I think of letting her go to Germany this summer, with her friends, the Skeltons. I must say that your poor husband was very thoughtless to leave you in such a state, but the dead must be forgiven. I hope, my dear sister, that you are resigned to all your trials."

The mother and daughters sat gazing at each other for some moments after reading this precious epistle.

"Do you like the letter, mamma?" at length Sophia timidly enquired.

"Why, my dear, your aunt is very kind to send the order, and we must not judge her. I dare say she has done all she thinks she can do."

"And *I* think," exclaimed Mary, her eyes flashing as she spoke, "that it is the most unfeeling letter I ever read. How can she, the rich and happy, *dare* to blame the poor, struggling man, who now lies quietly in his grave, and to whom not one of our relations would have held out a finger, if it would have saved him from starvation. Happily he did not know the extremity in which we were placed. Blessed insensibility! that enabled him to die in peace."

Sophia took up the advertisements.

"Just listen, mamma. 'Wanted, a respectable young person as nursery governess to a family of six children, the eldest being nine years of age. As the governess will be treated as one of the family in every respect, no salary will be given for the first year, after which it will be progressive.'"

"Very fine, indeed," said Mary, who had a little recovered from her fit of indignation. "Where will the young person's clothes come from?"

"Let us hear the other," said Mrs. Whitfield; "perhaps that may be better."

"'Wanted, in a respectable family, a young person to take charge of the linen, and wait upon the lady of the house, who is a confirmed invalid. A small salary will be given.'"

"I think you may answer that, Sophia," said her mother; "though I fear 'the young person's' work will never be at an end."

"I will answer it, mamma, though I don't suppose I have much chance. They will get two or three hundred answers to such an advertisement as that; for any industrious person would be equal to the duties required. I will write, however, and take my letter to the post on my way to the *Courier* office. And, mamma, I can cash the order at the same time, and buy the little necessaries of which we are most in need."

So Sophia wrote her note, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went into the town upon her several errands. Mrs. Whitfield and Mary being left alone, once more perused Mrs. Stears's letter. It appeared still more cruel and thoughtless than on a first reading, and the widow and her daughter clasped each others' hands, and determined that they would earn their bread as washerwomen, sooner than they would seek further aid from her.

"After all, my dear," said the mother, endeavouring to comfort herself, "it is the way of the world. I dare say your aunt has no conception how mortifying it is to us to read of her daughters' gay doings, in the same page where she laments her inability to help us, because of her poverty! People that are cradled in luxury, as she is, have no clear idea of the real condition of those who are suffering privations. I should not wonder if she pictures us to herself sitting down to a plain meal of pudding, cold beef, and potatos, and pities our plight exceedingly; little dreaming that we should consider such fare, and enough of it, absolute plenty. I should just like her to look into our pantry and coal-cellar, Mary. But who comes here? Mrs. Thompson, I declare. This room is scarcely fit to receive her; but it can't be helped."

Mrs. Thompson walked in, with a subdued rustle and flutter, and shook her friends' hands, as if she would have shaken them off; while her prominent and exceedingly bright grey eyes appeared to overflow with kindness and commiseration.

"Well," said she at last, after offering at great length the condolences proper to their bereaved position; "well, my dear Mrs. Whitfield, I came to see if I could be of any use to you or your charming daughters. I want you all to come and take tea with me one of these days, and then we can talk matters over."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear madam," replied Mrs. Whitfield. "My girls cannot do much with their crochet-work, though you once said—"

"Oh, ah, true; I remember I did once offer to procure them some orders; but really I am always so busy, it completely slipped my memory. I will call upon Mrs. Blackburne and Mrs. Oram this very morning."

"Thank you. And if you would be so very kind as to keep Mary and Sophy in your memory if you hear of any respectable situations—"

"Most willingly. Let me see. I believe I know of one lady who wants a daily governess immediately. Mary would be the very person. So steady and womanly. If you like I will give you the address, and she can call this very afternoon. If they want any references send them to me."

Mrs. Whitfield felt exceedingly grateful, and expressed her gratitude in warm phrase. This pleased Mrs. Thompson, who departed in a perfect gush of friendship. She had not been gone a quarter-of-an-hour, when the widow found that she had forgotten to leave the address of the lady who wanted a daily governess.

"Never mind," thought she, "she will send it us immediately. She is a true benefactress. No reserves. No conditions."

But the afternoon passed, and no note arrived from Mrs. Thompson. Nor did they hear anything more of her for several days; when they were startled by the news that she had departed with her husband for a tour on the continent.

Thus the family were forsaken by their last shadow of a friend; and as Sophia had had no answers to her advertisement in the *Ogle Courier*, and the lady to whose advertisement she had replied vouchsafed no notice of her letter, despondency fell with a sickening weight upon their hearts, and their sovereign being nearly exhausted, want stared them in the face. They endeavoured to get a little plain sewing, but there was none to be had. They would have taken in washing; but even if the neighbourhood had not already abounded in washerwomen, their habits unfitted them for hard manual labour. Little by little they disposed of the few articles they could spare out of their scanty dress and furniture; and so they contrived to live a few weeks longer. At length, they hungered; and the widow, in desperation, resolved once more to apply to her rich sister, Mrs. Stears.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

Mrs. Whitfield had written and despatched her letter, and was now waiting for the answer. The postman called on the morning when it was expected, and Sophia eagerly grasped the letter that he held out, and was about to run with it to her mother, when the man stopped her.

"A shilling, if you please, Miss. It's a foreign letter."

"A shilling! Dear me, who can it be from? We know nobody abroad. I thought it was—"

"Please, miss, to fetch the shilling. I have no time to wait."

"But we have not a shilling," said poor Sophia.

"Then you must give me the letter back."

"But if it should be of importance?"

"Sophy, dear," called out her mother, "make haste and shut the door, the wind is so cold."

"Oh, mamma! do come here."

Mrs. Whitfield came, and looked at the letter. "Why it is—it must be—from my own, dear, lost brother!"

"A shilling, Ma'am," said the postman. "I can't wait any longer."

"You must leave the letter, postman, and I will endeavour to have the money ready for you this evening," said poor Mrs. Whitfield, who between weakness and agitation was now trembling violently.

"Can't trust, ma'am." And the man looked at the haggard faces before him, and then over Sophy's shoulder into the dismantled passage, which bore all the marks of extremest poverty.

"Have you no pity? I *must* have this letter." And the widow burst into tears, while Sophy looked ready to join her.

"Well," said the man, "I were always too soft-hearted for my own interest. I will trust you. Remember, I shall have to account for the shilling."

Sophy and her mother hastened into the house; where Mary, who had overheard the colloquy, joined them. Mrs. Whitfield looked at the direction once more, and then sank into a chair. "Thank God!" ejaculated she fervently.

"Mother, dear, what is it? I thought you said our uncle was dead."

"So every one believed him to be. But if this be not his handwriting, I never saw it in my life. Open it, Mary, dear, I can't." And she hid her face in her hands, and waited for Mary to read.

The contents of the letter, written in a large singular hand, as clear as copper-plate, were as follows:—

"New York, April 15, 184—

"My dear Sophia,—I have at length; thank God, found you out, after making inquiries in all quarters with little success. I have got to know your direction in a very strange manner, which I will explain fully when we meet. For I am coming, Sophy, safe and sound, and shall land on the shores of old England, God bless her, in about five weeks. But as I have an idea that you have been sorely put to it, I would not wait till I saw you, but send you a £50 bank note, which I hope will arrive safely. So make yourself and your two little girls comfortable, and prepare to receive me, your long-lost brother, about the time I have mentioned. I only wish poor Whitfield had been alive still, for I had set my heart upon seeing him again. But God's will be done. With love to the little girls, and especially to yourself, believe me,

"Your affectionate brother,

"Mrs. Whitfield. JOHN DARLING."

Intense happiness has no words. The mother and daughters gazed speechlessly upon each other with brimming eyes. At length, Mary, holding high the precious bank-note, clapped her hands and laughed aloud.

"Mamma! mamma! Sophy! No more want; no more pining. Oh, dear mamma, are you not glad? Speak!"

But her mother, instead of responding to Mary's joy, turned very pale, and then said, in a low voice, "Take me upstairs to bed."

The happiness was too great; the shock well-nigh prostrated the poor woman's enfeebled frame. Her daughters carried her upstairs; and Sophia would immediately have gone for a doctor, but her mother begged her not to think of it.

"It is only joy," she said. "I shall be better soon. Joy rarely kills. Leave me alone a little while, my dears.

So they left her alone; and while Mary went out to change the note, and buy tea, sugar, bread, butter, meat, coals and so on, Sophia read over and over again her uncle's kind letter, for she could scarcely believe that she was not dreaming.

We will leave them to the realization of their happiness, and take up our tale a fortnight after the receipt of the welcome epistle.

Mrs. Whitfield and Sophia are sitting in the little parlour, now rendered comfortable by the replacing of most of the abstracted furniture, and also by the warmth and blaze of a pleasant little fire, that burns cheerily in the grate; for though it is a fine day in the middle of May, the north wind prevails, and the weather is still somewhat cold. The two ladies are in neat black print morning dresses, and their wan faces are becoming rounder and better-looking, by means of sufficient diet and that potent beautifier—restored hope. Mary is in the kitchen, superintending the movements of a young girl whom they have hired to assist them during their uncle's stay.

In the room, Mrs. Whitfield is the first to break the silence.

"Sophy," she said, "your uncle is sure to be here within a few days. The 15th of April—that will be just five weeks ago on Monday. I wonder what he will think

of you and Mary, love. As to me, I must be altered almost out of recognition."

"I don't know, dear mamma. You are a very good-looking woman, considering all you have gone through."

The mother smiled at her daughter's fond flattery.

"It strikes me, Sophy, that your uncle expects to find you and Mary children, as he left you. Do you notice that in the letter he twice calls you little girls?"

"So he does. I remember my uncle very well, mamma. How old was I, when he went away?"

"Between five and six, love. Yes, I remember. It was in the year that your poor father broke his leg."

"Poor papa! If he could but have lived till now, mamma!"

"Aye, if he could! But it is all for the best. Life was not desirable to him, after he became so infirm."

"But if he had not been so infirm, mamma? If he had been as well as most men of his age?"

"My love, you are entering upon a difficult question. We cannot see the reason of these things. We can only resign ourselves to our imperfect knowledge, and try to believe that 'whatever is, is right.'"

"But, mamma, does it not almost—Oh, look mamma! look at that gentleman coming up the garden! Oh, mamma, if it should be—"

Mrs. Whitfield waited not to hear her daughter's conjectures. She flew to the front-door, opened it, and almost fell into the arms of—John Darling, her restored brother.

"Well, Sophy," said Mr. Darling, as they all sat together, in the afternoon, round the well-swept hearth and bright fire, "Well, my dear sister, what are your plans for the future? Shall I come and board with you, or will you quit Ogle altogether, and come and live with me in beautiful Devonshire?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Mary and Sophia both at once, and then they stopped, as fearing to have been too precipitate.

Mrs. Whitfield smiled. "You know, dear John, what my wishes would be. But I fear to burden you."

"Sophia, understand me once for all. I enjoy a very respectable competency; I am not a marrying man; I require domestic comfort, and you and my bonny nieces here, are just the kind of society that I want. So say no more about it; but just pack up the few things you will wish to take with you, and leave the rest to me. We will leave here in a few days."

The news soon spread that Mrs. Whitfield's long-lost brother was returned from abroad; and rumour magnified his riches. It was further reported that he had signified his intention of presenting his nieces with five thousand pounds each on their respective wedding-days. The small house in the shabby row began to be attractive. More than two or three of the Whitfield's former friends made a point of finding them out; and Mary and Sophy were suddenly discovered to be "very lady-like, pretty girls, though sadly delicate-looking, poor things!" Had the sunshine friends expected the wilderness of poverty to rejoice and blossom like the rose?

Among the rest came Mrs. Thompson. She had remembered all at once that she had quite forgotten to do her best for her *protégées*, and she now loaded them with protestations, and poured forth a torrent of excuses for her short memory. "Really! She was always so busy!" She was not, however, too busy now to recollect her errand, which was to invite Mr. Darling and Mrs. Whitfield and the two dear girls for a week to her villa. "She would take no excuse; they must all come." In vain Mrs. Whitfield talked of the recent arrival of her brother, and the hurry and bustle they were in; in vain Mary at least pleaded to be left behind to see after the house and their parting arrangements. The point was not decided when uncle John came in from a walk. Mrs. Thompson was introduced, and then she rustled over to the gentleman, and taking both his wondering hands in hers, declared that he must excuse her, for she was all heart, and really she could not help looking upon dear Mrs. Whitfield's brother as quite an old friend of her own. "Would he, *would* he grant her request, and prevail upon the ladies to do the same?" And the lively lady raised her dazzling eyes to the mild, thoughtful-looking orbs that were fixed scrutinizingly upon her face, and awaited his answer in a flutter of expectation, that no doubt she thought was captivating and friendly, and altogether juvenile.

"My dear madam," said the quiet old bachelor, "I must first understand your request before I can grant it. Sophy, what is it all about?"

"Oh, brother, Mrs. Thompson has been so kind as to invite us all—"

"To spend a week with me at the Elms before we lose you entirely. Now, Mr. Darling, you *can't* resist." And the lady smiled her sunniest smile, which, together with her beaming eyes, suggested the idea of a south aspect at noon in the dog days, and no blind to the window.

Mr. Darling put a decided, though polite negative on the proposition; and no blandishments had power to abate one inch of his determination.

"My dear Madam, it cannot be thought of. I have pressing engagements in the south; and we all leave this place precisely at eleven o'clock next Wednesday morning. We have already lingered here a fortnight longer than I at first intended, but I could not hurry my sister. We are exceedingly obliged to you, but it cannot be."

"Oh, uncle," said Mary, when Mrs. Thompson at length departed, with a small angry sparkle in her eye, "I am so glad you did not accept that woman's invitation. I never can like her. I am sure she is not sincere."

"Yet, Mary, she at least *offered* to befriend us when we sorely needed friends."

"Yes, mamma, but what did it all come to? She liked to show off her benevolence, and be patronizing, but did she make one real effort in our behalf?"

"No, certainly not. These fine ladies can talk well, but they are very apt to leave one in the lurch after all."

One more picture, and our tale is at an end. In the old-fashioned parlour of a pretty trellised cottage in one of the greenest nooks of Devonshire, sit three ladies. One has placed herself near the open window, round which the roses are clustering and climbing, occasionally intruding their blooming heads into the apartment, as if envying the dignity of a few choice exotics in a flower-stand within. The young lady of whom we are speaking, is our old friend Mary, intent upon the water-colour drawing that lies before her, and so plump, fresh, and rosy, that at first sight one would scarcely recognise her. At a little distance sits Sophia, who is reading aloud to her mother; the now almost buxom widow being busily engaged in stitching the collar of one of uncle John's new shirts. Sophia shares in the general improvement, and bids fair to become the *belle* of the village.

But who is this who places a sunburnt hand upon the window-sill, and leaps in, startling them all from their occupations? Reader, you have no previous acquaintance with him, and so we will take the liberty of introducing him—Philip Somerton, Esq., of the Abbey Farm. He has been looking over his well-tilled fields, and giving directions to his labourers, and somehow or other, his nearest road home has lain for the last six weeks past Rose Cottage. He is a fine handsome-looking young fellow, and so Sophy appears to think, for she blushes crimson as he approaches her. And now the conversation waxes animated; and at length it is Mary's turn to redden; for Mr. Somerton casually observes that he has heard from his friend Henry Bramley, and that he appears, for some unknown reason, to be in a confounded hurry to get back again to Abbotsbridge.

While they are thus chatting, a gentleman walks into the room, whom we have no difficulty in recognising as dear, quiet, uncle John. After greeting his friend Philip, he reminds Mrs. Whitfield that it is time to take her airing; and tells her that the pony-phaeton is waiting, and that to-day he will have the pleasure of driving her himself. So she hurries on her bonnet and shawl, and off they set along the sequestered lane, beneath the pleasant shade of the over-arching trees: and as the youthful trio left behind are perfectly capable of amusing themselves without our assistance, you and I, dear reader, will take ourselves off also, politely wishing them a very good morning. H. C.

A FRATERNAL TRIBUTE.

ADDRESSED TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, THE AMERICAN POET.

Poet of Might! thy magic numbers flow
Full and majestic as the roll of ocean;
And through them all thy human soul doth glow,
Passioned with every lofty pure emotion.
As on an infant's eye, its mother's smile
Comes with a power that soothes its every feeling;
So thy sweet songs the Sons of Care beguile,
Like soothing music through the lone heart stealing.

Poet of Grace! thy classic harpings bring
To the rapt mind as in a magic vision,
The bards of Greece and Rome, who seem to sing
Again in thee as by a soul-transition;
Thou analyzest beauty's every form;
Thou paintest chastely nature's every feature,
Happy alike in sunshine or in storm,
Conversing with a God or with a creature.

Poet of Life! be thine the honoured praise,
As thine has been the glorious great endeavour
The sad to cheer, the drooping heart to raise,
To make man live as one who lives for ever.
Yes, genial Poet; thou addressest man,
Not as a menial slave, but as thy brother—
Co-struggler here through this life's mazy plan—
Co-seeker for the glory of another.

Poet of Home! 'tis beautiful to see
Thy joyous heart in fireside scenes of gladness,
Clothing that hearth with true felicity,
Where other spirits only dream of sadness.
Thou lov'st the laughter of a happy child,
The social cheer of harmless recreation;
And on the mourner smil'st, as Jesus smiled,
Calming his sorrow into resignation

Poet of Hope! there is no gloom with thee,
Thou lovest not to brood o'er present sorrow;
But in the darkest hour of misery,
Thou lookest onward to the brighter morrow;
Thou look'st with weeping on the pangs of earth—
Man's foul oppression, moral degradation;
Yet springs thine eye to the millennial birth,
Exulting in assured anticipation.

Poet of Love! thou see'st in woman's face,
With all a poet's glowing admiration;
The soul of beauty, every grace
That gladdens life, or beautifies creation.
Woman, 'tis clear, thy comfort e'er hath been,
Be thou, O noble Poet! her protection,
Honour the sisters of *Evangeline*,
With yet more records of their pure affection.

Poet Immortal! like the morning ray
Which o'er the hills in gradual glory brightens,
Shining on surely to the perfect day,
Shall be thy muse which e'en now earth enlightens.
Thy *Psalm of Life* shall eternize thy name!
Excelsior, shall inspire the hearts of nations
Yet in the womb of time, who shall thy fame
Cherish and bear to latest generations!

R. GLOVER.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

Two great events stand out in striking relief in the history of the fifteenth century, both having an extraordinary influence on the future civilization of the human race: we allude to the discovery of Printing, by Guttenberg, and the discovery of the New World, by Columbus; and what the former availed to the intellectual world, the other did to the political and social. Printing gave a new power to intelligence, and enabled the strong thinker, no longer shut up within his narrow prison-house, to cast his thoughts abroad among his fellow-men, there to germinate into new forms of energetic life and action. And the discovery of America enabled our race to become acquainted with that great portion of the earth left uncovered by the waters of the globe, and enabled man to survey, in its whole extent, the theatre of his existence and unconquerable activity. It was the event which was destined to terminate in the vast system of European settlement and colonization, through which the commanding points of the habitable globe were to be affiliated to the civilization of the Christian commonwealth, and the world to become at last the grand city of God.

When Columbus first meditated his voyage of discovery, the European mind dwelt habitually within a narrow circumscription of locality. When he sailed, no pinion had ever yet crossed the dark horizon which separated the Great Western Hemisphere from the Old World. How the idea first took possession of his mind, and seized upon him like a passion—how for it he endured rebuffs, persecutions—was laughed at as a fool, an idiot, and a madman—how he still persisted, entreated, argued, and at length convinced "the powers that be" of the feasibility of his scheme: all this is full of interest, and of deep meaning. It looks very like a working of Providence, raising up at the fitting time its chosen instrument to carry on the great work of human advancement and civilization.

And, as is so generally the case, it was from among the poorer class that this great discoverer sprung. His father was a humble weaver of Genoa, in which city the Navigator was born. The family was afterwards ennobled, and the Columbus blood was pronounced "blue" by the Spanish monarch; but Columbus himself never disavowed his origin, and had no reason to envy the blue-blooded Spanish aristocracy, from whom, in his life, he received nothing but contumely and insult. In his youth he was well educated; for, in those olden times, a better education was given to the children of the poor than would be readily credited in our own time. Even in England, the children of the poor were well educated in the fifteenth century: indeed the most splendid of our modern educational establishments take their date from that or the following century. Columbus obtained a solid education; he wrote well, was versed in arithmetic, and made great progress in drawing. At Parma, he studied grammar and the Latin language; geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. Genoa was then a maritime city of the first class, and produced many skilful navigators. The career of a seaman was the ambition of Columbus from an early age, and among his first and most earnest aspirations was that of discovering new lands. The growing activity and enterprise of the period were, perhaps, favourable to such notions. For some time, he was engaged weaving with his father at Genoa; but, at the age of fourteen, he took to the adventurous life of the sea. He accompanied an expedition from Genoa, in 1459, to recover the crown of Naples for René, Count of Provence; and took part in many of the enterprises of that expedition. He was afterwards engaged for a period in the Mediterranean—sometimes in war,

* The "Life of Christopher Columbus." By Horace P-s St. John. Sampson Low, London. An exceedingly interes and well-told story of the life and voyages of the great n

sometimes in commerce—sometimes in predatory attacks on Mahommedan shores.

We find Columbus at Lisbon in 1470; though only about twenty-five, his hair is already grey; but his commanding figure, fine face, and kindling eyes, with his fine manners and eloquent discourse, win him many friends. Here he married the daughter of an Italian navigator, and at his death succeeded to his numerous charts, papers, and memoranda of voyages, which are said to have nourished in his mind the strong love of discovery which by this time fully possessed him. He occasionally accompanied expeditions of the Portuguese to the coast of Guinea, and, when on shore at Lisbon, devoted himself to the construction of maps for the support of his family. These maps served to make him known as a geographer of celebrity.

"About this time," says Mr. St. John, "Filippa, his wife, inherited a little estate at Porto Santo, where Columbus immediately took up his residence, and where his son, Diego, was born. Being frequently in the society of his brother-in-law, Pedro Corres, also a navigator, his attention was directed to the discoveries then making on the African coasts, to the passage to India, and to the widely-diffused rumours of an unknown continent, or vast archipelago in the west. These ideas received strength from his geographical studies, which showed how vast a blank there was on the general map of the world. Rumours and traditions floated through Europe, were elaborated in the mind of Columbus, and moulded into a solid opinion, based on three classes of authority:—reason, or the nature of things—the testimony of learned writers—and the reports of navigators."

As early as 1474, the idea had acquired consistency in his mind: he wrote to a learned friend at Florence, Paulo Toscanelli, detailing his theory, and he was encouraged by him to prosecute his attempt. The navigator persevered in his studies, and accumulated probabilities in favour of his enterprise. But he was poor, and could do nothing without the aid of powerful friends, whom he therefore sought to secure. He endeavoured to obtain the aid of the king of Portugal, John II., who referred him to a council of great and learned men, but they at once poured contempt and ridicule upon his project. His application was therefore refused; but the king meanly endeavoured to rob him of the glory of his enterprise, by secretly dispatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. The voyage, however, proved altogether futile.

About this time his wife died, and he was plunged into deep sorrow. His affairs were also getting into confusion, and he feared being arrested for debt. So he left Lisbon, and went to Genoa, where he applied to the Republic for aid in his enterprise; but his application was contemptuously rejected. He next applied to the Venetian government, that state then rivalling Genoa in the Mediterranean commerce; but again a deaf ear was turned to his proposal. He wandered back to Genoa, where he made some arrangement for the comfort of his poor, and now aged father; and then he cast himself upon the world, wandering from court to court as a beggar, neglected and despised, to offer to the princes of Christendom the wealth of his undiscovered, but now every day more clearly discerned empire in the west.

He landed in Spain, at the little town of Palos, in Seville, quite destitute. He had his little boy with him, and proceeded to beg his way into the interior of the country. As the monastic houses of that day were the invariable resort of the poor, Columbus called at the monastery of Santa Maria de Rabida, a few miles from Palos, and begged a little bread and water for his child. This was given him; and, meanwhile, the prior of the monastery, Juan Perez de Marchena, passed, and was struck by the appearance of the wanderer. He entered into conversation with him, and soon learnt his history. The prior was a man of enlarged knowledge, and entered eagerly into the project. He detained Columbus as his guest, and sent for a physician, a learned man, from Palos, to confer with him on the subject. The mariners of Palos were also consulted, and at length Columbus found willing and believing listeners. A little apartment was appropriated to the navigator, which is still pointed out—a solitary chamber, overlooking the sea-coast and the distant ocean, across which the mind of Columbus eagerly wandered. The monastery is now a ruin, grand even in decay, surmounting a hill covered with majestic cork-trees, and overlooking a fine country to the north and west. Mr. Murray gives an interesting account of it in his book on the "Cities and Wilds of Andalusia," and had pleasure in pointing out the now roofless cell of the adventurous navigator.

The issue of the conferences with the prior and his friends was, that Columbus was furnished with a letter to the Queen's confessor, then at Cordova. Leaving his son, Diego, at the monastery, he proceeded thither, and through the Father Fernando de Talavera—who, however, did not believe in Columbus's scheme—communicated it to the Queen. She saw the glory of the project, and became its earnest advocate; though when it came to the ears of the King and the court, it was derided as the delirium of a madman. But Columbus persevered, and at last succeeded in obtaining a personal audience with the King and Queen. There were a few men, of high influence about the court, who warmly adopted his views; but, after long delays and many disappointments—after being hooted at even by the children in the streets, as a madman, and scoffed at by nearly all the philosophers—he quitted the court, quite hopeless of any result, and again wandered about Spain for nearly seven years, seeking help from the great and powerful, but in vain.

At last, after all his wanderings, he determined to proceed to the coast of France, having received an encouraging letter from the French monarch. Before departing, he went to his friend Perez, the prior of La Rabida, who had, during all this time, maintained and educated Columbus's son, Diego. The spirit of the good father was this time fairly roused; more consultations took place; Perez, who had formerly been the Queen's confessor, determined to address a letter to her Majesty, strongly urging her to forward the enterprise. She did so, and the issue was, that Perez was sent for to court, that negociations were resumed with Columbus, and that he was authorized to undertake an expedition to discover a new world "at his own private expense!" This did not apparently amount to much; yet it was a concession of royal patronage, which gave a degree of credit to the enterprise, such as it had not before obtained. Columbus was himself too poor to be able to provide any part of the expedition; and the shipowners of Palos refused to furnish vessels. How could they think of sending their ships into unknown seas, to contend with the powers of darkness, storms, and hurricanes? nor could any officers or sailors be found willing to venture on so dangerous an expedition. At last, one Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a family famous for their adventures by sea, fitted out a ship, and offered to sail in the expedition with his brother, (like him, a skilful navigator). Others were induced to follow the example, and three ships lay in the port of Huelva, ready to launch upon the unfathomable sea which spread towards the west. After making a solemn public procession to the convent of Rabida, and receiving the religious blessing of good father Perez, the little fleet set out, and now they were

> "Alone, alone,—all, all alone,—
> Alone, on a wide, wide sea."

The voyage was made in alternate calms, gales, breezes, and tempests. All Columbus's art was needed to allay the forebodings and still the fears of the mariners. He

stimulated their hopes, by pointing to the wealth which lay before them, and the thirst for gold drew them on. The compass no longer pointed steadily to the north; nature's laws seemed altered; the mysterious guides of heaven no longer attended them. Large patches of weeds floated by as they sailed westward; tropical birds winged about them, and tunny fish sported around their vessels. Singing-birds from the land at last flew over their heads, and now their hopes rose, and they looked eagerly into the western horizon. A whale rolled its broad back above the waters, and the fearful phenomenon proved a new source of alarm. The growing discontent among the crews seemed to forebode an open rebellion; knots of conspirators clustered on the decks, and it was meditated to cast the author of their perils into the sea. Still he hoped on. "Land" was shouted; but the clouds melted away, and the water-line of the horizon lay before them still. Again they steered westward, the dolphins leaping about in the glassy sea. "Land" was cried again and again, but the wish was father to the thought, and still the land appeared not. The ship's course was altered, and they sailed south-west.

Hope was well-nigh worn out, when "fresh weeds floated by; a fish, known to inhabit only rocky waters, swam around; a branch of thorn, covered with berries, tossed before them, and they picked up a reed, a small board, and a carved staff. Again expectation stood tip-toe on the prow, and the three vessels went gaily on, steered by Hope, with joyful hearts on board. Away westward they kept their slackening course. An unremitting watch was maintained on board. The day closed, the sun set, and night fell. Columbus, from the lofty poop, stretched his gaze towards the horizon, now growing dim in the thickening light. At ten o'clock a glimmer, as of a distant beacon, seemed to shine in the west; he called one of the company, asking him if he saw a light in that direction. He said 'yes.' But Columbus, unwilling to delude himself with a fancy, called another, who mounted the roundhouse, but the appearance had vanished. It soon shone out again, like a torch in the sea-tossed bark of a fisherman, or a light carried to and fro in a forest. Slight as was this sign of hope, Columbus rested on it with sanguine expectation. Morning brought the blessed fulfilment. A gun, fired from the *Pinta*, carried on its flash the confirmation of their hopes—the intelligence that land was seen. Rodrigo de Griana first saw it. The new world was discovered, and the navigator's long life of uneasiness, toil, and disappointment, was crowned with success—success, which opened to the nations of civilized Europe rich, unbounded, and exhaustless fields of enterprise."

The first land of America was seen early in the morning of the 12th October, 1492: it was the island of San Salvador. We need not here detail the marvels which met the sight of the mariners in this new world; their gratitude at first to their admiral; their intercourse with the natives, and the rich stores of gold which they gathered from them; the further discoveries of the voyagers; the mutinies of the crews; the cruelties inflicted by them on the natives, in their hunt for gold; the return of Columbus to Spain, with the news of his grand discovery; the envyings and hatreds which were now stirred up against him; the further voyages and new discoveries which he made; the increased wrongs and persecutions which he suffered, and which ended at last in his being manacled and sent home from his third voyage in chains! Columbus might well exclaim, with indignation at such treatment,—"If twelve years of hardships and fatigues, of continual dangers and frequent famines—if the ocean first opened, and five times passed and repassed, to add a New World, abounding in wealth, to the Spanish monarchy—and, if an infirm and premature old age, brought on by these services, deserve these chains, it is fit then I should wear them to Spain, and keep them as memorials by me to the end of my life!" These irons he never forgot; he carried them about with him, and, when dying, hung them above his bed, requesting that they might be buried with him. He had grown prematurely old in this service; his hair was white, his figure bent, and his countenance was grooved by deep sorrow. The chains were taken off him, but the iron had entered his soul.

Nevertheless, at fifty-five years old, his enterprising spirit had not left him, and he made another voyage to America in search of the great Continent, which he found—Puerto Bello still bearing the name he first gave it. Again, mutinies broke out among his crews; his ships were scattered and lost in storms; and he left the American shores, on his last voyage back to Spain, a ruined, deserted man. His last voyage was full of peril. Seven hundred leagues he sailed without a main-mast, in a vessel which could scarcely hold together, and at last he reached Spain. He was now old. The gout severely afflicted him. He was poor, wretched, and a beggar. "Little have I profited," said the Discoverer of the New World, "by twenty years of service, with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn; and, for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay the bill." Thus was he left in want, and his seamen—the hardy companions of his perils—were inhumanly left in poverty, though they had added a New World to the dominions of Spain.

"On the 20th of May, 1506, (says Mr. St. John,) Columbus lay on his death-bed. Sixty years of toil, the hardships and privations of his voyages, the sorrows he had endured, and the wrongs he had suffered, had worn out this noble frame, and broken this manly spirit. Crushed by the pressure of disappointment, Columbus died. Piety smoothed his passage to the grave. '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*' were the words which preceded his last sigh."

LIGHT OUT OF THE CLOUD.

A TALE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

On her way to the pawnbroker's, Jane heard voices at a low public house, and listening, she recognised among them that of her husband. Hitherto, however late Thomas had been, she had waited at home for his return; but this night there was a greater determination in her face, and she hurried the child to bed more quickly than usual, and then she walked out, resolved to make an effort to bring Thomas home.

Her heart nearly failed when she stepped down two dirty steps, into the dirty, foul-smelling ale-house, and encountered a bloated purple face at the bar.

"What for you, Ma'am," said the landlord.

"If you please, Sir, is Mr. Jones here?"

"Well! I don't know; he mostly is. Sam, is Tom Jones inside?"

"Yes Sir," said the potman, "he's playing with Long Bill."

Jane was stepping forward to enter the room, when the door opened, and a dirty man, who familiarly accosted her as he passed, as "my dear," came reeling out; and out of the open door came too, with the smell of beer, and the reek of tobacco fumes, such a volley of blasphemies, as made poor Jane shudder, and draw back. Again she lost her courage, and asked the potman to tell Mr. Jones, "that his ——, that somebody wanted him."

"Very well," said the potman, "but I know he won't come afore he's finished his game for nobody;" and when the man came out he confirmed his opinion, by telling Jane that Jones said, if "anybody wanted him, they were to go in, or wait outside, till he'd done."

And poor Jane waited in the dirty passage, occasionally accosted, sometimes rudely, by the passers for a tedious half an hour, and then she prevailed on the potman to go again; but he only returned to say, "that he shouldn't carry no more messages, for Jones swore at him, and threatened to break his head with a pot if he bothered him."

The game over or not, Jane now found the spirit she had never felt while she wore her wedding ring; and drawing her thin shawl tightly around her wasted figure, she entered the room where her husband was.

Jane saw at once that Thomas was hopelessly intoxicated, and that he was being robbed by the ruffianly looking fellow, called Long Bill, with whom he was playing. He did not see her enter, for the smoke was thick, and drink had rendered his eyesight feeble; and besides, his attention was concentrated upon the filthy greasy cards he held in his trembling hands, and a small pile of silver upon the table.

Just as she made her way up to his place, the last card was played, and Long Bill with a loud laugh and an oath clutched the money; and Thomas's head, after a look of drunken despair, sunk on the table between his hands. Unmindful of the jeers which circulated round her, Jane leaned over, and tried to raise his head; and when he looked up, her presence seemed to sober him for the moment, a heavy scowl gathered about his flushed, swoln forehead, and with a curse he bade her go home, and mind her own business, and not come there hunting him up, or it would be worse for her.

"Hullo, Missus," said one, "shall I fetch a horse and cart to get him home?"

"Now then, Jones," cried Long Bill, "rouse up, here's your wife come to fetch you to bed."

"I say, Tom," cried a sharp-eyed young man; "where's her wedding-ring—has that gone too?"

At this there was a loud laugh; but Jane, whose heart was failing her, gathered fresh courage from the mention of the wedding-ring, and showed so much determination, that she got Thomas out of the room, and as far as the street.

Jones's companions still followed them with their coarse jokes, and he made a stand, and refused to go any further; and when she endeavoured, partly by tenderness, and partly by force, to urge him on, he clenched his fist, and with a dreadful imprecation struck her a blow, which sent her rolling into the road, where she lay insensible. A policeman, who was by, immediately took Thomas in custody—and, while some humane persons attended to Jane, he was dragged to the station-house and locked up.

When Jane awoke from the stupor, and began to recover her memory, and recollect what had passed, how thick and gloomy the cloud seemed to be. The worst had come; and yet through the heavy darkness which enveloped her, there beamed a light which showed her little daughter sleeping tranquilly in her bed; and that image gave her new strength, and filled her with tenderness for the father of the sleeping infant, notwithstanding all she had endured.

"Where is my husband?" was her first question.

"Where he ought to be, my dear," said a burly-looking fishwoman, with a crushed bonnet, arms bare to the elbow, and a tucked-up skirt. "Where he ought to be, the brute; the polis have got him, and they ain't likely to let him loose."

"Oh! I must see him," said Jane. "Where is the police station? let me go—I must see him."

"Well! if you must," said her sturdy friend, "I'll show you the station'us; ; tho' if I was you, I'd let 'em serve the vagabond as he desarves."

"He's my husband," replied Jane, as she re-arranged her disordered dress, and pushed on to the police station.

But Jane's errand was fruitless. The inspector on duty, used to such scenes, saw nothing uncommon in the occurrence, and refused to let her into the cell. The charge was regularly made and booked, he said, and the man must go before the magistrate in the morning; and as to seeing him, he was too drunk to understand much then.

Jane's kind, though rough, protectress, saw her safe to her door, and then left her.

How dark that house seemed to Jane, how cheerless, and how comfortless. With her ring had gone the last hope. No not quite the last, and Jane went up to the bed-room and wept and prayed till morning over her sleeping child.

What miserable long-hours they were till morning, when Jane was again at the police-station and waited about till Thomas was brought out. What a fearful change that one night had made in him. His formerly rubicund face was as pale as death, and his trembling limbs refused to support him, and the police were obliged to call a cab to take him to the office.

A kind-hearted serjeant permitted Jane, who made herself known, to ride with Thomas, but there was no opportunity for conversation, for he sank back in a kind of stupor, from which he did not arouse till he was lifted out of the vehicle. His case was brought on first, the policeman stating what he had witnessed, and adding that the man had suffered a severe attack of delirium tremens in the night, and the surgeon said that there was great danger of its recurrence. Jane pleaded for mercy, and the magistrate under all the circumstances dismissed Thomas.

Jane's first care was to procure a cab and get him home, but by the time he reached his bed-room he was a raving madman, and the assistance of some of the men who worked upon the premises was called in. A surgeon, too, was quickly in attendance, and Jane was compelled to see her husband confined to the bed, so that he might not injure himself or others.

Of course, all that had passed was soon known throughout the establishment, and at last it came to Mr. Williams's ears. That kind-hearted gentleman instantly went to see Jane, and console her in her affliction. With a rare delicacy of feeling, not one word did he say to reflect upon the conduct of Thomas, or to aggravate her wounded feelings. He soothed her, afforded her such pecuniary assistance as she stood in need of, and desired her to send little Jane to his house to be taken care of by her grandmother.

Jane felt that parting with the child, around whom all her affections were entwined, even for a time, would be a sore trial; but she was a thinking, as well as an affectionate woman, and she saw that it was necessary, so the same afternoon, with many tears and kisses, little Jane was sent to Mrs. Walker.

For three weeks, Thomas never left his bed, for the most part of that time he was a madman, and Jane with all the tenderness of a wife revived in her heart, only left his couch to snatch a few brief hours of repose. How terrible his ravings were to her! He always fancied himself in some of his former haunts of dissipation. Sometimes he was winning, and in high spirits laughing till the room re-echoed again, and singing snatches of some merry song; then again, he was losing, and cursing the cards and his fortune, and shouting the vilest blasphemies. But occasionally he had intervals of saneness, when with his throbbing head pillowed on the bosom of his wife, he expressed his deep repentance and contrition for the past, and his hopes and determination for the future, if he should again recover his strength.

But that was not to be. It was not thus that the cloud which had settled over Jane, was to be dissipated. The paroxysms of his dreadful disease had greatly diminished Thomas's strength, but they seemed to have spent themselves, and he had two days of perfect sanity. Jane

fondly hoped that he was getting better, but the experienced surgeon shook his head, and as she was showing him down stairs, advised her to be careful and watchful. "His strength," said he, "is greatly exhausted, and there are symptoms of returning delirium. Should another paroxysm occur, as I fear it will," he added, "the constitution will sink under it."

He little thought how soon his prediction was to be verified. Jane closed the door upon him and was returning to her husband's chamber, when she saw him with frantic gestures rushing down stairs, and just as he put his foot upon the last step he fell insensible into her arms. His weight bore her to the floor, but she raised his head and called for assistance. This seemed to awake him for a moment, he opened his eyes and, with a look of ineffable tenderness, exclaimed "Jane," then sunk back, the dismal gurgling filled the throat, the jaw dropped and death had done his worst. Assistance immediately arrived, and the surgeon before he had passed a hundred yards from the threshold was recalled; but Thomas was beyond human aid, the erring spirit had departed on its mission into the dark, doubtful, and mysterious future. That act of the drama of life was played out, and the curtain had fallen.

We will not attempt to paint the widow's grief. How she mourned like one that would not be comforted. How the corpse, with that placid smile which death so often wears, recalled all the happy moments, all her joys, while her wrongs were forgotten. It has been said that the faces of most people express the better qualities of their nature during sound sleep. This is still more true of death, which purges us of our passions and stamps on the clay the purest impress of the spirit which leaves it.

Under the wise direction of the kind-hearted surgeon, Jane was left alone with her grief, during the first paroxysm, without being disturbed by those injudicious attempts at consolation which add poignancy to sorrow; and when the blow had spent its first force, Jane Jones was not a woman to mourn needlessly.

Then came out in their full force the latent qualities of her character, the firmness, determination and courage which she seemed to put on when she put off her wedding-ring. Though Mrs. Walker offered her any help she might stand in need of, she firmly but thankfully refused. She would not even accept any temporary assistance from her mother. She determined to bury her dead husband herself, and to pay the surgeon's bill, as well as some public-house scores, which her husband owed, and some gambling debts he had contracted. She made up her mind herself to remove every burden from the memory of her husband, for with an over-sensitiveness very natural in her position, it seemed to hang like a weight upon her heart that her interference with Thomas's pursuits, unjustifiable as they were, had brought about, or at all events hastened the catastrophe.

And after the funeral was over, Jane began to make her arrangements. She was an excellent needlewoman, and many families, to whom her misfortunes were known, offered to give her all their work, so that she was fully supplied with occupation. As to her residence, Mr. Williams insisted upon her retaining her apartments, so that that was settled. The sorest trouble was that she must continue to be separated from her child, but even that she acquiesced in, in order to carry out her object. She was however the more reconciled to this, as she could pass a day with her darling at least once a week; and the old coach, as it used to do, stopped every Sunday morning at the well-known gate, but now to put down a widow, instead of an expectant bride.

And Jane Jones kept her promise to herself, and to the memory of the man she loved. She worked hard, and late and early, and fared badly in order to effect the object she had proposed to herself, and after many tedious years of toil, for the debts she had so heroically taken upon herself were comparatively large, she succeeded, with the exception of the doctor's bill, which she could not get sent in, and was therefore, unwillingly obliged to leave unpaid.

And now let Time take another leap, and imagine that a dozen years have passed away. The rosy girl whom Thomas Jones courted, and the haggard, emaciated widow he left behind him, has become the grave, staid, but comely matron. Time, at once the friend and foe of humanity, while he has somewhat prematurely sprinkled her still thick locks with silver grey, has smoothed her brow, and tinted her once wan face, and restored something of the old smile to her lips—the same smile in expression, but more staid and chastened than it was wont to be when we first knew her. It did not seem so much like joy as the reflection of former joy: just as when the sun goes down, the pale moon rises to reflect his light with a milder lustre.

But the widow had not lived all this time entirely alone. Some seven or eight years before, Mr. Williams, from motives of charity, had taken into his office an orphan lad; and partly out of regard for the boy, partly from a desire to assist the widow, without appearing to confer an obligation upon her, he had placed Charles Collins with her to board. Charles was then about fifteen—he was a mild, gentle boy, not beautiful, but amiable-looking, not clever nor quick, but fond of knowledge, persevering in its acquisition, and steady. Jane soon took an almost motherly interest in the orphan lad, which his grateful disposition and mild manners confirmed, and as years rolled on, they became more like mother and son than strangers. In the evenings while the widow worked, Charles would sit and study, or perchance read to her from some interesting volume; and by mutual interchange of kindliness, the affection which grew up between them was cemented.

As time had not stood still with the widow, so it had rolled on with Charles Collins, and the stripling had grown up into a well, though self-educated, high principled, and industrious young man. He was no longer the dependent orphan; but by his assiduity, and knowledge of business, had earned for himself a respectable place in the counting-house, and enjoyed a competent salary. But, with increased means there came no disposition to change his residence, and he continued, from liking, where he was placed from motives of charity.

And with little Jane Walker, the child of five years old, the mother's darling, the cherished pet, making her supper off the proceeds of that gold wedding-ring, old Time had been busy too. She was now, be it remembered, seventeen, and very much like what her mother had been at her age, except that there was a trifle more of height in her figure, and a shade more of auburn in her hair, and a brighter light in her eye, and a prouder curl on her lip—and in short, a dash of the more ardent excitable temperament of her father, added to the more gentle and unobtrusive qualities of her mother.

Mrs. Jones, for so we suppose we must henceforth call her, to distinguish her from the new Jane, had freed herself from her embarrassments, and was just thinking that she might indulge herself, by having her daughter home to live with her, when that was rendered necessary by another circumstance. The trio, of whom we have just been speaking, were not the only persons with whom relentless Time had meddled. He had heaped years upon old Mrs. Walker, and silvered every hair, and pulled out her teeth, and dimmed her eyes, and made her limp in her walk, and after all these warnings he came to claim his own. The good old lady was one morning, at the expiration of the twelve years we have mentioned, found dead in her bed. Paralysis had seized upon her brain, and with a calm countenance she had died the painless death of those who live all their years, and finish only when nature decays.

Grave moralists tell us that we ought to be prepared for these things—that they occur in the common course of nature, and that it is wicked to sorrow and wail over them. But nature is stronger than grave moralists, and will have her way, and so Jane the widow, and Jane the girl, wept over the remains of their departed relative, and followed them, mourning, to the grave.

Mr. Williams would fain have had Mrs. Jones take the place of her mother, but she had acquired, through her efforts perhaps, a sense of and a taste for independence, and preferred to live as she was; so she gratefully declined the offer, and took her daughter with her to her home.

Mrs. Jones's labour was lightened, rather than increased by this change, for independent of Mrs. Walker having bequeathed her savings, which were considerable for one in her station of life, to her grand-daughter, Jane was an industrious girl, and had too much of a certain sort of pride in her composition to be idle, while her mother worked.

Of course, in her new home, Jane and Charles Collins were thrown much together. At first she did not like him, partly because she thought him too sedate and grave, and partly, possibly, because he treated her somewhat like a child. But these feelings gradually wore off as she saw the true manly kindliness of Charles Collins's character, and compared her own rather deficient education, with his laboriously gathered; and he, too, began to treat her with more attention, as he discovered behind her girlish ways an earnestness and enthusiasm—a firmness and determination of purpose, and a spirit of inquiry which pleased and attracted him. He cordially seconded her endeavours to educate herself, lent her books from his collection, marked fine passages, read with her, and directed her studies; and the end was that, for not the first time in the world, tutor and pupil finished, by fondly loving each other.

This was the work of time, and Mrs. Jones had seen it all. At first recollecting her own married troubles, she felt inclined to interfere, but her natural good sense came to her aid. Though no great philosopher she knew instinctively, as almost all women do, something of the heart's workings, and she had had her own little experience besides. This taught her that Jane was not a girl to live alone in the world, that she wanted a guide and a protector, and her knowledge of Charles's character, which had been formed under her own eye, told her that he was just the husband Jane should have. She knew that the defects, which had wrecked her happiness, did not exist in him, that he was too little, rather than too much excitable; that his habits were formed in accordance with his nature, and that his principles were firmly fixed, and so she wisely resolved to let things take their own course.

The widow, therefore, was not surprised, when one evening after the young folks had been out for a walk, Charles with some little embarrassment, while Jane held her head down to conceal her blushes, asked her consent to their marriage. Though not surprised, however, it was not without a very natural twinge of half-misgiving, half-regret, that she heard the proposition; but her confidence in Charles was strong, and matters had gone too far to recede, and so with a tear trembling in her eye, and a vibration of the lip, she gave her consent, and made the lovers happy.

The next morning Charles craved an audience of Mr. Williams, now a grey-headed, venerable looking old gentleman, and told him the position of affairs, and Mr. Williams, with a kindly smile, wished him joy and happiness, said he half expected it would be so, and that he thought *that* marriage would be a happy one at all events.

And so it was. A few weeks after witnessed the quiet ceremony, and Jane and Charles proved admirably suited to each other. They still lived with the widow, who seemed to feel over again, in their happiness, the short-lived pleasure of her own early life; and when a boy was born, and delicately, without any reference made to the past, christened Thomas, she felt, although she let fall a few tears, that another light had come out of the now far-off cloud, which made its shadow yet fainter. And by-and-by another Jane claimed her care, and she loved her too almost as much as she had done her own Jane, under more happy auspices.

Shortly after this, Mr. Williams warned by increasing infirmities, and satisfied with his abundant wealth, relinquished business, taking care at the same time to amply provide for his old servants, and magnificently reward the younger ones; and while Mrs. Jones retired to spend the rest of her days in a pretty cottage, Charles Collins found himself rich enough to engage in trade upon his own account.

Years more, since then, have rolled by; Mr. Williams sleeps with his fathers full of years and honours; Mrs. Jones is an old lady, glad to use spectacles, and not so active as she used to be, but still well and hearty, and seeming to enjoy her youth over again in her grandchildren, of whom she is dotingly fond, while the young urchins fully reciprocate her affection. Mrs. Collins is a happy looking matron, embosomed in her family, and Charles Collins is a thriving tradesman, rapidly rising to the rank of a merchant, and possibly destined to lay the foundation of a rich family.

That heavy dark cloud which was once a little speck, but which afterwards grew so large, and thick, and dense, and gloomy, has faded to its original proportions. Bright lights have come out of its darkness, and suffered only so much of the shadow to remain, as is inseparable from mortal affairs—and old Mrs. Jones, with the youngest Collins upon her knee, trying to play with her spectacles, and Thomas, the eldest, a fine frank boy, at her side, while the others gather near, often says, "that there is light in the darkest cloud sufficient to overcome the gloom, and that a firm resolve to do right, and an unswerving determination to do our duty, will surmount all the crags of sorrow and difficulty, and bring us to happiness at last." The good old lady evidently feels like the mariner, who after escaping with bare life, the sweeping storm brings, by courage and perseverance, his battered leaky bark into a safe harbour; and long may she live to enjoy her hardly won, and richly deserved tranquillity, and reflect back the happiness of those whom she loves.

Notices of New Works.

The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq. M. A. Longman & Co., London.

The next great question to be taken up, and settled by the People of England, is unquestionably that of National Education. All other urgent questions have for the time been removed out of the way; and it is our firm belief that no commanding measure of social and political progress, such as would admit the mass of our industrious population to their full enjoyment of the blessings of civilization, can be achieved, except through such an increase of the popular enlightenment, as can only be accomplished by the action of a system of common day schools, adult evening schools, and working men's institutes, steadily at work among the population from year to year, without being contingent upon charity or chance for the means of their operation.

No one will be so rash as to assert that there yet exists a sufficiency of educational agencies in England. For the rich classes, who can afford to pay for education, there are excellent schools enough. But for the poorer

classes, the schools, besides being of the most miserable quality, are deficient in a shameful degree. The fact annually published in the Registrar-General's report, that of all the adults married in England, only about one-half can write their own names at marriage, is altogether disgraceful to a country that boasts itself as the richest in the world! Our population increases faster than our educational agencies; and the result is, that of the criminals convicted in our public courts, the numbers who can neither read nor write, or who can read and write imperfectly, are increasing rather than diminishing.

It is this ignorance which prevails among the lower strata of our population, which renders them so powerless for good, and so omnipotent for evil. For though knowledge is power, ignorance is power too; but whereas the one is divine, the other is diabolic. The power of ignorance is frightfully exhibited in our courts of law, in our Union workhouses, in our palace-gaols and penitentiaries; in our gin palaces and beer-shops, with their tens of thousands of votaries. It is seen in the flaming rick-yard, in the poacher's midnight foray, in the brutal mal-treatment of the young and defenceless, in the poisoning and murder, in the theft and burglary, the records of which in our newspapers are so disgraceful to our country. And while ignorance is thus powerful for evil, it is utterly powerless for good. It is a soil which can bring forth nothing but evil. The unenlightened man, left to the mere law of instinct, perverted by the vices, but unimproved by the virtues of civilization, is always ready to be the agent of mischief. He knows no better. Poverty, the child of ignorance, has held him fast in his grasp, and denied him the means of mental culture; and society, his cruel step-father, has turned a deaf ear to his claims for education. Society, whose duty it is to see to the adequate culture of the minds of all its members, has grossly neglected the education of the poor; and society has to pay the penalty in the shape of workhouses, prisons, policemen, and convict-ships. Having denied justice, it sits in fear, lest the miserable victims of its neglect should turn again and rend it.

The whole subject of National education has been brought under the notice of the reading public in the admirable work, quoted at the head of this article. Mr. Kay is entitled to speak *ex cathedrâ* on this question. He has dèvoted himself to it, and made it the business of his life. During the last eight years he has done nothing else than study and investigate the subject in all its bearings, as concerns those countries in which the education of the people has formed a part of their national policy, as well as in England, where the education of the people has been neglected, or left to the mere chance and fitful efforts of the various religious sects. The contrast which he draws is most discreditable to us. He admits, that as regards luxury, and all the appliances of wealth—palaces, magazines of commerce, shops, warehouses, cities, and towns—no country in the world is comparable to England!

"If (he says) the object of Government is to create an enormously wealthy class, and to raise to the highest point of civilization about one-fifth of the nation, while it leaves nearly three-fifths of the nation sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance, hopelessness, and degradation, then the system hitherto pursued in Great Britain is perfect; for the classes of our aristocracy, our landed gentry, our merchants, manufacturers, and richer tradespeople, are wealthier, more refined in their tastes, more active and enterprising, more intelligent, and consequently more prosperous, than the corresponding classes of any other country in the world.

"But, if we have enormous wealth, we ought to remember that we have enormous pauperism also; if we have middle classes richer and more intelligent than those of any other country in the world, we have poor classes, *forming the majority of the people of this country*, more ignorant, more pauperized, and more morally degraded than the poorer classes of most of the countries of Western Europe. And here it is where Englishmen might well afford sometimes to forget their pride in their own country, and to learn a lesson from other lands."

Elsewhere he says, "Could we regard the poor as only the machines, by which we were to create our wealth, even then I should doubt whether we should be economically prudent to be so careless, as we now are, about the condition of the machines? But when we regard them as immortal beings of the same origin, and created for the same destiny as the richer and more intelligent classes of society, then such a system as the one we now maintain appears to be, not only open to economical objections, but reprehensible and obnoxious on far higher and more serious grounds."

Mr. Kay proceeds to show in his first volume, how the abolition of the feudal laws, as regards land, in Germany, France, and other continental countries, by enabling the peasants to become proprietors, and farmers of land, on their own account,—at the same time that they have been provided with a most efficient secular education in the public schools, have contributed greatly to raise them in the social scale, and to render their condition in all respects, happier, more intelligent, and more prosperous, than that of the peasants and operatives of England; and that whereas the latter are still struggling in the deepest ignorance, pauperism, and moral degradation, the continental operatives and peasants are steadily and progressively advancing in all respects as intelligent and civilized beings. He refers to Ireland as the blackest of all the spots in the British system—where the feudal laws, as regards land, and the ignorance and wretchedness of the people, have reached their climax; but he sees the same influences at work in England, and infers precisely the same results, unless we make haste to alter the laws of landed property, and admit the mass of the people to the blessings and advantages of secular knowledge. The old feudal laws still prevail in some parts of Germany; as for instance in Bohemia, where the spirit of wholesome change has not yet been allowed to penetrate; and there the condition of the Bohemian peasants precisely resembles that of the English and Irish peasants. The land there is divided among the great nobles, who leave their estates in the hands of agents, and carry off all their rents to spend them in the distant metropolis of Vienna; the peasants are left to be fleeced, and to the companionship of their ignorance and wretchedness.

"I travelled," says Mr. Kay, "through one part of Bohemia with a Saxon. He pointed out the beggars to me, and the poor dress of the peasants, and said with pride, 'You will not see such sights in *my* country, Sir. Our peasants are owners of their own little estates, and have been steadily improving in their social condition ever since we repealed our entail laws and allowed the land to be subdivided among them, and ever since we began to educate the children as we now educate them. Our people are all well-educated, have got libraries in their villages, and are contented, because they are intelligent, and know that their success in life depends upon their own exertions, and that there is nothing to prevent their succeeding if they are only prudent. But these poor Bohemians have no strong stimulus to be prudent and industrious, for they have no interest in the soil; they are the serfs of the great lords at Vienna.'"

Such is the point which Mr. Kay illustrates and proves to our complete satisfaction in his first volume. Referring to the revolutions of 1848, he points to the general good conduct of the people, to their general forbearance, and steady behaviour, at a time when overturning a despotism of the most hateful character, as proofs of the beneficial results of their previous course of education in the schools. The turbulent and rebellious were found only in the great cities: in the country, where

nearly every peasant was an owner of property, the prevailing element was conservative. These men are now, for the most part, all admitted to the exercise of the suffrage, and Mr. Kay's opinion is, that "there is no people on the face of the earth, morally and intellectually considered, so well fitted for, and so deserving of real liberty, as the Germans. All classes of the inhabitants of Prussia and Saxony are as far advanced in the scale of civilization as our shopkeeping classes. All they require is experience in the exercise of political privileges," which are, indeed, entirely new to them.

Mr. Kay contrasts the superior circumstances in which the German working man's child is brought up—the clean and orderly school, superintended by some learned and gentlemanly teacher, where he acquires the rudiments of useful knowledge, and receives the principles of religion and morality—besides gaining confirmed health and physical energy, by the regular exercise and drill of the school play-ground,—with the idle and untended children which one meets with in such numbers in the back streets and courts of all our large towns and cities, grovelling in the gutters, receiving no education whatever, except it be at some Sunday school, where the teaching is of the most imperfect character; but for the other six days of the week strolling about at will, acquiring dirty, indolent habits, cursing, fighting, gambling, learning to drink and steal, and commit crimes of all sorts,—of which class of unfortunate and neglected children, Lord Ashley informs us, that there are no fewer than 30,000 in London alone. In the country it is little better. Schools are few in number, and the teachers are, for the most part, individuals who have failed in all other pursuits. A man who has lost his trade, failed in business, become lamed by accident, takes to teaching, and no one disputes his qualifications.

The mischiefs of the early neglect of your children are returned upon society in many ways. Children grow up to adult years in ignorance. They are unable to make a living, or to improve their condition. They do not understand their own interests, or know how to make the most of their resources. Many of them thus fall upon the parish, and the public has to support them. But their animal instincts are strong by nature; and are uncorrected by mental elevation. They obey their instincts, without any forethought, or consideration for the future; they marry young, and children are born to tread the same path of misery and poverty as their parents. The denser the ignorance of the population, the younger do they marry; the more educated, and consequently thoughtful, the longer do they delay this, the most important step in life. In England more men and women are married at the age of twenty, than at any other age; whereas in Prussia, the average age is from thirty to thirty-five. Men there do not enter into the married state until they have made a careful provision for the support of their family. But our ignorant classes have no forethought,—think not of the future comfort of either themselves, their wives, or their children. They marry, and the burden of our poor-rates indicates the result. Society has thus to pay a price for its own neglect of the education of the people. It is invariably observed abroad, that in those districts where the popular intelligence is the highest, the poor-rates are the lowest; and in no continental country where the people are educated, are the poor-rates anything like so heavy as they are in uneducated England. On the contrary, they are in all those countries remarkably light.

Another evil consequence is the fact, strongly stated by Mr. Kay, that the greatest part of the immorality and crime of this country is the direct and immediate effect of the utter neglect of the education of the people. Mr. Porter states that it was ascertained from the criminal returns of ten years, that 90 in 100 of all the criminals were *uninstructed* persons; that out of 252,544 individuals, only 1,085 persons had enjoyed the advantages of instruction beyond the elementary degree, and only 22,159 had mastered, without advancing beyond, the arts of reading, and writing. The most cursory glance at these figures must carry conviction to every mind, that instruction has power to restrain men from the commission of crimes—of such a nature, at least, as will bring them before a bar of justice. It may be noted, that notwithstanding the efficiency of the continental police, there is nothing comparable to this enormous amount of crime in any continental country. *They* begin by educating their children, and cultivating their minds and morals so that they may grow up intelligent and well-conducted men; *we* neglect our poor children altogether, allowing them to grow up with criminal tendencies, and reserve all our magnificent liberality for the erection of palace-gaols, splendid penitentiaries, model prisons, and courts of justice. Which is the wiser and more christian course, we need scarcely say.

There are numerous other evil results of the existing popular ignorance, of which drunkenness, which is the fruitful parent of all immorality, is one of the worst features. An ignorant man has no taste for innocent amusements: he cannot enjoy dancing or music as the German labourer does: he cannot read his book or his newspaper: his tastes are level only to the meanest pleasures, those of the stomach and the excited brain. He drinks and sots, and thus sinks lower and lower into the abyss of ignorance and misery. He has no love of home, and is satisfied with a wretched dwelling, in which his children are dragged up to lead the same dull routine of animal life. He has no notion of domestic comforts, or of that proper separation of the sexes compatible with the preservation of modesty and virtue, and the consequence is that the children whom he gives to society are depraved and blighted beings, most likely some day to prove curses to it rather than blessings. To quote again from Mr. Kay's book:—

"Brought up in the darkness of barbarism, they have no idea that it is possible for them to attain any higher condition; they are not even sentient enough to desire, with any strength of feeling, to change their situation; they are not intelligent enough to be perseveringly discontented; they are not sensible to what we call the voice of conscience; they do not understand the necessity of avoiding crime, beyond the mere fear of the police and a gaol; they do not in the least comprehend, that what is the interest of society is their own also; they do not in the least understand the meaning, necessity, or effect, of the laws; they have unclear, indefinite, and undefinable ideas of all around them; they eat, drink, breed, work, and die. And while they pass through their brute-like existence here, the richer and more intelligent classes are obliged to guard them with police and standing armies, and to cover the land with prisons, cages, and all kinds of receptacles for those, who in their thoughtlessness or misery disturb the quiet and happiness of their more intelligent, and consequently more moral and prosperous neighbours, by plunder, assault, or any other deed, which law is obliged, for the sake of the existence of society, to designate a 'crime,' although most of those who commit it do not in the least comprehend its criminality."

In the face of so wretched a state of things,—and those who would know the horrors of the picture in all its details, need only peruse the recent reports in the *Morning Chronicle*—in the face of such a condition of things, it seems to us sheer drivel to talk of the sufficiency of the voluntary and benevolent efforts of a portion of society to cope with and remedy it. Society has been left almost entirely to such efforts heretofore, and what is the result? Why, that almost *one-half* of our poor neither read nor write, have never been in any school, and know little, or positively nothing, of the doctrines of

the Christian religion, of moral duties, or of any higher pleasures than beer or spirit-drinking and the grossest sensual indulgence; and that, of the other half, the partially-instructed, their education has been of the most miserable and imperfect kind, as is sufficiently proved by the annual reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. How much longer are we to wait for the issue of these benevolent experiments? Have they not had trial sufficient, and have they not egregiously failed?

To one conclusion only can we arrive—that it is the urgent and serious duty of the middle and upper classes, those classes who are in the actual enjoyment of knowledge and of political power, to devise and carry into effect without delay, a large measure of education for the whole nation; and until they have done this, the charge of grossly-neglected duty, of shameful disregard of the well-being of the poorer classes, will lie at their doors, and the mischiefs which flow from such neglect will never cease to haunt and appal them.

SCOTS GREYS ON THE MARCH.

Our march from Brighton to Birmingham occupied eight, nine, or ten days. I had seen but little of rural England before that time; and though that was but a glimpse, compared with what I have since seen, it was fresh, vivid, and impressive. I retain it to this day distinctly; and can at will, sitting by the hearth, looking dreamily into the fire, or vacantly upon a book, draw out the whole line of country before me; the villages, road-side inns, half-way houses where we halted to rest, swinging sign-boards, village greens, broad commons, cross roads, finger-posts, travellers journeying with us and telling where a gibbet once was, where some highwayman—still a hero of tradition—once ruled the road, and robbed the high sheriff, or villagers shrinking out of sight with the recollection of the swing riots of 1830 and 1831 still fresh,—with the dread still upon them of the special commission, accompanied by soldiers, which had consigned a few to the gallows, many to the hulks, and had probably missed the chiefs who fired the rick-yards or led the multitudes to break the thrashing mills—some of these chiefs now look upon us from a distance without any desire to come nearer. Other villagers, where no riots or swing fires had been and no fears for troops of cavalry were felt, came out to be critical on the horses, and to approve of the long swords, the carbines, the bright scarlet, the black bear-skin on the men's heads, and the white feathers on the bear-skin. They stood, and I can see them standing now, on the play-worn ground beside the parish stocks, in front of the churchyard walls. Behind them the churches, venerable and grey, not always with lofty spires, conspicuously upraised to heaven, but oftener lowly, and half concealed among the trees, as if retreating there for prayer and humble worship; the trees, with the dead of many generations under their roots, bearing on their branches, one might suppose as fruit, a young generation of miniature men in round white hats, smock frocks, leather leggings, and laced up boots; the fathers and elder brothers of these miniature men thus clustered on the trees, standing in round white hats, smock frocks, leather leggings, and laced-up boots, as if they had dropped from the trees when they grew large and heavy: all were out to look at the soldiers—who taking cross country roads went through villages where soldiers are seldom seen, and where a regiment mounted on grey horses was never before seen. Women also and babies were out. And laughing little maids, the future brides and mothers of rural England, climbed on the gates and stiles to see; and hearing the boys in the tree call, "Soldier, give I that long sword, wilt thee soldier?" cried "Soldier, take I on that horse with the long white tail, wilt thee, soldier?" And gentlemen and ladies from the mansions, that stood within the wooded parks, walked out to look upon the unusual sight. So did grave vicars, and rectors, and their servants from vicarage and rectory, look out when the trumpets or the band played. And when the rear came up, they inquired where we were going—were the swing rioters abroad again? The village live stock upon the commons, dogs, hogs, and asses; and old horses, which had once been in military service, now capered when they heard the trumpets, as if young again; all were set astir by the marching of a regiment among them. The cows hobbled to the farthest side of the common, having no sympathy for bright scarlet or kettle drums. And the geese, which had survived the killing and the roasting at Christmas, sheered off and faced round at a distance to hiss us, as if they were disloyal geese hissing a regiment of royal dragoons, or as if they knew that we being Scotch dragoons, were ignorant of roast goose.—*A. Sommerville.*

LYING IN BED AWAKE.

Nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, or studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed after one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time; it necessarily thickens the juices, enervates the solids, and weakens the constitution. A free open air is a kind of a cold bath, especially after rising out of a warm bed, and consequently makes the circulation brisker and more complete, and braces up the solids, which lying in bed dissolves, and soaks in moisture. The erect posture and the activity of watching make the perspiration more plentiful, and the gross evacuations more readily thrown off. This is evident from the appetite and hunger those that rise early feel, beyond that which they get by lying long in bed. Add to all these the influence of the fresh benign morning air—the retreating of all the noxious damps and vapours of the night, together with the clouds and heaviness that are thrown upon the brain from sleep; and lastly, that cheerfulness and alacrity that is felt by the approach, or presence of the glorious luminary the sun, which adds a true force to the heart, and gives a spur to the lagging and jaded spirits.—*Cheyne on Health.*

RELATIONS BETWEEN NATURE AND ART.

The gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, on a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of Nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane, still reproduced its forms, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce. The gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perpective of vegetable beauty.—*Emerson's Essay on History.*

FASHION—a power as invisible and as despotic as the grand Llama of Thibet. Her mandates, of which the origin is utterly unknown are nevertheless understood and communicated by some inscrutable instinct, and obeyed with still more inexplicable and unenquiring submission

AN ANECDOTE,

In which 'tis stated, how painters may be bored and baited; and how when floored by conduct strange, they may get up and give the change.

A PAINTER in his studio sat
Midst works of art and things of that
Diversified description, which
An artist's studio should enrich,
Midst heaps of canvas, paints and pencils,
Pots and pans, and strange utensils,
Gold and glitter, dirt and dust,
Picture, print, and plaster bust;
Threadbare sketches done in chalk,
And portraits looking fit to talk.
There sat the painter throned in litter,
And there his client, subject, sitter,
Or what (I'm hardly well acquainted),
They call a man who's being painted.
And where that three-legged thing of wood,
All legs and pegs (the easel), stood,
High propped upon its steep incline
A canvas square gave ample sign,
Of being very shortly meant
To show the portrait of the gent—
Tleman (I mean), who sat him there
Recumbent in an easy chair.
Right busily the artist plied
His pencil o'er the sticky paint,
No skilful touch was left untried,
No feature seemed to bear complaint;
And now the painter paused and took
His last long scrutinizing look,
Then threw some flakes of light at hazard,
To make the hair look well Macassar'd;
Dabbed a few buttons on the clothes,
And stuck the shade beneath the nose;
Each little imperfection mended,
He bowed to tell his work was ended.
Up rose the sitter from his seat,
Smiling to see the task complete;
"And really now the thing does strike me
As most ridiculously like me.
And pray, Sir Joshua, pray sir, pray,
What figure may I have to pay?"
"Why, fifty guineas, sir" (said he),
Half whispering his little fee,
And touching up some slender speck
Of paint. His client wrote a check,
Handed the money with a bow,
And said, "Sir Joshua, really now
You must excuse me if I say
You've earned it in an easy way."
"Sir," (said the knight) "'tis doubtful whether
I understand you altogether."
"Why, what I mean is simply this,
Your claim is not at all amiss;
Of course it not the slightest sin is
Fixing your fee at fifty guineas;
But still it seems (I meant to tell),
For three hours' work you're paid right well."
"Three hours!" (the indignant painter cried),
"Three hours! aye, sir, and what beside?
That portrait, sir, which yonder stands,
The task of toil-worn head and hands,
In my more thoughtful view appears
The time-wrought work of *thirty years!*
Long years of toil and anxious thought,
To earn the skill, oft dearly bought;
All this you seem to count as nought.
'Tis hardly won in manhood's prime,
The art to paint a head like that, sir.
This is *my* estimate of time,
And so good morning—there's your hat, sir."

PABLO.

DIAMOND DUST.

WHATEVER may be the native vigour of the mind, she can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells.

COMPETENCY—a financial horizon, which recedes as we advance.

THE honester a man, the easier cheated. Nothing is so difficult to impose upon as an impostor.

THE refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals.

VICES sometimes, but virtues often, make men appear ridiculous.

SUSPICION is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious, will quickly be corrupt.

INNOVATION — the unanswerable objection waged against all improvement.

AGAINST the great superiority of another, there is no resource but love.

SIMPLICITY is one of the striking characteristics of real genius.

MUSIC is a prophesy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing.

A WORD spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.

JEALOUSY—tormenting yourself, for fear you should be tormented by another.

THERE is no necessary connection between genius and an aversion or contempt for any of the common duties of life. To spend some fair portion of every day in any matter of fact occupation is good for the higher faculties.

FANATICISM—the daughter of ignorance, and the mother of infidelity.

THE future is purchased by the present.

THERE is no necessity to make the tour of the world in order to convince oneself that the sky is everywhere blue.

WE possess only that which we comprehend.

CHANGE—the only thing which is constant; mutability being an immutable law of the universe.

FEW men feel joyous and light-hearted, and remain utterly selfish; they must communicate their feelings.

WHEN good-will goes gadding, he must not be surprised if ill-will sometimes meets him on the way.

CONFIDENCE may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be.

GREAT places are great burdens; distinguished conditions in life exact great servitude.

THE author dreads the critic; the miser the thief; the criminal the judge; the horse the whip; and the lamb the wolf—all after their kind.

MERIT is mostly discovered by accident, and rewarded by destiny.

NATURE has put a considerable share of iron in the blood, but no gold.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 4, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, September 21, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 74.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

OUR MOURNING CUSTOMS.

When woes are feigned, how ill such forms appear,
And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere.
CRABBE.

How can we best show a tender respect for the departed dead? Surely, by cherishing the memory of them in our hearts, by living as if their spirit still hovered around us to bless us, and by consecrating our lives to noble work and action, as if they were still present to cheer us on in the performance of our duty. What needs there more than this? Respect for their ashes! lay them down gently in their cold resting place, away from the bustle and hum of men, where they may repose in peace, undisturbed by the sacrilegious spade of the city sexton, and secure against the horrible shovelling about, and carting away of their mouldered remains, such as is daily witnessed in our crammed burying grounds in the heart of our densely crowded towns and cities. Assuredly, this practice is neither consistent with a proper respect for the ashes of the dead, nor with a due regard for the health of the living; and society will not have done its duty, and vindicated its character, until it have carried into effect a comprehensive system of extramural interment.

But there needs a reform in our mourning customs as well as in our burying grounds. In no respect, can the vanity and pageantry of human life be more out of place than in the pompous celebration of the obsequies of the dead. How foolish is the parade of fashion then! How idle the mummery of the undertaker's hired grief, and the feigned woe of the mutes, sawlies, and plume bearers, who are paid for their day's parade. But it might be said that a stinted expenditure in the funeral exhibition would indicate a "want of respect" for the departed. Ah! how we fear that foolish Mrs. Grundy! It is to please *her* that all these cloaks, hatbands, and scarves, mourning coaches, gilded hearses, and processions of mutes, are hired; it is to find favour in *her* eyes that these fat black horses, laden with plumes, are led forth, and that we willingly yield ourselves up a prey to the undertaker.

It is a notorious fact, that greater extortion of all kinds is practised by those in the funereal "profession" than in any other that can be named. Who could higgle with an undertaker about the price of a husband's or a son's funeral? In nearly all such cases, the undertaker assumes *carte blanche*; the grief in which the head of a family is usually plunged disables him or her from interfering. "Everything that is proper" is done, and an immense deal that is improper, but which there is no one to check. A frightful bill of expenses is run up, which is paid, as such bills are usually paid, without examination; for the subject is a most painful one, and we hurry from it as a relief. But it sometimes happens that the useless, and expensive display, which the undertaker has indulged in, has been at the expense of the family creditors, and it very often happens that the charge is one that can with the greatest difficulty be borne by the survivors of the departed. In the case of the head of the family removed by death, the expenditure is uselessly incurred, at the very time when the survivors are the least able to endure it. What comfort is it to a bereaved widow, or to a family of fatherless children, that from £500 to £1000 have been expended on a fashionable funeral, when the bread-winner himself has gone? Would not the means which have so foolishly been expended in paying an empty honour to the dead, have been much better applied in being reserved for the comfort and maintenance of the living?

It is not, however, among the wealthy upper classes that the evils of this useless and expensive funeral mummery are felt, so much as among the middle and working classes. The evil propagates itself downwards throughout society. An expensive funeral is held to be "respectable." Middle class people, who are struggling for front places in society, make an effort to rise into the region of mutes, and nodding plumes; and, like their "betters," they are victimized by undertakers. These fix the fashion for the rest; "we must do as others do;" all submit to pay the tax. They array themselves, friends, and servants, in mourning; and a respectable funeral is thus purchased. "At such a time," says a writer in the *Times*, "the tradesman has matters in his own hands. How is a wretched widow, in the midst of her sobs and agony, to cheapen black gloves, and weepers, and similar trash, which the taste of an undertaker suggests, and the folly of the public accepts 'as the trappings and the suits of woe.' Can orphan children, just deprived of the protecting hand of a parent, who had hitherto stood between them and the trials and struggles of the world, take their first plunge into life by haggling with a tradesman upon the number of black horses that are to caper at the funeral? It is at such a moment when, in thousands and thousands of cases, every pound and every shilling is of consequence to the survivors that the little ready money that can be scraped together is lavished, without a question, upon a vulgar pageant on which the eyes of the mourners are too heavy to gaze, and from which a casual passer-by turns aside with disgust. It would be no immoderate calculation which should reckon by millions the money annually wasted in England upon those absurd funeral exhibitions. Think what a sum of money is thus wasted—think of the class of persons from whom it is drawn—of the unfair advantage taken of the distraction of their minds—and of the order of tradesmen who are the only persons benefited by these pitiable exhibitions of vulgarity and folly."

Among the less wealthy classes, interment is often delayed from the difficulty of raising money for the funers

expenses; for mourners have to be hired and paid, and expensive clothes have to be provided. The heavy dues on funerals in London also considerably add to the expenses. Very often a poor widow and her family are crippled in their means for life by the funeral of her husband. "An ordinary funeral," said Mr. Wild, an undertaker, in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, "an ordinary funeral, burial fees and all, will cost from £50 to £70, which will deprive her of £5 a year from ten to fourteen years, besides the interest." This is the average expense of the ordinary funerals of the middle classes. And then, think of the mummery represented by the officials attending; the array is that of a baronial funeral; the two mutes who stand at the doors being supposed to represent the two porters of the castle, with their staves, in black; the man who heads the procession, waving a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire, who bears the shield and casque, with its plume of feathers; the pall-bearers with batons, being knights-companions-at-arms; and the men walking with wands being supposed to represent gentlemen-ushers, with their wands!

The same evil propagates itself downwards in society; the working classes suffering equally with the middle classes, in proportion to their means. The average cost of a tradesman's funeral in England is about fifty pounds; of a mechanic, or labourer, it ranges from five pounds to ten pounds. In Scotland, funeral expenses are considerably lower. The desire to secure respectable interment for departed relatives is a strong and widely-diffused feeling among our labouring population; and it does them great honour. They will subscribe for this purpose, when they will for no other. The largest of all working-men's clubs are burial clubs. There is one society of this kind in Liverpool, containing forty-seven thousand members, and three others containing thirty-six thousand members. Similar societies are to be found in nearly all our towns and villages; they are more generally supported than benefit clubs, whose object it is to make a provision for the living, in the shape of sick relief, and medical attendance during illness. In those clubs £10 is usually allowed for the funeral of a husband, and £5 for the funeral of a wife. There are also Children's Burial Clubs, which are extensively supported.

These burial clubs are not free from abuses of various kinds. Sometimes they are got up by small undertakers, sometimes by public-house-keepers, who both derive considerable profits out of the society—the former from the funerals, the latter from the drinkings which precede and follow them. A large amount of money is also spent on decorations, on mutes, and undertakers' men, which might be better employed. As much as fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty pounds, are occasionally expended on a mechanic's funeral, in cases where the deceased has been a member of several clubs, on which occasions the undertakers meet, and "settle" between them their several shares in the performance of the funeral. The occasion of a funeral of this kind occurring is looked forward to in some districts in a very different light, from that in which such an event ought to be regarded; the "stir" and parade which it causes, and the drinking which attends it, are but a repetition of the same folly which characterizes the funerals of the upper classes. It is not unusual to insure a child's life in four or five of these burial clubs; and we have heard of a case, where one man had insured payments in no fewer than nineteen different burial clubs in Manchester! The allowance in event of a child's death varies from £3 to £5; whereas the actual *cost* of the child's funeral may be only 30s. Is there not reason to fear that in some cases, the high gains realized on the death of a child so insured, may act as a bounty on neglect and infanticide—especially on minds depraved by intemperance or bad example?

When the working-man, in whose family a death has occurred, does not happen to be a member of a burial club, he is still governed by their examples, and has to tax himself seriously to comply with the usages of society, and give to his wife or child a respectable funeral. Where it is the father of the family himself, who has fallen a victim, the case is still harder. Perhaps all the savings of his life are spent in providing mourning for the wife and children at his death. Such an expense, at such a time, is ruinous; and it is altogether unjustifiable. Does putting on garments of a certain colour constitute true mourning? Is it not in the heart, and the affections, rather than on the outside of the person? Is not the practice merely a compliance with custom and fashion, and without any foundation in reason or religious authority? Bingham, speaking of the primitive Christians, states, "that they did not condemn the notion of going into a mourning habit for the dead, nor yet much approve of it, but left it to all men's liberty as an indifferent thing, rather commending those that either omitted it wholly, or in short laid it aside again, as *acting more according to the bravery and philosophy of a Christian.*" Yet, convinced though we may be of the uselessness of the practice of external mourning, how difficult is it to *act out* our convictions in this matter! It were easier to stand out on the battlefield against vomited fire, and a storm of bullets, than have the fashion, the sneers, the opinion of "the world" against us. Then, the occasion is usually one on which we dare the least to incur the charge of want of respect for departed friends. We shrink back, and play the coward, like our neighbours!

Still, common sense, repeatedly expressed, will have its own weight; and, in course of time, cannot fail to modify the fashions of society. The last act of the lamented Queen Adelaide, by which she dispensed with the hired mummery of undertakers' grief; and the equally characteristic request of Sir Robert Peel on his death bed, that no ceremony, nor pomp, should attend his last obsequies, cannot fail in having their due effect on the fashionable world; and through them, the middle classes, who are so disposed to imitate them in all things, will in time benefit by the examples. There is also, we believe, a growing disposition on the part of the people at large, to avoid the unmeaning displays we refer to; and it only needs the repeated and decided expression of public opinion, to effect a large measure of beneficial reform in this direction.

The waste now annually incurred on funerals would make thousands of destitute families comfortable; would suffice, in the metropolis, according to Edwin Chadwick, "for the endowment of educational and other institutions that would go far to retrieve the condition of the poorer classes. The waste of two years in the metropolis would suffice for the erection of a magnificent cathedral, and of a third year for its ample endowment.

Societies have already been established in the United States, the members of which engage to disuse mournings themselves, and to discountenance the use of them in others. It is, perhaps, only by association, and the power of numbers, that this reform is to be accomplished; for individuals here and there could scarcely be expected to make way against the deeply-rooted prejudices on this subject of the community at large

THE MOTHER'S DEFENCE OF HOME.

A MORE beautiful and quiet scene than the clearing on the Elkhorn, which smiled and sparkled in the light of a cloudless sunrise, on the 27th of April, 1792, could not have been found between Kentucky river and the mountains. A rude, but strongly-built log-cabin—half dwel-

ling, half fortalice—was the most conspicuous object in the foreground.

A stream, the Elkhorn, too large to be called a creek, yet scarcely broad and deep enough (except during a freshet) to be considered a river, its sloping bank clothed in the tender green of early spring, swept with rapid current within half a rifle-shot of the cabin. The entire clearing consisted of about forty acres, girdled on every side by the dense forest, except on the east, where a broad opening appeared, and the "blazed" outline of a road was visible for a rod or two, leading, apparently, to some adjacent settlement. The location was only three or four miles from Frankfort, then a small village, about two miles from the nearest point on the Kentucky river, of which the Elkhorn is a tributary. Within the cleared area, labour had done much. The axe, which had let the sunlight into the heart of the wilderness, had been promptly followed by the plough. The barns and corn-cribs were filled to overflowing, and the green blades, glistening with dew that covered the southern slope, gave promise of another abundant harvest.

The cabin was of double the usual size, for it contained two families. Its occupants were two brothers, Hosea and Jesse Cook, their wives and children, and a youth of seventeen, named John McAndre, who assisted the Cooks in their farm work. The two brothers were originally from Connecticut, but had emigrated to Kentucky some years before the time at which our narrative opens. Nearly four years had elapsed since they had settled on the Elkhorn, and during the whole of that time they had seen but one Indian.

Hosea's household consisted of his wife, Miriam, like himself, a native of New England—a woman of commanding stature and great personal strength—and their daughter Alice, a fair, golden-haired beauty, with a face that smiled all over, then in her sixteenth year. Hope, the wife of Jesse Cook, was a rosy, comely daughter of Virginia, much younger than her sister-in-law, with two boys of six, and three years old, at her apron-string. Young McAndre was a fine, hardy young huntsman, whose father had been killed in a rencontre with a party of Wyandots, near the Blue Licks, in that memorable era of the frontier wars of the west, the year 1782.

Just as the sun's red disc became visible above the upper line of the forest to the east, the door of the cabin opened, and the brothers passed out. The scene spread before them was one of perfect repose. The morning mist had already lifted from the stream, and was sailing slowly upward, while not a breath stirred to shake the pendent moisture from the leaves, or ripple the surface of the swiftly-gliding water. But the Cooks were not the men to look upon a landscape with a poet or a painter's eye, and with the simple observation that it was a fine growing morning, the elder, Hosea, shouldered his axe, and, followed by his brother, walked to a pile of chestnut timber, a few rods west of the house, where they had been engaged the preceding day in splitting out fence-rails.

They were both unarmed, and would have laughed at the idea of carrying weapons to protect themselves against the Indians, so confident had their long exemption from attack or molestation rendered them. But their dream of security was destined to be suddenly and awfully broken. They had not struck twenty blows with their axes, when a dozen rifles,

"Too nearly, deadly aimed, to err,"

cracked from a clump of maples, about forty yards in advance of the nearest point of woods, and Hosea Cook, who was in the act of chopping, sprang like a ball into the air, and straightening as he descended, fell with his face upward, dead.

Jesse, although struck with three bullets, and mortally wounded, started in a staggering run for the cabin, and fell a few feet from the door, at the very moment that thirteen Wyandots, painted and plumed for war, leaped forth with a whoop of demoniac exultation. For one moment the inmates of the cabin were panic-stricken; but in the next, the youth, McAndre, had rushed out for the purpose of bringing in the wounded man. He seized him by the shoulders, and was in the act of dragging him towards the threshold, when an old Indian, who had reserved his charge when the volley was fired, took deliberate aim at the young man, and shot him through the brain. He fell dead across the body of Jesse Cook.

Had the savages rushed upon the cabin at that moment they would have encountered no resistance; the door was open, and the women completely unnerved by the horror of the scene; but the savages stopped, when they reached the body of Hosea Cook, to scalp their victim. They knew that all the males of the household had fallen, and that it was utterly impossible for the women and children to escape. As to any attempt at defence, they did not dream of that.

The three females who, with their arms outstretched towards the bleeding bodies of their fallen protectors, and eyes dilated with horror, stood huddled together on the threshold, felt rather than saw that their only chance of avoiding immediate massacre was, in availing themselves of the brief respite which the blood-thirsty malignity of the savages allowed them. Rushing from the cabin, Miriam Cook grasped the corpse of her brother-in-law in her powerful arms, while, at the same instant, Hope and Alice seized each an arm of the unfortunate youth, McAndre, and in the next instant they had darted back again with their burdens, and closed and barred the door. The cabin was a solid structure, built of immense logs of chestnut and oak, completely impervious to rifle or musket-shot, except at three or four points, where narrow loop-holes had been left, for the convenience of reconnoitring or firing upon an enemy. The holes were about three feet from the ground, and barely large enough to admit of the play of a rifle barrel, so as to command the whole front of the building. The door was formed of two thicknesses of heavy white-oak plank, equally impenetrable by bullets, and when secured by the solid bar inside, was almost as impregnable as the walls of the cabin itself. Having deposited their dead upon the cabin floor, Miriam, Hope, and Alice began to prepare for a vigorous defence. Their faces no longer wore an expression of terror. The brows of the two matrons were knitted with fierce determination, and their eyes sparkled with the instinct of revenge. Alice was no longer the timid and gentle maiden of yesterday. Her lover, (for she had given her whole heart, and was soon to have given her hand to young McAndre) and her beloved father lay dead before her, side by side; and the red demons were in the very act of scalping and mutilating the body of the uncle outside; and something of the tigress flashed even in *her* eyes, half-blinded as they were by tears. The two children alone exhibited signs of fear, but it was only perceptible in blanched faces and quivering limbs. They neither shrieked nor wept, but sat in a corner of the cabin, with their arms locked together, watching the movements of the females, as they piled chests, and benches, and fire-wood against the door, in order to strengthen the weakest points of defence.

Miriam Cook was the first to speak. After assisting to secure the door, she knelt down at one of the loop-holes to reconnoitre. At the very instant when she applied her eye to the aperture, the group of savages, who had been engaged in stripping the body of her husband, and hacking it with knives and tomahawks, opened on the right and left; and a brawny fellow, in the war-trappings of a chief, advanced two or three steps, and shook the bloody scalp derisively above his head, while the whole party joined in an infernal yell of scorn and exultation.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted, and springing to

her feet, and rushing across the cabin, she tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall; but, on trying the piece with the ramrod, it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing except musket-balls, which her husband had purchased at Frankfort a few days before, intending to run them into balls suitable for his rifle. The powder-horn was full; but of what use was powder without ball? Dropping the weapon, she wrung her hands in despair. Suddenly a thought struck her; she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion bit it clean in two! Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle, protruding through the aperture, covered the body of the chief, now advancing at the head of his party, towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle-sight, as the sunshine fell upon it, and he stopped; but before he had time to make a rush for cover, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the discharge cleared away, she saw him reeling backward and clutching at the air, in the vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands wildly above his head, and whirling quickly round, fell upon his face. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam, as she saw the effect of the avenging shot; and then withdrawing from the loop-hole, she commenced recharging the rifle.

The savages remained motionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment, and then lifting the body of the chief, withdrew hastily to a more respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half believed that their peril was over. They were, however, soon undeceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clustered together and appeared for several minutes in close conversation. At the expiration of their pow-wow, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order, and dashed with wild yells, at full speed, towards the dwelling. As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop-hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandot, shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks, with an involuntary shriek of agony. The other eleven kept on, and on reaching the cabin six of them clambered on the roof, while the other five commenced firing at the doors and openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a bright blaze. The destruction of the cabin and inmates now seemed inevitable; but the brave garrison did not despair. There was a hogshead half-filled with water in the house, and Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft. Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below, and as long as it lasted, she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out; while she herself, enveloped and almost suffocated by steam and smoke, was inviaible to the assaulter. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians, observing that the efforts of the besieged were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had burned in the roof, to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing at the moment within a few feet of the opening, and the instant she saw the face of the Indian she whirled the empty bucket round her head, and hurling it with the full swing of her powerful arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the staves. She heard the bones crash, and the victim groan. A moment afterwards he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom then descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two who remained on the roof tearing down the upper logs of the chimney, and presuming that they intended to attempt an entrance that way, she ran down the stairs to prepare for them.

"The feather bed! The feather bed!" she shouted, as she reached the lower room; and this much-prized article of the frontier-man's inventory of household chattels was quickly dragged forth *sans cérémonie* into the huge fire-place. By this time, one of the Indians was fairly in the chimney, and the other about to follow.

"Thrust the lighted brands into it quick!" said Alice, and the next moment clouds of stifling smoke from the burning feathers were ascending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him, and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone. In the meantime, Miriam had again grasped the rifle, and held it clubbed ready for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when she iron-bound point of the breech crashed through his skull. The other Indian, who had caught a whiff of the vapour in time to avoid a like fate, precipitately descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed or disabled, but these casualties only added to the fury of the remainder. They were all well aware that the cabin was occupied with women only, and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of these swarthy savages, than to be baffled by a parcel of squaws. They now furiously assailed the door with their tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fallen down the chimney, Miriam Cook had broken the lock of her husband's rifle, the only gun they had; and now, handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of McAndre, which stood in one corner of the cabin, and prepared for the last extremity. Alice betook herself to a very formidable weapon—the slaughtering-knife of the establishment; and thus armed, the three women ranged themselves on either side of the door, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

In about an hour, the Indians had nearly cut out two planks of the door beneath the bar—a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They now brought a heavy piece of timber from the adjacent pile, and using it as a battering-ram, soon beat in a portion of the door, at the same time driving the articles that had been piled against it into the middle of the cabin. Taught caution by the losses they had already sustained, they did not immediately attempt to enter through the breach, but thrusting in, and crossing the muzzles of their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

Before the sound of the deafening broadside had died away, the feather-crested head of a Wyandot warrior parted the smoke-cloud which obscured the interior; but as he rose from a stooping posture in entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through shoulder and collar-bone clear into his chest. He dropped with a wild cry, half of defiance, and half of agony. Another savage followed, and another, each to sink in turn under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed, but instantly grappling with him, she held him powerless in her arms, while Alice plunged the knife into his body. Of the next two who entered, one was disabled by a blow on the head from the butt of Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by a sweep of Miriam's axe.

Of the thirteen warriors who had left their tribe for the war-path, a few days before, only two were unwounded and capable of service, and they, seized with panic at the havoc made among their companions by the "long-knife squaws," abandoned the siege and fled back to the village. To the wounded they left behind them no quarter was given: to have spared their lives would

have been treason to the dead. Miriam's axe and the knife made short work of them; and this duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfort. The next day, a hundred mounted frontiermen assembled, and after bringing in the bodies of the Cooks and Mc Andre, started for the nearest Wyandot village to take a wholesale revenge.

[There is no exaggeration in the above sketch, the incidents narrated having actually occurred during the border wars of Kentucky, as the reader may convince himself by referring to "Collins' History of Kentucky." The seemingly incredible feat (for a woman especially) of biting in two a musket bullet, is there recorded.]

GENTLE WORDS.

Like glittering pearls from spring-tide showers,
Or sweet perfumes from rosy bowers,
Or, as the bloom on summer flowers,
Are gentle words.

More precious than the honeyed dew
From flowers distilled of saffron hue,
Of rosy tint, or azure blue,
Are gentle words.

More joyous than the merry thrill,
When warbling sounds the woodlands fill,
Of parting streamlet, brook, or rill,
Are gentle words.

Lighter than leaflets of the grove,
Or wings of gossamer that rove
In festive dance by fairies wove,
Are gentle words.

Fairer than Autumn's varied stores,
Or flowing tide that daily pours
Its waves around our sea-girt shores,
Are gentle words.

Lively as Childhood's lambent mirth,
Befitting scenes of heavenly birth,
As lights, to cheer our path on earth,
Are gentle words.

Raddier than the blush that glows,
When village swains their love disclose,
Discoursing sweet, whence joy o'erflows,
Are gentle words.

Mightier far than earth-born power,
To soothe the mind in sorrow's hour;
Like winds, dispelling clouds that lower,
Are gentle words.

Sweeter than music's hallowed strains,
To cheer old age when memory wanes,
And lull to rest its aches and pains,
Are gentle words.

Brighter and purer far than aught
From rich Peru, or China, brought,
Or silken robes in Persia wrought,
Are gentle words.

Holy as Friendship's gifted name,
Burning with bright, unquivering flame,
That on through Time remains the same,
Are gentle words.

Fruitful and holy, bright and fair,
For ever light and debonair,
Jewels of Love that all should wear.
Are gentle words.

J. S. C.

CHANCES, CHANGES, AND CHARACTERS, IN AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

MUCH as usual with some, very differently with others, Miss Mysie scolded and disciplined her household, and the minister droned over his books as heretofore; Nelly that "whuppit the cream," married one of the gentlemen wha suppit the cream; three of Harry's sisters also became wives, one was united to a promising young farmer, that was a grand marriage; two others went to India as soldiers' wives, and died there, one leaving a son. Old Sandie Lorimer added a story to his "but-an'-ben," took a small farm, which his son young Sandie, managed creditably; and Doocotside was sold. Everybody was sorry, but things could not be allowed to go on in such a course for ever, and Sir Harry with his wife and daughters settled at Fécamp, whilst the sons, fortunate in obtaining a writership, and two cadetships, sailed for India. Effie's little fortune was expended in fitting her out for the same destination, but unfortunately, the ship was wrecked off Beachy Head, and the crew and passengers escaped with nothing but their lives. What was now to be done with the poor girl, she could not be a burthen upon her uncle again, and where was money to be found to fit her out a second time, for but £30 remained? In this dilemma she wrote to say, that feeling her education was scarcely such as to enable her to instruct others, and since also, she was not possessed of sufficient humility to endure the slights to which most governesses are exposed, she wished to learn dress-making and millinery; and, if her friends consented would soon make her own way, as she had a decided turn for the employment. She stipulated, however, that she was to go where she was not likely to meet any she had known in happier days; and, accordingly, to make a long story short, was apprenticed to Mrs. Ash, at M——. We scarcely ever go to a new place, or find ourselves amongst total strangers as we suppose, without finding some links that connect us with former acquaintance; and so it was in Effie's case; for, shortly after her arrival at M——, she recognised, in the wife of a rich manufacturer, a vulgar, presuming girl she and her cousins had once met at Larix Ha'; and who even then seemed mightily offended, because, forsooth, not only Miss Eaglescroft, who walked then in white cambric muslin frocks; but their portionless cousin Effie, who was not like them, a baronet's daughter, had been put before her! *She*, who had arrived in her papa's flashy chariot, and whose India muslin frock was profusely trimmed with the richest lace. To Effie's great joy, Mrs. Tomkins did not appear to recognise her particularly, but treated her, as she did all "them milliners' girls," with the most sovereign contempt and hauteur, addressing them as "young woman," "you girl," and keeping them waiting and standing until they were quite tired. Effie, as the youngest, had often to go with messages, a rule at Mrs. Ash's, as they got accustomed to the long sittings by degrees, and did not feel it so much as when an entire change was made from their former mode of life. Mrs. Ash saw plainly that Miss Croft, as Effie called herself, had moved in a far different sphere of life from that of her companions; but, as nothing had been confided to her of her former history, and she came recommended to her by the Rector of the parish, who answered for her respectability, she made no further inquiries. Miss Croft was often sent for to the show-room, where her manners pleased every customer, except Mrs. Tomkins, who became ruder and ruder by degrees, till, one day, after staring at her, she exclaimed, "You think I don't know you, but I do; and, also, that your fine baronet uncle is ruined, and living in beggary abroad, but I suppose you don't remember me." "Perfectly, madam; but had you not done me the honor to notice me, I should not have claimed your acquaintance." "Very properly answered, young woman, and becoming your station," replied Mrs. Tomkins, somewhat mollified, "and as you *have* sat at table with me, perhaps, if you behave well, I may notice you sometimes." Mrs. Tomkins was a perfect Mrs. Malaprop, everlastingly using fine words, which she always misplaced, or altered, and her acquaintance was cultivated by many (who would otherwise have shunned it) for the amusement she afforded them. A friend of mine met her once, and in

the short interval which occurred between arriving to dinner and setting off next day after luncheon; she made, among many minor ones, the following blunders. The company had scarcely sat down to table before, in a familiar manner, she called out to the gentleman next my informant, "So you cut me, colonel." "*I!* how can you Mrs. Tomkins, accuse me of such a thing, when 'tis well known I go wherever I think I may have the pleasure of meeting you." "Very fine, sir, but you *did* cut me on the north road; you were mounted on your *Esculapius*,* and talking to a lady, who was also riding." Then, quite unconscious of her ridiculous mistake, she went on chatting till some one mentioned the death of a certain eminent character, adding, "it is not known, I believe, what caused his death." "Oh! la! yes; I thought every one knew he died of the *aurora borealis*."† Next day, a note, arriving from a young lady, who, by careless writing, misspelt a word, some of the company criticized her a little severely. "Come," cried Mrs. Tomkins, looking benevolent, "the worst you can say is, that she does not understand the geography of her language;" when perceiving, by the looks of the company, that she had made a blunder, she hastily added, "genealogy I meant;" Mrs. Tomkins's condescension was worse to bear, than her scornful *no-notice*; she asked several impertinent questions, and made such unfeeling remarks, that poor Lucy felt it intolerable. But this was not to last for ever; one evening after leaving Mrs. Tomkins, on turning the corner of the street, she ran against a man, and stopt a moment to apologize, without looking up; when, "Good Heavens, Miss Eaglescroft," pronounced with a Scotch accent, induced her to lift her eyes; a known face seemed before her; but she could not recollect where she had seen the well-dressed young man who stood beside her. "I do not recollect who you are," said she, "but I seem to know your face; pray tell me?" "I am Harry Lorimer." Lucy was truly delighted to see him, and observing that he still addressed her, as if she was a duchess, she in a few words explained how she was situated, and the sad cause that had led to the change in her circumstances, ending with "the sight of your old familiar face, Harry, has given me more pleasure than anything I have met with since I came to M——." Harry's respect did not diminish, but his admiration increased—and whenever they met, a few words about "auld langsyne," gave each something to think about till they met again. Lucy learnt to look upon the humble Harry as a friend, and often told him of her little distresses to relieve her mind. Once he distantly made a sort of proposal, which Lucy did not appear to notice, and he never had courage again to say anything approaching to what might, indeed, what ought to displease her; while she who began to suspect how his thoughts lay, asked herself if it were possible an Eaglescroft, however reduced in fortune, could marry a wheelwright's son, and pride as often answered no! At last, one evening, being sent to carry Mrs. Tomkins some caps; that lady kept her waiting so long, and was so impertinent when she did admit her, being put out of humour by the cap not being trimmed as she liked; that Lucy took up her bandbox in disgust, and walked towards Mrs. Ash's in tears. She had not proceeded far, when she met Harry, who instantly guessing how matters stood, resolved boldly to speak out; the result was, that both agreed it was better to be the free and independent wife of an honest man, who, though poor now was sure to get on, one too who never was well educated, and possessed true delicacy of feeling; than to bear the impertinence of the rich, vulgar, would-be-fine ladies, who composed the greater part of Mrs. Ash's customers—Mrs. Tomkins above all. And so *they married*; and at her recommendation, Mr. Lorimer, as we may begin to call him, took the top story of a high house in a street, where the rents were low. By this means, they enjoyed a view of the country beyond, pure air, and had no one above them. Their house consisted of two large attics in good repair, and two small ones; that which looked to the south was the bed room, the other the kitchen, one of the small rooms served to keep coals, tubs, and other unsightly objects. A red-haired girl of twelve years old, who had a head like a mop, and whom they surnamed Shock, occupied the other, and was their sole servant. Harry had provided all necessaries, bed, tables, chairs, presses, and kitchen utensils; he had it cleaned and scrubbed, had himself papered the two large rooms, and painted the old stained wood of the floors brown; and considering all things, had left unprovided no article requisite to absolute comfort. But poor Harry had no idea of elegance, he had not seen it at his own home, nor at the manse, and the rich stiff, faded, old-fashioned furniture of Doocotside was far too different to enter into comparison with his attic, and moreover it was *not* elegant. When Harry, therefore, after a week's holydays returned to his occupation, Mrs. Lorimer and Shock, who was altogether enchanted with the *secret*, set about giving such an air of elegance to the room, as the sum of two pounds could purchase; a little green wooden balcony was put up, and quick-growing, climbing plants placed in the corners, to form, as it were, a frame to the window, whilst mignonette occupied the centre, and upon the broad window sill a monthly rose, a geranium, and two myrtles, gave both a look and a sensation of freshness. Coarse, but full muslin curtains were folded back from a little valance of green stuff, made from an old gown; a lark's cage hung outside, several common deal tables were covered with green baize, and pretty books and knick knacks, the gifts of friends placed on them. Upon the sloping walls were fastened (for they could not hang) favourite drawings, and views of Doocotside, in simple wooden frames varnished. Four shelves made from a box, and papered like the room, served for Harry's shabby old books, which were all covered neatly with different colours, and the titles written distinctly upon the backs. All the preparations which occupied a day or two were made secretly in Lorimer's absence; and when completed, put up at once. When he returned, therefore, one evening, he could scarcely believe his eyesight, so entirely did these simple inexpensive alterations transform the hitherto bare-looking room, into a pretty cheerful little apartment. Shock bounded about—

"And shook her huge and matted head,"

like Lord Cranstoun's goblin page, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Who so clever as my Missus," shouted she, "she's fit for a Chinese Juggler's wife, that she be;" and yet all this cost but a trifle, added to a little trouble, for part of Effie's two pounds were spent in adding comforts to the kitchen, where at all times they took their meals, and which was their winter sitting-room. Time never hung heavy on Mrs. Lorimer's hands, nor upon Shock's; as soon as Mr. L. went out in the morning to his employment, some pleasant surprise was thought of against his return, some additional comfort, a favourite dish, a new book, or some *secret* to Shock's never wearying admiration, who looked up to her mistress as something short of a divinity.

Then Shock herself had to be taught to read and write, and dress, and sew, and keep her hair tidy; all of which accomplishments, she was profoundly ignorant of; the coarsest scrubbing, washing, and sweeping, having hitherto formed her only attainments; and when these less interesting duties were over, Effie sat down at her large cheerful window, looking over the fresh plants into the far country; and only ceasing her song, when the lark began *his*, ever ready to welcome her husband with a bright smile, and a pleasant word. "I do hope," said

* Bucephalus. † Cholera morbus.

he, one day, "that you are tolerably comfortable, my dear Effie, and that you will continue as happy as you say you are; but I know that you *must* miss many things which you have been accustomed to, and of which probably I can form no idea, being so differently nurtured." "Indeed you are right, I do. I miss the silly conversation of Mrs. Ash's vulgar girls—the impertinent airs of Mrs. Tomkins, and the slavery of being at every one's beck." "But I don't mean *that*," answered her husband, "I mean comforts, elegancies, refinements, things that ——" "Indeed, my kind-hearted Harry, I have every comfort I desire; however, I will confess one thing, I cannot bear eating with horn spoons." "Bear it only a little longer, my love, I daresay I shall be able to give you silver ones some day."

THE PASSAGE OF AUTUMN.

"FAREWELL to thee, sweet summer-time, thy sunny prime is o'er;
Thy dewy light, and golden sheen, shall tinge the woods no more;
The trees that blossom'd in thy beams stand wither'd, bare around;
The leaves that rustled in thy breath lie faded on the ground!"—
B. B. WALE.

YES! fare thee well, sweet Summer: take our parting tears with thee, and as thou sleepest on thy leafy couch, till the little brown birds shall awaken thee with their twitterings in the sedges, dream peacefully in thy poppy-land of slumber, and rest in quietude and joy.

Is Autumn here? the stately, auburn-tressed,—the gamerer of fruits and the scatterer of sere leaves! Yes; and the picture of his coming has been painted by one of old, and stands for all the world as a living idea snatched from nature:—

"Then came Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his hand a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold."—
SPENSER.

But Nature's welcome sounds not within the breast of one alone, and a younger hand, prompted by as wild a joy as ever burned in poet's heart, had dipped his pencil into the eye of the forest, and the liquid lustre of the mellow sky, to paint the semblance of the season:—

"When Autumn, bleak, and sun-burnt do appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the riped sheaf;
When all the hills with woody seed is white,
When levying fires, and leaves, do meet from far the sight:

"When the fair apple, rudde as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black die,
Do dance in air and call the eyne around;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my hearte's joy is staine'd with some care."—
CHATTERTON.

But though the Saxon poets of the fields have typified Autumn as the sturdy masculine hero of the fruitage, we claim for the ruddy season of mellow fruitfulness the gentle graces of a sex more fair. We have seen the lovely spirit of the time: we have seen the gentle Autumn and her rosy train of ministers. It was at moonlight this very morn, when a voice from one of the spirits of the flowers, in hushed whispers, bade me rise. I wandered to the quiet stream to bathe before the day should break, and, lo! as I sat on a soft bank, beside the cool green rushes, I saw a sweet vision glide from out the shadowy mists. There were tall clouds resting on the earth, like the pillars of a mighty temple, and as my eyes pierced through the misty curtains which hung before them into the arches of the unsunned sky, I saw the twin-sister spirits of Summer and Autumn sitting hand-in-hand upon a throne of flowers. Summer was sorrowful, and her round laughing eyes were now dimmed with tears. The chaplet of poppies which she wore had lost the lustre of their early bloom; the garlands which robed her were withering, and the sweet birds which had hovered around her, and made her heart glad with their joyous songs, were fled, all fled; and the hand whose soft touch was like the benediction of moonlight, and the heart whose pulses were but the throes of love, were now growing cold; and the cheek, so lately flushed with the rosy hue of joy was now becoming pale and wan in the chilling atmosphere of death. Autumn, arrayed in robes of yellow leaves and flowers, and with her nut-brown hair enwreathed with green ferns and red berries, was bending over her dying sister, to catch her last breath as a token of the love which lived between them; and as the first light of morning flickered through the misty columns of the fane, the green ear of corn she bore in her hand took on a golden hue, and the soul of Summer was wafted to its home of flowers. Autumn is the season of a sweet melancholy, soothing, plaintive and soft, like the quiet cadences of a hushed heart. As the leaves thin out and the net-work of interlaced branches begins to appear, little sweet patches of landscape come peeping out across the green fields and winding-roads, and old crazy barns and grim gables and ghost-like chimney stacks, which have been hiding snugly behind the bowering leaves, are again exposed to the broad glare of the sunlight, blushing and abashed for their own crazy aspect, and with no means of concealment. We can now get glimpses in between the boughs at the little brown nests which the birds have deserted; and which if left undisturbed till another Spring will be homes once more. Where the hawthorn hung out its snowy sheets of bloom, the spider is now busy at work in weaving a tapestry of cobwebs; and there, under the broad leaves, he lurks like a fiend of darkness, to glut himself with the blood of the innocents who fall into his wily snares. Sometimes when he wakes in the morning he finds his wheel-like traps powdered all over with diamonds and pearls, and gleaming with rainbow hues and fire sparks, and just as he has managed to calculate the value of the jewelled treasures, they vanish in the morning sunbeams; and leave the grey old sinner to wreak his vengeance upon the first miserable straggler which becomes entangled in his snares. In the morning, too, the vapours grow terrible and lusty, and have fierce battles with the sun, although they are always driven off and worsted; and the bee begins to have slight touches of headache and rises late, and when he does go forth his song is not so joyous as of yore. And the summer flowers are gone too,—yes, and the summer birds, heaven be with them wheresoever they may be. Yes, gone are the flame-like ringlets of the laburnum, gone are the buds of the pink-eyed pimpernel; gone are the cuckoo and the nightingale; how could they stay when they saw the flowers sinking down to die? How could they linger when all their sweet companions of the morning were falling into early graves? How can they flit over fields where the meek speedwell lies blanched and withering, where there are no scarlet poppies; where the pimpernel and the wild thyme and the asphodel, are drooping in silent sorrow, for the twilight waning of the year? Oh, no! The fairy people of the woods and wastes need the warm breath of Summer; and she is gone, and they cannot stay amid the scenes which her gentle fingers made beautiful and grand, and so have gone to other climes to spend their grief in weeping.

But although the sun has grown older, and rises later in the morning, although he has lost the youthful vigour which he had in the hours of spring, and the manly force and majesty of summer; he can yet fling fervid beams upon the green hill side, and call forth living creatures of the earth and air; for beauty lives for ever, and is with us still. The autumn crocus is still blooming sweetly in

the meadows, the harebell still hangs out its azure bells to nod dreamily in the sunshine; the wild mint creeps down into moist, shady places, and lures the singing bees with its intoxicating fragrance. The hawkweeds come sprinkling into bloom along the brown pathways, and stand about in their bewilderment gazing upwards at the sky, as though wondering if the sun was only some gigantic golden flower, and the gleaming stars which gem the darkness were such humble blossoms as themselves, planted in the blue meadows of the night. Then there are rich twilight beds of lavender, looking, as the sun goes down, like a phosphorescent sea, rippled all over its surface with crimson-crested waves; and as the night drops down from Heaven, it fades into the sombre purple of the autumn moorland, and with its sweet fragrance sends the very air to sleep. On the arid and barren ground, the large ox-eye daisy stands blinking in the sunshine, with no other green or flowery thing to bear it company but the wild tansy and the knotgrass; and only cheered in its solitude by the merry chirping of the grasshopper, as he skips here and there over the leaves and stems, in the bounding exhilaration of his happy heart. Down beside the stagnant pool, and along the borders of the corn-field, the tall golden rod bares its yellow flowers, and amid the ripening corn the rich crimson pheasant's eye—the rose-a-ruby of the sweet old time—comes into bloom, beside the wild mignonette, and the thread-like spurrey, and the wild marigold.

By the side of the stream, the arrowhead lifts its noble and lovely leaves, and gazes down at its own shadow in the water, like Narcissus of old, lured by its own beauty. The tall agrimony, too, gathers up its fleshy clusters of blossoms, and one tuft of snow is still left upon the sleepy meadow-sweet. Along the borders of the lakes and ponds, flourishes the tall reed mace, producing its downy seeds in plenty, and furnishing the cattle with refreshing food, as the grass in the meadows becomes scant. It is this plant which the Italian painters have placed in the hands of the Redeemer, and which Rubens represents as being borne by Jesus, when in cruel mockery, a sceptre was placed in his hands. Amid the brakes and bushes of the heath and along the skirts of the old woods the gushing clusters of the nightshade mingle with its own purple blossoms, and with the brilliant coral berries of the hawthorn, and the wild rose. And there too, the ferns come towering up in broad, rich masses of emerald green; and form little gold-gapped underwoods, like those which covered the earth in that gone-time when a tropical luxuriance prevailed in northern climes, and which still prevails in the jungled and exuberant savannahs of the south. If you peep down at the mossy roots of the bushes and old trees, where the moist darkness seems suggestive of snakes and creeping things, you will see rich golden groups of fungi, and silver sprinkled lichens, and white snowy puff-balls, and all the strange fantastic tenantry of Shakspere's fairy land.

The woods now begin to take their deepest dye, and the hectic flush of quick decay comes upon the forest leaves before they fall. The lime becomes stained with a pale orange; the maple, poplar, and birch, lose their deep green of health, and take a wan, straw-like hue; the wild cherry, the crab, the dogwood, the spindle tree, and the guelder rose, assume different shades of burning red; the elm fringes the woods with rich autumnal brown, the oak and chestnut mingle gold and auburn together; and wherever the deep-green shadow of Summer hung above the earth, now sits the brightening tint of Autumn, as though Nature, listening to the warning voice of death, had endowed the leafy children with the wild beauties and sun-bright tints of oriental climes, to show her supremacy even in the last hour.

The beechen woods are never so beautiful as now, and the grand massive outlines of the trees startle us with the witchery of their forms, as they seem to recline in the embraces of the soft blue sky. Down below their silent shades, strange creatures live and creep, each after its kind, and each serving some wise purpose in the broad economy of things. At last the fruits begin to fall, and acorns and beech nuts come pattering down among the dead leaves, with every gust that sighs along the avenues, but leaving their little green, smooth, hollow cups upon the boughs, for the fairies to drink the dew from. But sadder still, the trees begin to lose their leaves, and the forest becomes at last a home for skeletons and fleshless bones, the silent sepulchre of departed beauty. The first tree that becomes naked is the walnut, the mulberry, the ash, and the horse-chestnut, follow; the pollards, and the hedge-row trees that have been lopped in spring, carry their leaves till very late; the oaks and alders next grow bare, and the beech almost last of all, the younger beeches keeping on their clothes till their Spring suits begin to fit them, and then casting them off. Green and quiet are the orchards now, with their gnarled and twisted branches hung with rosy fruits, and with their soft grassy carpets down below for the fruits to fall upon. Glorious are the old trees, as they stand hoary and blanched with age, their backs bent and their shoulders rounded with the heavy loads that they have borne from year to year, since the good old time when they were young. How gently come the golden streaks of sunlight among the richly laden branches, and how the trees nod to each other when the evening shadows flit about the homestead, and talk of the oaken tables they have covered with fruit, of the birthday and wedding feasts they have supplied, and of the many generations that have vanished like silent shadows into the regions of darkness since they were planted there, striplings, young, and vigorous, but scanty in the produce of their fruits. But when they speak of those who have gone to their last home in the old flowery churchyard, where Spring sprinkles her blossoms every year, they whisper in low husky tones, and nod, and sigh, and sometimes sing together the song of the falling leaf.

Now the sweet birds which have wantoned in the summer-shine gather themselves together for their autumn pilgrimage. The swallows assemble by the river-sides, and hover amid the willows to and fro from morn till night, as if loth, as emigrants ever are, to leave their fatherland, knowing that they must leave all that is dear to their hearts, the sweet scenes of childhood and youth, to seek for food upon a foreign shore. The ring ousel and the wheatear soon follow the swallows; and large troops of small soft-billed birds accompany them. There are so few birds singing in the early autumn, that the little wood brooks and the shivering leaves have their rustling songs all to themselves, but although the leaves are glad and dance about in giddy circles, the little streams are sorrowful, and chant low under-songs and plaintive dirges, for they used to be awakened in the morning by the loud whistle of the blackbird, when he came to the still pool to wash himself, and the robin's mellow song was cheerful when he came to drink, and then each little brook was glad. But many of the sweet birds are silent now, and the waters creep on sullenly beneath the dark trees, and only murmur when they tumble over a pebbly ledge, or a mossy clump of grey old timber. As time speeds, however, large flocks of young linnets, greenfinches, buntings, and other small birds are seen wheeling about over the wide corn fields, as if driven from their homes by parents who had lost their affection, and cast upon the world to shift for themselves. Sometimes, when these little flocks of finches and yellow-hammers sit basking snugly in some sunny hedge, the keen-eyed hawk comes sailing along in the upper air, and selecting from among the throng some one unhappy bird, pounces down at "one fell swoop," and snatches it away. Then the birds that home with us all the winter long, the fieldfares and redwings, come in prodigious

flocks, and hover over marshy lands, and fields of stubble. Among the alders and trembling birch trees, the fire-crested wren may now and then be seen sparkling like a winged gem, or a sweet spirit from faerie land, robed in the glowing garments of summer beauty. Then there are immense flocks of wild ducks and geese, floating along like wedge-shaped clouds, and making more noise and clattering than Babel ever dreamt about. Above in the hedges, near coppices, and preserves, young partridges may be seen trotting along on voyages of discovery, and in such a hurry to see the world and to partake of its iniquities, that they cannot stay to be properly and completely hatched, but treat their mothers' gentle offices with scorn, and bolt off with their shells still sticking on their heads. At mid-September too, the thrush and the blackbird, and the woodlark and willow-wren, resume their songs, and the sweet blue-throated redstart appears and sings his soft notes upon a lofty bough. Did you ever take breakfast with a landrail, or dodge him through the bottoms of the furze? If you ever do, regard him as a morning fantasy or a sprite from cloud-land; the fellow is so incarnate in his deceit, so wily and sprite-like, that for all we know, he may be the earth-born child of the Old one; he can die at a moment's notice when you try to chase him down, and you may handle him, tumble him about, and he will lie as still and stark as a hurdle or a boiled salmon, but just put him down and turn your back, and he will open one eye and look wistfully into futurity, not forgetting the lee side of the present; and finding all clear, will be up on his feet and off into the shelter of the sedges, before you can say "Jack Robinson," and you may grope there for two or three minutes, and disappointed rise from the wet ground just in time to see him skip away on his wings from the low bushes a furlong off, and to find yourself plastered with clay in return for your enthusiasm. But the black grouse, the noble bird of the moorland, the stately, sweeping, black game of the hill and the heather; he comes out from his summer haunts as the fruits grow ripe, and scuds along over the rocky wastes like a valiant veteran, too noble to fear, and too confiding to conceal himself. Dear old Gilbert White tells us how his father's table was oft supplied with this noble game—almost the only relic of the old forest days—but how during his time it had become so scarce as never to be seen. Rusticus knows him well, however, and has seen him, even in these degenerate days of railroads and painted fences, amid the quiet solitudes and green hills of Surrey. Well, there let him live in the leafy shelter of his moorland home, under the green arching boughs, and beside the blue flowers that watch the rising and the setting of the sun; where the robin and the wood-lark sing in May, and the red leaves spin about when autumn winds are sighing; where winter shakes down a virgin garment for the earth, and the voice of Nature is heard in its unbroken harmony, and where man, the despoiler, is unknown. There let him lie with his sweet companions of the green solitude, unmolested by the hunter's dog or gun, his life as sacred to thyself as to his Maker.

The season has still its share of life and song, and the bee and the ant, and clouds of lady-birds, and blue butterflies, and leopard and goat-moths, and the gorgeous tiger-moth, and troops of flies are dancing and singing before the golden gates of heaven. Up high amid the blue dreamy clouds, the clear air seems to quiver with the play of wings, and the soft humming comes floating along sweetly mellowed by mingling with the harvest song.

> Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
> Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
> While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,
> And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
> There in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
> Along the river sallows borne aloft,
> Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
> And full grown lambs now bleat from hilly bourne,
> Hedge crickets sing, and now, with treble soft,
> The redbreast whistles from a garden croft.—KEATS.

Among the ants the bustle of migration increases every day, and the habitations swarm with winged insects which are the males and females, preparing to quit for ever the scene of their nativity and education. They go rejoicing and beating the air into a soft hum with the impulse of their silver wings, moving along like columns or clouds of net work, and keeping up a tremulous and undulating motion, so delicate that it seems as though the little zephyrs were assembling together to hover over your head, and striving to enchant you by singing one of the soft magic songs which they had heard ages ago in the old poet-lands and bowers of the East. Upon the quiet ponds the dragon fly is busy in depositing her eggs, which she carefully lays upon the water, making at the same time a strange noise, doubtless an appeal to the spirits of the time, to quicken her brood and bring them forth in safety. The larvæ, when hatched, are the most disgusting little monsters under the sun, and may aptly serve to symbolize the fate of man, who is but a grub or worm, flapping about in the mud and mire, a sort of angel in disguise, wandering about bewildered and lost, and mumbling and wallowing in sorrow; staining his wings, and defiling his soul with sin; till the time having come for him to awake from his madness, he claps his wings, and ascends from earth to battle in an element of light, and to rejoice amid the beauty of unending summer.

Then, in the old woods, we see little troops of deer feeding quietly under the changing foliage, and forming lovely pictures of old forest life as they harmonize with the russet hue of the ferns, and the rich deep green and crimson of the chestnuts and beeches; or as they march majestically down the mossy glen, stopping here and there to crop the hawthorn or chestnut boughs which sweep above their graceful antlers, suggesting boyish memories of Robin Hood and little John, and the Merry Men of Sherwood. We think of the echoes which lie sleeping about us in dark untrodden nooks, and which were many times called forth in those old forest-days by the sound of bugle and of laughter. Oh, what delicious hours are there stored up for wanderers in these green solitudes, where the wild thyme perfumes the sweet lips of the Summer, and the bees hover about it as if they thought it more fragrant than any other plant. What good man could fall upon these sacred spots without thanking God for sprinkling them about upon the earth, if not in words, at least in the gratitude and serenity of his blissful heart.

But Autumn wanes, and with it fade the golden tints, and burning hues, and the warm breezes; for Winter, with chilling clasp and frosty breath, hurries like a destroyer over the fields to bury their beauties in his snow, and to blanch and wither up, with his frozen breath, the remnants of the blooming year. The harvests are gathered, the seeds are sown, the meadow becomes once more green and velvet-like as in the days of Spring: the weeds and flowers run to seed, and stand laden with cups and urns and bells, each containing the unborn germs of another Summer's beauty, and only waiting for the Winter winds to scatter them, and the Spring sunshine to fall upon them where they fall, to break into bud and leaf and flower, and to whisper to the passing wind that the soul of Beauty dies not. It is now upon the waning of the sunshine and the falling of the leaf that the bleak winds rise angrily, and the gloom of the dying year deepens in the woods and fields. We hear the plying of the constant flail mingling with the clatter of the farm-yard; we are visited by fogs and moving mists, and heavy rains that last for days together; upon the hill the horn of the hunter is heard, and in the mountain solitudes the eagle's scream; up among craggy rifts the red deer bound, and the waterfall keeps up its peals of thunder; and although the Autumn, having ripened the fruits of Summer, and gathered into the garnery the yellow fruitage of the field, must hie away to sunbright shores and islands in the

glittering seas of faerie land, she leaves the spirits of the flowers to hover hither and thither amid the leafless bowers to bewail in midnight dirges the loss of leaves and blossoms, and the joyful tide of song. It is one of these of whom the poet speaks; for he, having been caught up by the divine æther into the regions of eternal beauty, has seen, as mortals seldom see, the shadows of created things, and has spoken with the angel-spirits of the world:—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh.
In the walks
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower,
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves,
At the rich moist smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly,
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

TENNYSON.

The black clouds are even now gathering upon the fringes of the sky, and the mellow season of the fruitage ends. Thus all the changes of the earth pass round, each imprinting its semblance on the brow of man, and writing its lessons on his soul; that like the green earth beneath his feet, he may, through cold and heat, through storm and sun, be ever blossoming with fragrant flowers, and yielding refreshing fruit from the inexhaustible soil of a regenerated heart. ΦΩΣ.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

BY E. BOGART.

A BOY sat musing by a wayside brook,
With prescient dreams of honour and of wealth;
His eye was scanning Nature's open book,
His ruddy cheek proclaim'd life's blessing, *health*.

He sought for knowledge, and he sighed for fame,
With ardent longings in his youthful heart;
The voices of the earth should sound his fame
Beyond the sphere where he might act his part.

He bent his will to hope, his hope to will,
And marked with single aim his onward course;
Concentred strength should break down every ill,
The strength of mind, with its unyielding force.

And thus determined, from that brooklet's side,
That little stream, which to the ocean ran,
He dashed forth in the world, and on its tide
He wrestled sternly, and became a *man*.

And with the swift he ran the toilsome race,
And with the strong he battled for the prize;
That with the learned his name should have a place
In some bright niche, whate'er the sacrifice.

He jostled rivals from his way, for room,
His eye grew dim with study, ere his prime,
And, frightened from his cheek, fled boyhood's bloom,
And grey hairs came, unlicensed yet by Time.

Dreams, waking dreams, hung o'er his weary life,
And circled round him with bewild'ring power;
He scorned repose amid the ceaseless strife,
And for the yellow leaf trod down the flower.

And onward still, and upward, was his course,
Till he obtained both honour, fame, and wealth;
But the bright fountain had a bitter source,
Which sapped the springs of boyhood's blessing, *health*.

The man with reckless waste had spent his powers
In restless toil, to reach life's dizzy height;
The wayside brook flowed on through summer hours,
As hope exhaustless, as ambition bright.

LITTLE LIZZY.

"TAKE me unto thee, oh my Father," and the pale face of the child was turned upwards to Heaven, and the setting sun crimsoned over her countenance, and surrounded her little form with the light that may environ the angels. How pure and worthy of its Heavenly Father seems the young child, and where can we find a more spotless type of innocence, to revere and to love, than the infant lisping, with reverence and regard, the words of her childish prayer!

Little Lizzy had retired to her bed and dreamed. She dreamed of two kind and beautiful faces that haunted her waking hours, and cast around all about her a seeming strange interest and connection with the past. She dimly saw again the little parlour of the cottage where those two were, and she in the arms of one of them. The word mother rose to her lips, she stretched out her arms to clasp her, and awoke with her soft cheeks wet with tears; and then again came over her that misty knowledge of events, and loved ones she knew that she had somehow lost, but wondered tearfully how it had occurred. She had known parents, and her little lips had lisped the words Father and Mother, but she wondered till she sank slowly into sleep again, what had become of those dear ones she loved to recall and embrace in her thoughts and prayers,

The remembrance was a link with the past; there were two who had loved their little girl with a firm and true love, such a love as parents feel for their firstborn, and eyes had glanced into hers, while she was embraced again and again, as those two traced out the future life of the child that now lay with her head pillowed on her mother's breast, so pure and innocent. But they had been forced to part, and leave to the mercy of another their so-dearly loved little one; a few short months, and the ocean separated the firstborn from her parents, who slept lonely and sadly, thinking of Lizzy, in their home beneath an eastern sky.

Months passed, and the father mourned the loss of his wife, and buried, beneath the spreading boughs of foreign trees, the lily of his English home. How his strong heart turned to the young life that bound him to existence, and how his thoughts all took their cast from the beautiful remembrance that was left him, of the picture of his wife and little one: his young bride and his young child; the head with its bright ringlets pillowed on the mother's bosom. Oh! these are beautiful thoughts, and holy ties to bind us to our homes, and its loved ones; ties that bind us to our Maker, the Great Father of us all, and the Guardian of our dear young child.

Poverty came upon the father, and he felt that death would be welcome but for his Lizzy; but even to the nurse who guarded her tender youth, he could send nothing to assist in maintaining her charge. He poured forth his heart in a letter to the good soul, and entreated her to become the mother of his helpless little one: and she did so. What was the world's dross to her! She loved her charge, who was of the same age as her own child, and so she kissed the orphan, and gave to her the welcome of a loving heart. So there was another bright page added to the world's book!

And Lizzy grew; and soon five years had passed, and grace visited her, and love beamed gently forth from her pure eyes. She loved to curl her slender arms round her foster-brother's neck, and her rosy little lips would often kiss his. The young children loved each other dearly, and would walk far and near by the sea, listening to the murmurs of its blue waves, as they rolled softly, almost lovingly, upon the shore. Then they would come—those same blue waves—up to the children's feet, and kiss them with their bright foam, and the merry laugh would sound as the two drew back from the rude, but kindly waves, and higher up upon the shingly beach sat them down to

think, or perchance to dream of who was their Great Father up in the distant sky; and Lizzy thought that somehow her two fathers were one, and perhaps one was a beautiful spirit, to watch over her in all her life from the blue heavens, and the other was somewhere guarding her on earth. She loved them both, they were both her fathers, and so she prayed, and in one prayer mingled their beings.

And again months had passed, Lizzy and her foster-brother were in their seventh year, and once more death came and seized a young pure life. The gentle, loving boy, who had walked with her, and thought and dreamed as she thought and dreamed; he who seemed to be a part of her own being, so intimately their hearts had mingled, he too died. The young form, so late instinct with life, and the reflex of its Maker, was now only an image of what it had been, the essence that had animated it to life, and reason, and kind loving thoughts was gone. So it lay without sense or animation; no longer with the eye pouring forth its childish affection; no longer with the joyful, love-moving features upturned to meet the mother's face, but cold and answerless to her embrace, and unknowing of her love.

All that remained—how little—of her child, she buried under the trees in the country churchyard, and upon the spot henceforth flowers grew and shed their fragrance, and there would come to sit, and think, and weep, the companion of his living days. There was an angel who now always sat at her Father's side in her visions of him: could that bright, beautiful thing be the playmate of her love?

Time passed; the nurse was as a mother to her child; she loved her with a deep, strong love, a commingling of the two affections she had felt before. There was a remembrance that threw a halo round her Lizzy. Two hearts, two faces, two forms, all appeared in Lizzy. The mother saw them; she kissed her own dear child when she pressed the lips of Lizzy, and every kindness lavished upon her remaining little one, was a kindness also given to her boy. So would he have thought in his heavenly home, and so an eternal Father would have thought, and He would have said:—"It is a kindness done unto me."

Lizzy wandered alone now, but she seemed to hold converse with all nature. The trees—huge, time-worn old trees—seemed to smile gently on her as she passed, and the branches to spread further beyond her when she sheltered herself beneath them to avoid the hot sun. Kind old trees they were, and she loved them; but what did she not love? Her whole being was love; love unto all things; love for every little creature that had life and moved, and for every tree and flower that grew. Poor, deformed fellow-creatures, too, she felt for earnestly and deeply, and weak and helpless as she was, would encourage with kindness and cheering words; many sad and withered hearts grew almost young again, when communing with little Lizzy.

Yet, how thin and pale she grew; how she dreamed more and more, and became weaker and weaker; sitting for hours in the sunshine, watching the clouds sailing over the sky, or thinking of her little brother and good nurse; with sometimes a loving face, all pure and holy, visiting fitfully and seldom her quiet hours, yet looking so lovingly as to cast a sweet sunshine for days around her. That pure creature, how much she thought of her! Was that the mother of whom she had so often heard, and remembered in the dim tracery of the past?

There was one upon whom sorrow and suffering had done their work, and who had died but for the hope that encouraged him. Upheld in adversity and trouble by one bright thought, and by one picture imprinted unfadingly upon his heart, years passed; years that had seen his young child's playmate die, and her own life fading gently as a drooping flower; and these years had seen riches again grow round him, who lived only in the hope of a future union.

It was a calm summer's evening, nature seemed sunk in a sad repose; the wind appeared to sigh gently through the rustling leaves, breathing tales of death that had come softly, unknown, and gently, upon the young lives, that decayed in so holy a calm as to appear to melt slowly into spirit, and to linger around us still, as an all-purifying influence upon our hearts. It was such an evening, and the father had returned to take to their English home the nurse and the young child; for an instant he paused, and watched the smoke slowly curling over the trees, and the sleeping dog at the door, and the reclining flocks that were around, sleeping in the beams of the fading sun. The repose that was on all things fell upon his soul, and stilled the eager beatings of his heart; and in that same hour, in the dying sunlight, went up the sweet child's prayer, "take me unto thee, oh my Father," and the setting sun crimsoned over her pale face, and surrounded her little form with the light that may environ the angels.

Hours had passed, courage had come to the father's heart, and he stood at the door of his child's room. Another moment he had fallen upon the bedside, and called upon her name. Her eyes spread open with a momentary light, but were glazed and cold as she extended her arms, and springing forwards, fell upon her father's breast, murmuring, in her confusion, the prayer, "take me unto thee, oh my Father."

Sweet children, clad in white garments of mourning, came, and sang hymns over her grave, and as their pure voices mounted seraph-like on high, bearing the burden of the requiem for the dead, an old man, with forehead bowed low, was heard to murmur "Thy will be done."

SHORT NOTES.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN DURING ILLNESS.

It may not be generally known, that an institution has lately been opened at No. 8, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, where invalids, of a superior class but with limited means, are received, on payment of the moderate sum of one guinea weekly, for maintenance, wine, and medical attendance. It was opened on the 15th of March, 1850, and several ladies have been admitted. The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the late Duke of Cambridge, and other distinguished persons, have given it their patronage and support. The affairs of the establishment are conducted by a council of ladies and gentlemen,—the admission of patients being confided to a committee of ladies, and the pecuniary business is transacted by a committee of gentlemen. The house is capable of accommodating twelve patients with separate bed-rooms. At a meeting, held in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, on the 10th of July, the Earl of Carlisle in the chair, it was stated, that the amount of the funds of the institution at the present time was — donations £2,007, and subscriptions, including those of last year, £586; of these sums, £1,170 have been invested in the three-and-a-quarter per cent. Reduced Annuities, producing the sum of £1,250, and £750 has been laid out in furniture, and expenses of getting up the house for the establishment.

AN EVIL INFLUENCE.

The barbarizing and demoralizing tendency of slavery upon the minds of American slaveholders, who constantly live among a slave population, and who, from use, regard negro bondage as a justifiable and natural institution, may, in some degree, be estimated by the fact that, in a *published* despatch, written by the correspondent of a London daily paper, the fate of the black population of Cuba is thus spoken of:—The correspondent says, that

the cholera had existed but very slightly in Havannah, but was extending itself rapidly into the interior of Cuba. Wherever it had appeared there had been considerable mortality among the negroes, and if the malady did not soon experience a check, the consequences would be very serious, *as regarded the sugar crop*—labour would rise in value, and there was no available source to supply successors to the dead slaves! And so, in a letter, written probably by an Englishman, and inserted without a word of comment in an influential English paper, there is no account taken of this waste of (black) human life! no grief for the wretched slave in the spasms and throes, and mortal agony of the cholera! no sympathy for (black) wives and children! but only apprehensions for the sugar crop, which dead men cannot gather! fear that, because death has stricken down its thousands, labour would rise in value, and a half-implied lamentation that more slaves are not to be had. When this can be printed in "the most civilised country in the world," what wonder that professing and avowed slaveholders should treat negroes as "beasts that perish?"

LIGHT FROM WATER.

"Setting the Thames on fire," has been heretofore a mere figure of speech; but there seems to be some prospect of its becoming a reality. A discovery is said to have been made by an American, by which water may be decomposed and saturated with carbon, so that a gas is produced, which is capable of giving out great light and heat. If this be true, we may ere long be burning Thames water in our houses—certainly a better mode of consuming that fetid mixture than by drinking it. It has long been known that water was composed of gases; but when decomposed by galvanism, the result was an explosive mixture, which could not be burned without great danger, and, even then, produced very little light. It has been attempted to add the illuminating quality to the gas produced from the decomposition of water, by mixing it with gas from oil and resin, and also by using powdered chalk, which becomes white hot in the flame, and produces a most brilliant light. But both these modes are clumsy as well as expensive. The American discoverer, it is said, has succeeded in obtaining the necessary admixture of carbon, and consequent light-giving power, by passing the gas produced from water through spirit of turpentine. A large sum has been paid to the discoverer for his patent-right; and we shall shortly, we trust, be enabled to test whether we can burn our Thames or not.

LIGHT FROM THE GROUND.

Wonders crowd upon us in these days of practical applications of science. Light from water is not enough. By a recent invention, light is gathered out of the ground, and made to light dwellings brilliantly. Everybody knows that electricity is one of the most widely-diffused fluids in nature. It abounds everywhere; in living bodies and in dead matter; earth and air are full of it. This new light, of which we speak, the electrical, is produced by the combustion of charcoal points through its agency, which give forth an intense light. The requisite store of electrical fluid is collected out of the ground, by burying therein—say in the garden or street outside, provided there be moisture enough—a series of galvanic plates, formed in the usual way, of copper and zinc. Wires form the opposite poles, and may be conducted to any part of the dwelling. The approximation of the two points tipped with charcoal, produces the brilliant and inexpensive light of which we speak. A difficulty was at first experienced in keeping the charcoal points in such a state as to admit of the combustion being maintained; but this difficulty has, we understand, been got over by a recent invention; and we may shortly be able to choose, whether we shall have our houses lit by gas got from water, or by electricity gathered out of the earth. The electrical clock is another curious invention, by which the store of electricity in the earth may be made instrumental in the keeping of time. We seem also to be on the eve of a discovery which shall render the same fluid instrumental in the production of *power*, by which mills, mines, railway locomotives, and ships may be worked instead of by steam, which will then, as compared with this, probably seem a clumsy and expensive method.

THE SALE OF POISONS.

We are almost daily hearing of persons who have been poisoned—sometimes inadvertently, sometimes purposely—by oxalic acid, opium, prussic acid, morphia, arsenic, and other poisonous drugs, obtained from druggists, grocers, or small hucksters. Most of them sell a pennyworth of arsenic with as little hesitation as they will a pennyworth of salts. The only thing they look to is having a profit by the sale. The bulk of these poisons is dispensed by altogether uneducated persons, who have no knowledge of medicines. The poisons stand on the shelves mixed up with other articles, not poisonous, or, at least, in a less degree,—such as cream-of-tartar, jalap, calomel, flour of sulphur, tincture of rhubarb, and other popular drugs. Hence, mistakes are often made by careless persons. The other day, a child was poisoned by the druggist's apprentice having given two grains of morphia instead of calomel; and laudanum, which may be had in any quantity, is often given instead of tincture of rhubarb. There is also a drug called "Godfrey's Quietus," or "Quietness," (by which name it is popularly known,) which is sold in great quantities, as well as "soothing syrup," the base of all which is opium, a rank poison. Many a poor child has got its "quietus" from the injudicious administration of these drugs, by persons altogether ignorant of their effects on the human system. Why should not the sale of poisons of this kind be placed under proper regulations? On the continent, such things are allowed to be sold only by a licensed druggist, who has undergone a scientific education, and passed an examination before competent persons. The poisons in his shop are all confined within a separate recess, under lock and key, and are prominently labelled "POISON." This precaution acts advantageously to the public health abroad, and we do not see why something of the same kind should not be adopted amongst ourselves. The only things in the shape of drugs, which our Government licenses the sale of, are quack medicines, many of them poisons. The Government thinks only of its tax; why should it not also think of the health and lives of the community? If a person is discovered selling a gill of spirits without a license, he is seriously punished; and yet he may sell arsenic, opium, and prussic acid without interference. Government ought to be more than a taxing machine: unless its measures be protective of health, life, and morality, it is not much worth. A measure for the proper restriction of the sale of poisonous drugs certainly seems to us to be imperatively called for.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BARBARITY.

We shrink with considerable disgust from the records of the combats of men and beasts in the old Roman amphitheatres. We think the crowd who looked on, and shouted their admiration or disapprobation when limbs were mangled and lives lost, as barbarians at heart, and we plume ourselves upon the superior civilization of the age we live in. It is true, that there are still bull-fights in Spain, where royalty looks on approvingly, and nobles applaud, and ladies' bright eyes glisten with excitement and satisfaction, even although (as happened the other day) a horse is gored to death, a bull-fighter almost annihilated, and a municipal guard killed outright. But then Spain is the least civilized country of Europe. The atrocities of Pizárro and Cortez, and the gold of the new world, won by these same atrocities, have left their curse

upon her; and a long course of civil war, and countless political executions, have steeped the thoughts of the people in blood, so no wonder bull-fights are tolerated in Spain. But what shall we say to the announcement that they are about to be introduced into civilized France; established in the capital of polite Europe; and that too, not only without the interference of Government, but with the sanction of "the powers that be." In fact, such is the startling intelligence which the *Times'* French correspondent communicated to the readers of that journal on the 26th of July, and it was given not only without a syllable of reprobation, but with the somewhat approving remark, that Montes, the Spanish *picador*, killing bulls in a French arena, would be a less barbarous and more innocent amusement for the inhabitants of Paris, than *émeutes* and barricades! It is strange how it could be forgotten, that street fights are not the every-day occupation of the Parisians, and that the shedding of blood is not an *amusement*, while bull-fights would be daily spectacles of barbarity, waking up and keeping alive the ferocity and bloodthirstiness of an already too excitable people. If this were a sign of the times, we might well doubt, however *intellectually* civilized the people of the eighteenth century may be, that *moral* civilization has advanced in a corresponding degree.

FEMALE DOCTORS.

A college for the medical education of women has just been founded by the legislature of Pennsylvania,—the act by which it is founded, conferring upon it all the privileges enjoyed by any other medical school in the State. We perceive that a Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the Geneva college, and has since pursued her medical studies at Paris, is a candidate for the professorship of surgery, and other ladies offer themselves to fill the other chairs. At first sight, this seems an extraordinary proceeding, and quite a startling novelty. But there are really sufficient grounds for the movement, and we hope it will succeed. For one thing, it opens up a new field for the employment of women profitably and usefully; and any enlargement of the field of honourable occupation for the sex tends to her own social advancement as well as that of human kind. Then, looking at the profession of "Female Doctor," there is nothing unreasonable in it, but the contrary, however much it may be at variance with existing usages. In many of the diseases to which women are subject, the care of their own sex seems perfectly consistent with all notions of delicacy and modesty. Not half a century ago, women were very extensively, indeed almost exclusively, employed to attend the sex under certain circumstances; and we remember well, that William Cobbett indignantly inveighed against the substitution of medical *men* in such cases, as a mark of our declining manners and morals. But the women were displaced because of their want of scientific culture, and the men took their place. Give to women the same degree of culture, and they would be equally competent to officiate in such cases as our surgeons are. There are now in Paris, several ladies in extensive practice, who are, even in difficult cases, called in by medical men themselves, in consultations. These ladies command a high degree of respect, and maintain a high social status. We observe that M. Legouvé, in his excellent new work on "The Moral History of Woman," contends for a wider sphere of operations for woman in France. He asks: "Why should not certain specialities of the medical art be accessible to women? Operative surgery, a science positive and material, requires a boldness of execution, a firmness of hand, a certain force of insensibility, which naturally excludes women from it; but medicine is a theoretical science, depending on observation; and who will contest the superiority of women as observers? As a practical science it depends upon the knowledge of individuals, and who understands so well as a woman the peculiarities of individual character? An illustrious physician said,—'There are no diseases,—there are diseased people:' and this expression explains the claim of women to the rank of doctor. If, in fact, as experience demonstrates every day, the same malady assumes with different people forms so different, that the remedy that cures the one would kill the other: if one of the duties of the physician be to study the temperament of his patient, his age, and his character, women, with their marvellous perceptions of individuality, would bring to the treatment of the sick a subtle divination—a tact in management of the patient's mind, to which we could never attain. Nervous disorders especially, those scourges so difficult to seize, which civilization multiplies from day to day, would find in feminine genius the adversary most fit to cope with them." These remarks are worthy of attention; and we are not without hope that some practical results may proceed from them.

THE ORIGINATOR OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

In the 61st number of this JOURNAL, we gave an account of these valuable institutions, and stated Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, to have been the founder of them. His institution at Ruthwell was certainly the model of nearly all that were subsequently established in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and it was his writings and exertions, together with those of Mr. Forbes (afterwards Lord Medwyn) which led to their establishment in various parts of the kingdom. Long previous to that time, however, attempts had been made by individuals to encourage a habit of saving among the population in their respective localities. Probably the first savings' bank was instituted in the parish of Tottenham, Middlesex, by Priscilla Wakefield, who, in a letter to Sir Thomas Bernard, of date 22nd October, 1798, in the *Philanthropic Magazine*, recommended such institutions to be universally established, and described the bank which she had founded at Tottenham to be in a highly flourishing state. It was when paying a visit to her husband's brother, the late Captain Wakefield, who lived near Wendon, that the clergyman of that place was also induced to adopt it. It may be added, as worthy of remark, that the grandson of Priscilla Wakefield, the late Colonel William Wakefield, established a savings' bank at New Zealand, a few years previous to his death. Those who wish to know more of the history of these valuable institutions, will find a minute account of their progress in the *Savings' Bank Circular*, published a few years ago by Murray and Stewart, Old Bailey.

Lessons for Little Ones.

LITTLE ROBIN'S SAVINGS.

"OH, mamma! how I should like to be the 'Son of a Genius,'" cried Mary Stewart, as she laid down that very pretty story.

"Indeed, Mary," said Mrs. Stewart, "why I do not think you would do for a boy, in the first place; and besides, are you tired of papa? I am sure he is very, very kind to you, very fond of his little girls."

"Oh mamma, now you are laughing at me, and yet you know I do not mean that; but I should like to be as good, and clever as Ludovico, you know mamma, and to paint pictures to help you when you were shut up in prison."

"But Mary, neither papa nor I would like to be shut up in prison, to enable you to help us; so, if you please, you must find some other way of showing your love for us."

"What can I do, though, mamma, how can I help papa?"

"You can do but little now certainly, my love, but do you do all in your power, Mary? For instance, you know that papa toils all day long to keep us in this pretty house, and clothe and educate his children, and yet when he comes home tired and weary, and would be glad of a quiet nap, you make a noise and disturb him; is that showing your love? Then again, you see how busy I am mending and making clothes for you, when I should like to take a walk in the country, or to read some interesting book, for I am quite as fond of reading as you are, Mary, yet how carelessly you tear and soil your frocks. Now I think that is not kind, either to papa or me, my little girl."

"No, indeed mamma, but then I did not think,—and besides these are little things. Now, I am sure, if you and papa were poor, very poor, I would try to help you. I could nurse baby, you know."

"Better try to help us now, Mary, for if the habit is not formed in time, you will never acquire it later; besides it would be a sad thing if dear papa must become poor, very poor, before he obtains any comfort or pleasure from his daughter."

"Well, mamma, I'll tell you what I will do, I'll be as quiet as a mouse to night when papa lies down, and for fear I should forget, I'll begin to make him a purse to-night. Will you give me the silk and beads, mamma?

"Willingly, my dear; but would you not rather buy them all yourself?"

"But I have no money, mamma. Will you give me some? that will be so nice. What colour does papa like? Will you go now with me and buy the silk, mamma?"

"Softly, Mary; did you ever hear how Cousin Robert bought the brooch, of which your Aunt Winter is so proud? she wears it always, and calls it Robin's brooch."

"No, mamma; will you tell me?"

"Yes, for I think you may learn something from it. When you were a baby, and your cousin a very little boy, so young that we called him Robin, his mamma fell ill, and he was sent to me to be out of the way. He was very fond of his mamma, and like you, was very anxious to do wonderful things for her sake. Now your aunt's birthday was drawing near, and Robin heard your papa and me talking of some birthday gifts we meant to buy her, so he thought he should like to make her a present also, and accordingly begged I would take him to town, that he might choose something for her."

"'How much money have you, Robin?'" I asked.

"'I haven't any money, aunt,' he replied, 'you must give me some.'"

"'But if I do, Robin, it will be my present, not yours,'" I said.

"'Not if you give me the money first, aunt?'"

"'And if I do not choose to give you any, then your mamma will have no present from you, I suppose. Now listen to me, I wanted to have some new songs, but I am going without them, that I may spend the money they would cost, in buying something for your mamma. That is what I call making a present.'"

"'Well then, aunt, suppose you don't buy me the great coat papa said I was to have. I can give that money to mamma.'"

"'No; I cannot do that; because I must spend your papa's money as he desires. I have no right to do anything else with it, it is not my own.'"

"'Then, aunt I don't see what I'm to do, and I'm sure mamma would like me to make her a present.'"

"'Indeed she would, Robin—suppose you were to save up your money for it.'"

"Oh! but aunt, I only get two pennies a week, and I saw cousin Emily give a silver shilling and a sixpence for a little silver brooch for her mamma. Now how many pennies does that make?'"

"'Eighteen, Robin; it would take you nine weeks to save it.'"

"'Nine weeks! Oh, what a long, long time—why mamma's birthday will be quite gone then. No! but I'll tell you aunt though, papa gives me a penny for every six good marks I have, and I do think he owes me a penny now. Well, if I try hard, I could win two pennies every week I think. Oh, and stop a bit, my tooth came out yesterday. Mamma gives us twopence for every tooth we lose; she gives it to us for the pains. Is it quite fair that she should pay me for that one, as it came out of itself?'"

"'I am afraid not, my dear.'"

"'However it did pain me last week, so I'll tell papa all about it, and he can judge—if he says yes, that will help you know.'"

"'I'll tell you another thing you can do, Robin; your butter and sugar are your own, I give them to you at tea and breakfast to make your food nice, but they are not necessary to your support—now I will buy them of you if you like, I will give you a penny for your butter, and a halfpenny for your sugar every day if you choose.'"

"'Oh, yes! I'll begin to-morrow, that I will aunt.'"

"And did cousin Robert really go without his butter and sugar, mamma? I'm sure I should not like that, dry bread is so horrid."

"He *really* did Mary, he was so anxious to make his mother a present, and though he was as fond of sugar as you are, he could make that sacrifice for her sake—for a whole week."

"But did he *never* get any all that time, did cook or nurse never give him any just for a treat?"

"No, because they knew that would be cheating me, as I was buying these things, if they gave them to another. Once nurse did put sugar in his breakfast by mistake, but he told me of it directly."

"And did his papa allow him the money for his tooth?"

"Yes; and his uncle gave him a penny a day for watering the garden, so that he did not slop his pinafores, and give trouble, that money he earned, you see—besides this he won a great many good marks. Indeed, in less than a fortnight we had quite enough for the silver brooch, and we were walking in town to buy it, when we met with a very poor old man, who had formerly been a workman of your papa's. He was coming up to our house to ask for assistance, and had a very sad tale to tell—his son, who was his chief support, since he had become unable to work, and who would never allow him to apply for parish relief, had met with a sad accident, and was confined to his bed. All their little savings were expended, and poor old Pyrce now was obliged to come to us for help. We were all very sorry for him, and I immediately gave him some money, and a few things for the sick man, while your papa wrote a note to Dr. Evenden, begging he would go and see him without delay. It was now too late to go into town, and I was rather wondering to see how patiently Robin bore, what I knew to be a great disappointment, as he had been looking forward with such pride, to lay out his own money, when he came to me with a very serious air, and asked how long it would be to his mamma's birthday."

"'A week to-morrow, my love,'" I replied, "'but you need not be uneasy about the brooch, we will be sure to buy it in time.'"

"'Why, I was not quite thinking about that, aunt; now is this money my own—my very own? I am not obliged to buy a brooch, am I?'"

"'Oh, certainly not—it is quite your own money, Robin.'"

"'Well, you see poor old Pryce is so old, so cold, and hungry,' he said, "I should like to give him some of this money, if mamma would not be disappointed; I don't think she wants it so much as Pryce—did you tell her of it?'"

"'No, for you said you wished to surprise her.'"

"'Well then, will you go on buying my butter just like a shop you know, and then, perhaps, I can save up enough for mamma still, but will it be a birth-day present if she has it after her birth-day? will she not be vexed at that?'"

"'That she will not, my darling, because you are now really charitable and generous; you are depriving yourself that you may give to others, and I am sure you love your mamma dearly, or you would not consider her before you allow yourself the pleasure of spending your own money.'"

"Robin was much delighted with my approbation, and the next day we both went to see old Pryce, who was grateful for your cousin's gift. The tears came into his eyes when he found that the dear child was willing to make such a sacrifice for his sake. He persisted in his saving for another fortnight, and this time we managed to put three shillings in his money box."

"Oh, mamma, all that in a fortnight—how did he get it?"

"Why, three halfpence a day make tenpence halfpenny a week, there you have one and ninepence, then there was fourpence pocket-money, and three pence I think for good marks; at all events the three shillings were fairly earnt, and what pleased Robin as much as anything, his mamma did not keep her birthday till the brooch was bought, and that gift was the first she received. She is indeed proud of it."

"But mamma, would cousin Robert do such wonderful things for my aunt and uncle as Ludovico did?"

"No, because he is not so clever, nor is it likely his parents would require the same exertions, but when your uncle lost some property, and was obliged to go to India in consequence, Robert, though still very young, was quite a comfort to your aunt, and assisted to teach his brothers and sisters. He was naturally very passionate, but he learnt to control his temper, and was never impatient in teaching, at least only a very little now and then, for teaching is very tiresome work, Mary, I wish you would remember this oftener. And when his mamma became ill from anxiety, and could not leave her sofa, he would take the children far down in the garden to play, lest the noise should disturb her, and would walk miles to fetch her fresh flowers or a new book. No matter what he was doing, even in the midst of a game of romps, he would remember when it was time for her to take her medicine, and went about the house so softly, always putting on his slippers, and never slamming the doors or leaving them open. Thus he was quietly showing his love for his mother every hour in the day, and as she herself says, I do believe she owes her recovery, perhaps her life, to him. And now that he is growing up, see how he assists your uncle in his office, I heard him say yesterday that Robert could carry on his business, were he to die or be obliged to go abroad again."

"Oh, mamma, can I ever be as good as that? I wish I were cousin Robert."

"You had better try to imitate him, my love, suppose that instead of wishing, you were to set about doing. Let me see you attentive to your lessons, kind to your little brother, and thoughtful not to give me trouble, or disturb your papa, and I shall feel prouder of you than if you were the cleverest little girl in the world. Affection and obedience are better shown by daily conduct, than by wonderful occasional actions. Even very little children can, you see, make sacrifices for those they love."

This lesson was not lost on Mary Howard, who was on the whole a very good little girl. Her first effort was to save enough money to buy silk and beads to make her papa a beautiful purse, of which he was very proud; and in a short time she might be seen assisting her mamma in mending her clothes, though they were now less frequently torn, or in making up her old garments for their poorer neighbours; and soon she was as great a comfort to her papa and mamma, as Robin was to his. And I am quite sure that of all the little boys and girls who may read this story, there is not one but may imitate both Mary and Robin if they choose. I only hope I may be so fortunate as to persuade one, for indeed, none are so happy as those who "honour their fathers and mothers."

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them; but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.—*Washington Irving.*

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

On the subject of female Education, our neighbours in France appear to be even behind us. M. Legouvé thinks it necessary to plead for the admission of young ladies to a slight acquaintance with astronomy and natural history. So far, at least, we have advanced. We, in England, only stipulate for their ignorance of all that concerns their highest interest as individuals, or members of society, and of whatever is admitted to form the finest discipline of the intellect. We do not object to a young lady studying geology, or botany, or whatever is as remote as possible from human life. We permit her to read history, provided she limits her attention chiefly to the gossip about courts; the wonderful sayings and doings of the queens and princesses of England; the number of wives consumed by Henry VIII., and other such lady-like particulars. But let her beware of endeavouring to understand the theory of morals, and of government; the circumstances that influence the social condition of the community, on which depends the happiness, or misery of millions of her fellow creatures. Let her beware of this, if she would not be found guilty of political economy. Again, we may, perhaps, if she has a taste that way, permit the exhibition (in medical phrase) of a small dose of moral philosophy in an extremely diluted state; but, let her shun, as she hopes to be married, the suspicion of logic. Women are, indeed, commonly said to be, by nature, bad reasoners; and it might, therefore, be supposed that the study by which the reasoning faculty should be improved and strengthened would be peculiarly necessary for them. We think, too, we have heard of some practical inconvenience sustained by gentlemen blessed with wives inaccessible to argument, whom it was "of no use talking to;" and we have thought, that since women cannot well go through this world without reasoning, were it only about a cap, or a pudding, it might be as well to reason well as ill; but omnipotent custom has decided otherwise. To be even, on subjects of the most vital importance, at the mercy of every plausible absurdity, of every stupid fallacy, is more "truly feminine," more becoming in the "wives, daughters," and grandmothers of England.—*Westminster Review.*

STANZAS.

No, not for worlds would I resign
This full and fevered heart of mine,
Though some quick pulses in it dwell,
That thrill and tremble, shrink and swell,
With that intense and fearful pain
Which locks the lip and burns the brain!
No, not for worlds would I give up
The drop of nectar in my cup,
Though that one drop may render all
The draught beside of deeper gall!
No, not for worlds would I forego
The throb of rapt ecstatic glow,
When kindling glances seem to meet,
Of sunset flush, and noontide heat;
Though oft the gorgeous glow may mark
My breast, to leave it still more dark!
I would not lose the poet power
That feels the thorn, and sees the flower
With sharper thrust, and gladder mirth,
Than more undreaming ones of earth.
No, not for worlds would I resign
This fond, weak, poet-heart of mine;
For well I know this weak heart finds
  A music in the running rills—
A voice upon the western winds—
  A shadow on the misty hills—
Which, if it were a colder thing,
Streams, winds, and mountains would not bring!

It maketh me Creation's heir
To all that's beautiful and fair;
It holds me with a secret tie
  To the sweet lilies of the field;
It links me to the star-lit sky;
It talks to wild birds flitting by,
And lets me look upon the book
  Of Life's strange fairy tale, unsealed!

What though it has some strings, that ache
And quiver till they well nigh break?
It is the same electric strings,
That have the might of Angels' wings
To raise and waft this heart away,
Above its common home of clay.
'Tis round those strings rare magic clings,
And Joy's seraphic fingers play.

It bends to Nature's holy charm,
And twineth, like a Lover's arm,
With sweet devotion—true and warm—
About its idol's worshipped form;
It quails, it weeps, it throbs, it fears,
With unknown pangs and unseen tears;
It feels, perchance, a keener goad,
To urge it onward with its load,
Yet, yet it has some hopes so bright,
Such love-tides, flooding it with light,
That God and Heaven seem to be
Familiar glories unto me;
And not for worlds would I resign
This weak, fond, poet-heart of mine,
While it can taste immortal cheer
Amid the bitter herbs grown here!

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

LEAVES very often conceal the fruit, but they have contributed to its growth, and without them there had been no fruit at all.

SECOND thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

WE know nothing in advance, every new step we take in life is an additional experiment we make, and it puts to the test our theories, our feelings, and our principles.

LITERATURE properly directed, is, as much as Legislature, the guardian of public morals.

No wonder we love disguised flattery, when we love it even when it is known.

SUGGESTION—advice given by a servant to his master.

THE SEA—a saline draught prescribed by Nature to neutralize the heartburn between nations.

GET your enemies to judge you, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too little of you.

BIRD'S-NEST—a musical box which cannot be heard until Nature winds it up.

CONSCIENCE—something to swear by, for conscience, being regulated by the opinion of the world, has no very determinate standard of morality.

THERE is a kind of sympathy in souls that fits them for each other, and we may be assured, when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another.

MANKIND, in general, mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect and those who do not.

PEACE—the silent echo of the heart.

HE who suffers not his faculties to lie torpid has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures.

CHERISH the tender buds of pity, and they will bloom with benevolence.

FRUGALITY—if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues, and without which few virtues can exist.

FEAR—a real evil often created by the anticipations of an imaginary one.

A VAST chain of associations is often spread out before the mind, by a few simple words, and those associations are nine times out of ten totally different from any that the speaker intended to awaken.

STYLE pervades the object; manner floats on the surface.

THE absence of past labours doubles present pleasures.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 3, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, September 28, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 75.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

WRONGS OF ENGLISHWOMEN.

"Then gently scan thy brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human."—BURNS.

IN estimating the character of an age or nation, it has been usual to refer to the treatment of woman, as a fair test of the degree of civilization to which it may have attained. The savage, and the semi-savage, are alike remarkable for the unfair advantage which they are wont to take of the relative weakness of the gentler sex; and in countries where civilization is boasted to prevail, a low estimate of the female character is the distinctive badge of a degraded and demoralized community. We may further remark, that in the "dawn and twilight of intelligence," the relation of man to woman has been always, in modified degrees, that of master and slave; whilst in succeeding times, men have often chosen to interpret the divine ordinance, which made one sex subject to the other, as an absolute injunction to repress all that is intellectual and commanding in the female mind, and encourage upon principle the trivial, the slight, and the frivolous. Left entirely to the mercy of the other sex, the records of history, and the laws which exist, or which have existed, plainly show that women have not been uniformly treated with generosity and fairness; and it is our purpose, in the present paper, to cite a few instances in which, in times past, they have been harshly and unjustly dealt with by our own legislature. A remark or two on some of their social grievances may follow in due order.

It is true that men have commonly considered themselves generous legislators; and those who regard our legal system as a model of perfection, have spoken of woman as its especial favourite. Sir William Blackstone, the great commentator on the Laws of England, concludes one of his chapters, (that on the relation of husband and wife,) with a rapturous exclamation on the favour shown by our law to the gentler sex. "Even the disabilities which the wife lies under are, for the most part," he says, "intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England!" Now, putting out of consideration the exclusion of the sex from all political privileges,—and we are not about to complain of it, or on *that* account to impeach the wisdom of our ancestors—we think we are prepared to show, that *man*, having been at all times the law maker, has not uniformly acted with fairness towards the other sex; and that a spirit very different from that commended by the learned judge, is manifested in many of his enactments and prohibitions.

In the first place, it will be found that up to more recent times, (when a juster and more merciful spirit began to be infused into our penal code,) many crimes were visited with far greater severity on the female, than on the male offender. Both for high treason, and for what was termed petty [or petit] treason, (being the murder of a husband by his wife, or of a master or mistress by a servant, &c.;) the punishment inflicted on the woman was—to be burnt alive,—"the idea of which punishment," says Blackstone, "seems to have been handed down to us by the laws of the Ancient Druids, which condemned a woman to be burnt for murdering her husband." In the case of petty treason, the *male* offender was, however, simply drawn to the gallows and hanged. Being almost entirely excluded from public life and employments, history records few examples of females in the humbler stations of life who have paid the penalties of high treason; but the last instance was so remarkable, and attended with so many circumstances of horror, that we cannot help referring to it. During the bloody proscription that followed the outbreak of the Duke of Monmouth's ill-timed rebellion against the tyrannical government of James II., Elizabeth Gaunt, an aged matron, was tried for high treason, convicted, and sentenced to be burnt alive. Her crime was simply having sheltered from the pursuit of justice a minister of her own persuasion; and this wretch requited her kindness by giving information to the government, and appearing as a witness against her on her trial. It is said she underwent her cruel punishment with dignity and resignation; and that when the spectators saw her dispose the straw around her aged form, in such a way as she was told might help to shorten her sufferings, they could not refrain from weeping.*

Anciently, also, women were hanged for many offences, where men were entitled to what was, oddly enough, termed their *benefit of clergy*—respecting which it is enough to say that it was originally a privilege, conceded to the clergy alone; but in process of time, upon certain conditions, to all laymen who could *read*, to be released from the capital punishment awarded to felonies, on the first offence. Women, however, whether they could read or not, were liable to be hanged for any simple felony; until, in the reign of James I., for larcenies, under the value of 10s., the capital punishment was directed to be in their case commuted into burning in the hand, whipping, the stocks, and imprisonment; and at last, in the reign of William and Mary, the same indulgence, with regard to benefit of clergy, was extended to them, as to the other sex. Whippings, both public and private, were even during the last century, among the most ordinary punishments inflicted on the *female* (as well as the male) offender; and it was not till the beginning of the reign of George

* See Macaulay's History of England. Vol. 1.

the Fourth, that the formal sanction of the law was removed from these unmanly barbarities.*

But even where there was no absolute inequality in the law, woman has been often unjustly dealt with in its administration. In the blood-stained criminal records of a bygone century, we meet with many instances, in which its extreme penalty has been visited on the female culprit, under circumstances of appalling harshness and injustice. We will not say that the legislature was intentionally more severe on the weaker, than on the stronger sex; but the defenceless position of a woman, and especially of a mother, accidentally deprived of her natural protector, often gives a claim to sympathy, which it is the worst of barbarism to disallow. In one of his speeches in the House of Commons during the last century, on the horrible frequency of capital punishments for trivial offences, Sir William Meredith detailed the following circumstances attending the execution of one Mary Jones, who was hanged for shoplifting. We quote the passage, and at the same time, cordially second Sir William's observations.

"It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she was very young, (under 19,) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linendraper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she laid it down; for this she was hanged. Her defence was, 'that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a pressgang came and stole her husband from her, but since then she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her two children to eat, and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did.' The parish officers testified the truth of this story. But it seems there had been a good deal of shoplifting about Ludgate; an example was thought necessary—and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers in Ludgate Street. When brought to receive sentence she behaved in such a frantic manner, as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state; *and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn gallows!* Let us reflect a little on this woman's fate. The poet says, 'An honest man's the noblest work of GOD.' He might have said, with equal truth, that a beauteous woman is the noblest work of GOD. But for what cause was GOD'S creation robbed of this its noblest work? It was for no injury, but for a mere attempt to clothe two naked children by unlawful means. Compare this with what the state did, and what the law did. The state bereaved the woman of her husband, and the children of a father, who was all their support—the law deprived the woman of her life, and the children of their remaining parent, exposing them to every danger, insult, and merciless treatment, that destitute and helpless orphans suffer. Take all the circumstances together, I do not believe that a fouler murder was ever committed against law, than the murder of this woman *by law*."

We would fain hope that such aggravated cases of cruelty and injustice have not been of frequent occurrence. With what feelings must the young mother have left the world, in which it had been thought necessary, in defiance of the commonest dictates of humanity, to strangle her—for the sake of exhibiting to others the terrors of the law! As if such a pretence could justify such barbarity; as if human lives might be quietly sacrificed, for the comfort of shopkeepers, or the convenience of bankers! Altogether we think that the fate of Mary Jones is one of the direst instances of human cruelty and hypocrisy upon record; and we may well apply the words which a great poet has put in the mouth of another female sufferer, as bearing upon it with full force:—

> "Plead with the swift frost,
> That it should spare the eldest flowers of spring:
> Plead with the awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
> Even now a city stands, fair, strong, and free;
> Now stench and blackness yawn like death. Oh plead
> With famine or wind-walking pestilence,
> Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
> Cruel, cold, formal man! *righteous in words*,
> In deeds a Cain."

With regard to the social condition of woman in former times, we think it is obvious, that among the lower classes of our countrymen, she was regarded not so much as a companion as a slave. In the eye of the law the wife was the mere menial servant of the husband. He might give her, according to Blackstone, moderate correction; "and although," it is added, "in the politer reign of Charles II., this power began to be doubted; yet the lower rank of people always claimed, and exerted their ancient privilege." Even in the last century, we believe that a very learned judge gave his judicial opinion that a man was justified in beating his wife with a stick not bigger than his (the judge's) thumb. As thumbs vary in size, this legal dictum, however, cannot be considered of much force, and if acted upon, might lead to some embarrassment. The old rhyming proverb

> "A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
> The more you beat them, the better they be."

seems to intimate that the tide of popular opinion always ran strongly in favour of physical-force supremacy, and that English husbands of former times were, in this respect, little in advance of the Russian serf of the present day. From the same idea of legal inferiority arose the common notion, that a woman might be treated as a portion of her husband's goods and chattels—that she might be sold in open market with a halter round her neck—a proceeding which was until lately, and is possibly still (though of course most erroneously) regarded, among the ignorant, as sanctioned by law. Amongst foreigners this has been considered so much a *national* custom of ours, that we find English Baronets represented on the stage, as selling their wives in Smithfield Market, in this very nineteenth century! But though these barbarous exhibitions are falling into desuetude, it is evident that in ruder times the "lords of the creation" considered themselves invested, by law, with powers similar to those which the master claims over his slave, and that these powers were often most rigorously exercised.

We turn from the lower to the higher and more favoured classes of society, and what do we hear of woman there? Her influence, indeed, is at times not unapparent; her gentleness and accomplishments have frequently helped to humanize, and her higher tone of moral feeling to elevate and purify, the fluctuating code of social morality. But the rank assigned her in the world has not been commensurate with the importance of her mission; the influence she has exercised has been *in spite* of the frivolous doctrines that have uniformly prevailed with regard to her office and position. In polished society, wherever any species of refinement has prevailed, it has become customary to regard her as an agreeable toy, to be flattered and caressed, or neglected and despised, as the caprice of the opposite sex might dictate. Even the deference, so ostentatiously paid her, has been characterized by the most absurd affectation or hollow insincerity. There has been much exaggerated homage—much outward adulation, and little real respect. We read, for instance, of the devotion paid to woman in the days of chivalry,—of gallant champions, who were ready

*Even for political offences, the most barbarous punishments have been inflicted upon women in former times, as the following extract from "Southey's Common Place Book" will prove:—"1646. At Henley-upon-Thames, a woman, speaking against the taxation imposed by Parliament, was by the committee there ordered 'to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree, by the highway side, on a market day, which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her fault, fixed to her back.'"—*Clarendon's Papers*, vol. 2, app. xxxvi.

to peril life for the love of God and the ladies! but this fantastic spirit, lauded as it has been for its civilizing influence, had no root in any abiding principle of practical justice; for every reader of history knows that the institutions of feudalism were generally unfavourable, and in some instances grossly opposed to the interests of woman. But even at a later period, we know how widely the deference which was paid to the fair sex—the licentious flattery offered at the shrine of beauty—differed from the true respect which is due from man to woman. Unmeaning adulation still forms part of the frivolous jargon which fashion is supposed to sanction; and it is still not uncommon to hear empty professions of admiration, from the lips of those who have the least and lowest appreciation of the female character.

The most important part of our subject yet remains to be touched upon, though within the limits of the present article we can but briefly indicate the topics to which we wish attention to be drawn. We have as yet said nothing of the existing social grievances, and actual wrongs of our fair countrywomen. But, without overlooking the ameliorations which refinement and civilization have brought about in the outward aspect of society, we must not be blind to the misery, evil, and injustice which yet exist around us. There are instances still to be produced, in which strength tyrannizes over weakness, even in our Christian land, and in which our social usages and institutions are unfavourable, if not unjust, to the feebler sex. In the poverty-stricken homes of the humbler classes, woman is ordinarily the greatest sufferer. She has to endure the drudgery of the field and the factory, and to perform, as she best may, the duties which devolve on the wife and mother. In many cases she has to contrive for all, and at the same time to work the hardest, and give to others an example of self-denial. Her labour too is generally ill-requited. In every department of industry, there is a superabundance of female labourers. In every sphere of life, the few occupations accessible to women are thronged with impatient crowds. The pressure is year-by-year becoming more serious and embarrassing. In overcrowded cities, and in rural districts, as far as regards woman, (in the phraseology of the day) the "labour market is over-stocked." Not to speak of governesses, and those who are struggling for genteel occupations, there is not the commonest employment—the bitterest—the worst of drudgery, to which females usually devote themselves, in which there are not already too many hands. The miserable servant of all-work in the lodging-house, with scant wages, and scarce four hours' rest out of the twenty-four, not unfrequently considers herself lucky in having found a "place." Attention has been already drawn, in the pages of this Journal, to the condition of young females in the large millinery and dress-making establishments, many of which are said, "to kill a girl a year;"—and the remuneration afforded to the unhappy seamstress—the five farthings paid for the many stitches required in the manufacture of a single shirt—proves the extent of the competition for employment, to which in large cities the humbler ranks of our countrywomen are doomed. Where a family has been suddenly reduced to poverty from comparative opulence, with what feelings does the father regard the probable fortunes of daughters tenderly nurtured, who are anxious to engage in some occupation! "I care not for my sons," he will say, "the world is open to them, they may have a hard struggle, but I have no fear of them. It is otherwise with my girls, what employment can I think of for them, that is not surrounded by manifold perils, or which will not tend to crush their young natures, and blight the spring-time of their existence?" We know that the remedy for these increasing evils must be gradual; it cannot proceed from state enactments, nor can we prescribe any specific cure. What is mainly required is a spirit of practical justice; widely diffused, and interpenetrating all the relations of life, giving a right direction to generous and benevolent exertion, and acting everywhere, not so much upon sentiment and impulse, as upon broad, understood, and admitted principles of equity and common sense.

In her relation to the other sex, the false notions and absurd usages prevalent in the world, have tended to inflict much injury on woman. In such notions and usages women have always thoughtlessly acquiesced, and have thus assisted in perpetuating a system by which they are the greatest sufferers. The truth is, that they have been too prone to follow where they ought to lead. Forgetting, or regardless of themselves, and their own interests, they are sacrificed to the prevailing fashion, and passively submit to its absurd requirements. Is there any reason why they should be denied the benefit of a rational education? And yet how commonly is such an advantage withheld! The ordinary course of instruction to which any young female is subjected, in what are termed the "middle ranks" of life, presents so many features of melancholy absurdity that, in the discussion of this subject, it ought not to be passed over. In the majority of instances no attempt is made to encourage the intellectual growth, to develope the reflective faculties. The *mind* is literally sacrificed, for the attainment of certain accomplishments which are supposed to recommend their possessor to the favourable notice of the opposite sex. It would seem as though the woman were intended to have no individual existence—as though scarcely any of the graver duties of life devolved upon her! Nay, more—a system of education is prescribed without any regard being paid to natural taste or talent. Music, for example, is indispensible. No matter what faculty nature may have given or denied, it is the business of the instructress to make her pupils proficient in the accomplishment which is most likely to *please*. With an unaccountable perversity, years are passed, not in cultivating native tastes, and implanting a store of useful information, but in compelling attention, even against inclination, to the rudiments of a science which is, after all, nothing more than a graceful embellishment, capable of being made the source of amusement, where nature has imparted the necessary relish for its enjoyment. But is it not an intolerable injury to woman to educate her merely to *amuse*? Has instruction then no higher object? Is a richly-cultivated mind of less value in the one sex than in the other? Feminine grace and delicacy of manners are above all, but would these qualities become deteriorated by being united to varied information and strength of understanding? "How much it is to be regretted," says Dr. Hugh Blair, "that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform; to entertain where they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate; united they become irresistible orators, blessed with the powers of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature." But there is another consideration which renders the education of woman of the utmost importance to society. If it is important that her mind should be properly moulded to fulfil the office of a prudent, faithful counsellor, should she become another's chosen helpmate; yet, the duties which devolve on her as a mother, are of still greater moment. "As we call our first language," says an eminent writer, "our mother-tongue, so we may as justly call our first tempers our mother-tempers." These common sense maxims need no examples to support them. From the uneducated, or the ill-educated mother, it is vain to expect that high tone of thought and feeling which is so much needed in the world; and another instance is thus afforded of the constantly-recurring truth, that every injury inflicted by society sooner or later re-acts upon itself. Here we pause; only remarking, in conclusion, that we

are not without hope for the future. There is much good sense and right feeling in the world, which will not long permit the existence of injustice, and to which we anxiously look to remedy many existing evils, and to save society from some of its greatest perils. F. L.

OUR LANE.

"Our Street" and "Our Village" have been celebrated, why not Our Lane? The particular lane in which we live has nothing peculiar, it is true, in its outward appearance; it is an ugly town lane, with a dead wall here, a row of houses there, a field, where the butcher places his sheep and oxen, a nursery ground, two or three respectable mansions, and a lodge; there used to be a hawthorn hedge, but that was in the days of a now extinct rurality, before the handsome terrace was built which has lately been disposed of by lottery.

Now in all this there is nothing to distinguish Our Lane from the ordinary run of town lanes; yet has it recently been the scene of as pretty a romance as one would wish to meet with on a summer's day. But is not every lane, aye, every street, brimming over with romances, could we but penetrate the beating, fluttering hearts, that exult with joy, pine in weariness, or throb with agony within the most prosaic-looking structures of brick and stone?

A true record of the thoughts and feelings of one human soul! what man or woman would dare to write it? yet, faithfully given, it would excite a deeper interest, ensure a wider circulation, than the most thrilling novel, by the most popular author in the world.

But to return to Our Lane. Our present habitation is No. 12, of the unpretending row of houses near its entrance. Our occupation is one that causes us to be often traversing the lane, and in the course of these perambulations, we unavoidably become familiar with the faces of those whom we regularly encounter at certain hours of the day. In some cases we have advanced as far as a nod, in others, a friendly salutation. One distinguished-looking man, who appears to be of a very different calibre from the ordinary frequenters of the lane, and carries a most respectable stick, in a decidedly gentlemanly manner, is particularly easy of access, and it appears to do us good for the whole day when we have succeeded in gratifying him—we hope—and ourselves, by some such slight conversation as the following:—

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," (lifting his hat.)

"Fine day."

"Splendid!"

"Capital weather for the farmers!"

"Capital!"

"May we trouble you, Sir, to tell us the time?"

"Certainly, sir."

Here our friend pulls out an aristocratic-looking gold watch, attached to an unobtrusive guard of black watered ribbon, and complies with our request.

"Much obliged to you, sir."

"Not at all."

And with a parting salutation, in which our friend lifts his hat quite from his head, we vanish on our respective errands.

However, this has nothing to do with the above-mentioned romance. In our perambulations, one house had particularly attracted our attention; this was a square brick mansion, of respectable appearance, with grounds and offices attached. But all the windows were blocked up, and painted over, save those of one sitting-room, and one bed-room. We marvelled at this, and thought the inhabitants must have a singular taste for darkness, and hence, we argued, their deeds were necessarily evil. It was not long ere we began to connect the mysterious house with a no less mysterious individual, whom we continually encountered at both ends and all corners of the lane, sauntering about, with his hands in his pockets, his hat slouched over his eyes, and an entire want of occupation evinced in his lazy and eccentric evolutions. The man looked as if his whole life had been spent in sauntering.

Three months ago, a smart, stylish-looking little body came to lodge at No. 11, and by her constantly leaving the house a few minutes before 10 a.m., with a well-filled bag, and a roll of music, or a portfolio under her arm, and returning at 5 p.m.,—by these signs we recognised the daily governess. As she and I continually passed, or overtook each other in the lane, or at our own gates, we naturally began first to bow, then to speak, and, at length, my daughters called upon her, and invited her to tea.

A good little creature we found her, unaffected, agreeable, and highly accomplished; she proved a delightful acquisition to our circle.

One evening, she and my daughters were talking, as girls will talk, about all the people they knew, and did not know; among whom various gentlemen of their acquaintance were subjected to the figurative, and not very agreeable operation, of being called over the coals, having holes picked in their coats, and so forth.

At length, some one said, "what do you think of Mr. Jobson, the rich, crazy man, at Terrace House?"

"Who is he?" enquired our new acquaintance; (whose name, by-the-by, was Phebe Brandon) "have I ever seen him?"

"To be sure," answered Sophy, my eldest daughter, "have you not noticed a middle-aged man walking slowly about the lane, with his hands in his pockets, muttering to himself?"

"Oh yes!" answered Miss Brandon; then, laughing heartily, she continued, "I had passed him very often without observing him once look my way; it was too provoking, I determined to try whether he was made of the same stuff as other men, so, one day, I dropped my bag——"

"Fie," interrupted we, looking up from our book.

"Why, my dear sir, where was the harm? He is old enough to be my father. I say, I dropped my bag just before him, to see if he would have the politeness to pick it up, and what do you think he did?"

"What? What?" exclaimed my two daughters in a breath.

"Positively the savage walked over it, setting one splay foot right upon it."

"Oh!" groaned my wife, and the girls, while I added,—

"You will be cured for the future, young lady, of dropping your bag at gentlemen's feet *by accident*."

"I was so provoked, that I vowed to effect his subjugation," continued the lively girl; "and by fair means or foul, I will do it." And she rose determinedly from her chair, drawing up her *petite* figure to its utmost height.

We of course thought that she was only joking, but a few weeks afterwards, as I was hurrying home in the midst of a torrent of rain that had already wetted me through and through, I overtook, to my great surprise, my mysterious friend, Mr. Jobson, with his hands gloved instead of pocketed, and a handsome silk umbrella over his head; while on his arm hung our little Phebe Brandon. She bowed with a look of triumph in her arch, dark eye, and I hastened home to enjoy the surprise of my daughters at the news.

"Well, who would have believed it possible?" exclaimed Sophy. "We will have her in this very evening, Janey, and make her tell us all about it."

They carried their design into execution, as far as [illegible] "having in" was concerned. As I was sitting [illegible] letter in my study after tea, I was startled by so[illegible]

laughter and scuffling in the passage, and immediately afterwards my two girls appeared dragging in the for once bashful and blushing Phebe.

"Papa, papa, she says she is particularly engaged, and cannot stay to-night. Make her sit down, papa, do."

"No, indeed, Sophy, I cannot. I—I—expect a visitor this evening."

"Oh! Mr. Jobson; *we* know. But then, Phebe, it is not proper to receive gentlemen by yourself, and particularly in lodgings."

"I believe, Sophy," proudly drawing herself up, as was her manner, "that I understand propriety as well as you do."

As nothing was to be made of the decided little body that evening, my daughters let her go; contenting themselves with keeping a strict look-out from the drawing-room window. About eight o'clock a coach drew up at No. 11; from it descended Mr. Jobson, who then handed out a lady in widow's weeds. The coach drove off, and they entered the house; when through the thin wall, which separates our dwellings, there came such a noise of hysterical crying, of sobs, and exclamations, and broken talking, that my wife and daughters were nearly frantic with curiosity to know the cause of it all; and I had some difficulty in restraining them from sending a message into No. 11, to ask if any one were ill, and to offer whatever assistance lay in their power."

"No, no, my dears," said I "let them alone; it is certain that something singular has happened, and you may depend upon our young friend letting us know all about it, as soon as she is at liberty to do so."

And in effect she did come in the next morning, at a very unusual hour for her. She was dressed as if for a visit, and an expression of intense happiness was visible upon her small features, softening their arch contour, and suffusing her laughing eyes with a liquid tenderness. But she could not refrain from teasing us a little.

"I received my visitor last night, Miss Sophy, notwithstanding your wise caution. But as I stand in wholesome awe of *that* Mrs. Grundy, I begged him to bring his sister with him."

"But surely, surely, Phebe, you are not going to marry that odd, elderly man?"

"How the child runs on; who ever talked of marrying? Besides, my dear, I do not think that it would be considered either proper or legal to marry one's uncle."

"Uncle!" exclaimed my two daughters in a breath. "Mr. Jobson your uncle?"

"I believe he was proved to be so last night."

"Then the lady in black is your aunt?"

"Not at all."

"But you called her his sister."

"Yes, but not my aunt."

"Phebe, what do you mean to say?"

"That the tall, noble-looking lady in black is my mamma—my own dear mamma!" And the tears streamed down her cheeks, as she clasped her hands in an ecstacy.

An explanation now ensued, which we have no intention of giving, as it would too closely identify the parties concerned. Suffice it to say, that our little friend, no longer the daily governess Phebe Brandon, simply, but Phebe Brandon Urquhart, turned out to be heiress to a large fortune, and went to reside with her mother and uncle.

Last Thursday we were invited to a family dinner-party, given by Mr. Jobson in honour of the recovery of his niece, and her coming into possession of her property. Darkness and desolation no longer held their dreary region over Terrace House; the long deserted apartments had been thrown open to the sun and air. The bricked-up windows had been demolished, and replaced by modern sashes; new papering, painting, and furniture rendered the house habitable, and over an excellent repast presided Mrs. Urquhart, a gentlewoman of matronly presence and dignified manners, supported by our pretty Phebe, who looked the lady she was born, and better still, the unaffected, agreeable creature who had added so much pleasure to our domestic circle.

As Miss Urquhart was showing my wife and daughters over the house, before we took leave, they paused opposite a picture which was closely covered with green cloth.

"Beneath that cloth," said our little friend, "lies the secret of all my poor uncle's aberrations. I know what it is, but not for worlds would I uncover the shrouded portrait. Now that my mamma and I are come to take up our abode with him, we hope to make him a different man. You see we have effected wonders already."

And true enough, "Our Lane" is no longer haunted by the once-solitary, still-eccentric, elderly gentleman. He has now a far better occupation, that of acting the part of gallant cavalier to his pretty niece, who not unfrequently begs the support of his arm as far as No. 12. And if my wife's maternal vanity does not deceive her, a very suspicious liking is springing up between him and my eldest daughter; but as the latter, when pressed upon the subject, invariably pouts, and says, "Nonsense, a man old enough to be my father! As if people could not be friends without its turning to something else;" and so forth. I am free to confess that my good woman may —*possibly*—be mistaken.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

"They tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles at night is a star;
But *why* do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold lustre so far?
I *know* that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flow'rets their birth;
But *what* are the stars? do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky
Are worlds that are fashioned like this,
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of His glory whose throne is above,
That tells us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there."
"Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,
"Thy wisdom is greater by far;
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star."

Biographic Sketch.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, not very long ago, delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, on "Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a Study for Young Men." The subject was well chosen, and ably handled. We want many more men like Buxton, to exemplify in their every-day life the heroism of Christian duty—the large-heartedness of true manhood—the har-

mony of cheerfulness, tenderness, and truthfulness, with the noblest political aims and purposes. The history of this man exhibits an admirable lesson of perseverance, self-development, hard work, and success in the highest sense of the term; and, accordingly, the springs of action in such a man, the moving and controlling power within him, cannot be too deeply studied and diligently pondered.

Sir Fowell Buxton (by which name he was generally known) was no literary man, in the high sense of that term. He has left no great work, in the shape of a book, whereby his name may be handed down to posterity, like a Shakspere or a Bunyan; but he has left behind him the odour of a good name, and he has helped to do a great work, yea many great works, the memory of which the world will not willingly let die. The good work itself will live; and through it, all coming ages will bless the memory of the workman.

Thomas Fowell Buxton was born of respectable Quaker parents in the year 1792. His father died when he was about six years old, leaving a widow and a family of small children to struggle with the world. The circumstances of the family, though rather reduced, were amply sufficient to educate and bring them up respectably. Fortunately, the mother of these children was a woman of strong good sense, of cultivated intelligence, and of excellent tact, good temper, and cheerfulness. Greatest of all teachers, best of all guides, most powerful of all monitors, Fowell was blessed in having a good, kind, noble mother, whom he loved, and almost reverenced throughout his entire after-life.

The boy was a dull, heavy boy, distinguished mainly by his strong *self-will*, exhibiting itself in violent domineering, and in stubborn obstinacy. Many fathers and mothers are ignorant how to deal with this sort of character. They look upon the strong self-will as an indication of pure badness, forgetful that, when animated by a great purpose, it is really one of the most valuable qualities in man. It requires great care to manage a child who thus early displays its self-will: some endeavour to break it down, and, in doing so, they not unfrequently destroy the germ of all true manhood. But Fowell's mother had the good sense to deal with her child justly in this respect. She taught him to obey her implicitly, but encouraged, at the same time, the habit of deciding and acting for himself in matters which could safely be left to him. When his self-will was made the subject of comment by others, she would say, "never mind—he is self-willed now—you will see it turn out well in the end." And so it did.

Fowell made very little progress at school. He learned next to nothing, and was thought to be stupid and dull. He got other boys to do his exercises for him, while he played, romped, and scrambled about. Many parents would have been in despair at this state of things. They forget how important a thing is physical health, and that it is the business of nature in youth to develope structure and physical activity. Dr. Adam Clarke was not far wrong when he said, that most children would be better employed, as he was himself, when a boy, in "rolling large stones about," than in sitting painfully over their desks at their heavy task-work. Fowell went home at fifteen, a strong, growing, awkward lad, fond only of riding, shooting, boating, and other active sports, and spent his time principally in the company of Abraham Plaistow, the game-keeper, whom he used afterwards to call his "first tutor." Abraham could neither read nor write, but he had a good and true heart, and was no bad companion. There was some peril, however, for the young man. His habits might get confirmed, and his gnarled roughness of manner become hardened past remedy. He had capital raw material in him, but he wanted culture, training, and development.

At this crisis in the young man's life, when he was about sixteen years of age, he was introduced to the family of Mr. John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. Mr. Gurney was a Quaker himself, but, like many other members of the same family, was not very "decided." He mixed with the "world," and enjoyed its hospitalities; his house was the resort of distinguished men and women, including many of the magnates of literature. Mr. Gurney had a large family of grown-up sons and daughters, no fewer than eleven; their minds were well cultivated; some were Quakers, (one of them, the world-celebrated Mrs. Fry) and some were not. The atmosphere of the home was one of delightful social freedom and high intellectual activity. These young people were alike hearty in their play and their work, their amusements and their studies; in the exercise of the accomplishments that adorn life, as in the acquisition of knowledge and the culture and discipline of their best faculties. Into such delightful society was the young Buxton thrown. It was a scene of enchantment to him, and he was delighted and captivated. It was precisely the kind of social intercourse that he needed; and its influence at once opened up his fine character. He began to read books *with a purpose*. He formed studious habits, and entered on a delightful course of self-culture. In after-life, speaking of the influence of this family upon his character and career, he said:—

"I know no blessing, of a temporal nature, for which I ought to render so many thanks as my connection with the Earlham family. *It has given a colouring to my life.* Its influence was most positive and pregnant with good, at that critical period between school and manhood. *They* were eager for improvement, and I *caught the infection.* I was resolved to please them, and in the college at Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win."

His residence at Dublin College, whither he proceeded from Earlham, was a series of triumphs. He carried away many high prizes, and achieved great distinction as a scholar. Not only this, but at the close of his college career, he was solicited to stand for the University; an honour which he declined, on account of the loss of certain Irish estates, which he expected to have inherited, and also because of the losses sustained by his mother in some unfortunate speculations in which she had become involved. About one-and-twenty, with small prospects, he ventured on a serious, but a great step—he married; and here again he displayed the good sense and judgment which governed his life. He married a highly intelligent, and a religious woman—one of the daughters of the Earlham family. It was a great venture, but it was fraught with blessing to him. He now longed for work, and the more so when a child was added to his joys and responsibilities. He would at this time, he said, "have given anything for a situation of £100 a year, if he had had to work twelve hours a day for it." The wish is father to the act, as the child is of the man. He was brought into contact with his two uncles Hanbury, the great Spitalfields brewers, and, after an interview or two, he was engaged as a clerk, at a salary, with the prospect of a partnership at the end of a probationship of three years.

Here his active energy at once displayed itself. He was most diligent in business, and threw himself into it heart and soul. Whatever he did, he did thoroughly and well,—at brewing or at books. "I could brew," he said, "one hour,—do mathematics the next,—and shoot the next—and each *with my whole soul.*" There was invincible energy and determination about him, whatever he did "By this mental *entireness*," as Mr. Binney well observes, "this throwing of himself, in all the strength and bulk of his whole being, right down upon his subject,

he thoroughly mastered it." The character of the whole man is forcibly expressed in his own words, which every young man might write down upon his own soul as the golden motto of success :—"*The longer I live,*" said he, "*the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is* ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—*a purpose once fixed, and then* DEATH OR VICTORY! *That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature* A MAN *without it.*"

Buxton threw a great deal of energy into the business in which he had thus entered. The active-minded man influences powerfully the minds of others, and communicates an impulse to all within his reach. One old stager, accustomed to go along at a steady jog-trot, did not satisfy Buxton with his book-keeping, and he was rather refractory. "Meet me," said Buxton, "to-morrow morning at six o'clock." They met next morning at six accordingly, when the master simply said, "Be so good as hand me your set of books. I intend in future to take charge of them myself." Further opposition was at an end, and order and obedience followed, as matters of course. The master knew his business, was no laggard at his work, and was always at his post. The whole establishment felt his influence, and the concern rapidly prospered, far beyond its previous success. Buxton gradually realised a fortune, and became a man of substance.

Meanwhile he did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. He devoted his evenings diligently to self-education, and often rose early in the mornings for the same purpose. He read extensively in English literature, digested Blackstone's Commentaries, read Montesquieu carefully, and obtained a general knowledge of English law. He had some good maxims for reading, which savoured of his whole nature—among others were these—"never to begin a book without finishing it;" "never to consider a book finished until it is mastered;" and "to study everything with *the whole mind.*" By this diligent improvement of his leisure he acquired a large stock of knowledge, and by the time he entered Parliament, at the age of thirty-two, he was competent to occupy a creditable place in "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world." A speech which he delivered at a large public meeting held in London, for the relief of the Spitalfields weavers, had already introduced him favourably to the notice of the public; and a work he published in 1817, on "Prison Discipline," and which obtained a very extensive circulation, had shown the true philanthropic stuff of which his heart was made. The following year, that is in 1818, he became a Member of Parliament, and continued to sit there until 1837. We do not pretend to give anything like a life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, but only to point out a few of the leading features of his history, referring those who would know more of him to the excellent Life,* recently published by his son, and also to the most instructive commentary by Mr. Binney,† on the career and character of this true and admirable man.

The cause to which Sir T. F. Buxton chiefly devoted himself during his parliamentary career, and with which his name will always be identified, was that of the emancipation of the slaves in the British Colonies; succeeding Wilberforce in the leadership of that great movement. Buxton used to attribute the strong interest which he early felt in this question, to the influence of Priscilla Gurney, one of the Earlham family—a woman of fine intellect and a warm heart, abounding in all illustrious virtues. When on her death-bed, in 1821, she repeatedly sent for Buxton, and urged him "to make the cause and condition of the slaves *the great object of his life.*" The last act, which she could scarcely articulate, was an attempt to reiterate the solemn charge, and she expired in the ineffectual effort. Buxton never forgot her counsel; he named one of his daughters after her, and on the day on which she was married from his house, on the 1st of August, 1834, the day of Negro Emancipation—after Priscilla had been manumitted from her filial service, and left her father's home in the company of her husband, Buxton sat down, and thus wrote to a friend:—"The bride is just gone; everything has passed off to admiration, AND *there is not a slave in the British Colonies!*"

The cause of improved prison discipline, criminal law, the abolition of capital punishments, and other kindred subjects, also occupied his attention, and received his strong support in the course of his parliamentary career, which was a long and useful one. The last subject which occupied his mind was the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa; and he produced an able volume on the subject, entitled, "The Slave Trade and its remedy."

As a religious man also, Buxton was very active, presiding over, and working with, various religious associations for the spread of religion both at home and abroad. Though religious, he was not "strait-laced;" he never gave up his field-sports; he was no gloomy sectarian, but had a large, loving, cheerful heart. He delighted in home pleasures, and especially in the prattle of the young. He was a lover of children, and they clung round the skirts of great "Elephant Buxton," for he stood some six feet four; he mixed in their games, romped and played with them, and acted charades. He pointed out, in his walks with the children, the beauties of nature, and when the little ones recognised the snow-drops and the violets in the early spring, they hailed them as "Uncle Buxton's sermons."

The death of this good man, in February, 1845, was felt to be a world's loss. Universal sympathy was expressed, and a public testimonial to his memory was proposed. Multitudes joined in the tribute; beyond the realm of Britain, not fewer than 50,000 persons sent in their mites; and the monument commemorative of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, was set up in Westminster Abbey—the Pantheon of our great men. But it is not there that his memory will live, but in the minds of the thousands who have been emancipated from slavery through the persistency of his labours.

Let it be borne in mind, that Buxton was no "genius;" that he was not so much an originator or leader, as an imitator and follower—that he was not a great intellectual luminary, or thinker, or discoverer, but simply an earnest, straightforward, resolute, and hardworking man; who, once that he clearly discovered the path of duty, courageously followed it, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left,—that it was by dint of his steady industry, intense purpose, determined efforts at self-improvement and self-culture, and his whole-mindedness in every work that he undertook, that he so eminently prospered in the world, and so greatly benefited his species: and we think that every young man will derive the greatest hope and encouragement from the contemplation and study of the life of Sir Fowell Buxton, were it only in this particular aspect.

"Men talk about heroes, and the heroic element," says Mr. Binney; there is abundance of room for the displays of the latter in many positions of obscure, city life, and many of the former have lived and worked nobly, though unknown. The noblest biographies are not always written. There have been great, heroic men, who have toiled on in their daily duties, and suffered, and sacrificed, and kept their integrity; and served God, and helped their connections, and got on themselves; who

* The Life of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart. By his Son Charles Buxton, Esq.

† Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., a Study for Young Men. A Lecture by the Rev. Thomas Binney, delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association.

have displayed in all this, qualities of character, of mind, courage, goodness, that would have honoured a bishop, a general, or a judge. The world once saw your 'hero,' in nothing but the strong, stalwart, fighting man; and it has not got quite above that yet. How the Devil must chuckle at his success, when he gets a fellow to think himself something wonderful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side, and a feather in his hat; and when he says to him (and the poor fool believes it) '*Your* hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the dirt of the counter and the shop;' and then whispers to himself, 'Keep them for blood—human blood!' Fifty to one—as Buxton says of Plaistow and the Pope—fifty to one on *the great unknown*—on Brown, Smith, and Jones—on any *one* of them, against Cæsar and Napoleon. Wood Street against Waterloo, the world over!"

CHANCES, CHANGES, AND CHARACTERS, IN AN OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

FIFTH AND LAST ARTICLE.

Most people would be astonished, and some not a little shocked at the reflections which occupied the mind of Mrs. Lorimer, as she sat sewing at her sunny garret window, preparing for a shortly-expected little stranger, with no company but her lark, and her own contented thoughts. Healthy, busy, cheerful, and independent mistress of her own humble home, and of Shock, who served her from love as well as for money; no want of anything really necessary, and hope to cheer her on under many little present deprivations; she regretted not the spacious rooms, wide domain, numerous attendants, and constant company, she had been accustomed to at Doocotside; she looked at the bright side of everything, and felt she had never been so really happy as now in all her life. At her uncle's, she was but one amongst many, and although footmen handed her plate at table, and her cousin's maid dressed her hair, *she* could not command anyone's service as she could Shock's; and although every one was kind, she was not the particular care of any single person there. To be sure she often drove out with her aunt, and rode her own little pony; but she only went in the carriage when she was asked to do so, and rode when her elder cousins chose to go out, and whenever they fancied to turn their horses' heads, there must she and little Jane follow. "No," said she in soliloquy, "I am *not* to be pitied at all, for I am really and truly *happy*—not only in possessing the affections of a steady, intelligent, kind-hearted, good man—but in being independent, and in having occupations which interest me. She saw other men's wives—while receiving the same wages as her husband—dressing in flounces, feathers, flowers, and white gowns—a dress quite unfitted for their station, and indulging in luxuries of the table as unfitted for their means; and then when employment failed, starving, dirty, and complaining, while the Lorimers—who were simple in their attire and food—had money laid by, which enabled them to live much as before, until better times returned again. Such comfort in bad times ensured them respect, which these vulgar, ignorant creatures, whose idea of a lady consisted in wearing fine clothes and eating and drinking nice things, had before denied to Effie's quiet gown and modest looks; but neither their present civility nor their past airs of superiority altered Effie's manner in regard to them in the remotest degree, her good heart and good breeding obliged her always to behave with politeness to every one; but her refined mind and cultivated understanding at the same time made it impossible for her to associate on terms of intimacy with uneducated or coarse-mannered people 'ever their fortune, and in the long run, it gained her spect of all whose good opinion was worth having; and when at last her birth and name were known, all pretended they had always suspected that such was the case. But let us leave these low-minded *dashers* and ascend to Effie's happy garret. In the winter evenings, Lorimer read aloud to her, whilst she made or repaired the family linen; but summer was the happy time, and Sunday above all, the happy day—a day of cheerful rest—a day Mrs. Tomkins never went out, for she considered it "quite a day for the common people," and so passed two years away.

All this time it had so happened that Effie had never once seen Mrs. Tomkins; and indeed, she now felt so perfectly happy and free, that she no longer cared whether she saw her or not, for her rancour had quite passed away. Harry got on steadily and surely, but resolved to be prudent, they therefore remained in their attic for nearly three years, when an increase of salary as well as of family enabled them to add another servant and the story immediately below to their present accomodation. Two years and a quarter more saw them the possessors of a roomy cottage and large garden, which with three servants and shaggy boy, (very much quizzed and laughed at by Shock, for his ignorance and awkwardness) now formed their establishment. Mr. Lorimer not long after found he could keep a pony, then a gig, and then a carriage; and prosperity flowed in rapidly, *so* rapidly, that Mrs. Tomkins became quite envious, and talked of "upstarts."

About this time, the Glasgow merchant who had bought Doocotside failed, and it was again in the market. Lorimer bought it, and wrote to his godfather, begging him to occupy his own house during his lifetime, assuring Lady Eaglescroft, that if she survived her husband, she should never, against her desire, be required to leave it; and Sir Harry, whose generous mind quite entered into Lorimer's feelings, consented as soon as he had prevailed upon his nephew-in-law to accept a moderate rent, furnished by the sons in India, and allow him to consider himself as resident overseer, and agent for the estate, thereby rendering service for service. Lady Eaglescroft died five years after returning home, but not before she had seen her daughters happily and respectably married, and been comforted by accounts of all her sons in India, except the eldest, who died shortly after landing at Calcutta. Sir Harry did not long survive her, and upon her death, and NOT TILL THEN, the wheelwright's son, appeared as Master of Doocotside. He added to, improved, and new furnished it. All the Eaglescrofts still considered it a home-house, and met the Lorimers, who by the help of Harry, had prospered in the world as friends and relatives. Remember, my readers, and I write for the people, that it is not a fictitious narrative, but a *true story* consistent with the writer's knowledge; and that every one of you may hope to arrive at fortune by following Harry's footsteps, for he had *no one to push him on*; nothing but his own integrity, steady, persevering industry, and SELF-DENIAL—he certainly had received a good common education, but he chiefly educated himself. Mr. Dalton had but showed him the road, and he followed it; spending the time in reading, that his companions did in idling and drinking. His natural kindliness of heart influenced his manners; he thought of the feelings of others, rather than his own, and was not always trying to put the best foot forward, and appearing what he was not, which always makes people vulgar, and induces their neighbours to pull down their pride. To conclude my tale, our friend, Polly Pratt, or Shock, as Mrs. Pratt, reigns supreme over the household of Doocotside; she has brought up all the children, and they love her as much, as these little prattlers are in their turn beginning to do, and for whom she is ever preparing some surprise, which is made a grand "secret" of, if it be but a new bonnet for a favourite doll, or some "sweeties" from Glasgow. Lorimer idolizes his wife to this day, and even

when she became a grandmother insisted upon her wearing a straw bonnet and blue ribbons, declaring she looked, in his eyes, almost as young, and quite as pretty, as she used to do, when he, the wheelwright's "wee callant," gazed up at her from a humble distance at Birkenbrae kirk. Miss Mysie Macdragon has been long dead, but Mr. Dalton still survives, with Belle, Beenie, and a great grand-daughter of Bawdrons, and still makes quotations for a learned work, by which, perhaps, some other man may one day profit. Lady Larix Ha', and "Wullie, ma man," as she used to call her husband, are both passed away, and their son, a finikin fine gentleman, reigns in their stead, with a would-be-fine lady wife, whose sins are *not* like those of her hearty, homely mother, low, broad merriment, undistinguishing charity, and a too profuse hospitality; her virtues she has not yet made apparent. Another Lord Wolfscraig occupies the place of his "out-spoken" father, whose daughters are better brought up than those of their aunt were. I myself met the Duke of Launceston at Mr. Lorimer's table, where a most excellent dinner was served, and where not only the spoons, but every article upon it, was silver, and what is more extraordinary still, Harry is quite as happy in his splendour as in his poverty, and eats his soup with a silver spoon with as hearty an appetite as when he formerly *supped his broth* with a horn one. His son is a finished gentleman, possessing a refined and cultivated mind, fascinating manners, and a most aristocratic bearing; yet, he often walks to where old Sandie Lorimer's cottage stood, (now a tall house) and tells his high-born companions,—"my father, a wheelwright's thirteenth child, was born there," thereby raising instead of lowering himself in their opinion. Mr. Tomkins was completely ruined by some foolish speculation, and being as devoid of religion as of moral courage, he committed suicide. Mrs. Tomkins' severest blow was being forced to return home as a dependent upon her family; the first time she saw Mrs. Lorimer she fainted, but the unaffected kindness of Effie's manner soon restored her to better feelings. They are now great friends, and Mrs. Tomkins openly speaks of not only her pecuniary obligations to Mrs. Lorimer, but also of other obligations greater far—those of teaching her the value of charity, humility, and forgiveness of injuries.

THE GIPSY IN THE THORN-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A RICH man once hired a boy, who served him honestly and industriously; he was the first to rise in the morning, the last to go to bed at night, and never hesitated to perform even the disagreeable duties which fell to the share of others, but which they refused to do. His looks were always cheerful and contented, and he never was heard to murmur. When he had served a year, his master thought to himself, "If I pay him his wages he may go away; it will therefore be most prudent not to do so; I shall thereby save something, and he will stay." And so the boy worked another year, and, though no wages came, he said nothing and looked happy. At last the end of the third year arrived; the master felt in his pockets, but took nothing out; then the boy spoke.

"Master," said he, "I have served you honourably for three years; give me, I pray you, what I have justly earned. I wish to leave you, and see more of the world."

"My dear fellow," replied the niggard, "you have indeed served me faithfully, and you shall be generously rewarded."

So saying he searched his pockets again, and this time counted out three crown pieces.

"A crown," he said, "for each year; it is liberal; few masters would pay such wages."

The boy, who knew very little about money, was quite satisfied; he received his scanty pay, and determined now that his pockets were full, he would play. He set off therefore to see the world; up-hill and down-hill, he ran and sang to his heart's content; but presently, as he leaped a bush, a little man suddenly appeared before him.

"Whither away, Brother Merry," asked the stranger, "your cares seem but a light burden to you!"

"Why should I be sad," answered the boy, "when I have three years' wages in my pocket."

"And how much is that?" inquired the little man.

"Three good crowns."

"Listen to me," said the dwarf; "I am a poor, needy creature, unable to work; give me the money; you are young, and can earn your bread."

The boy's heart was good; it felt pity for the miserable little man; so he handed him his hard-gotten wages.

"Take them," said he, "I can work for more."

"You have a kind heart," said the mannikin, "I will reward you by granting you three wishes—one for each crown. What will you ask?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boy; "you are one of those then who can whistle blue! Well, I will wish; first, for a bird-gun, which shall hit whatever I aim at; secondly, for a fiddle, to the sound of which every one who hears me play on it must dance; and, thirdly, that when I ask any one for anything, he shall not dare refuse to me."

"You shall have all," cried the little man, as he took out of the bush, where they seemed to have been placed in readiness, a fine fiddle, and bird-gun—"no man in the world shall refuse what you ask!"

"My heart, what more can you desire!" said the boy to himself, as he joyfully went on his way. He soon overtook a wicked-looking man, who stood listening to the song of a bird, which was perched on the very summit of a high tree.

"Wonderful!" cried the man, "such a small animal with such a great voice! I wish I could get near enough to put some salt on its tail."

The boy aimed at the bird with his magic gun, and it fell into a thorn-bush.

"There, rogue," said he to the other, "you may have it if you fetch it."

"Master," replied the man, "leave out the 'rogue' when you call the dog; but I will pick up the bird."

In his efforts to get it out, he had worked himself into the middle of the prickly bush, when the boy was seized with a longing to try his fiddle. But, scarcely had he begun to scrape, when the man began also to dance, and the faster the music, the faster and higher he jumped, though the thorns tore his dirty coat, combed out his dusty hair, and pricked and scratched his whole body.

"Leave off, leave off," cried he, "I do not wish to dance!"

But he cried in vain. "You have flayed many a man, I dare say," answered the boy, "now we will see what the thorn-bush can do for you!"

And louder and faster sounded the fiddle, and faster and higher danced the gipsy, till the thorns were hung with the tatters of his coat.

"Mercy, mercy," he screamed at last; "you shall have whatever I can give you, only cease to play. Here, here, take this purse of gold!"

"Since you are so ready to pay," said the boy, "I will cease my music; but I must say that you dance well to it—it is a treat to see you."

With that he took the purse and departed.

The thievish-looking man watched him until he was quite out of sight; then he bawled insultingly after him,

"You miserable scraper! you ale-house fiddler! wait till I find you alone. I will chase you until you have not a sole to your shoe; you ragamuffin! stick a farthing in your mouth, and say you are worth six dollars!"

And thus he abused him as long as he could find words.

When he had sufficiently relieved himself, he ran to the judge of the next town:—

"Honourable judge," cried he, "I beg your mercy; see how I have been ill-treated and robbed on the open highway; a stone might pity me; my clothes are torn, my body is pricked and scratched, and a purse of gold has been taken from me—a purse of ducats, each one brighter than the other. I entreat you, good judge, let the man be caught and sent to prison!"

"Was it a soldier," asked the judge, "who has so wounded you with his sabre?"

"No, indeed," replied the gipsy, "it was one who had no sabre, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle from his neck; the rascal can easily be recognised."

The judge sent some people after the boy; they soon overtook him, for he had gone on very slowly; they searched him, and found in his pocket the purse of gold. He was brought to trial, and with a loud voice declared—

"I did not beat the fellow, nor steal his gold; he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might cease my music, which he did not like."

"He can lie as fast as I can catch flies off the wall," cried his accuser.

And the judge said, "yours is a bad defence;" and he sentenced him to be hanged as a highway robber.

As they led him away to the gallows, the gipsy bawled after him triumphantly:—"You worthless fellow! you catgut-scraper! now you will receive your reward!"

The boy quietly ascended the ladder with the hangman, but, on the last step, he turned and begged the judge to grant him one favour before he died.

"I will grant it," replied the judge, "on condition that you do not ask for your life."

"I ask not for my life," said the boy, "but to be permitted to play once more on my beloved fiddle!"

"Do not let him, do not let him," screamed the ragged rogue.

"Why should I not allow him to enjoy this one short pleasure?" said the judge; "I have granted it already; he shall have his wish!"

"Tie me fast! bind me down!" cried the gipsy.

The fiddle-player began; at the first stroke every one became unsteady—judge, clerks, and bystanders tottered—and the rope fell from the hands of those who were tying down the tatterdemalion; at the second, they all raised one leg, and the hangman let go his prisoner, and made ready for the dance; at the third, all sprang into the air; the judge and the accuser were foremost, and leaped the highest. Everyone danced, old and young, fat and lean; even the dogs got on their hind-legs, and hopped! Faster and faster went the fiddle, and higher and higher jumped the dancers, until at last, in their fury, they kicked and screamed most dismally. Then the judge gasped—

"Cease playing, and I will give you your life!"

The fiddler stopped, descended the ladder, and approached the wicked-looking gipsy, who lay panting for breath.

"Rogue," said he, "confess where you got that purse of ducats, or I will play again!"

"I stole it, I stole it!" he cried pitifully.

The judge, hearing this, condemned him, as a thief and false accuser, to be hanged instead of the boy, who journeyed on to see the world.

AN EMPTY HOUSE.

Who has not seen at some time an empty house which has struck them as the picture of desolation? They may know a hundred uninhabited tenements, but they look as well kept and prosperous, as though they would soon be filled again. They do not impress the senses in the same way as that peculiar one, which appears to be condemned, like some outcast, to perpetual seclusion in the midst of happy neighbours, who mock, and flout, and taunt it with their bright windows and clean steps, and fresh paint and shining door knobs and knockers, just as Mr. Well-to-do, who is making money and dresses well, and lodges luxuriously and feeds plentifully, may treat with scorn poor Do-nothing, who unable to find employment of any sort, wears a patched threadbare coat, dwells in a leaky garret, and does not know where on earth to look for to-morrow's dinner. Indeed there is something more in this comparison than appears at first sight, for the world of the streets is apt to treat the empty house much as it does the poverty-stricken man. The ragged lads who play about the avenues of streets, and bask about the sunshiny nooks, draw back and cease their jokes and are decorous in the presence of Mr. Trim or Mr. Broadcloth, but they have a sarcasm or a coarse epithet for poor Patch, and for poorer Tatter possibly a sly pebble or a dab of mud.

Some years ago there was an empty house opposite to mine, which brought such thoughts as these to my mind. There was a dirty bill in one of the windows, and the remains of another upon one of the window shutters, with directions where to inquire as to rent, &c., but nobody seemed to dream of anybody taking it. The neighbourhood was a respectable one, and in striking contrast with this one unfortunate tenement, and happy faces at the windows of its neighbours seemed to make them crow over it, as Mrs. Fruitful with her half-dozen of handsome children triumphs over Mrs. Childless, who would give her ears to call the half of her friend's little flock her own. Not that my empty house was utterly lonely either, for its door-step was, in fine weather, the chosen resort of a group of little specimens of humanity in dirt and rags, who from the seclusion of some neighbouring alley brought them chalk, and pieces of tiles and slate, with which they scratched uncouth figures upon the doors and shutters as high up as they could reach; and with mud from the gutter they made their dirt pies, and left the remnants to accumulate upon the dingy sill. There was a plentiful supply of stones, too, in the macadamized road, and a large family of boys, unable to resist the tempting opportunity for mischievous "shies," paid rough attention to the empty house with the flints, till the sunshine which had long been denied admittance through the dusty and begrimed panes, found its way unimpeded through empty and dismantled sashes. Possibly, too, in consequence of this, the very sparrows, usually so bold, which used to build under the eaves and twitter upon the window sills and housetop, forsook the ill-fated building and left it to its destiny.

I do not know what it was, but there was something which powerfully attracted my attention to the place, and I often sat at my window and mused upon it. Sometimes I thought it was in Chancery, for it had just the look of a house which the lawyers had thoroughly riddled; and sometimes I thought it had the reputation of being haunted, for somehow or other people always give ghosts credit for the very worst taste, and seem to think them incapable of choosing any but the most uncomfortable habitations.

Passers-by would often stop to look at the house, and not unfrequently some of them would look over it; and then the owner or his agent would come with them, bringing the rusty key which turned with difficulty in the lock, and setting free the creaking door, which moved so lazily upon its hinges. This person was such a human likeness to the house, that I sometimes wondered he did not, out of pure sympathy, come and live there himself. He was a little battered-looking old man, whose rusty dirty suit of black just matched the doors and shutters, and I could almost fancy that his very spectacles, like the windows, were cracked and broken by boys throwing stones at him.

These inquiries, however, always resulted in nothing, except the great discomfiture of the children, who held dominion over the door-step, and who were always summarily routed and driven off by peevish exclamations and feeble cuffs from the rusty little old man. I suppose most of those who came were merely actuated by curiosity. I was more than once tempted by the same motive to go and look at the inside myself, and those who really had serious designs of settling there were frightened out of them by the combined dismalness of the place, and the warder who had charge of it. At last, there really was some sign of the empty house being let. I noticed one evening that a respectable, quiet-looking young couple, with an old lady in widow's weeds, whom I immediately decided was the widowed mother of either husband or wife, (for of course they were husband and wife) went to look at the empty house, attended by the little old man; and from the fact, that after looking at the premises for a longer time than visitors usually did, the party came out, and contrary to custom, all four walked away together, I was led to suppose that I might have opposite neighbours.

The next morning, before I left home for business, I saw at once that I was right as to the house having been taken. The little old man, notwithstanding he looked so rusty, must have been a diligent as well as a quaint old-fashioned fellow, for there were ladders and steps, and painters, plumbers, bricklayers and labourers all at work upon the house. Some were upon the top replacing cracked tiles, others were making the windows weather-proof, and others again were intent upon counteracting the ravages of chalk, sharp slates, and dirt upon the paint of the doors and window shutters. The group of children came as usual, but they did not venture to attempt to take up their old station; the apparition of the old man scared them from that, and perhaps they were altogether too much struck with astonishment at the altered character of the scene to attempt it. But they were very unwilling to give up their old sovereignty and abandon the spot. They lingered doubtfully for some days about the place, sometimes looking at the tall ladders and the workmen, and sometimes sitting upon the heaps of broken tiles and brickbats, watching the Irish hodman stirring the mortar about, with much the same feelings perhaps as a red Indian lingers about the white man's clearing, formerly the hunting-ground of his fathers. Possibly the youngsters thought that all the men and ladders might be cleared away, and that they would succeed to the again vacant door-step, with the added advantages of a newly-painted door to scratch upon, and these hallucinations were not thoroughly dispelled for about a week, when they saw a charwoman scouring the passage and front steps. That sufficed to wither all their hopes; repairs they could have survived, for they remembered something of the sort once in their own alley, but scrubbing and washing were entirely unmistakeable, they understood at once that somebody was "coming in," and dispersed to seek another place of resort.

It may be supposed that the diligence of the little old man, who never left the labourers all day, soon had the little house fit for the reception of its new inmates, in spite of occasional damages in the glass department, till the boys became reconciled to its new smartness. He was there the first thing in the morning, sitting on a three-legged stool which I believe he brought with him, and he went to the public house with the men when they had their meals, so that they should not stay too long. Under such vigilant superintendence, the last ladder and pair of steps were taken away in about a week, and the inmates—the two young folks, and the old widow lady I have already mentioned, and their household goods made their appearance. The furniture showed at a glance that both the past and the present had contributed their quotas to the household, for there were the old-fashioned large-seated, heavy high-backed chairs of half-a-century since, with a heavy square table, and a quaint, antique cabinet, matching well with the aged widowed mother; while the light caned seats and other modern requisites, represented the young people just entering upon life. I knew at once what afterwards I found to be the case, that by probably a hasty marriage two households had been mingled into one.

I was always a solitary, secluded man, given to make observations and to pick up information about those who interested me, but not to cultivate acquaintances, and so it was from what I saw from my windows and from hear-say, that I picked up what I knew of the new comers. Slight as this source of information may seem to be, it is wonderful what a deal of knowledge of a certain kind is obtained in this manner; indeed, if any one were to examine the sources of his own knowledge, he would find that if not the largest, a very large proportion had been picked up from the chit-chat of society.

I was peculiarly favourably situated for acquiring knowledge in this way, for my landlady, a chatty, good-tempered widow, knew the private history of most of her neighbours, and was extremely well versed in the gossip and scandal of the place; and her extensive knowledge added to the equally diversified lore of the fat old half-laundress, half-charwoman, who had lived all her life in the vicinity, (and was the very person who had scared the before-mentioned urchins by scouring the once empty house) and the tit-bits of sayings and doings, communicated by the baker, butcher, green-grocer, and milkman furnished a stock of history which, reinforced by my own habits of observation, fully qualified me for giving the little narrative which follows; and which I am tempted to give to the world not so much for its intrinsic interest, or because it contains any record of great deeds, but because it shows industry and perseverance triumphing over the obstacles of the world, and bearing the burdens of misplaced benevolence.

To begin then our tale in earnest. The head of the house opposite was Thomas Winthorpe, who acted as book-keeper to a large outfitting house in the city. He was a rather taciturn, grave young man, and bore these characteristics upon his face, but he was fond of knowledge and had acquired no small portion for a man in his position. Well principled, and untiringly energetic, and industrious, he had risen from a low station more from the passive habit of steady, good conduct, than the active exercise of any brilliant qualities, and he felt a pride in the fact; never hesitating, though he did not parade it, to utter the truth that he was first hired to sweep the offices, light the fires, and do other menial jobs. There was a striking similarity between him and his little wife, Kate Winthorpe (who had just changed her name from Stevens), which you saw in their faces, for Kate was grave, and habitually rather silent too. But her gravity had a shade more of pensiveness in it than Thomas's, which might have told the keen observer that it had not the same origin.

Such indeed was the fact, for what difficulty and early poverty had done for Thomas, youthful plenty and after troubles had done for Kate; though the bright smiles which I could now and then see chasing the shadows over Kate's comely but not pretty face, as she bade her husband good-by in the morning or welcomed him home at night, told that happiness was bringing back much of her original character.

The old lady, Mrs. Stevens, Kate's mother, was a good sort of old lady, so far as I could learn, with a respectful tenderness for Thomas, and a fond affection for Kate who had been the prop of her age and the solace of her troubles; but without anything remarkable in her character beyond a meek resignation, which well supplied the place of a higher philosophy, and led her cheerfully to accept the present and be content with the past.

So far as I could glean, Mrs. Stevens was the widow

of a once affluent yeoman in one of the western counties, who lived in the "good old English style," liked his dogs and gun, and horses, was not averse to a run with the hounds—had a partiality for parish and club dinners, and was fond of plenty of company at home. This sort of life might have done tolerably well in the palmy times of farming, when with war prices, corn was, as Hood has it, "at the Lord knows what per quarter;" but when lower prices came with peace, and more industry and less expenditure was required, poor Stevens was one of the first to feel the altered times, and as he could not give up his old habits, difficulties began to press upon and thicken around him. After a few years, creditors became clamorous, and the landlord urgent for the payment of rent in arrear, and the result was that he was compelled to give up his farm and sell his stock to save himself from a prison. This left him a small remnant upon which, if he had been a prudent, self-denying man, he might have begun the world afresh, but he took his downfall so much to heart, that in a few months he died of his old enemy, the gout.

Mrs. Stevens was thus left a widow with two children, Kate, a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, and Charles, a fine young man of three or four and twenty, who held a small farm in that neighbourhood, and had hitherto depended more upon his father's purse than his own industry. Little as Mrs. Stevens knew of the world, she felt that it would not do to depend upon Charles, who was one of those jolly, good-tempered, careless fellows everybody knows—men who go on tolerably well so long as all is smooth, but wanting providence and foresight, are pretty sure to founder upon the first dangerous rock ahead. To do Charles justice, however, he would willingly have shared his home with his mother and sister, and for a long time managed to remit enough to them to pay their rent.

When the first grief of widowhood was over, Mrs. Stevens and her daughter, without any very definite plan, but drawn by that strange attraction which impels alike the helpless, the inexperienced, and the ambitious to the great centres of population, came up to London with the small sum of money which, after every debt had been scrupulously discharged, was left to her. Beyond that resource she had none, save the address of a first cousin who, report said, had grown very rich in trade, and to whom she hoped she might look for aid and advice. In this she was, however, speedily undeceived, for upon calling upon her cousin and introducing herself and Kate, she was received by the withered old miser very curtly, and told that as he came up to London a poor boy with five and ninepence in his pocket, and had managed to get on fairly, she with fifty pounds in her pocket could do very well without help. Perhaps if the widow had let Kate plead her suit she might have fared better, for the old man patted Kate's back and seemed to dip his hand in his pocket with the half intention of making her a present, but it was only a half intention, and the widow went away with a heavy heart, convinced that she must not look for assistance in that quarter.

I need not tell what little I know of the efforts of Mrs. Stevens to find for herself a useful place in the great, busy, unfriendly, or at least coldly-indifferent world of London life—how she found thousands as eager and as anxious as herself—how, although she pinched and stinted and denied herself every luxury, she saw her small stock of money silently wasting away, and no apparent means of getting more; all these things are unhappily so every-day and common-place, such mere ordinary, vulgar troubles that everybody knows them and nobody cares to hear more about them.

At last one day, after a weary walk under a scorching sky in search of employment, the widow and her daughter saw in the window of an outfitter's shop, the welcome announcement "good shirt hands wanted." So the widow and Kate entered, and with some little trembling saw the person whose business it was to give work to the needlewomen, and made known their errand. Mr. Sturt, a sharp, rather rough man, who had the management of this department, said, "Yes, they did want hands,' but they required some one to become security for the work given out."

The widow's chagrin was as great now as her hopes had been high a few minutes before, and she said at once that she did not know any one who would become security, at which Mr. Sturt was turning coldly away; but suddenly thinking of her cousin, she said to herself that he would surely not refuse her this one favour, and she told Mr. Sturt that she would try and come again, and timidly gave that gentleman her address. As soon as the widow's back was turned, Mr. Sturt threw the address on the floor, for he was perfectly sure of having plenty of applications, and it did not matter to him whether the widow ever came again or not; but Thomas Winthorpe, who was employed in a different department of the business, happened to be a witness of the scene, had seen the widow's hand shake, and lips quiver with hope and disappointment, and had marked the anxious look of Kate; and with that sympathy which past poverty so often begets for the poor, he picked up the "rejected address" resolving that he would inquire, and if Mrs. Stevens and her daughter deserved it he would help them to the work.

It was more than a year since Mrs. Stevens had seen her rich cousin, and when she hastened to his house to prefer her humble petition it was shut up, and all the information she could gain from the neighbours was that Mr. Norton had gone no one knew whither. This was a sad blow to Mrs. Stevens and Kate; what to do they knew not, and as they wended their way back to their now almost destitute home, their poverty appeared more hopeless than ever; for disappointment is far harder to bear than mere trouble, just as the sky never looks so dismal and threatening as when a bright ray has just departed, and the sun has sunk behind a thick, dark cloud.

Thomas Winthorpe, however, carried his good intention into effect directly he left business, and little as he was able to glean in their neighbourhood of their life and past history, he was convinced that Mrs. Stevens and her daughter deserved help. How, however, to afford them assistance without wounding their feelings was for some time a difficult question; but at last he determined to become surety for them at the shop without their knowledge, and then to call, as if it were a matter of business, and tell them that they could have work.

The next morning accordingly, he told Mr. Sturt that he intended to become surety for Mrs. Stevens, and took no notice of that individual's shrugs, and winks, and innuendoes—which were meant to insinuate a sinister motive upon the part of Thomas—further than by looking at him so fixedly and composedly, and withal with such an expression of contempt, that Mr. Sturt, although not a very bashful personage, was fairly confused; and in the evening Thomas called and introduced himself to Mrs. Stevens, and told her that, in consequence of inquiries which had been made, she might have the work when she pleased. The widow and Kate, who had not stirred out of the house that day, and were in the depths of despair, not knowing which way to turn for help, looked upon Thomas as a preserving angel, and could almost have worshipped him for the unexpected good news of which he was the bearer; nor was their estimation of him lessened when the widow, remembering what had been said about security, questioned him as to how that obstacle had been overcome; and after a few awkward attempts at parrying and equivocation, Thomas, who was but a poor dissembler, confessed the kindly part he had acted, and was overwhelmed with their expressions of gratitude. From that moment they became intimate,

and before the interview, which was a somewhat long one, concluded, Thomas saw, partly from their conversation, partly from the relics of furniture they had managed to transport to London, that they had moved in a more comfortable station, and were simple country folks; and with a feeling possibly prompted by an unconscious heart-leaning to the quiet Kate, and a latent wish to keep her away from the shop, he offered, as he lived close by, to take their work to and fro for them, and so to save them the trouble of going into the city, an offer which Mrs. Stevens who, in her depressed circumstances, shrunk from strangers, and had no wish to face the rough Mr. Sturt, thankfully accepted.

From this time the widow and her daughter sat down earnestly to work, and though luxuries are not the lot of those who live by shirt-making, yet as the house they were employed by was a respectable one, and paid something better than slop prices, and as Thomas contrived that they should have the best description of work, and Charles Stevens, from time to time, remitted to them sufficient to pay their rent, they, with their simple wants, soon began to feel tolerably comfortable and independent. Thomas too, who was an orphan, did not neglect his opportunities of knowing them better, and became a close and dear acquaintance, whose coming every evening was regularly looked for. At first, of course, he only made business calls, and now and then sat and chatted afterwards, then he brought a few flowers for their mantel-piece, or a book, or newspaper, which he thought might amuse them, and by-and-by he read to them; and at last business, instead of being the primary object of his visits, was the last thing thought of and left till he was going away: occasionally, too, Thomas thought that they were working too hard and that a walk would do them good, and he became the companion of their little promenades.

Of course the experienced reader will see in all this that Thomas was in love with Kate; and so he was, but Thomas was a prudent man. Kate was young as well as himself, he had but a small salary, and it was better to wait till he could offer Kate such a home as he should like to see her mistress of. And Kate, what of her? did she love Thomas Winthorpe too? Well, we don't know enough of the female heart to answer such a question. How should an old bachelor, indeed, get such knowledge? But perhaps our better informed lady friends may be enabled to form an opinion, when they are told that Kate began to dress herself with more care, and to curl her luxuriant dark hair more sedulously, and that she was more fidgety than her mother as the time for Thomas to call approached, and grew fonder of reading the books he brought, and the flowers of his giving. Mrs. Stevens, however, saw nothing of all this, and Thomas never spoke of love, and Kate never analyzed her feelings, so that we suppose if she was in love, she had glided into it so gently that she did not know it herself.

Something like three years had passed away in this humble, but tranquilly happy state of existence, during which Thomas had been silently adding to his stock of furniture, and quietly saving money out of his small salary, when a new misfortune fell upon the Stevenses. The mother had had weak eyes when a child, but as she grew up to womanhood the defect had disappeared. Still there was a latent tendency to disease, which it seemed close application to needlework in her declining years had developed. For a long time Mrs. Stevens had felt this, but concealed it from Kate, till her eyes became so dim, that she could not go on any longer, and Kate became aware of the truth. This was a sad blow, and Kate, who had come to look instinctively to Thomas for advice, took the opportunity when her mother was out of the room for a few minutes at his next visit, to tell him the fact, and her fears that her mother was going blind. This was their first confidence, which I have been told goes a great way in love affairs, and from that time they were drawn still closer together. Thomas advised immediate medical assistance, and not liking to offer Kate the fee, arranged to get an hour or two the next day but one, and accompany them to an eminent oculist. This was done, and the surgeon, after examining the widow's eyes, said that skill could do nothing for her, but that rest was indispensable, and that she must not exert her sight.

The whole of the work was now thrown upon Kate, and unmurmuringly did the noble girl bend herself to the task of providing for herself and her nearly blind mother. The first dawn of light saw her, needle in hand, and Thomas found her at night stooping over her task. Their little walks were given up, and she denied herself almost the bare necessaries of life, so that her mother might not feel the change. This could not go long without Kate's health suffering, and Thomas saw with grief the pale cheek, and the thinning figure, and the red tinge round the eyelids, which spoke of over-work and failing strength. These changes did not improve Kate's good looks, but when did true love ever think of beauty? He saw that the poor girl must soon break down, and then there were but two courses open, either to offer his hand, which he was sure would be accepted, or to offer them assistance.

From motives of prudence, Thomas had rather that the time when he should become a housekeeper for himself had been longer delayed; but he did not like to offer her money, for he felt as though such an obligation would make her feel dependent, and draw her from him; and so he resolved at once to make her his wife, and save her from the fate which otherwise seemed impending over her.

How the declaration was made, and where, and whether or not there were many blushes or smiles, or tears or kisses, I really do not know; but from Thomas's practical manner, and Kate's earnest, truthful, straightforward mind, and the length of time they had been as intimate and confidential as brother and sister, I should think that there was little of what some folk choose to call "the sentimental," although perhaps there was not any the less of true sentiment. But certain it is, that Thomas was accepted, the widow did not object, and all the neighbourhood soon knew that Kate Stevens and Thomas Winthorpe were about to be married.

Of course, as is usual upon such occasions, there was plenty of comment. A good many young ladies who had done their best to "set their caps" at Thomas, intensely pitied poor Kate for choosing such a quiet stupid sort of fellow, and not a few old ladies, who would have jumped at Thomas for a son-in-law, were "sincerely" glad that it was not their daughter. And there was a universal chorus of prophesy, as to the troubles that awaited the young couple; for what (said the prophets) could they do with Thomas's small salary, and Kate's old mother, if they came to have a family? and so forth.

Kate and Thomas knew nothing of all this, and if they had, it would not have affected them much, for confident in their quiet earnest affection for each other, they looked forward to the future not as a period of easy enjoyment, but as one of effortful, though hopeful industry. The preliminaries were soon arranged, Thomas had no friends to consult, and Charles Stevens was glad to hear that his sister was about to be married—a license was dispensed with, and the vulgarity of banns resorted to to save expense. The bride was given away by a young mechanic, a friend of Thomas's, whose sister acted as bridesmaid; there was a quiet dinner at Thomas's lodgings, no wedding tour, and the next day they went into the empty house, which had been done up for their reception, and suited their scanty means, and when filled with the new furniture of Thomas, and the old relics of the widow, Kate thought, aye and so did Thomas too, it made the most comfortable home they had ever seen. I have purposely hurried over this part of my story, because it is so very common-place. After people have been de-

luged with brides in white satin and Brussels lace veils, supported by a splendid train of bridesmaids all deluging their cambric worked handkerchiefs in sympathetic tears, what could I say for a marriage with a bride in plain white, and Miss Jones, in a dyed silk, for a bridesmaid, and dry pocket handkerchiefs into the bargain, to make it interesting? Obviously nothing. Yet for all that, it was possibly as happy a wedding as was ever solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square, and chronicled in the *Morning Post*, with half-a-dozen flourishes of trumpets.

My readers now know all about the people who came into the empty house, and made it look as cheerful as it had before looked miserable. Of their domestic life I of course knew little, they kept no servant and Kate was occasionally to be seen through the windows dusting and brushing about; but long before Thomas came home she was neat and even smart, and her ready smile as she opened the door told me how happy they were. It made even me half romantic, and if I could have found just such another Kate, I half thought that I should have renounced an old bachelor's life. Of their pecuniary affairs, I of course knew little, but I saw that their baker called regularly, and that Kate went out with her market-basket, and if they had run in debt I was sure that I should have heard of it.

After a little while, though, I began to notice that Thomas had a habit which gave me some uneasiness for the future of the young couple. When he came home he stayed for about an hour, or just long enough to have his tea, and then went out again for about two hours. It is true that he did not exhibit any symptoms of dissipation when he returned, but I did not like the habit. My mind, however, was set at rest by my landlady, who could tell me all about it. She knew young Jones the cabinet maker, who was present at the wedding, and informed me that Thomas Winthorpe, who was a good mechanic, employed his spare time in working with Jones, and that both of them prudently put by the earnings of their leisure time as a fund for future contingencies, so that my mind was set at rest upon this point.

In due time, a little Kate blessed the household of my opposite neighbours, and next, a little Thomas, and everything appeared to go on as happily as ever; and the old grandmother who had only partially recovered the use of her eyes, leading her little grand-daughter, and led in her turn by Kate who also carried the baby, would often go out for a walk, leaving the servant girl in charge of the house (for Thomas's salary having increased, they could afford to keep a girl now without being extravagant), and a happier family group it would not be easy to find.

It was about this time, I observed a new addition to the family in the shape of a stout, ruddy young man, who wore a green coat, with bright buttons, and looked like a country farmer. I at once guessed that this was Kate's brother, of whom I had heard, on a visit to his sister, and though I was right as to the person, the other part of my guess was incorrect. It was Charles Stevens, but he was not there upon a visit. The fact was, that Charles, whose foresight never went the length of looking a year ahead, had been totally ruined by a failure in the wheat crops of his farm. All his property had been sold, and he left destitute of everything except a few pounds in his pocket, and without any great stock of energy and intelligence to fall back upon, had sought the refuge of his brother-in-law's roof, which, no doubt, was at first cheerfully afforded him. But it was soon evident that Charles was likely to bear heavily upon the Winthorpes, for he did not seem disposed to exert himself to gain a livelihood. He appeared to lounge about the house all day, and towards the evening, evidently to Thomas's chagrin, came out to lean on the gate and smoke his pipe in the open air, thus giving the house an air somewhat different from its former aspect of respectability. I saw, too, as I sat up late reading (a bad habit of mine) that a light burned till midnight in the Winthorpe's windows, and sometimes hearing a heavy knocking, I looked out and saw at their door the bright buttons of Charles Stevens shining in the light of the gas lamp.

So far as I could learn, Thomas Winthorpe never visited these offences of the brother upon his wife, but for her sake suppressed his indignation at the careless, thoughtless, lazy habits of Charles, and bore all in silence; but I heard that he talked of them to young Jones and lamented the moral obligation he felt to support Charles even in idleness. These feelings we may be assured were not lessened when Kate made a third addition to the family and passed through a long and dangerous, and, of course, expensive illness, and I was told (the gossips knew all this through Miss Jones, the bridesmaid) that Thomas had been obliged to devote the earnings of his overtime to pay the doctor's bill, and the quarter's rent, for which he had been unable otherwise to provide.

When Kate got up and resumed her family duties, there were other indications of poverty in the household, one of which was that the servant girl was discharged, notwithstanding that there was more necessity than ever for her assistance. Kate's morning walks were given up—she, as well as her husband looked more careworn—the old grandmother acted the part of housemaid, and Thomas wore a more threadbare coat than usual. Nobody looked jolly and comfortable, except the "ne'er do well," who was the cause of these uncomfortable changes, but he looked as ruddy and careless, and smoked his pipe at the front gate as composedly as ever, disturbed only by the recollection that he had once been so much better off, and the knowledge that he had not so much money to spend as he used to have; for by this time the cash he had brought with him from the country, and of which he had never offered Thomas a penny, was well nigh gone.

Still, Thomas, though hard-pressed, worked on patiently and perseveringly, hoping for better times, and these fortunately were close at hand. People say that "Troubles never come alone," and I am inclined to think Fortune also sends her favours in showers. Be that as it may, just at this time, Charles, who was getting disgusted at idleness without plenty of pocket money, received and accepted an offer to go out to Australia, with an old farming acquaintance; and a few days more saw his chest put into a cab, into which vehicle he followed, while Kate and his mother (Thomas was away at business) bade him a tearful farewell; and within a few days Thomas's employers, more than satisfied with his conduct, promoted him to a post where his salary was doubled.

What a change came over the house and family! The old servant girl came back, and seemed so glad and brisk that she was never tired of work, and made the place look brighter and neater than ever. The walks too were resumed, and Thomas, justified in ceasing his evening work, made one of the party after tea. Kate's cheek grew round and rosy again, and Thomas's eye was brighter, and his old grave smile came back as he enjoyed the happiness and comfort he had so well earned: and to crown all, I am told that the young Winthorpes will be very rich, for that little rusty, shabby, old man, who used to show the empty house, is Mrs. Stevens's rich cousin, whom Jane had not recognised, and the old lady was too short-sighted to notice, and who had left his former house, and assumed the name of Willis, so that he might not be found out and worried by his poor relations. My landlady informs me that the old man, who knew his relations from the first, was struck with Thomas's punctuality in always paying the rent on the day it was due, and by his untiring industry (qualities which probably found an echo in his own nature), and that the beautiful children (strange that such a little, withered old miser should love blooming, careless children), have completed his liking for the family. Thomas, however, has refused all the old man's offers of assistance, and in-

sists on continuing to pay the rent for the house; and the old gentleman who is now a frequent visitor, and really does not look half so rusty as he used, unable in any other way to confer obligations upon the family, has claimed to stand godfather for the third child, and has bequeathed to the youngsters all his large property, so we may fairly presume that the worst difficulties of the Winthorpes are over, and that a happy future is in store for them.

Reader, my little tale or, without plot as it is, you may say my long gossip is at an end. It began about an empty house, and has run through the fortunes of a family. How like a path in life, where the first step ushers us onward we know not where; or, to compare small things with great, how like a philosopher picking up at random a simple stone, and thence being led on to the comprehension of the physical history of the world. But plotless tale, or rambling gossip, whichever it may be, I hope it has not been without its usefulness, but that it has served as one more piece of proof that integrity, charity, industry, and self-denial, if they do not always command success, give a man the best possible chance of obtaining it on the only condition which renders success worth having, namely, the preservation of self respect.

NOTES ON THE MONTHS.

OCTOBER.

"STIR the fire!" How pleasant it sounds, and how charming the associations which crowd upon us at the words! Happy faces reflecting the ruddy glow of the blazing sea-coal fire, the glittering fire-irons, the singing tea-kettle, the circle round the hearth, the evening converse, the social diversions, or the quiet book or newspaper. We turn our toes to the fire, and let its in-door sunshine bask upon our faces. We enjoy the comfort, and the more so that it comes upon us as a kind of novelty. The summer sun has gone, with its fluttering breezes; its light has paled, and its heat become subdued. We have looked at the dead coals resting gloomily behind their bars long enough, or at the paper shavings, or fancifully-clipped aprons of all imaginable devices. But they warm us not in these cool evenings, so we must have the fire lit at once, and welcome our old friend back again. And now, see how gloriously the fire blazes, and throws its cheerful and ruddy glare all about the room. We rub our hands, and involuntarily ejaculate, "Ah! there's the winter flower back again; there's nothing like a good sea-coal fire after all!"

Out-of-doors, we find the weather not so inviting as it has been. The flowers are mostly gone; a rose here and there still blooms in a sheltered corner of the garden; the great Virginian creeper hangs out its scarlet banners around the porch; dahlias are out, and mignonette still loads the air with its scent; the primrose in its second bloom, the meadow saffron, and the autumnal crocus, still haunt the fields; but the floral beauties of the year have mainly departed; they have been nipped by the night frosts, and their foliage lies rotting among the wet grass. Yet there is verdure enough under-foot, though walking abroad under the shadow of the deep woods is no longer delicious, as in the full bloom of summer, or in the first blush of spring. The summer birds have left, or are fast leaving us; the swallows have gone to milder climes, and towards the end of the month, the winter birds come flocking in upon us, from the northern islands and from the Baltic. Teal and wild geese begin to be seen in the Lincoln fens; and merlins, woodcocks, and snipes, haunt the woods and the groves.

Yet there are some beautiful days in October; sometimes the whole month is fine, and then the woods and fields are full of melancholy and pensive beauty. Though the topmost boughs of the trees begin to be stripped of their foliage, the rich dying tints of those that still retain their season's dress, give a great charm to the landscape. There are still green leaves too—the limes and horse-chestnuts are yet beautifully verdant. A rich, almost overpowering, smell of decayed leaves rises from the ground, and your feet tread on crackling beech-nuts, acorns, and fir cones, shed from the trees over head. In the sharp bracing mornings, the hedge leaves are glistening with dew-drops, and the grass is heavy with wet; a mist hangs over the meadows, and lies long upon the river; the sun seems to plough his way sluggishly up into the sky before the full power of his beams can dispel the vapour. But the mid-day hours are fine and genial, and you feel as if the summer had again returned to cast his parting glances on you.

But October, like April, has unexpected changes; the mist suddenly condenses into clouds, and peppering rain comes heavily down. The woods now look grim and gloomy, and you can understand fully the stern imagery of Ossian. Among mountains and rugged scenery, the obscurity and gloom of the season are increased almost to a height of grandeur. In the flatter districts of the south and east, grey clouds sweep over fields and through the hedgerows; and what before was sunshiny, rich, and beautiful, is now to the eye cold, sad, and desolate. The cattle gather themselves under the shelter of the hedgerows, the sheep draw close together, the birds sit motionless on the boughs, and flights of crows wheel about in the air over head. In the snatches of fine weather which occur, you may still hear the robin red-breast warbling mournfully and in almost unearthly pipings around the cottage doors, as if lamenting the departure of the summer, his head cowered and wing dripping.

There is something grand in the roll of the mist along the valleys and up the mountain sides at this season. The climber of the hills at this late month is often caught and enveloped in its thick folds before he is well aware. But let him climb on; he will rise up through it, and on the mountain-top he will see the great sea of white cloud stretched around him in floating masses as far as the eye can reach—the clear blue sky above, the earth entirely hid from sight. We have witnessed such a spectacle, and felt it to be one of the most sublime we ever gazed upon.

In the forest districts, during this month, the herds of swine enjoy a delicious treat among the acorns strewed thick under the old oaks. Every gust of wind showers them down in myriads, and the hogs go crunching their way along, feeding fat for the winter's stores. The swine-herd employs his time in picking bramble-berries, sloes, and such like fruit, to be made into homely wine or preserve, or sold in the neighbouring markets. He notes the loads of hips and haws, and forms his augury therefrom of a severe winter. Perhaps he joins a party of village boys in hunting the squirrel, which leaps merrily from bough to bough, enjoying at intervals his feast of beech or hazel nuts.

The last fruits of the season are now gathered in. The winter apples and pears are treasured up, and the last plums are plucked. The potato fields are lively with women and children, picking up the store of winter's food as the ploughman turns over the furrows. Bees give up their stores of honey. Winter's wheat is sown, and the winds carry the winged seeds of flowers and weeds over the earth, depositing them therein for the germination of the coming spring.

Some beautiful sunsets are to be seen in October, the golden tints of summer now deepening into a ruby glow, which purples the distant hills and woods. As the sun sinks towards the horizon, a pale, thin haze creeps stealthily along the valleys, covering the gullies, rills, and watercourses with its delicate veil; it creeps up over the cottages, at length envelopes the taper church spire, and then, in its autumn mantle, the earth goes quietly to sleep.

GRASS.

The trees are a glory and joy to the sod,
With their rustle of leaves and their boughs,
As they wave them in air like the banners of God,
Bidding Nature be true to her vows;
As they rise in glad clusters from out of the vale,
And echo the steps of the wandering gale
In their glorious midsummer pride;
Or cluster like locks o'er the brow of the hill,
Or shadow quaint forms in the glass of the rill,
As they droopingly hang o'er its tide.

But the trees are too proud and majestic for me,
Great earth-nurtured kings as they are,
Though useful and grand in their pride they may be,
There's something that's better by far;
For it grows on the mountain, and dingle, and dell,
And patiently bears the rough winter as well
As its joys in the glad summer air;
For tho' there's no *one* single blossom to see,
Though the frost has eloped with the leaves of the tree,
The grass is still lingering there.

It fringes the stream, and cushions the flower,
And hugs the soft root to its breast;
And flies that have wetted their wings in the shower,
Here shelter and build them a nest.
And in hedge-guarded field, or furze-covered heath,
Where the rabbit makes hollows and burrows beneath,
And timidly flees as we pass,
The bee who's been tuning his bugle in fun,
The cricket that's chirrup'd all day in the sun,
Each finds a glad home in the grass.

When the grave hath received its poor dweller at last,
And a heart hath at length found its rest;
No matter what life its sad tenant hath past,
How good or ungodly his breast,—
The grass springeth up in its freshest of green,
With a floweret or two just to sparkle between,
And scent all around and above;
And that perfume bequeathed to the light of the sun,
May be incense to God for the evil that's done,
In the sight of sweet mercy and love.

What a desert-like place would this earth of ours be,
If its acres were barren and bare,
And the beautiful green at the foot of the tree,
Did not grow in humility there;
What a desert-like spot would this life of ours be,
If amid sands of sin no glimpse could we see,
Of some green-knotted garland of grass;
Some oasis bright, a glad hope to impart,
That the sun of the sky and the sun of the heart
Still abide in the road we must pass.

JOHNSON BARKER.

DIFFERENCES.

WHEN misunderstandings and constrained intercourse arise between friends and the members of a family, they seldom pass away without a crisis and an explanation; but these are dangerous periods of revolution, and for once that the thorn is extracted, it is three times driven in deeper. Why, then, is it so difficult thoroughly to forgive, thoroughly to forget? We cherish the memory of the wrong which we have suffered; we brood over it, we demand satisfaction, we desire to be revenged, and thus we warm serpents' eggs in our bosoms. "Blessed are the peaceful." Blessed the good who forget and forgive, without thinking at the same time "I forgive."

DIAMOND DUST.

HUMILITY is the best evidence of real religion, as arrogance, self-conceit, and pretension, are the infallible criteria of a pharisaical devotion.

JUST praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

THERE is an alchemy in a high heart, which transmutes other things to its own quality.

PRAISE is seldom paid with willingness even to incontestable merit, and it can be no wonder, that he who calls for it without desert is repulsed with universal indignation.

IVY—a vegetable corruptionist which, for the purpose of its own support, attaches itself, with the greatest tenacity, to that which is the most antiquated and untenable, and the fullest of holes, flaws, and imperfections.

APPLAUSE is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

THE vain is the most humble of mortals—the victim of a pimple.

CHARITY—the only thing that we can give away without losing it.

EVERY desire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as, by long indulgence, it becomes ascendant in the mind.

HAVE nothing to do with those good-natured friends who make a practice of letting you know all the evil which they may hear spoken about you. Those people take especial care to let you hear nothing of the good, if there is any going.

WHEN the character of any one is discussed, silence is the good-natured is censure.

IDOL—what many worship in their own shape, who would be ashamed to do so in any other.

NOTHING is more unjust than to judge of a man on too short an acquaintance, and too slight an inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into flame.

SOME men have so much of the serpent's subtlety, that they forget the dove's simplicity.

HUNGER—that which gives the poor man his health and his appetite, and the want of which often afflicts the rich with satiety and disease.

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil.

CERTAIN faults are necessary to the existence of the individual. It would be unpleasant to us if old friends were to put off certain peculiarities.

QUIETNESS and peace flourish where reason and justice govern; and true joy reigneth where modesty directeth.

CIRCUMSTANCES may assist or retard parts, but cannot make them; they are the winds that now blow out a light, now animate a spark to conflagration.

INTOLERANCE—being irreligious for the sake of religion, and hating our fellow-creatures, out of a pretended love of their Creator.

HE keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it.

THE lessons of blunder, disappointment, and humiliation impress more than those of a thousand masters.

PROPRIETY, modesty, and delicacy guard men from the conceits of the weak, the intemperance of the extravagant, and the brutality of the vulgar.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 3, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Request Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, October 5, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 76.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1850. [PRICE 1½d

THOMAS CARLYLE.

No one will deny the mighty influence which Carlyle has exercised upon all the thoughtful men of England during the last fifteen years. The young and rising minds, in all professions, but especially in that of literature, have caught from him a contagious influence, which has coursed through their veins like fire. He has uttered, with the voice of an old Hebrew prophet, the feeling of disquiet and unrest which pervades society; and his "Woe! Woe!" and "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" have startled many in the midst of their pleasant dreams of peace and progress. He is the Jeremiah of modern days, full of wailing at the backslidings of our race. He recognises no soundness in us, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet. All is foul and unclean. We are but the creatures of shams, creeds, and formulas, without any real or God-like life in us, worshippers of Clothes, Steam Machinery, Sordid Materialism, and Hudson Statues! But there is more than this in Carlyle's utterances, and we should be doing him a deep injustice were we to say that this is all that he means. He devoutly reverences the great mysteries of the universe, Being, and the source of Being, the spirit and essence of Religion (for of *creed*, we believe he has none), and the Divine in man's soul; he preaches, though oft-times in mystic and unintelligible forms, the nobility of work, and the duties of being and doing, even though we pursue them with bleeding feet, through midst of grief, evil, errors, and sorrows of all kinds. This gospel he proclaims in a wild, poetic, and oft-times almost fanatic manner, with violent indignation; alternated with moanings and sobbings up-welling from the depths of a sorrowful heart.

We must admit, however, that the revolutionary and destructive genius is stronger in Carlyle than the conservative and constructive. He is emphatically a puller-down, not a builder-up. He never wields his giant's club with greater delight than when he is assailing some cherished idol of society; his humour is then almost savage, and his sneers sarcastic, bitter, and full of gall! In him, we are reminded of the fury of the Iconoclasts of the Low Countries, and the Anabaptists of Munster, and of the blind rage of the followers of John Knox, at the "dingin' down o' the cathedrals." There is a puritanic fervour in his indignation, as he "hews the sons of Agag in pieces." He does not seem to love the good so much as he hates the evil. He tramples on over his foe as one possest, breathing fierce disdain and defiance. Kings and priests, self-chosen, he calls on to get out of the way; all professors of cant, of shams, of trickeries, quackeries, frauds of all kinds, no matter how high and snug they are seated, or whether robed in lawn, purple, or ermine, he will have none of; nay, he would even do battle against humane and true workers, because they do not, like him, wield the club of steel and whip of fire. We have seen how he could fall foul of extension of suffrage, and the milder treatment of prisoners, in one of his fits of indiscriminate anger at the popular movements of the age. He has no sympathy for such notions of elevating men: he would urge—force—revenge: none but emphatic methods of dealing with the inferior mass will do; and, because milder methods of convincing, attracting, and sympathizing are advocated, he is down upon the "Humanity-mongers" with all his might.

We think, therefore, that Carlyle must be regarded mainly in the light of a great Revolutionist. True, there is need of such as he. We have too many idols which need to be tumbled into the dust; and Carlyle is doing a great work if he succeeds in accomplishing this. We must wait for the Builder-up to make his appearance, when the idols have been prostrated and the ground cleared of ruins. Luther and Knox levelled the religious idols of Germany and Scotland; Voltaire and Rousseau levelled alike the political and religious idols of France; and Carlyle is now only completing what our Puritans of the seventeenth century began in England. We have had no sweeping reformation yet; and Carlyle works as if he thought we stood in need of it. He battles not with sword or gun, but with a more powerful weapon,—his pen. Thus does he move the minds which move others. Through them he flings down idols, and breaks in pieces the colossal impostures which tyrannize over men. Some claim for him a higher glory,—that of teaching reverence for the Infinite, love for the spiritual life, and a way of escape from the sordid materialism of the age. But, to our mind, his great power consists in the daring bravery with which he wages war—too indiscriminatingly, many think—against what is evil in our life and institutions.

Carlyle is eminently unpractical. His religion consists in longings—his socialism in phrases without any plan—his politics are altogether negative. He clearly enough sees what is wrong, but he fails to point out what is right, or that we ought to substitute for it. He is baffled when he sits down to propose remedies. He has none to offer, but goes on assailing, scourging, and pulling down. He scorns logic, and has no sympathy with your "practical men." He lives in another sphere; he is a seer,—a prophet,—a poet. It is true, he is no rhyming poet; indeed he has a thorough contempt for this art, including it among his "shams;" and yet his keen insight into deep thought, his flashing revelations of spiritual life, his feeling, sometimes his tenderness and love, often his gloomy spectral fervour, show that he possesses the true poetic genius, without which, perhaps, he could not be the great power that he is. His style is abrupt and rugged, but serious and energetic; his sentences are confused and involved, thought tumbled upon thought, so that you can read him but slowly; but when you hav

waded through, and apprehended his meaning, you are conscious of an action having been exercised upon your mind and heart, such as few writers besides him are able, in like manner, to excite. His historic pictures glow with life and action; and, in a few graphic sentences, he sets you at once in the midst of the fiery actions, and the demoniac strife of the French revolution. In the same way, his "Past and Present" furnishes you with a most vivid insight into the past monastic and social life of England.

This great genius, like most others, has sprung "from the ranks." He belongs to the common people, and, like Burns, his countryman, he comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. His father was a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Annan, in Dumfriesshire, and was a man highly respected in his class. It is a great and an honourable ambition, among even the poorest classes of Scotland, to confer a good "schooling" on their children; and many aspire to see one or other of them some day able to "wag their pows in the poopit." Carlyle was, we believe, destined for the "Kirk," and after the usual burgh school education, was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he spent several years in the usual course of classical instruction there. What he thinks of the Edinburgh routine of study, may be gathered from his "*Sartor Resartus*," in the chapter on Pedagogy. And here, by the way, we would remark, that that extraordinary book,—though any one, on first reading it, would take it for a hodge-podge translation from some German book of the Richter school,—contains a great deal of Carlyle's own life, and describes, in the most vivid manner, the history of his own mind. No one who knows Annan, and its High School, can mistake the "Hinterschlag Gymnasium," and the Edinburgh University is also quite unmistakeable. Though the scholastic education imparted at Edinburgh is very inferior to that communicated on the noble foundations of England, there are opportunities enough to learn, for those who are resolute and determined in their search for knowledge. Carlyle was free both to think and to read, and he did both. The college referred to has no tests, and no residence is required; so that, with all its slovenliness, as regards discipline, there is at least the redeeming feature of the entire mental freedom which it leaves to the student. "From the chaos of that library (writes Carlyle as Teufelsdröckh) I succeeded in fishing up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences; farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favourite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain ground-plan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me; wondrous enough, now, when I look back on it; for my whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was yet a Machine! However, such a conscious, recognised ground-plan, the truest I had, *was* beginning to be there, and by additional experiments might be corrected and indefinitely extended."

In the pilgrim wanderings of Teufelsdröckh over the world, Carlyle only describes his own extensive survey of the realms of knowledge, as contained in books. Thus, he traversed waste howling wildernesses, crossed great mountain chains, ventured in stormy north-west passages, and journeyed among the highways of men in towns and cities. He was tempest-tossed, storm-stayed, plunged in quagmires, lost and lone in the trackless desert. His mind became plunged in agonies of Doubt on all subjects. The great mysteries of Creed perplexed him beyond measure. The orthodoxy of his early faith became rudely assailed in the course of his intercourse with books; one by one, his props fell from around him, and he was left standing alone, self-dependent, but miserable. Here however, was Carlyle's starting point as an original thinker and writer. He had to trust to himself. His thoughts and opinions were carried out by himself, and were his own. They had to pass through the furnace, and were burnt into him by suffering. Add to this, that Carlyle's life at college was a life of poverty and privation,—though this he thought little of, compared with other men more genially brought up. "In an atmosphere of poverty and manifold chagrin, the humour of that young soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself, and, like a strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic." His first views of a profession having now changed, he became a member of the great corps of "unattached," floating through society, without an object to cling to—without connections, and without prospects of profitable employment. The young collegian, in such case, if he has nothing better to do, and if his literary training has disabled him (which it very often does) of all practical capacity for succeeding in any ordinary branch of industry, looks out for a tutorship; and, for some time, accordingly, Carlyle officiated as tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office,—in most families, one of dependance and drudgery, unbefitting a strong-hearted, self-reliant man: nor did he continue in it long. Some time he employed, as profitably as he could, in private teaching, and while in Edinburgh, he eked out his means by translating from the German. The first of his known translations was published by Oliver and Boyd, in 1824; this was Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," in three volumes. It was given out by the publishers to be the first work of a young gentleman of Edinburgh, and it was well received by the press, though the first edition went off very slowly. The preface to the book is simple, yet forcible, but contains no traces of the distorted style of Carlyle's later writings. He invites thoughtful minds to the study of *Meister* in the following manner:—

"Across the disfigurement of a translation, they will not fail to discover indubitable traces of the greatest genius of our times. And the longer they study, they are likely to discover them the more distinctly. New charms will successively arise to view; and of the many apparent blemishes, while a few superficial ones will be confirmed, the greater and more important part will vanish, or even change from dark to bright. For, if I mistake not, it is with *Meister* as with every work of real and abiding excellence, the first glance is the least favourable. A picture of Raphael, a Greek statue, a play of Sophocles or Shakspere, appears insignificant to the unpractised eye; and not till after long and patient, and intense examination, do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty, which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages."

We defy any one to detect in this extract, or, indeed, in the whole preface to the *Meister*, any germs of the grotesque and convulsive style of the "Latter-day" Carlyle.

The life of the student is generally barren of incident, and Carlyle is not an exception to his order. He struggled on into notice by slow degrees, and with painful efforts. At length, certain remarkable articles appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* which excited extraordinary attention, and marked the advent of a new writer of great and striking powers. They were from Carlyle's pen; we allude of course to the brilliant articles on *Robert Burns*, the *Signs of the Times*, and *Characteristics*. In these he first uttered his loud resounding wail, and proclaimed his gospel of duty, faith, and work—all old ideas it is true,—and yet so startling was the voice of the preacher, that in the ears of most men, they sounded as if new, and stirred up their souls to life and action. He struck the key-note, to which all earnest minds were ready to give an echo. The essays were reprinted in

America, and evoked an Emerson and a Brownson; and in England they lit up a spark of fire in thousands of young bosoms. Perhaps there is scarcely a writer of note in England now, who has not to a greater or less extent been influenced by these remarkable writings. Carlyle also penetrated the London press. The pages of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* were enriched by essays, on Foreign Literature, from his pen; as also *Fraser's Magazine*, in which he produced *Sartor Resartus*, and many of his best essays. The first of the articles above referred to, were written in the country, at his little village home in Dumfriesshire; where he had settled down for a time, having married a lady of some property. It was here that Emerson saw him when he paid his first visit to England, many years ago, mainly with the object of sitting at the feet of his Gamaliel, and seeing him face to face. But Carlyle found the inconveniences of a residence so remote from the great centre of books, of learning, and intellectual movement; and accordingly he removed to London about a dozen years ago, where he has since resided. Here he has produced some of his most famous books,—his *Life of Schiller*, one of his earliest—his *French Revolution*, which greatly extended his reputation, and later still, his *Past and Present*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Chartism*, and his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, originally delivered as lectures, before a select London audience. Lecturing, however, he dislikes, except to his own private circle, and when recently applied to as a lecturer, he has named such terms, as necessarily precludes him from the order of Circuit-Preachers. And since the publication of his "Stump-Orator," in the Latter-day Pamphlets, probably he will be found more than ever unwilling to venture again into this field. On the whole we regret, in common we believe with most of Carlyle's admirers, the publication of these last-named pamphlets, as tending greatly to diminish his influence, and rather to fix the impression that he has been recently degenerating into that "Stump-orator," and Quack-philanthropist character, which in those very writings he so strongly condemns.

Carlyle is almost as eloquent in his *viva voce* speech, as he is in his books. He has the same overbearing eloquence, the same impatience of opposition, bearing down all objections to his dogmas with tyrannous gusts of ridicule. He is a Samuel Johnson, a Coleridge, and a Teufelsdröckh, all in one. It is curious to listen to the strong prejudice, mixed with the lofty and noble thoughts, clothed in that weird and grotesque phrase of his, fall from his lips in high-pitched Scotch patois full of intense energy and power. Sometimes, to a select few, he discourses in a torrent, like his favourite Teufelsdröckh, through rolling clouds of tobacco-smoke. "Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, unto the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but, with crushing force, smites it home, and buries it." His power of irony and sarcasm is quite tremendous, and few care to come within its reach. But the late Margaret Fuller so well described *him* in one of her recent letters, that we shall here close our article by transferring her "speaking likeness" to our columns:—

"Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse—only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men (happily not one invariable or inevitable) that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe, and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; on the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought; but it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love: it is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror—it is his nature and the untameable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere, and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you, if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Seigfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you if you senselessly go too near. He seems to me quite isolated, lonely as the desert, yet never was man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. *For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd; he sometimes stops a minute to laugh at himself*, then begins anew with fresh vigour—for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about, but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. He puts out his chin sometimes till it looks like the beak of a bird, and his eyes flash bright instinctive meanings, like Jove's bird; yet he is not calm and grand enough for the eagle; he is more like the falcon, and yet not of gentle blood enough for that either. He is not exactly like anything but himself, and therefore you cannot see him without the most hearty refreshment and goodwill, for he is original, rich, and strong enough to afford a thousand faults; one expects some wild land in a rich kingdom. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures, his critical strokes masterly; allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him, the Seigfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good. At all events, he seems to be what Destiny intended, and represents fully a certain side; so we make no remonstrance as to his being and proceeding for himself, though we sometimes must for us."

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

The Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the postilion: there was still a vacant seat, and the porter, after closing the door of the *coupé*, called "Monsieur Dermann!" A tall young man, with a German style of countenance, advanced, holding in his arms a large black greyhound, which he vainly tried to place on the roof.

—"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my dog?"

Bending over, I took hold of the animal, and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he wore a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved: "*Bevis—I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given him by Miss Clary.*"

His owner was, therefore, an Englishman; yet my follow-traveller, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently either a Swiss or a German, and his name

was Dermann. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curiosity, and, after two or three hours' pleasant conversation had established a sort of intimacy between us, I ventured to ask my companion for an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered, "that this collar should puzzle you; and I shall have great pleasure in telling you the story of its wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another master, whose name is on his collar. You will see why he still wears it. Here, Bevis! speak to this gentleman."

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

M. Dermann placed the animal's head on his knees, and began to unfasten the collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted towards the luggage on the hinder part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, Monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar; I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis!" said he, in a soft, caressing tone, "I wont touch it again, poor fellow! Come and make friends!"

The greyhound hesitated, still growling. At length he returned slowly towards his master, and began to lick his hands; his muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said M. Dermann, caressing him. "We won't do it again, Lie down now, and be quiet."

The dog nestled between his master's feet, and went to sleep. My fellow-traveller then turning towards me, began:—

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Sherland, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travellers going to St. Gothard.

"About two years since, there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance; he travelled on foot, and was followed by a large greyhound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshment, and asked to be shown to his sleeping-room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated round the fire. Presently we heard him pacing rapidly up and down; from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned occasionally, as if replying to, and sympathizing with his master. At length we heard the Englishman stop, and apparently strike the dog a violent blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master groaned aloud. Soon afterwards he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than on the previous evening, and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him, than to frown when the creature ventured to caress him.

"About noon, I happened to be standing at the door, looking towards the direction which the Englishman had taken, when I perceived a dark object moving slowly along. Presently I heard howls of distress, proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself towards me. I ran to him, and recognised the Englishman's greyhound. His head was torn, evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms, and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape; so I placed him on the ground. Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he dragged himself up-stairs, and began to scratch at the door of the room where his master had slept, moaning at the same time so piteously, that I could scarce help weeping myself. I opened the door, and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not finding whom he sought, he fell down motionless.

"I called my father, and, perceiving that the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection; we found it, however, impossible to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go towards the mountain, and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice; there he continued for a long time, smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot, and his dog wounded in defending him. However, no event of the kind had occurred in the country, and, after the strictest search, no corpse was discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveller had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But wherefore? This was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good-humour attracted the strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar, and the tale we had to tell of him, failed not to excite their curiosity.

"One morning in autumn, I had been out to take a walk, accompanied by Bevis. When I returned, I found seated by the fire, in the common-hall, a newly-arrived traveller, who looked round as I entered. As soon as he perceived Bevis, he started and called him. The dog immediately darted towards him with frantic demonstrations of joy. He ran round him, smelling his clothes and uttering the sort of salutation with which he honoured you just now, and finally placing his fore-paws on the traveller's knees began to lick his face.

"'Where is your master, Bevis? Where is Sir Arthur?' said the stranger, in English.

"The noble dog howled piteously, and lay down at the traveller's feet. Then the latter begged us to explain his presence. I did so; and as he listened, I saw a tear fall on the beautiful head of the greyhound, whom he bent over to caress.

"'Monsieur,' said he, addressing me, 'From what you tell me, I venture to hope that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been friends from childhood. About three years since, he married a rich heiress, and this dog was presented to him by her. Bevis was highly cherished for his fidelity, a quality which unhappily was not possessed by his mistress. She left her fond and loving husband, and eloped with another man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce and obtained it; then, having arranged his affairs in England, he set out for the continent, followed only by his dog. His friends knew not whither he went; but it now appears that he was here last spring. Doubtless, the presence of Bevis, evermore recalling the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him, must have torn his heart, and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. But the shot not having been mortal, the dog, I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master had last slept. Now, Monsieur, he is yours, and I heartily thank you for the kindness you have shown him.'

"About ten o'clock the stranger retired to his room, after having caressed Bevis, who escorted him to his door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest, and I prepared to follow their example, my bed being placed at one end of the common-hall. While I was undressing,

I heard a storm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I asked who was there? A voice replied—'Two travellers, who want a night's lodging.' I opened a small chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large club. I did not like their look, and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighbourhood, I refused them admission, telling them that in the next village they would readily find shelter. They approached the door, as though they meant to force their way in; but Bevis made his voice heard in so formidable a manner, that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but we neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when suddenly, above the wailing of the wind, came the loud shrill cry of a human being in distress. Bevis rushed against the door with a fearful howl; at the same moment came the report of a gun, followed by another cry. Two minutes afterwards I was on the road, armed with a carbine, and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger, also armed, accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out of the house, and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at the moment when a flash of lightning illumined the scene. A hundred yards in advance, we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whom I recognised as those who had sought admittance at our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Farther on, we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry: it was Sir Arthur, the master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused; the recollection seemed to overcome him; and he stooped to caress the sleeping greyhound, in order to hide his emotion. After awhile, he finished his recital in a few words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded, but he lived long enough to recognise his dog, and to confess that, in a moment of desperation, he had tried to kill the faithful creature, who now avenged his death, by slaying the robbers who attacked him. He appointed the stranger his executor, and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the inn-keeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love towards his dog, and his gratitude to those who had succoured him.

"The grief of Bevis was excessive; he watched by his master's couch, covering his dead body with caresses, and for a long time lay stretched on his grave, refusing to take nourishment; and it was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the death of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow-traveller finished his recital, the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantua. Here M. Dermann's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands with him cordially, and then called Bevis, who, seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast, and uttered a low, friendly bark. Shortly afterwards they both disappeared from my sight, but not from my memory, as this little narrative has proved to my readers.

CONTEMPT.

There is no action in the behaviour of one man towards another, of which human nature is more impatient, than of contempt, it being a thing made up of these two ingredients, an undervaluing of a man upon a belief of his utter uselessness and inability, and a spiteful endeavour to engage the rest of the world in the same belief, and slight esteem of him.

ALL HAVE GOT THEIR WORK TO DO.

BY ERNEST WATMOUGH.

Written for the League of Brotherhood Bazaar, held at Boston, June 1850.

Why these murmurs and repinings,
Who can alter what is done?
See the Future brightly shining,
There are goals yet to be won
Grieving is at *best* a folly,
Oftentimes it is a sin,
When we see a glaring error
We should a reform begin;
We must all be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young and old men, rich and poor men,
All have got their work to do.

Though we see, on looking round us,
Man to wickedness is prone,
Though the snares of vice surround us,
Virtue's paths but rarely known,
Well we know that in our nature
Is a spark of life divine;
We must free the soul from thraldom
If we wish that spark to shine,
We must all be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young and old men, rich and poor men,
All have got their work to do.

When we see a man's opinion
Fettered by a bigot crew,
Who would hold him as a minion,
To their soul-enslaving view,
We must aid him in the struggle
For the freedom of his thought,
Knowing 'tis a glorious battle,
That in such a cause is fought.
We must all be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young and old men, rich and poor men,
All have got their work to do.

Life is but a scene of labour,
Every one's his task assigned,
We must each assist our neighbour
When we see him lag behind;
We must strive by Education
Man's condition to improve,
And bind men of every station
In a bond of mutual love.
All must then be up and stirring,
With determination true;
Young men, old men, rich men, poor men,
Ye all have your work to do.

YOUTHFUL STRUGGLES,

OR, "WHERE THERE IS A WILL, THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY."

It was in the month of July, in the year 1515, and the evening shades were falling, when a boy, about eight years old, scantily clad, and bare-foot, slowly descended the hill of St. Gobain, in Picardy, followed by a few sheep, which but for the watchful care of the dog, who kept running after them when they strayed, might have taken any road they pleased, so little did they engage the attention of their young shepherd.

The size, the small features, and the fresh roses of his

cheeks were more in keeping with his early childhood, than was the expression of deep thought which the countenance of the boy wore. In his hand were a few pages of a book, and though the closing twilight rendered it scarcely possible to distinguish a single letter, he was poring over them, as if to guess at what he could not decipher.

A voice issuing from a cottage, as he was passing it, arrested his steps, and made him raise his eyes.

"Well, Pierre, will you tell me what became of you all day yesterday, that you never came near old Lizetta?"

"I assure you, Dame Lizetta, I was not able to come to you," said the child, as he approached an old woman, seated at her door with her spinning-wheel before her.

"I am not to be put off this way," said the old Dame, "Not able forsooth! Have I not often told you where there there is a will, there is always a way. And let me tell you, that if you would only remember this, you may yet be glad I told it you, when poor old Lizetta is cold in her grave. But this very moment you were going to pass me by without one word."

"I did not mean to do so, my good, kind Dame," said the boy, and the grave expression of his face deepened into seriousness. "On the contrary, I wished so much to say good-by—I mean, good night—and to get one kiss."

"With what a long face you say that, Pierre! One would think you were setting out upon some great journey, and that we were never to see you again."

"Oh! I hope to see you again, as well and as happy as ever," said Pierre, affectionately.

"And as ready to share my morsel with my dear little Pierre, who comes every Sunday to tell me what the curé says, now that I am too old and infirm to go and hear myself. Not that I think you will long want a good bit from any one. Take my word for it. Your longing desire to be wise and learned, and to get knowledge, was not given to you for nothing. I would not mind it, if I saw it was only the spirit of a moment, but you are always at it. You can think and talk of nothing else. You have really, in down-right earnest, the will; and as I say, and as my father before me said, 'Where there is a will ——'"

"There is always a way," said the boy, smilingly, finishing the sentence which he had rarely passed ten minutes in the old Dame's company, without hearing her apply to everything, little and great; from lifting a heavy pot off the fire, to finishing her finest piece of spinning. "But Dame!" and the eye that had been brightening as he listened to the old woman's prognostics now suddenly clouded, "let me have the will ever so much, what way can there be in St. Gobain?"

"Why, I own that puzzles me, sometimes," said Lizetta, "and I say to myself—if he always stays in St. Gobain, how can he ever be a great man, a man for people to look after, and say—'Who'll deny now that where there is a will, there is always a way'—look at him now! I knew him when he was only so high. Little La Ramée, son of the charcoal burner. And if he did not make his way, I wonder who ever did. But though I own, as I was saying, that I do not see how it is to be, yet I never can give up the thought that you are not born to keep sheep all your life. So keep a good heart, Pierre, and here is a little roll of white bread that the baker gave me this morning, and some fresh nuts from my own nut tree; take them, my boy, they will be a treat to you, and put this into your pocket. Come close to me. What are you afraid off? It is only a sixpence. Come, come, do not be so foolish. Did I not get it honestly from my spinning, and have I any one looking after me for what I earn? If my pet Pierre is not really my son, I am as fond of him as if he were. Here, take it; and run off with yourself. You will get scolded for being home so late. Well! what is the boy thinking of?"

"I am thinking," said Pierre, as he came close up to the old woman, "of what has often been in my head lately—that if there be not a way in St. Gobain, there is a way *out* of it—and who knows but that some fine day; it may be to-morrow, or next day;" and suddenly throwing his arms about the old woman's neck, and bursting into tears, he added, "If you do not see me to-morrow, offer up the prayers for all that travel. May God bless you. Pierre will never forget you."

"Eh! how! what is all this about? Pierre! Pierre!"

But Pierre did not answer; he was already far on his way home, and had overtaken his sheep, which had gone on before him in the direction of a farm-house, in front of which, were several heaps of charcoal.

Before he entered the house, Pierre went to an old oak close beside it, and by the help of some knots in the trunk climbed up it, and deposited in a hole, concealed by the foliage, the bread, the nuts, and the sixpence, given him by Lizetta. He was preparing to descend, when he felt his leg caught in an iron grasp.

II.

"Ah! you little rifler of birds' nests, I have caught you;" said a rough, but good-humoured voice.

"Is it you, Richard?" said Pierre, jumping down from the tree; "you gave me such a fright. I thought it had been my father."

"Your father imagines that you have been home an hour ago; he is settling his week's accounts; but your mother has just been to the out-house, and discovered—a total absence of sheep."

"My mother may scold a little, but she is never cross, and I will soon make it up with her."

"Oh! but there is worse, and more of it;" continued Richard. When she did *not* find the sheep, she *did* find something else, and that something, a book! If you but heard the rout she made to discover to whom the book belonged. It was vain for me to pretend it was mine, for there was not a single speck of coal dust on the leaves, and as my hands are always black, she knew at once that I never could have touched it."

"If she will but give me back my book!" said Pierre, without answering Richard, who was a servant on the farm, and a great ally of his. He found his mother in the yard, who, instead of her accustomed welcome, said "Go in at once; your father wants you."

"It is all over with us," said Richard, in a whisper to the boy; "but lay all upon me, I have broad shoulders to bear it."

Pierre turned upon the kind peasant a grateful, yet sad smile, and followed his mother into the first compartment of the house, which served for kitchen and sleeping-room for the herds of the family.

"La Ramée! here is Pierre," said the mother, as she pushed the boy into the room, where at a table, upon which lay wide open the book found in the out-house, a stern, rough-visaged man was seated, who instantly turning to the child angrily inquired, "What happened, to keep you out so late with the sheep?"

"Nothing happened, father," said the boy, "I stopped a little while with Dame Lizetta."

"Whose book is this?" he asked in the same tone, as he pointed to the one before him.

"It is mine," said, at the same instant, both Pierre and Richard.

"Where did you get it?" asked the father, still addressing his son, for he was too well-accustomed to Richard's perpetual interposition to screen Pierre, to pay any attention to him.

"I bought it," said Richard.

"It was given me as a present," said Pierre, upon whom all Richard's signs were thrown away; although well understood by him, his love of truth would not allow him to act upon his hints.

"Richard," said his master, sternly, "I beg you not to speak till you are spoken to, and let Pierre answer for himself."

"Yes, Richard," said Pierre, "I would rather answer for myself."

La Ramée, the elder, resumed; "And wherever you got it, pray tell me what use is it to you?"

"I read it, father," said Pierre, unhesitatingly.

"Read it!" exclaimed his father, and Pierre gathered fresh courage, as he fancied there was more of surprise than anger in his father's tone.

"You read it!" cried his mother, who, in her astonishment, had nearly let fall the soup she was at that moment placing on the table for supper. "And how in the world did you come to read?"

"I was taught," said Pierre, hesitatingly.

"And who taught you?" persisted his mother.

"I taught him," said Richard; "that is, I got him taught. He was always talking to me of his longing to know how to read, and the boy was so obliging to me, that I should have liked to oblige him; but I did not know how myself. One day, I happened to help a good monk out of a dyke, into which he had fallen; and as he was hurt I got him a lodging at my old aunt's, and when he asked me what he could do for me in turn, I told him of Pierre, and brought him to him, and he taught him his letters, and how to spell."

"A fine service you did him, truly," said the farmer's wife. "What good could it do him, but to idle him? It was fitter for you to teach him to burn charcoal. Did ever any one hear of such nonsense? And perhaps, for aught I know, he has been taught to write too."

"Ah! I wish I could write," said Pierre, "but the good monk did not stay long enough for that."

"Come, wife," said La Ramée, "perhaps we are too hard on the boy. If it be not much good to him, I cannot see the great harm it can do him, provided he recollects that I can feed no idle mouths. He that will not work in my house, must not eat. Time was"—and the man sighed at the recollection of better days—"when I might have afforded to get the boy taught some of those things, since he has set his heart upon them. If there were no wars in the world my father would not have been despoiled of all he had, and sent forth homeless, and Pierre might have been sent to school—but poverty is a sad hindrance in more ways than this."

"But this is the saddest of all," said Pierre, and he sighed from the very depths of his young heart. "But, oh father, I would be satisfied with one meal in the day, and that bread and water, if you could but send me to school."

"Once for all, Pierre," said his father; "put school out of your head. We have not one within twenty miles of us, and I cannot afford to keep a shepherd. So, let me have no more of this. Here you must stay, and mind the sheep."

"But you will give me my book, father," said Pierre, "and you know there is no harm in my reading when the sheep are busy eating."

"What is it all about?" said the father, as he gave back the treasure Pierre had given up for lost. "It is by Jean de Roly," announced Pierre; "and tells amongst other things how Jean de Roly—now, mother, pray listen to this;" added the boy, eagerly, as handing him his porringer of soup, and a piece of brown bread, she was turning off to serve out the porridge to the farm labourers. "He was once a poor boy, like myself, mother, and he became a great man, a great speaker, and a chancellor, and an archdeacon. He knew how to read, and to write too," and at this last word, Pierre drew a deep sigh; "and it was he who wrote the remonstrances of the Parliament to Louis XI., and he was so great a favourite with King Charles, that was before our good King Louis XII., that he made him almoner, and kept him at court. But he has now been dead thirteen years."

"Only for that I suppose you would be going after him, and be a court-favourite, and an archdeacon, and I know not what. But it is time for you to go to bed, Mr. Learned Man!"

"Oh! if I could but be a learned man!" cried the boy, clasping his hands. "Well, who knows after all!—As old Lizetta says, 'where there is a will, there is always a way;'" and Pierre looked up in his mother's face, hoping to see some effect produced by the maxim, in which he had now nearly as great faith as the good old Dame herself.

"The only way I know of," said his mother, to his utter disappointment, "is to go and dream that you are a learned man, and it will be all the same thing in the end. Go along to bed."

The boy obeyed, in now hopeless silence; and after an affectionate glance at Richard, left the kitchen, and went to bed in the out-house with his sheep.

III.

The next day was a holiday. When Catrina got up, the first object she saw was her son in the farm-yard, washing his face. She caught up a bundle and ran out to him. "Here, Pierre, make haste," she cried, "and put on your Sunday clothes. When you have taken the sheep to the pasture-field, you may be able to go and hear the sermon." Pierre joyfully caught the bundle, and was soon equipped. "I am not going to the sermon, mother," he said, "but give me one kiss, and bid God bless me."

"And why to-day more than all days in the year? To be sure you are generally off so early that you are obliged to dispense with being hugged like a baby."

"Who knows what a day may bring forth, mother? as Dame Lizetta says," returned the child. "Suppose you were never to see me again?"

"What strange notions this boy contrives to get in his head!" said the mother, not the less heartily kissing him upon both cheeks—then tapping him on the shoulder, she said, "Lose no more time now; be off to the field."

A few moments after, Pierre had made a bundle of his every-day clothes, now well nigh worn out, which he fastened to the end of his stick; and having taken from his hiding place in the oak, his little secret store, consisting of some bread, a few cakes, and nuts, and some small coins, among which was old Lizetta's sixpence, with two treasures, books given him by the friendly monk, he turned to the outhouse, and let loose the sheep. When he had led them to their wonted pasturage under the brow of the hill, he laid his hand caressingly upon each, as he counted them one by one.

"Good-by, my own good, pretty sheep, my companions by day, my comrades by night; you who for fifteen months I have never left; you, who were never tired of accompanying, with your soft bleatings, the verses I used to repeat aloud when trying to learn them by heart. To be sure, your notes were always the same, but you could not help that. Good-by to you, my snow-white Beauty, and you, my pretty Spotty, that with your nimble leaps and bounds gave me many a hard chase after you; and you, my Pet, that used to eat out of my hand; and you, little timid, wild thing, that always ran away when I called you; good-by to you all. I am sad at the thought of leaving you, and I know it is wrong to leave you; but it is still worse to leave my father and mother, without their permission. But what can I do? I want to learn; I want to know what men in cities know; and this is the reason I want to go to Paris, where there are schools, and where, perhaps, some learned man may take pity on the poor boy who asks him only for a little of his learning, who comes to beg only a few crumbs from the table of knowledge. And you, my beautiful native hills, farewell! from the top of which I se often

gazed upon the high-road to Paris. Farewell to the pretty green lane that led to my home! I have, perhaps, trod it for the last time. Farewell, trees, under whose shade I used so often to sit and read! And now, poor Looloo," added he, turning to his dog, and throwing his arms around his neck, as the faithful animal, on being spoken to, put his fore-paws on his shoulder, "to you I leave my sheep; keep them on the hill till evening, lest I should be missed too soon, and then take them home."

And Pierre, brushing away the fast-coming tears, turned away his head, took up his stick, with the bundle fastened to it, and darted down the hill, at the foot of which was the road to Paris. He had just gained it, and was bounding forward, when his steps were suddenly arrested by the sight of Richard.

"Where now so fast, my lad?" he said, throwing himself before him, so as to stop the way.

"It is better that you should not know, Richard; for if they ask you, I should like you to be able to say you could not tell."

"I guess, boy, you are going to leave us," and the rough voice of Richard faltered as he spoke.

"Richard, do not stop me, it is the last service you can do me," replied Pierre, who shared the man's deep emotion. To you I owe that I was taught to read; it is as if you had opened to me the gate of a beautiful garden; but I want now to get into that garden, and I am going to Paris to learn."

"Without your father's leave?"

"Without his leave: had I asked his permission, and been refused, you know I could not have gone."

Did not the conscience of little Pierre at that moment whisper to him that, persuaded as he was that had he asked permission it would have been refused, he was as verily guilty in going without that permission, as if he had set out after leave had been asked and refused? We know not but that he might have heard such whisper. Certain it is, that it was unheeded then, and equally certain that, a little later, it spoke more loudly in bitter reproach, and that Pierre felt deep contrition for this act of virtual disobedience, this ungrateful return for the care and affection of parents who, if they did not love books as well as he did, had proved that they loved him better than anything else in the world.

Whatever might have been his latent feelings, however, they found no expression now. Grasping Richard's hand, he said,

"Farewell; you have my secret, keep it as long as you can. If I live to be great, learned, happy, I will think of you. Could I ever forget you?"

And the boy was already far on his way before Richard had succeeded in convincing himself that he had seen with his eyes, or heard with his ears.

That evening, when the sheep returned under the convoy of Looloo alone, the whole farm was in commotion. "Where is Pierre? What has become of Pierre?" was the cry on all sides. Need we tell of the mother's tears, the father's grief and consternation? Richard alone was silent; and seated sadly in a corner, prayed for a blessing upon the little traveller.

IV.

After a long and wearisome journey, Pierre La Ramée at length reached Paris. In every village through which he had passed, he had found some kind person to bid him—"Come in and welcome, and sit by the fire, and have a bit of supper." Many a mother looked at her own child, perhaps the same age as Pierre, and drank in with the glance, compassion on the boy-traveller, who, she was sure, must be an orphan to be so far from his home, and would tenderly bathe his feet, sore from the long day's journey; then take him in her arms and lay him in a comfortable bed, beside her own boy, and bid "God bless them both." In short, Pierre met with such generous hospitality, that he had no necessity to break in upon his little hoard till he came to Paris. How different was it henceforth! In the first house he stopped at, instant inquiry was made whether he had any money? and it was not until he produced the price of a porringer of soup and a slice of bread that they were set before him. As to a bed, his scanty funds would not have permitted him to think of paying for one, and he was thankful that, shepherd-boy as he was, to sleep in the open air could be no great hardship to him.

The market-colonnades served at that time for a nightly refuge to all houseless, homeless people, and under one of these, Pierre, with his bundle for a pillow, soon slept the sleep of childhood.

The noise of the great city aroused him at early dawn. Bewildered by the noise and bustle that seemed to pursue him from street to street, Pierre joined a band of children, on their way to a college; but when they came to the door, the children went in, and left him standing outside.

What was to be done? He had not come to Paris to beg his bread from door to door, but to endeavour to obtain a little knowledge; so he ventured to knock at the door.

"What do you want?" asked the Porter.

"I want to go in and hear what is said," answered the little stranger, in his simplicity.

"Who are you?"

"A poor child, who has come all the way on foot from his own village to get instruction, my good Sir."

"And have you wherewithal to pay for admission?"

"Alas! I have got nothing in the world."

"Then you had as good go back the way you came," returned the Porter, shutting the door in the boy's face.

He was not, however, discouraged; he sat down on a stone, saying to himself—"The boys have gone in, so they will surely come out; and some one of them will have pity on me."

And he waited; and at last the great gate opened once more, and out rushed a crowd of children, and such was their eager haste, that our poor little Pierre would have been quite unnoticed, had not one boy fallen in trying to get before a comrade.

"I hope you are not hurt, young Master," said Pierre, as he helped him on his feet.

"No, my boy, thanks to you for your help." And he passed on, leaving poor Pierre once more alone on the steps of the college, with his eyes despairingly fixed upon the large green door, which he now began to think would never open for him. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he burst into tears.

"I have deserved it all," he said; "how could I have expected that God would bless me, when I disobeyed and grieved my parents?" And he knelt on the step and prayed for forgiveness; while tears, that now flowed from remorse as well as disappointment, gushed from his eyes.

The boys, returning to resume study, found him in the same spot. The boy whom he had assisted in the forenoon stopped to speak to him, and seeing the trace of tears, took a few halfpence from his pocket, and put them into Pierre's hand.

"Oh, Sir," said the little pilgrim, "I do not want this, but if you would lend me one of your books, I would return it to you when you come out again."

"If that be all," said the boy, "here goes;" and he threw to him the first book that came to his hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, turned it up and down, and in every direction; all to no purpose; he could not make out a single word. When his young acquaintance came out, Pierre returned the book, telling him how useless it had been to him.

"To-morrow, I will lend you another book," he said: and he kept his word. And time went on, and Pierre ran of errands for the boys, and was paid in such scraps of learning as they could give.

But poor Pierre found that, with all his zeal for learning, to live he must eat; and, in order to provide bread and water, (and he asked no more), and that even in scanty measure, he was compelled to sell his good Sunday clothes, and wear his old ones. But this resource was soon exhausted, and Pierre found it impossible any longer to endure such total destitution. It was now actual starvation, for the vacation had arrived.

"It is a punishment sent to me from God," said the voice of his conscience,—that voice so long disregarded. "Oh! my poor mother! I deserve it all for having given you such grief. I must not add to it now the pain of one day hearing that your child died far away from you, and died, too, without your blessing and your pardon. Let me go, while I have strength enough left to carry me home."

It was not in Pierre's earnest nature to form a resolution without some effort to put it into practice, and once more he was upon the road. But not now, as before, with downcast eye and uneasy look, from consciousness of doing wrong. No! he now walked with head erect, for he was endeavouring to repair the fault he had committed, and though resigned to bear merited punishment; yet he felt full hope and trust, that the kindness and affection of his parents would not refuse him forgiveness.

V.

Richard was the first to perceive Pierre's approach. He guessed that it was he, rather than recognised him, for the poor child was so changed, so pale, so attenuated, that he seemed but the shadow of the rosy, pretty boy, from whom he had parted only a few months before. However, to see him in any way was a happy surprise to Richard. We pass over his expressions of delight, and the thousand questions he asked almost in a breath, as to what kind of place Paris was, how many houses were in it, how many people lived there, whether they spoke the same language with them of Picardy, and, above all, whether he had learned a great deal since?—to all of which Pierre's answer was an attempt at a smile, a hurried acknowledgment that he returned nearly as ignorant as he went, and an anxious inquiry for his father and mother.

But they were now at the house. Pierre's parents seemed determined to withhold forgiveness, and at first refused to receive him; but their just displeasure soon gave way. The father stole his hand up to wipe away a tear, while declaring that he could never love him any more; and his mother kissed him again and again, while protesting that she should never be able to bear the sight of him.

"Come, come," said an uncle of Pierre—his mother's brother—"the poor boy is sorry for his fault, and has come back to ask forgiveness."

"I will never forgive him as long as I live," repeated the father.

"I will never acknowledge him as my child," said the mother.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the uncle, "we must all kiss and be friends. Brother, let me entreat of you to forgive the boy. He has done very wrong, I know, but he looks very sorry for it. Come, sister, give the child a welcome and his supper, and I am sure he will promise never to go away again."

"Certainly not, without their permission," answered Pierre.

"What! and do you still think of going back again, upon any terms?"

"Oh! uncle, I should be so glad."

"Notwithstanding all the hardships you have suffered."

"Oh! the hardships would be nothing, if I could only learn."

Astonished at this iron-will, the uncle suddenly exclaimed—

"Well, it must be as you wish, nephew. I own, it would be a pity to stand in the way of one who can set a good end before him, and persevere through every hardship in his endeavour to attain it. If the father is not rich enough to help him forward, why, some of the family must, that's all. I am old, and have no children; I have some good clothes in the bottom of a chest, and I do not see why they might not be as well elsewhere as lying there. Brother, have you any objection to their helping the boy forward in his desire for learning, which he has proved to be no mere childish fancy."

The answer of the father was a most willing assent, the only objection being removed by this offer of paying for Pierre's school expenses. But it is not easy to tell the boy's rapturous delight when, a few days after, he found himself once more on the road to Paris, with a mind tranquil and happy in his parents' blessing, and with a letter in his pocket to the principal of the college of Navarre, in Paris, which letter contained the necessary remittance. Once arrived in Paris, he went direct to the college; and the day on which, for the first time, he took his place in the class, with a lecturer seated before him, was the happiest day of his life. He wished to be all ears to hear, all eyes to see, all memory to retain. He sat down at the table of knowledge, as a hungry man would seat himself at some rich banquet; and, therefore, we need not wonder that his progress was indeed rapid. It was especially so in Latin, and the ardour with which he devoted himself to the study of that language was so great, that his fellow students latinized his name, never calling him anything but Ramus; and it is by this college name that he is most generally known.

But the poor boy had trials still in store for him, before he could attain his darling object. His uncle, less affluent than generous, suddenly discovering that his resources did not permit of his paying for the completion of his nephew's studies, got the Curé of the village to write for him as follows:—

"You must leave college, child. I have no more money, so come home. By this time I suppose you know enough to manage your father's charcoal-burning."

When this letter was put into his hands, one of the tutors had just told Ramus, that in two years his course of study would be completed.

Two years—only two years—and to be obliged now to leave the college! The thought was not to be borne. Some way must be found; and Pierre set about finding it, with a cheerful courage—a steady perseverance, that proved he had not forgotten the good Dame's adage, "Where there is a will, there is always a way."

For some days past, a servant's place was vacant at the college; and as the labour of brushing clothes and cleaning shoes for so many pupils was very great, and the remuneration very small, few candidates for the office presented themselves, so that Pierre found little difficulty in obtaining the post, which he coveted as the only opening for remaining in the college. And never were duties more faithfully discharged than by the indefatigable boy. And what was his reward for all his toil? The privilege of hearing occasionally the lectures of the professors, of which he took notes at night, writing while every one else was asleep, by the light of some charcoal embers; or the no less coveted privilege of access to books, which he studied in the same way. But his reward was at hand. An accidental occurrence discovered to the principal, not only the talent, but the stores of knowledge of this self-educated boy, and he was restored to the college, with the degree of Master of Arts.

We shall not dwell upon the rest of his career. Suffice it to say, that, after many vicissitudes, King Henry II. appointed him Regius Professor of Philosophy and Eloquence; and, subsequently, of Mathematics, to the University of Paris. And most assiduously did he labour in the promotion of science, both by his lectures and by his

writings, all bearing the impress of great range of mind and profound learning. It was he who introduced into France the use of the letter V. Before his time, U was always used in every case in which either letter was required.

He had now arrived at the height of his ambition—liberty and opportunity to acquire knowledge—the privilege of drinking freely at that fountain, whose ever-flowing waters have the quality of ever satisfying, while ever exciting still new thirst.

With more of this world's wealth than he could have hoped to possess, he was now able to minister to the comforts of his aged parents: nor did he forget Richard, who had been the first instrument in his learning to read; nor old Lizetta, and all her kindness.

In the first visit he paid her, in the hey-day of his success, and seated beside her at her cottage-door, on the same little stool upon which he had so often sat as a boy, telling her his ardent wish — his earnest purpose; the philosopher set the seal of his experience to the truth and infallible wisdom of the good Dame's adage, which she now, as well she might, triumphantly boasted of as a prediction that, under the good providence of God, was never yet left unfulfilled—"Did I not tell you, that where there is a will, there is always a way?"

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

How beautiful is Nature, and how kind
In every season, every mood and dress,
To him who woos her with an earnest mind,
Quick to perceive and love her loveliness.
With what a delicate, yet mighty, stress
She stills the stormy passions of the soul,
Subdues their tossings with a sweet control,
Till each spent wave grows gradually less,
And dwindles into calm! The worldling may
Disdain her, but to me, whate'er the grief—
Whate'er the anger lingering in my breast,
Or pain of baffled hopes—she brings relief
Scares the wild harpy-brood of cares away,
And to my troubled heart sublimely whispers "Rest."

Forth on this bright and genial morn in June—
Serene the earth, the heavens with beauty hung—
I come to her that she may re-attune
Discordant thoughts, and feelings all unstrung.
Sorrows the world believeth not have wrung
My heart until it bleeds, but bleeds unseen;
Distressful circumstance hath come between
Endeavour and fruition; I had flung
My hopes unto the winds, but Nature's smile
Cheers the lone chamber where my sorrows dwell;
Her gentle hand is on me, and the spell
Doth of my spirit all its fears beguile;
My better being re-awakes and stirs,
And sings an inward song, in unison with hers.

Ah, yes, the humblest of external things
Whereby she deigns to enchant us and to teach,
(If loving heart the human learner brings)
Are signs of her grand harmonies and speech.
The lapse of waters o'er a rugged stone—
A pool of reeds—a moorland weed or flower—
A dimpling spring—a thorn with moss o'ergrown,
Are symbols of her universal power.
These speak a language to the favoured ear,
Loud as the thunder, lofty as the lights
That crowd the cope of cloudless winter nights;
And thrill the soul with reverence, hope, and fear,
Dull must he be, oppressed with earthly leaven,
Who looks on Nature's face, yet feels no nearer heaven!

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

A CURATE'S STORY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE EVENTS OF A DAY.

THE pastor of a country village occupies a position very different to the clergyman of a populous town, or district of a city. At the former place he is regarded as the common father and friend of all, and his advice is sought on matters of the most incongruous description. In the discharge of his religious duties he is nearer to the hearts of those whom he has to teach, and his words are treasured by them as household memories. His opinion on any matter is considered decisive, and is frequently sought in regard to domestic affairs of his flock. In a large town or city, however, the minister is neither seen nor thought of, except when officiating within the temple of worship; and, for all his congregation know, he has no existence but in the pulpit of the church. This prefatory remark is necessary, in order that the reader may not attribute to me any motive of unjust curiosity, in becoming familiar with the details I am about to relate.

Our village lies in the northern part of the county of Berkshire, on the southern side of the little river Ork. It is in a flat meadow district, and only a few miles from the town of Layford. The river creeps along through coppice and corn-field, common and pasture land, sometimes threading its way through shelving banks of fern, and tall sedges, and bulrushes, and at other times gleaming in the sunshine like a winding silver line, until lost in the brown ridge where the sky and earth meet. The place wears a primitive aspect, and has an especial charm for the lover of the picturesque. It is altogether an antique cluster of houses and trees, and the neatly painted garden railings, and closely-clipped hedges contrast strangely with the old tumble-down-looking houses, which sometimes come jutting out into the road, with a sort of self-conceit to show themselves, and at other times go sneaking back, and do the best they can to hide their grim visages and creaking timbers behind clumps of elm, or lime trees. It is one of the few hamlets which have escaped the innovating influence of recent times, and has undergone so few changes since I have known it,—now a period of forty-eight years—that one could almost believe that Time himself had forgotten it. I forbear to say anything more of the temple wherein my avocations were weekly performed, than that it was a rich old Norman pile, with a crumbling tower and huge vane, and embowered in massive sheets of ivy and clumps of ancient trees. My love for the picturesque beauty of the church, and the ancient relics of gone time which it enshrines, would lead me too far from my narrative if I were not thus abrupt. My story is of rich and poor, and as the circumstances crowd now upon my memory, I shall set them down in their relative order, in as few and simple words as will suffice; conscious that truth needs no embellishment, and that whatever lesson is to be drawn from it will sufficiently suggest itself.

At the lower part of the hamlet, by the corner of an old coppice of larch and fir trees, stood a blacksmith's shop. When I first came to the village, it was the daily scene of merriment and industry. It had a huge chimney, built of stone, above the forge, and at daybreak a blue column of smoke began to issue from its mouth, and the sounds of laughter, and of striking hammers rang from the shedding. Delicacy will not permit me to mention the blacksmith's name, and the reader will excuse me if I only use his christian name of John. This John was a sturdy, industrious fellow, with giant arm, and broad, brown, laughing face; and he and his two apprentices were always to be heard hammering and laughing from daybreak till sunset.

I was a beardless boy when I received my appointment as curate of this parish; and being still fresh from college life, and with generous blood in my veins, took great

pleasure in making acquaintance with the most respectable folks in the place, and particularly with those who had daughters. Let not the reader imagine that I was less clerical than I should have been, for the truth is that my natural habit was unreserved and free; I had no bugbear of family pride clinging to me, and was in the habit of walking early in the morning to read and gossip, and observe the beauties of nature. It was in one of these early walks that I became acquainted with good John ——, the blacksmith. I was walking upon the grassy ridge which edged the side of the road, with a book in my hand, when a quick, heavy step caused me to turn my head, and I encountered the picturesque form of the blacksmith, with his broad, English face, and a Sunday sort of smile, and huge drab coat and gaiters. He trudged on, and as he passed me touched his hat, according to old established village custom.

"Good morning, friend," said I.

"Bright morning, Sir, the road wants rain;" he replied. Not choosing to lose an opportunity to make an acquaintance, I offered him my arm, but my extreme freedom seemed to perplex him. He hadn't been accustomed to walk arm-in-arm with trim, neatly dressed, and polished young clergymen; and I, somewhat tickled with the idea of confusing him, only pressed my friendship more warmly still, and overwhelmed him with expressions of politeness and affability. I believe it was owing to this natural tendency of my character, and unassuming freedom of speech, which made me so respected in the village; for I was ever ready to render a service where I felt it was needed, and sought out the homes of trouble and affliction, to give the best advice I could offer, and to supplicate, for those in sorrow, the mercy of Him who is the Father of us all.

It required some little skill on my part to induce the blacksmith to shake off his restraint, and to speak without fear that his rough words would be unpleasant to me. By degrees, however, we got well engaged in conversation, and I felt a keen relish for his large rustic style, and unvarnished honesty of expression. I learnt that he had been to the market, at one of the neighbouring towns, and was now trudging home to breakfast.

As soon as we reached the blacksmith's shed, I observed the curling wreath of smoke jumping in volumes from the great ugly chimney, and the clanking sounds of the hammers greeted us, as John entered his shop, and shouted to his lads—

"Now, boys, stop the forge, and let's see if wife's got breakfast ready."

The two apprentices left their hammers, and went to the farther end of the shed to wash their hands, smirking at me, and evidently wondered why their master had brought home the parson with him. John asked me in a blunt manner to sit to breakfast with them, and I assented immediately.

I was introduced into the best parlour, which was decorated with freshly-gathered flowers, and polished throughout, and evidently intended only to be used on state occasions. John's buxom wife came bustling and curtseying in, and putting on all the youthful grace and gentility she could muster, greeted me with a "good morning." I was determined, however, not to be used as a state visitor, and entreated her to let me breakfast with them in the ordinary room, and to make no exception whatever on my account. After numerous apologies for asking a gentleman to sit in the kitchen, and two or three plain jokes on my part, and the assurance that I was a farmer's son, and loved an English fireside better than all the refinements and gentilities of the world, I was shown into the kitchen, and took my seat at the breakfast board.

I had the appetite of a genuine forester, and the fragrant steam which ascended from the board was particularly grateful to me. While the wife was busy in the arrangements of the breakfast, I sought to converse with the blacksmith, but was soon interrupted by the sound of light tripping feet, and the entrance of a gentle, rosy, laughing girl, of about sixteen years of age. On receiving my bow of greeting, and returning it with a grace as beautiful and artless as a fairy or a wood-nymph, she blushed deeply, and seemed somewhat confused; for she had bounded into the room like a playful fawn, not suspecting the presence of a visitor. I drew a chair for her, and she laid down the bunch of wild flowers which she had brought in from the fields, and complying, in a fluttering and bashful manner, with her father's request, to give him his usual morning kiss, seated herself at the table.

The wife left the room to take the breakfast to the two apprentices, and when she returned, I rose, asked a blessing on the meal, and we commenced in good earnest to partake of it.

"Ellen, my child," said the blacksmith, "you look pale to day, what's the matter with ye, eh girl?"

"Oh, dear father," she replied, "I'm sure you're only jesting."

"No, lass, I be not jesting, ye've been paler ever since Monday last."

Ellen looked at her father and laughed, and as she did so, she caught my eye resting on her, and I observed that something was beneath her countenance, which none in the household knew but herself. We were silent for some minutes, and it seemed as though a cloud of mystery was hanging above our heads. The simple beauty of the girl, and her unaffected modesty of manner touched my heart most deeply, and I felt that silence to be sacred to feelings better expressed in looks than words.

The reader will not be harsh with me, if I tell him that at this time my appearance was unusually prepossessing, and especially so to the gentler sex. Age now sits like winter snow upon a brow, wrinkled and furrowed with the cares of many years, but which was once full and expansive, and framed round with wild locks of jet black hair, and lighted up with large poetic eyes; and at that rustic breakfast board, I flattered my youthful fancy with the idea that the lovely girl beside me had found a place for me in her heart.

It was not so, but that I had to wait to learn; but I might well believe it, for she seemed overwhelmed with hidden feeling, and struggling to conceal emotions which made every movement one of greater embarrassment.

"Our rich neighbours are not all like you, Sir," remarked the blacksmith, as we continued a desultory conversation, "they don't like to talk to poorish folks, who have to work hard, except to order what they want, and grumble if it doesn't please their whim when it's sent home; and I think if they was to be a little considerate, and not look down with scorn upon the poor, that the poor wouldn't be always grumbling with discontent about their lot, and getting their hearts cankered with hatred, because them as does no labour at all can have such splendid parks and mansions, and seem ——; why Betsy, my dear, look! the girl's a-crying; God bless the child, what's coming to her now?"

As he concluded thus hastily, I saw the tears start from Ellen's eyes, and scarcely had her mother risen to caress her, than the daughter fainted into her arms. I immediately took her from her mother's hands, and laid her flat upon the floor, as my scanty knowledge of surgery dictated, and went to open the window for the admission of air; and as I did so, I caught sight of a small note in an elegantly embroidered envelope, peeping from the lid of the basket which Ellen had laid beside the flowers in the window-sill. The blood rushed like a boiling flood to my heart, and I heaved a deep sigh almost unconsciously. As I turned round I saw the girl's eyes opening, and as her mother stooped to kiss her, the tears of both were mingled. Feeling a degree of embarrassment at what had

occurred, I hastily gave John a few advices to watch his daughter, and guard her from excitement; and a word of consolation to her mother, and an assurance that the girl's illness was merely the effect of a constitutional peculiarity, I took my book, and wished them a good morning, and departed.

I had returned home to the parsonage, and was seated in my study pondering on the incidents of the breakfast at the blacksmith's, when I was called away to minister the sacrament to a poor dying woman at the end of the village; and as I entered the wretched hovel, where I had been many times before, to relieve, as far as my very scanty salary would allow, the poverty of its inmates, I met the young Squire Burnham, who was a constant visitor to the poor on his father's estate; and a young man whose largeness of heart was matched by an unaffected sincerity and simplicity of manner. We greeted each other, and he re-entered the little cottage with me, and I saw, by the expression of gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the time-worn partner of the poor creature who was now hastening to her last home, that Charles Burnham had just added another act of bounty to the many deeds of kindness and of love which had endeared him to the hearts of the poor and needy.

The poor creature was stretched upon a pallet, in the last anguish of expiring life; the skill of the parish doctor was now of no avail, and her soul was struggling with the frail and tottering temple in which it was enclosed to wing its flight to a flowery and deathless clime, where poverty and pain and tears are seen no more. The old man, the young squire, and myself, knelt by the bedside of the dying woman; and I, with a faltering voice, and a bosom heaving with emotion, supplicated the blessing of God for the soul which he was about to free from mortal chains; and when I had concluded my brief, but earnest prayer, the aged husband sobbed "Amen," and rising, saw the pallid hue of death steal upon his partner's cheek.

My heart had been already moved, and this new scene of sorrow affected me deeply. I consoled the old man as best I could, and bid him hope for comfort in that better land where he would meet her again. My young friend assured the heart-broken patriarch that the interment of his lost wife should be performed with decency and respect; and with sadness on our countenances, and with greater sadness in our hearts, we took our leave, and walked away in silence together. We walked on without exchanging a word, till we reached the church entry, when my companion, brushing away a tear, said:—

"Poor old man, he has seen a good many troubles, he won't survive this very long."

"I will visit him again to-night," I replied, "and give him what consolation my Christian advices can afford; and then I shall step down to John the blacksmith, and inquire if his daughter is better."

He turned deadly pale the moment I uttered this, and stood looking at me with such a fixed stare that I was startled.

"Who told you she was unwell?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"I chanced to look in this morning, and learnt it then," I said, for I saw most plainly that the blacksmith's daughter had some greater hold upon his heart, and occupied a more sacred place in his affections than the motives of either friendship or benevolence would prompt, and felt the necessity of being careful in my speech. We shook hands and parted, and I involuntarily drew the keys from my pocket and entered the old church.

The mellow twilight which fell like the sombre hue of dim old centuries, upon the worn pavement and crumbling pillars of the venerable pile, assorted well with the melancholy mood of my own mind, and seemed more welcome than ever to the solitude which reigned within my heart. I paced up and down the aisle with my eyes fixed upon the ground, and as I walked and listened to the dreary echoes of my own footsteps, and the occasional whistle of a blackbird, or the "caw" of a rook or magpie, in the tall trees, which waved in the sunlight outside the church, my thoughts reverted to the melancholy events of that morning; and the spirit of gloom and twilight-solitude which reigned within the solemn temple seemed to take possession of my soul, and to hold me in its welcome embrace. "God has sown the sky with golden dust, and has strewed living pearls and jewels on the ground, and these smile alike in their beauty on both rich and poor, and shower on all, without distinction, their love-like benedictions, and their mute syllables of truth and joy;" and here my thoughts were interrupted by observing the name of "Sir Wallace Burnham," on a marble slab at my feet. "But man," I thought, "petty man, forgetting the just Providence that overlooks his deeds, and weighs them all in an unerring balance, and visits each with a reward according to its weight, tramples with pride, and poisonous hatred on his humbler brother, on whom God has stamped, perhaps, a better impression of himself; and meeting with scorn and contempt those sorrows which should claim his sympathy, only blots the fair page of creation with the blackness of his own corrupted heart. And here, in this old pile, consecrated to the worship of the common Father of us all, are entombed the dust of many generations of men; the acts of generosity and kindness of whose lives, all united, would be shamed into oblivion by the simple and unassuming benevolence of one who inherits their name, but whose blood flows with such warmth and fervency, as proves that some purer fountain must have given it its birth. Five generations of the wealthy family of Burnham are entombed beneath this grey old pile, and all their gilded show, and hollow pride, and ostentation, fade like the melting mists of an autumn morning before the warm sunshine of that young man's heart." Such were my thoughts as I pondered on the overbearing pride and haughty spirit, which for years past had been linked with the name of Burnham, and which was so strikingly contrasted with the many acts of silent charity performed by the young squire, during the time that I had been an inhabitant of the sweet village of G——.

With my heart filled with these reflections, the thought of the mysterious illness of the blacksmith's daughter, and of the emotion of the young squire when I had accidentally referred to her, recurred to me. The two were in love; nothing could be more certain than that, thought I; and yet it seemed an inconsistent thing for a simple, and almost uneducated, village-girl to engage the affections of a rich man's son; and even if that were the case, what should bring this cloud of sorrow over both their hearts? I then remembered the little neat billet I had seen peeping from the girl's basket, and felt a keen curiosity to know what it might contain. I was the more perplexed and mystified the more I pondered; and so, betaking myself to my study till the evening, I waited for the unfolding of events in the order of circumstance and time.

At sunset, I visited the cottage where death had that day been, and then walked down to the forge, and, hesitating for a moment at the threshold, entered and found the place empty. I tapped at the door which led into the dwelling-house, and the blacksmith's wife welcomed me to enter. She had been shedding tears, I could see, by the troubled aspect of her features, and a cloud of sorrow seemed to weigh heavily upon her heart. There are feelings which none but mothers ever know, and joys and sorrows which will find a place in none but a mother's anxious breast, and upon that mother's face were now written, in characters more legible than words, the expressions of maternal anguish, and sympathy for the sorrows of a child.

Without speaking, she led me to the bedside of her daughter; and there the father sat, with his child's hand clasped in his own, and his broad muscular frame as weak and trembling as the fragile form beside which he was seated. The medical man had attended, and had pronounced that Ellen was in a state of fever, but, with due watchfulness, might be recovered in a very few days. I had seen and guessed enough to know, that the cause of her illness lay deeper than either of the parents imagined, and my conscience began to assure me that it was my duty to make known my thoughts to the parents.

"She's weak, Sir, very weak, and if we lose her, God knows but ours will be a hard lot indeed," said the blacksmith, and his utterance betrayed the depth of his emotion.

"My dear friend," I said, "these things occur and pass away again very soon; the elastic spirit of youth soon conquers a slight attack of this description."

"I'm afraid there's something worse to come, for she's been gloomy for several days past," he replied, and looked hard into my face, as if he expected to read an answer to his anxieties there.

"Do you know of any circumstance which might cause anxiety or trouble in your daughter's mind?" I inquired of the wife.

"I don't indeed, Sir, and we have never taught her to practice deception of any kind; and I think she loves her mother too well to conceal anything from me."

"I observed a letter in the basket which your daughter brought in with her this morning; have you seen that?" I asked.

"A letter, what letter?—the basket, oh, her flower-basket; I'll go and see." And she hasted down stairs with as little noise as possible, to avoid waking the child. She brought up the basket, but there was no letter there. I assured them that I had seen one when I went to open the window in the morning, and that possibly that might contain something which would explain the cause of Ellen's illness, if it could be found. This was a new anxiety for them; and, thinking that it might be better for me to retire, I offered a prayer at the bedside, and rose to depart.

The blacksmith left the room with me, and came down stairs to usher me out, and when quite out of hearing of his wife, he said:—

"There's summut on that girl's heart, Sir, I'm sure there is, God bless her, she's ever been a comfort to us, and now we're getting into years I hope there's no fresh trouble, for we've had a many in our time. You are a young man, sir, and don't know what the feelings of a parent are; but if you know of anything that may throw a light on this here matter, for Heaven's sake don't keep it from us. I feel this very much, but if my wife was to see me take on about it, she'd sink and break her heart, and so, as long as I can, I'll keep my sorrow to myself."

I assured him that whatever I could do to render assistance to him or his child would be to me a pleasure, and bidding him be of good heart, and to comfort his wife by the assurance that all might yet be well, hastened home, and shut myself within my study to think over the events of the day. As soon as I had drawn my chair to the table I saw a small note directed to myself, lying on the book which I had left open; I opened it and read as follows:—

"My dear Friend,—I want to consult you on a matter of urgent importance; I know that I can trust to your kindness to be with me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Burnham Lodge, Yours most sincerely,
"Thursday. Charles Burnham."

"This is one of the accidents of love," said I, as I took the light to go upstairs to-bed, "and the drugs of old Wilson will not benefit Ellen much, for her malady is seated in the heart."

Notices of New Works.

The Fourth Estate; Contributions towards a history of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. K. Hunt. 2 vols. Bogue: London.

If we were called upon to name the greatest literary power of the day, we would at once say "the Newspaper." Carlyle has said that "the Church of England, at this moment, lies in the editors of its newspapers." True, those editors are very often engaged in the work of threshing straw which has been threshed a thousand times before. Still, the power of newspapers is not the less on that account. Everybody reads them, that can read. You find them circulating in every house; day by day they go on dropping their thoughts into the public mind; and even the dropping of water, it is well known, will, in the course of time, wear a hollow in the hardest stone. It is this 'line upon line' which gives the newspaper its power, and enables it to promote and carry into effect the most important social and political changes. Let its whole power be concentrated upon a particular object, and you will see how irresistible it is. Take the establishment of the penny-post system as an instance; when Rowland Hill promulgated his views, he took care to put them in the possession of every newspaper editor in Great Britain. He thus dropped his thought, at one and the same time, into the minds of the men who moved public opinion. In less than a fortnight, the newspapers throughout the whole kingdom were promulgating and advocating the system, and, in little more than a year, the penny-post was triumphantly established by Act of Parliament.

The growth of this new power has been regarded with great jealousy, from time to time, by the older and more established powers. "We must destroy the press," said Wolsey, "or it will destroy us." But he could not destroy it—no power could destroy it—no shackles could bind it. When Guttenburg put his little leaden blocks together, by which thoughts could be put in permanent shapes, multiplied, and spread abroad throughout the world, he laid the foundations of a tremendous power, before which all other powers were, in course of time, to bow down. From printing sprang the Lutheran Reformation, the Great English Revolution, the American Republic, the French Revolution, and all the great leading events which have distinguished the last three centuries; and it needs no ghost to tell that it will accomplish many more important changes in society, for it is the great instrument of knowledge, the main bulwark of liberty, and the pioneer of science, intelligence, and advancing civilization.

Books were a great innovation when they first made their appearance; the facility which they afforded for the utterance of thought gave rise to discussion, criticism, canvassing of opinions, dissent from established views, and hence types were decried as the instruments and agents of heresy and sedition. "It was a happy time," said Andrew Marvell, about two hundred years ago, "when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the keys of the library. Now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered! There have been ways found out to fine, not the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled! But no art could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred systematic divines. Their ugly printing letters, that look like so many rotten teeth, how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawer; but these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm as a set, and as cutting and talkative as ever! Oh printing! why

hast thou 'disturbed the peace!' Lead, when made into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters!"

It was not long after the invention of printing, before the Newspaper made its appearance; but at first it was a very humble affair. It was a meagre record of events, contained notices of highwaymen, the robberies committed upon travellers on Bagshot Heath, and attacks on citizens in the streets by footpads, losses of money, lap-dogs, and wigs; wonderful accounts of quack medicines, and the cures they had effected; trashy little essays on dress and manners; barren statements of foreign news; with no account whatever of what was going on in the Houses of Parliament, or of the condition of the people, or the state of public opinion. The first British newspaper was started about 1622, under the title of "The Weekly Newes." During the wars of the revolution, small sheets were issued called "Newes Letters," giving accounts of the engagements between the contending Royalist and Parliamentary armies. During the sittings of the Long Parliament, reports of the proceedings of the members began to appear, and they have been published pretty regularly ever since, though to this very day they are only reported by sufferance. Attempts were made from time to time to "license" the press, but a censorship was never firmly established, and seemed averse to the free spirit of our people. Several members of parliament sent into the country to their constituents regular accounts of the proceedings in the lower house; among these, the most celebrated was Andrew Marvell, the patriotic member for Hull.

The Revolution of 1688 saw the almost complete emancipation of the press, and from that time, instead of being under the censorship of the Government, the Government has been under the regular censorship of the press. Newspapers went on increasing in size, in numbers, and importance. Still they contained little more than news. The bold political article was wanting until the reign of Queen Anne, when distinguished literary men began to take part in literary discussion. Mr. Hunt gives the following account of the establishment of the first daily paper:—

'That was a step in advance, reserved for the reign when the victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift created a mental activity in the nation which could not wait from week to week for its news. Hence the appearance of a morning paper in 1709, under the title of the *Daily Courant*. When this was offered to the English people, there were eighteen other papers published in London, and among their titles we find a *British Apollo*, a *Postman*, an *Evening Post*, a *General Postscript*, and a *City Intelligencer*. The editor of the *Evening Post* of September 6, 1709, reminds the public that 'there must be three or four pounds a year paid for written news,' &c.—that is to say, for the news letters, which thus seem to have been still competing with public prints—whilst the *Evening Post* might be had for a much more moderate sum. Not only in frequency of appearance did the newspapers of Queen Anne's day surpass their predecessors: they began to assume a loftier political position, and to take on a better outward shape—though still poor enough in this respect. The very earliest newspapers only communicated intelligence without giving comment; subsequently, we find papers giving political discussions without news. In the publications subsequent to 1700, we find these two elements of a journal more frequently united. Mr. Hallam is inclined to regard this as the period when what he terms 'regular newspapers' began to obtain political importance in our constitutional system. * * * The year that produced the first daily newspaper in England, gave birth also to the first of a group of publications which had many of the characteristic features of journals, and were at the time regarded as such, though they cannot now be called newspapers. They appeared at stated intervals, occasionally gave intelligence of passing events, and comments on passing events, contained advertisements, and, when the stamp was imposed on newspapers, suffered the infliction of that impost equally with their more political rivals. They were—The *Tatler*, started in 1709; the *Spectator*, in 1711; the *Guardian*, and the *Englishman*, in 1713; and the *Freeholder*, in 1715. These, though now seen in compact volumes, were originally issued in separate sheets, as their numbering indicates; and they contained in addition to the elegantly-written papers now preserved, various items of news and advertisements, as the originals in the British Museum Library bear witness."

The modern English newspaper is an immense advance on the newspapers of all previous times. The number, the efficiency, and the power of newspapers, have elevated them into a position of vast importance in society; and they are thus perhaps not improperly denominated "The Fourth Estate." All classes in the state contribute to newspapers—statesmen, divines, judges, doctors, merchants, and workmen, all become authors in their columns. Lord Brougham wrote on the bench the famous article, which appeared in the *Times*, announcing that "the Queen had done it all." Lord Palmerston is a regular writer on foreign subjects, in a daily paper. Richard Cobden has written many leading articles on his favourite subject of Free Trade. "Young England" has bought a newspaper, and its members of Parliament write for it. The Church is in the lists, and publishes its newspapers. Each dissenting body has its organ, supported by their leading divines. The press is the great modern power to move opinion, and all ranks aim at taking their place among the "gentlemen of the press."

The newspaper has a voice for everybody,—for the oppressed factory labourer, for the village delver, for the Spitalfields silk weaver, for the Liverpool sailor, for the Leeds clothier, for the Sheffield cutler, for even the felon and the pauper. It stands and listens at the door of the hut and of the palace. It is a watchful sentinel in front of mayor's courts, judges' benches, and boards of justices of the peace. It is an intelligent police force, ever on the alert to rend the veil of conspiracy, to expose hidden dangers, to bring to light unreformed abuses; it is a kind of imperial legislature, before which thousands of petitions are presented daily. Besides all this, it is a daguerreotype record of the lights and shades of passing life; it reflects the chit-chat, the turmoil, the strife, the deaths, the marriages, the births, the accidents, the joys, the sorrows, the excitements, the agitations, the wants, the horrors, the rejoicings, the discussions, in short, the daily universal history of mankind.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge—what is the use of so much life?—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us?—and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains,—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence, love virtue,

purity of conduct,—love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice,—love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes,—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and an honourable, and light up in instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE BILL OF BILLS.

This one Bill, which lies yet unenacted, *a right* EDUCATION BILL, is not this of itself the sure parent of innumerable wise Bills,—wise regulations, practical methods and proposals, gradually ripening towards the state of Bills? To irradiate with intelligence, that is to say, with order, arrangement, and all blessedness, the Chaotic, Unintelligent; how, except by educating, *can* you accomplish this? That thought, reflection, articulate utterance, and understanding be awakened in their individual million heads, which are the atoms of your Chaos; there is no other way of illuminating any Chaos! The sum-total of intelligence that is found in it determines the extent of order possible for your Chaos; the feasibility and rationality of what your Chaos will dimly demand from you, and will gladly obey when proposed by you! It is an exact equation; the one accurately measures the other. If the whole English People, during these "twenty years of respite," be not educated, with at least schoolmaster's educating, a tremendous responsibility, before God and man, will rest somewhere! How dare any man, especially a man calling himself Minister of God, stand up in any Parliament or place, under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God's Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil's Darkness continue in it one hour more! For all light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God. All darkness, nescience, is of the enemy of God. "The schoolmaster's creed is somewhat awry!" Yes; I have found few creeds entirely correct; few light beams shining *white*, pure of admixture: but of all creeds and religions now or ever before known, was not that of thoughtless, thriftless Animalism, of Distilled Gin, and Stupor and Despair, unspeakably the least orthodox? We will exchange *it*, even with Paganism, with Fetishism; and, on the whole, *must* exchange it with something.—CARLYLE, *Past and Present.*

WOMEN-WRITERS.

It's a melancholy fact, and against all political economy, that the group of female authors is becoming every year more multitudinous and more successful. Women write the best novels, the best travels, the best reviews, the best leaders, and the best cookery-books. They write on every subject and in every style, from terribly learned books on Egypt and Etruria, down to *Loose Thoughts, by a Lady*. They are turning us men into "drugs" (in the market, of course! metaphorically and not apothecarily)—they are ruining our profession. Wherever we carry our skilful pens, we find the place preoccupied by a woman. The time was when my contributions were sought as favours; my graceful phrase was to be seen threading, like a meandering stream, through the rugged mountains of statistics, and the dull plains of matter of fact, in every possible publication. *Then* the pen was a profession: but now I starve. What am I to do—what are my brother pens to do, when such rivalry is permitted? How many of us can write novels like Currer Bell, Mrs. Gaskell, Geraldine Jewsbury, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Crowe, and fifty others, with their shrewd and delicate observation of life? How many of us can place our prose beside the glowing rhetoric and daring utterance of social wrong in the learned romances and powerful articles of Eliza Lynn, or the cutting sarcasm and vigorous protests of Miss Rigby? What chance have we against Miss Martineau, so potent in so many directions? In fact, the women have made an invasion of our legitimate domain. They write novels, and they write histories, they write travels and they ransack chronicles, they write articles and they write dramas, they write leaders and they write treatises. This is the "march of mind," but where, oh, where are the dumplings! Does it never strike these delightful creatures, that their little fingers were made to be kissed not to be inked? Does it never occur to them that they are doing us a serious injury, and that we need "protection?" Woman's proper sphere of activity is elsewhere. Are there no husbands, lovers, brothers, friends to coddle and console? Are there no stockings to darn, no purses to make, no braces to embroider? *My* idea of a perfect woman is of one who can write, but won't; who knows all that authors know, and a great deal more; who can appreciate my genius, and not spoil my market; who can pet me, and flatter me, and flirt with me, and work for me, and sing to me, and love me: I have named Julia. Yes, she is a perfect woman; she never wrote a book. Political economists complain of young ladies making purses and embroidering braces as taking work from the industrious classes. But I should like to know what they call writing books and articles but taking work from the industrious authors? To knit a purse or work an ottoman is a graceful and useful devotion of female energies. Ellen has worked *me* an ottoman; and certain fair fingers are at this moment employed upon embroidering me an arm-chair, *That* is what I call something like woman's mission! An arm-chair! consider how useful, how luxurious, how suggestive of kind thoughts, as wearied from the labours of the day you sink into its arms and say, "Well, dear Penelope worked me this; God bless her!" Women of England! listen to my words:—Your path is the path of perdition; your literary impulses are the impulses of Satan. Burn your pens, and purchase wool. Arm-chairs are to be made; waistcoats can be embroidered; throw yourselves courageously into *this* department, and you will preserve the deep love, respect, and gratitude (when you work him chairs) of your sorrowful and reproachful—"VIVIAN."—*The Leader.*

MUDDLING AWAY AN INCOME.

No one is less respected than a man who muddles away a large income, nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either usefulness, or dignity, or permanence to recommend it. But every now and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no expensive taste, yet not only spends every sixpence of his income, but gets into difficulties. His domain is neglected, his house ill-furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill-paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stinted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered; in fact, everything goes to rack and ruin about him. Instead of performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society, as far as his influence extends, there is one vast dilapidation. He may be said to crumble and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. It has not benefited friends, assisted dependents, built churches, fertilized the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done anything that a man can lay his hand upon. It has all been dribbled and fribbled away on hollow pretences and petty occasions, without either system or object. It has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.—*Times.*

THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
Of daily sweat and peasant toil,
And where would kings have found their dower,
If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be,
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the Nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grime of forge-soot leaves no blot,
And labour gilds the meanest name.

There's duty for all things, my son,
Who act their earthly part aright;
The spider's home threads must be spun—
The bee sucks on 'twixt flowers and light.

The hungry bird his food must seek—
The ant must pile his winter fare;
The worm drops not into the beak,
The store is only gained by care.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills,
For are we not created rife
With health that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
Where Idleness and Plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread,
As those who earn the meals they eat.

And man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.

God grant thee but a due reward,
A guerdon portion fair and just;
And then ne'er think thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work, hope, and trust!

ELIZA COOK.

BEFORE we calculate ill-fortune by the arithmetic of our mortifications, we should consider whether some casual profit may not have accrued, in which neither life nor foresight were at all concerned.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

VICE—miscalculation—obliquity of moral vision—temporary madness.

HE that never was acquainted with adversity, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.

WITH ceremonious friends, a three days visit is long enough:—a rest day, a dressed day, and a pressed day.

GOOD spirits are often taken for good-nature, yet nothing differs so much; insensibility being generally the source of the former, and sensibility of the latter.

THE weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit.

FASHION—gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it.

FINERY and expenses above a man's rank provoke envy, satire, and slander, and are the ready road to poverty and want.

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know when to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence.

THEY who aim at perfection, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

THERE is this difference between hatred and pity; pity is a thing often avowed, seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, seldom avowed.

THERE is but one school for poetry—the universe; only one schoolmistress—Nature.

WE cannot love without imitating, and we are as proud of the loss of our originality as of our freedom.

EASE is the proper ambition of age.

SUCCESS too often sanctions the worst and the wildest schemes of human ambition.

THE world may make a man unfortunate, but not miserable; that is from himself.

OUR companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation, than from those they find in ours.

PEOPLE oftener want something to be taken away to make them agreeable, than something to be added.

THOSE who speak without reflection often remember their own words afterwards with sorrow.

THE consciousness of being beloved is so grateful to every heart, that there are few who seek to question the sincerity of those who tell them they are so.

THE earth is always frozen to the idle husbandman.

MOST evils come on horseback, and go away on foot.

THE true poet is always great, if compared with others; not always if compared with himself.

THE reciprocal respect due from man to man ought always to appear in company, and curb all the irregularities of our fancies and humours.

THE excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

To Correspondents.

As, in our Weekly Numbers, we devote no space to Correspondents, it is requested they will, in all instances, favour us in confidence with their addresses. We wish our Lady Correspondents, more particularly, to observe this; for they, in many instances, enclose pretty verses, but *forget* their addresses.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 5, Camonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, October 12, 1850.

COOK'S ELIZA JOURNAL.

No. 77.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THE PHASES OF LIFE.

ALL persons who reach the years of maturity, or decline, are more or less affected by reminiscences of earlier days. Most of us possess some mournful memorials of the past: the lock of hair, the memento of an early attachment—a packet of old letters, the only remaining relics of a perished friend—a book, in which is written the name of one whom we shall see "no more in the flesh." Few are without some such hallowed memorials of the loved and the lost as these. Mournful, indeed, is the lot of that man who can boast no such hallowed memorials, but who has lived through the stages of childhood, youth, and early manhood, and carried away with him from the wreck of years no holy relic of the past! no memento of a friendship, or a love which made that past a Garden of Eden to his soul! The past never dies, but liveth ever embodied in the present, and woe be unto that man who dares not look it boldly and manfully in the face. It may be that crimes, follies, and errors innumerous, may glare upon him from its many sinful yesterdays; but let him not attempt to escape its horrors by plunging still deeper into the follies of the present; for by so doing he will only increase the number of its pursuing spectres, and arm them with scorpions, instead of rods.

All the phases of life—childhood, youth, manhood, maturity, and decline—each of them has its own pleasures and pains, its own joys and sorrows. Childhood, with its unquestioning faith, and gushing love, finds its happiness in enjoyments at which maturer age is apt to smile, but after all they are simpler, purer, holier, than any which youth or manhood can boast.

> "And we find when Life's gaudiest gifts are possess'd,
> Our simplest enjoyments have still been our best."

What a noble creature might be made up out of the materials of childhood! How joyous and confiding it is! How exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the angels all day long, and closes its eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the "peaceful heaven." It is a miniature picture of the fabled innocence of man; a type also of that possible perfection, predicted by the prophets and poets of the elder world.

How its memories cling to us in after life! How easily are they excited! A word—a tone of voice—an old song—a name—the mere glance of an eye, reminding us of some one whom we have loved and mourned of old, at once awakens a thousand associations, which appeared to have been forgotten for ever; at the slightest touch, memory flings wide the gates of her solemn temple, and forth come trooping the dethroned household gods of the spirit's springtime, overwhelming and crushing the heart beneath the myriad remembrances which they arouse,—like those avalanches of eternal snow, which sometimes fall in mountain masses with a silent dreadfulness, at the mere vibration of the human voice, the fairy tread of the curling mist, or the impulse of the passing eagle's wing. For a time we seem to live our childhood over again, and we are present once more at the household gatherings round the old fireside on the merry Christmas Eve, or the holy New Year's Night, when the solemn bells were ringing the dirge of the old year, or welcoming its young successor; the old family prayers, and the far dearer private prayer by our own bedside, when the gentle mother first folded our little hands together, and bade us say, "Our Father;" the still calm Sunday, with its best clothes, its prim walk, two and two, to the old church, with its tiresome services, which we little thought then were going so deep down into our heart of hearts. The old familiar faces come back, too, for a moment, and show themselves once more as we saw them then! The reverend grey hairs of the father and mother, now, alas! sleeping side-by-side in the old village grave-yard, waiting so silently, so serenely, for the promised waking! And there come back to us again the gay companions who met with us round that old fireside, delighting us with their games, their songs, and their merry fictions; faces and voices which made our youth-time a paradise, but which the tempest, and the turmoil of life, have seldom permitted to revisit us since—now half-remembered, and forgotten again, like the fragments of a dream.

Mournful, indeed, are those breakings-up which sever us so widely from each other, and send us forth by separate paths into the great highway of life, to struggle for a living and a grave. How much would the labour of life be lightened, and how would its darkest cloud be bordered by a golden fringe, if the dear and the loved ones who started with us in the beginning of the race might battle by our side till we had reached its goal! But after the warm heart-gatherings of our youth-time, they come not back again to refresh us with their presence, and to cheer us on in the battle and the strife. Apart we breast the foaming billows—together we sink into the grave. And though with the German Poet, we cry in our soul's sore anguish—"Come back again bright youth," yet for us it will not return. O! for one more glimpse of the blue sky, as we beheld it then when we thought it heaven, and while we looked out upon it as the jewelled canopy of this world, believed it to be the starry pavement of another. The old wood still lies black and grim round the old house, as it lay then, but we do not fear its deep glens, and its dark hollows now. There are no ghosts, and no fairies there any more. We have grown prosaic now, and the beautiful idealism of our youth has spread its sheeny wings, and flown away to gladden other hearts, on which still rests the dew of the morning, and in which the hot siroccos of the world have not yet withered the one green oasis! We have each of us desired in some moments of our life to be once more a

child. It is the season of dreams, and day visions, and fictions. We have not as yet come into contact with the iron realities of life. There is, too, such an implicit faith and wonderment in childhood. How reverently we believed the stories, and the wonderful adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk; Sinbad, the Sailor; and Little Cinderella, with her Little Glass Slipper. What tears we shed over the "Babes in the Wood," and how we loved the "Robins," for covering their little bodies up so decently, with the brown withered leaves of autumn. How eagerly we gathered round the winter's hearth, to listen to the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights, and revelled in the gnomes, the genii, the gem-lit caverns, the blazing cities, and the subterraneous kingdoms of oriental fiction. Alas! these are all memories now. Precious golden memories indeed are they, and their subdued and mellow lustre comes streaming ever and anon down the toilsome ways of life, and seems for a time, like moonlight on a rugged landscape, to soften down all that is uneven and inharmonious.

The transition from childhood to youth is not characterized by such strong mental changes, as those which accompany the transition from youth to manhood. Childhood seems to glide almost imperceptibly into youth; our books and associations, and our companions are to a great extent the same, and if our games and amusements are of a somewhat ruder and rougher kind, they are still played on the old spots,—the village green, the neighbouring copse, the mill-stream, and the old family parlour. Our school days, too, are not yet ended—those days which our parents, as well as the old schoolmaster told us, in so many grave lectures, were the happiest days of our life. We did'nt believe a word of it all then, to our minds it was a plain contradiction. What! to be shut up during all the long, bright summer days, in an old school-house, among broken forms and dusty books, learning whole pages of grammar, geography, and *propria quæ maribus*, with the foolscap, and the still more awful "rod for the fool's back," in perspective, and then to be told that these were the happiest days of our life! Most willingly would we have foregone all these strange elements of happiness, and consented to have become miserable in *our own way*. It was then that hope began to whisper flatteringly in our ear, of the time when we should no longer have frowns or flagellation to fear, but become our own masters, and go whithersoever we would.

It was then, too, that we first began to hold strange and sacred converse with the outer world: the calm, the storm, the quiet eve, the sunshine, and the pleasant noon! The song of birds, the hum of bees, the soft-lipped zephyr floating in flute-like music over the twilight sea; the rippling streamlet gliding along between its thickly-wooded banks, in the hot silence of a July noon, and seeming by its eternal freshness to be the only thing capable of exertion. The solemn mountains, and the autumn woods seem at this season of life to be peopled with spirits and voices visible and audible to youth alone. The brooding quiet of the evening sky is to its gifted vision like the first unfolded page of the golden scroll of prophecy, in the radiant cyphers of which it attempts to read its future destiny. Then, for the first time, the human soul becomes conscious of its god-like nature, and the grandeur of its immortal destiny, and looking forth from its veiled sanctuary, it bows down before the august divinity of nature, and tenders it its soft and solemn spirit worship.

A popular writer has remarked, that nine times out of ten, it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed, or disappointed affection; and though the intellect may come out hardened by the trial, the moral nature, the trusting faith of youth has undergone an irreparable shock. We have advanced farther into the black swollen, turbid torrent of life, and we no longer find it a calm bright heaven-reflecting lake. Earth no longer stretches away before us in shadowless beauty, like the paradise of an unfallen world. One false friend has deceived us, and we hastily conclude all to be black and bad. Our companions, too, are gradually dropping away from our side. The manifold businesses of life have deprived us of many, while the grave has closed upon others. Early manhood is one of the most ardently-desired epochs of our lives, yet, is it the first in which we begin to feel the pressure of the shroud and the pall. The Æolian music of life is gone, and the fair fields of fancy, over which our young thoughts floated away on gilded gleaming wings, are rapidly fading from our sight. The burden begins to weigh heavily on our shoulders, the step becomes more grave, and the brow more solemn; earth's music wears a sadder, duller tone, the dirge steals in upon the dance, and the revel is disturbed by the requiem! Now, for the first time, we begin to treasure up the wasted dews of thought, and pausing on this first gentle upland of life, we turn a longing, lingering look upon the path which we have trodden, and the scenes which we are leaving behind us for ever. The sunshine wears a cloud, and truth has torn off the garments of falsehood, and taught us to take a corrector, and less flattering estimate of the world. Memory, too, prepares to decorate the niches in her solemn temple with the forms so dearly loved, but now for ever lost. That ancient school-house, which we once thought a dungeon, what a pleasant place it looks now! And the old pedagogue, with his monstrous spectacles, whom we once thought an apt representative of all ogres and giants, and whom we so sadly provoked with our mischievous games, what a kind, good old man he was! How much more sinned against, than sinning. Peace to his gentle shade! The whole group of our schoolfellows, too, we see them all again, as if it were but yesterday. Not one is missing; we could arrange them all in their classes, and at their desks, from that merry, mischievous, laughter-loving rogue, who was always annoying, and yet always amusing us with his

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

down to that grave, melancholy boy, who never fought a battle, nor took part in a mischievous trick, but told us strange and wondrous tales, as would often "beguile us of our ears."

But as early manhood ripens into maturity, these dreams and memories of the past come less seldom upon the spirit. As the distance which divides us from the past widens, the gathering mist of years settles down upon its peaceful vales and sunny landscapes; and the faint light which streams down upon the crumbling homes of youth and childhood, though beautiful as autumn sunset in an Alpine solitude, is sad as moonlight upon graves.

We dream most at the beginning and close of life; middle age is too deeply engaged in the world to give much time to dreams, however beautiful. The chain and the yoke bind us too closely to the stern realities of existence. The iron has entered into our soul, and a feverish restlessness and anxiety for wealth and fame has enthroned itself in our heart. The extent of our wandering shows us but the limit of our chain, and our attempts to soar only reveal to us the lowness of our dungeon. We feel a proud impulse stirring within us, urging us to struggle for the wreath of intellectual pre-eminence. We may not be idle amidst the busy throng which is hemming us in, and panting to outstrip us in the race. And so over the dead bodies of dissimulation, envy, and despair, we battle on till every energy is exhausted, every hope gone; and old age, pitying our unavailing strife, leads us back to the home of our childhood to spend the evening of our days in peace.

Such are the "Phases of Life." Such the round of fate to one—to all of us. A buoyant imaginative youth, a vigorous manhood, a restless maturity, a decrepit old

age, a deathbed made beautiful by the abiding love of some few true-hearted friends, and a quiet grave in the old church where we breathed our first prayer. Yes! however widely men may wander in life, they come home to die, to lay themselves down to rest in their fathers' sepulchre!

Like those cunning Indian arrows, which when they have described the intended arc, return to the spot from whence they were projected, so the spent life-travellers carry back their bodies to the starting point of home! The dying eagle drags its feeble flight to its own eyrie, and the passage-birds come back to die in the woods, where they first tried their infant wings; and so men, worn and weary men, gather back, from commerce-mart and battle-field, to resign their consciousness where first it broke into being.

Such is life, a thing made up of moments, too often unwisely squandered away, and wasted by young hearts who know not their value, and forget that their memories of sanctity or sin will pervade for ever the whole firmament of being. Gentle reader, moments are the dice of destiny; cast them well, eternity hangs upon the hazard of the die. B. B. W.

MY WALK TO "THE OFFICE."

NO. V.

The prevalence of suspicion, and the absence of confidence—The consequences—An old man and his narrative—Early morning—Frank Manly and Lucy Summerton—The parting at the little knoll—Mr. Pettymens, and his "shrewd suspicion"—The dark cloud and the sun-light.

It cannot but appear to every thinking mind an anomaly of a very mischievous character, that in a state of society where every act of our lives proves beyond the questioning of the most self-reliant, that mutual dependence is a law of Nature, that so little confidence, or rather I should say so much suspicion or distrust is found to exist. Arguing from natural premises, one would infer that mutual dependence would beget mutual confidence; and, as a result, mutual trustworthiness. And yet no man can be so ignorant of things as they exist in our social scale at present, without being aware that the opposite of this obtains, and that, too, to an extent far greater than appears from a superficial glance. And there is one peculiarity about this social suspicion worthy of remark, that, having been generated in the morbid imagination of an unhealthy mind, it creates by its very nature *real* causes for distrust and doubt; and thus is produced as a sequence an immense amount of crime, which, without such an incentive, would either never have existed at all, or at least would not have been excited to action.

In proof of this I would remark—How many a prison inmate has taken his first step in guilt from an unjust suspicion originally attached to him! How many a mind, once pure and innocent of any wilful wrong, has been imbued with ideas which have led directly to a course which ends in confirmation of a suspicion first wrongfully entertained! and how many and many a man toiling up the rough hill of life, sedulous in his respect for truth, honour, and an unblemished name, has been induced to change his course, to think his strength of mind put forth in the resistance of temptation but a very weakness, for which he may be sneered and scoffed at by his fellows, and to regard his fair fame as a thing not worth the keeping, since the suspicious glance or insinuating doubt may blast it in the world's eye for aye; and he too becomes at last a socially created burden to the society he was created by his Maker to adorn.

Well, though this be bad enough, there is yet another phase in which this social scourge is still more redolent of ill. It is in the case of men striving with their heart's might with all their mental energies, and at the utter sacrifice of self, for some great, good, and holy cause, not of individual, but of national, and, it may be, of world-wide benefit. Onward he goes, surmounting obstacles, obviating difficulties, and risking almost martrydom in battling mayhap the legioned prejudices of an age gone by. All this he does, and happily; for knows he not that within his breast she has an approving voice, which urges in lovingly courageous tones—"On, on, still on?" He strives to do so, and then comes the unkindest cut of all,—his motives are suspected; his great heart it is insinuated, is but a nest for interested motives to take shelter in, and the bold front with which he faces dangers, it is whispered in the world, is but the brazen impudence necessary to gain his selfish point. And he, too, staggers under these frequent stingings of the social snake, until at length *he* falls, a good soul withered, a noble man degraded by foul suspicions and calumniating hints.

And then the awful amount of double-dealing that ensues in consequence of this prevalence of suspecting every man; think of the immense amount of hypocrisy it engenders. "Sir," says the employer to the employed, "I place every confidence in you,—you are my second self," and he straightway encircles him with such a labyrinth of "checks," that rather a *bad* than a noble spirit is aroused; and it is looked upon more as a challenge to beat cunning by cunning, than as a trust deposited to his care to be held sacred, and guarded as a *point of honour* and of manly *pride*—a feeling, I believe, which is inherent in the breast of every human being, and needs but seeking to be found; and when found, how it should be cherished and preserved, seeing that it is the parent of so much that is praiseworthy, trustworthy, and true!

Now it must certainly be considered a somewhat singular coincidence, that on the very morning that these thoughts were tumbling over one another in a place which is lamentably deficient in depth and breadth, I was accidentally introduced to an old wayfarer on the world's high-road, who, to a great extent, confirmed the truth of my cogitations, by a narration with which he favoured me on a future occasion. There was something so mild, noble, and sincere in the look of this man, that one felt sure, after gazing at him, that he must have much to tell; for he wore that expression of genuine benevolence which could never pass through so many years of life as he had, without having become acquainted with the histories of many outcast wanderers,—of their temptations at first, too strong to be overcome; of the hand extended in confidence and honesty at last, too loving to be refused. And though I cannot hope to throw into the narrative that fervency of feeling which characterized my venerable friend, still I will endeavour to give it, as nearly as I can, in the words he used:—

Some years ago (he commenced), before steam-engines had learnt to run, or telegraphic wires had been taught their letters, there was situated in a pretty little village, in that part of the county called the Garden of Norfolk, a cottage, half-smothered in the loveliness lent to it by the jasmines, honeysuckles, and climbing-roses which trailed their sweet and graceful tendrils about the diamond-paned windows and its little rustic porch. To the most careless observer, it was palpable that some presiding goddess watched with never-failing care over the whole; for neatness was visible in the most trifling details without, and the "bright things" within, from an antiquated spur which hung over the kitchen mantel-piece to the best brass candlesticks, were glittering like twinkling stars through the ground-floor windows.

On the morning to which I would more especially refer, the sun was scarcely visible above the horizon, and not a sound was heard save the chirping of the birds and the rising lark's first welcome to the new-born day. There was such a calm around that seemed to be not of this world at all, so holy seemed its peacefulness, so free from aught that could disturb the mind in its loftiest aspira-

tions to the heaven-high throne. To think of sin at such a time as that seemed more than blasphemy; all things above, about, were breathing such sweet loveliness, that spoke alone of Him who in the early days of life looked down on such a scene as this, and called it "good."

Leaning on the little wicket-gate that led to the entrance of the cottage, was a young man may be numbering three-and-twenty summers; he was gazing with a fixed and earnest look upon one of the latticed casements, evidently waiting, and that most anxiously, for some one to appear; already had he gathered a pretty well-selected nosegay, the floweret-cups still dripping with the morning dew; but though all were sweet and lovely, there was one which seemed to have a place apportioned for itself, as signifying something that should be guarded and cherished in the heart's remembrance as long as life should last,—this was the sweet forget-me-not.

At length the little cottage-door was opened, and Lucy Summerton came out,—the light of that little home, and the star of the village, whose brightness was most sought for, and whose beams were never known to shine but that they carried love and joy to all on whom they glanced. But on this morning there was no lightness in her step, a mist seemed to hang over her large blue eyes, and there was a calmness of expression in her manner, which was far from natural; yet one could see at once, that if it had been earthly trials that induced it, a deeper and a heavenlier power had given her strength to bear the weight. As she reached the gate, and placed her hand in that of Frank Manly, not a word was uttered, but her eyes were filled to the brim, and her bosom seemed to heave with one huge sigh, as though the bursting heart within would almost break. And thus linked hand in hand, with hearts too full for utterance, they slowly walked until they reached a little knoll of verdure, and here, as if by mutual, though unexpressed assent, they sat. Well, well (said the old gentleman, while his eyes glistened, as with some sweet remembrance), it was but natural: here it was they first had met,—here it was they plighted their mutual troth,—and here it was they were about to say farewell.

"I am afraid," at length said Frank, "we are hardly justified in thus mourning over the decrees of the Omnipotent; besides, dear Lucy, who knows but this parting may be the only means to a happy meeting. And think of the hoping pleasure of the thought of coming back to home again, and then——"

But, with all his attempts at cheeriness, he was obliged to stop, for he felt that the tremor of his voice belied the power of his words; but Lucy looked into his face as he paused, and said—

"You are right, Frank, quite right; it is very foolish in me to give way; but it is different for you; you will make friends—you will have the gaieties of London life—you will have business to attend to. But I—I shall be alone; and even now, when I have thought and pondered on the new life you are about to enter on,—it is a wicked thought I know, but still at times I cannot keep it down,—I fancy that temptations may surround you, that you will have to fight so hard against them ere they flee; and I have in my day-dreams thought, again, how often I have heard it said, how fair the maids there up in the great city are; and they have riches too, and will laugh at your country-love, with her quiet ways, and an ambition which seeks but to be content, and so find all its happiness."

"Dear Lucy," returned Frank, "you cannot really think that any change of scene or circumstance can shake my love of home and you. No, dearest," he continued, drawing her closer to him, "give me your unbounded confidence, and the very end and aim of my existence shall be to prove how faithfully I have deserved it."

"Frank," said Lucy, gazing up into his face with a confiding look, which seemed to express regret at having for a moment doubted him. "Frank, come what may, whether it be weal or woe, you have my utmost trust in your sincerity and love."

"Thank you, dearest, for that," replied Frank; "it will be my shield against all wrong, though a king's ransom were the bribe."

And thus, with a mutual vow of constancy, they parted at the little knoll.

* * * * *

Mr. Pettymens was a man in the enjoyment of a very high opinion of himself, but entertaining a very low one of most of his fellow-creatures. He boasted, too, of a sort of intuitive knowledge he pretended to possess of men's characters and incentives to action; he could see their motives, he would say; he could tell at a glance what a rogue such and such a man was; so "*he* was not to be trusted;" and as this depth of vision seldom or ever revealed anything but roguery to his mind's eye, so it followed that a more staunch supporter of the suspecting school could scarcely be found. But the chief defect of this visual capacity was, that it never took an inward view. So, poor fellow! the only man he never looked into was himself, which was the more to be regretted, as there, if any where, he might have found good groundwork for his principles. And yet with all his discrimination, few men suffered more losses from a disregard of the laws of *meum* and *tuum* than Mr. Pettymens. How could it be otherwise? He first made thieves of honest men, and then railed against all human nature when they robbed him.

Now it was with this person that Frank Manly was to be situated; and to judge by the apparent cordiality of his reception, a bright prospect seemed to open up before him.

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Pettymens, after the preliminaries of introduction, "I am happy to employ you. But you will not, I am sure, think it beyond the duty of a friend, if I say a word or two on your new position in London. You see, my dear Sir, things here are so very different from the country; there, I dare say, all is innocence and—and—that sort of thing; here, all is vice, roguery, and deception on every side; you must be always on your guard. Now, it is my intention, if you should have no objection, to get you to keep an eye upon the conduct of my head-clerk, and let me know occasionally anything that may transpire prejudicial to my interests; for I have a very shrewd suspicion that all is not exactly as it should be: you have no objection, I presume?"

"Well, Sir," returned Frank, rather astonished at this new line of duty so quickly drawn out for him, "I must confess to a very great dislike to anything that can, by any possibility, bear analogy to the character of a spy; and this seems to me ——"

"Not another word, my dear Sir, not another word; I see clearly that at present you mistake my meaning altogether; but after a little while we shall no doubt understand one another better. So, good day, Mr. Manly; your desk will be ready for you at ten to-morrow; good day."

And Frank Manly left the room, not altogether with the most favourable impression of the interview with Mr. Pettymens; while a cloud seemed to gather over him of undefinable sensations of coming ill, but which were shaken off by the thought of his Lucy and his home.

And Mr. Pettymens had his impressions too; he had dived, as he thought, into the very soul of Frank, and found, as he expected, a very hot-bed of latent vices, which wanted but the opportunity to bud forth. "What did the fellow mean by talking about spies?" he exclaimed, when left alone; "what a paltry garb of hypocrisy to assume before such a penetrating glance as his,—*that* was enough to show his real character at once; however, he would have his eye upon him." And Mr. Pettymens rang for his head-clerk.

This individual had no sooner appeared—all obse-

quiousness and flattery—than his sagacious employer informed him of the new addition to his establishment. "But," said he, "you must not be thrown off your guard by his apparent simplicity and country manners: depend upon it they are always the worst; keep a strict look-out upon him, and watch him closely, very closely; there is a something—I detected it at once—in his countenance that says, as plainly as words could express it, he cannot be trusted."

"Oh, depend upon me, Sir, depend upon me, Sir," said the head-clerk, and descended to his railed-in desk at one corner of the office.

Quite ignorant of the watch that was about to be kept upon his actions, Frank was at his post at the appointed time, and entered upon his duties with a determination that, if integrity of conduct, punctuality to hours, and a demeanour kind and affable to all, could win the good opinion of his employer, it should not be ungained; for he thought of his reward, and he drew pictures of the time when he should be enabled to go home again, and having won a position worthy of her, he might claim his Lucy, and share with her the first-fruits of his fidelity and care.

And some months rolled on, and but little had occurred to interfere with the arrangements of Frank's daily duties; but about this time there were whisperings of something wrong having occurred; some money was said to be missing, as well as something not altogether right in the accounts. These whispers became audible; but Frank regarded them but little, *knowing* they had nothing to do with him; and with this knowledge his surprise may be conjectured, when one morning he was summoned to Mr. Pettymens' room, and informed that *he* was the individual on whom the suspicion rested of having purloined money from the petty-cash-box; and that the world was all before him where to choose, his character blasted, his good name spat upon and scoffed at, his high and sunny hopes all smothered under one dark cloud of suspicion and distrust. And the reason for this? It was simple enough to Mr. Pettymens. Frank had been in the habit of keeping a little hoard in his desk of small sums which he had saved, and with which he was afraid almost to trust himself, for fear of any tempting offer robbing him of that which was kept for a holier and a future purpose. It was in vain to remonstrate; it was useless to attempt explanation; *his* "motives" were unintelligible to Mr. Pettymens; and but one answer was to be obtained to all replies,—he had been long suspected, there had been a watch upon him when he little thought it; and his assumed propriety of conduct had proved but a poor disguise to those who were so well able to see through it. And poor Frank was turned loose upon the streets, his hopes blighted, his honour outraged, and, worst of all, his confidence in truthfulness among his fellow-men shaken to the very base. "If *this* be the reward of honesty," said he, "then true it is, that vice is better paid."

And here my friend seemed to think for a moment, as if pondering on the effect, not only upon an individual, but upon society at large, of such an opinion once having gained a hold upon the minds of men; and again he uttered in a trembling voice, "If *this* be the reward of honesty, then what a premium is held out to crime!" but he apologized for his apparent abstraction, and resumed. I have but little more to say, (said he,) Frank sought for other situations of equal grade to that from which he had been discharged; but it was hopeless; his suspected crime had travelled upon the wings of calumny, and but one answer met him everywhere. He descended; but the stigma was on his brow; and men shunned their fellow-man *suspected* of a theft; his presence was a presumed blight,—his company an atmosphere, in which all honesty of principle must wither up and die. Oh, (and the old man spoke with emphasis,) what happiness it was to him at that time to walk about at dead of night, when, with his conscience clear, his mind in partial sympathy with the quietude about, he could with fearless gaze look up into the faces of the ethereal stars, and boast his innocence before the blue vault of heaven; but by day (and the old man shuddered), how he crept, like a noisome thing, down in dark alleys and close courts! how he sidled against walls, and sought the shelter of houses as he went along! how he gazed on the ground, as though elsewhere he feared to read—"There goes the suspected man," worse, far worse, in the world's eye, than the really guilty one. And all this too with a conscience clear of any wilful wrong; well picture this, and you have some idea of what is done by him who wrongfully suspects his fellow-man.

And as time passed on, new causes for more trouble rose; his money had gone as well as his good name; hunger and cold were constant companions of the wandering Frank; and thoughts of how he had been wronged were followed by schemes and plans of impracticable character; they might not have been, perhaps, but there was always the same finger pointing to the suspicion which bound him down, and that wrecked all. And there came other thoughts, of darker and blacker hue; false arguings, by which he strove to make himself believe that wrong was right; and that if society ill-treated him, it was but fair that he might ill-use society. And these thoughts grew upon him; they undermined his moral sense of right; they hardened his heart against the appeals of feeling, and they corrupted his mind from its pristine purity. What wonder, then, if we soon find him pondering over the commission of a crime,—of forgery, and that, too, with feelings blunted to the moral perception of the gulf he was about to leap into.

Well, Sir, (continued my friend, as he pressed my arm more closely,) this leap he was about to take—blind to the consequences; maddened by his present tortures, he had prepared the means for the utter destruction of his moral-self.

And what, you will ask, was the relation between Frank and Lucy all this time? Well, even that comfort, all consoling though it would have been, had failed him. But mark me, Sir (said the old gentleman impressively); mark me well, Sir, through no fault of *hers*; for had he been a thousand times in reality more guilty than he was suspected of being, it was not in her woman's nature to desert him while there was a hope to save, and that hope would have lasted to the tomb; but Frank had changed his residence so often, had been, in his anxious state of mind, so heedless of addresses, that her letters had miscarried, and this last drop overran his bitter cup. But on the morning of his said resolve, shining like a ray of sunlike brightness over the blackest cloud, a letter came. And oh, what tenderness it breathed! what courage it instilled! what new life it infused into his withered heart! what an oasis in the desert of his hard existence! what a fountain at which the crime-contemplating soul might drink, and quench the guilty fire of sin that was fast burning out the virtuous part of life! and all this virtue lay in one small word,—"Whatever others say, my dearest Frank, I have, and ever shall have, *confidence* in your truth and honesty." What wonder, after this, if a veil dropped from his misty gaze; that the dreadful state to which he had allowed himself to be driven by a foul suspicion was laid bare in all its hideousness of criminality and vice; and Frank shook himself, as though shaking a poisonous viper from his heart, and stood ready to defy the tongue that should again impugn his innocence—and with feelings so unlike to any he had felt of late, that he hardly recognised them as his own, once more he sallied forth.

It is not worth while narrating, (said my companion,) the many fruitless efforts Frank made to procure another situation; but it is worth saying, that at last he met

with a man, who, though made acquainted with every the minutest part of all that had occurred, took him by the hand, confided in him, trusted in him fairly and honestly, and was *not* deceived. And who shall tell the joy that reigned supreme in the breast of Frank, when once more, after a twelvemonth had elapsed, he stood again beside the verdant knoll, beside the darling saviour of all that was worth cherishing in manhood's character,—an honest heart. But, Sir, I perceive I am growing tedious; and here we are at the entrance to my office—so ——

"Stop," said I, "one more word, if you please—how did it end?—were they ——"

"Yes, they were," said the old gentleman, "and any time you like to call, and spend an hour or two, you will always find a welcome at the hand of one who, though she may have passed through many years, possesses that which never can grow old—a confidence and love that is ever-young, and ever-green."

And as he spoke, the old gentleman placed in my hand a card, on which was engraved to my surprise, whatever it may be to you, my reading friend, the name of

FRANK MANLY,
Merchant,
Bank Villa, and City.

Well, thought I, one does indeed meet with strange vicissitudes when walking to the "Office."

J. ST. CLEMENT.

A DAY AT HAARLEM.

ALL the world has heard of Haarlem, its hyacinth meadows, breathing their sweetness to the Zuider Zee—its glowing fields of gladiolus—its acres of tulips, Dalmatian caps, as old Gerard calls them, and gold cupped crocuses; rendering it, in these particular roots, the wholesale garden of Europe and America. It was a lovely summer's morning, like the prelude of a pastoral full of harmony and sweetness—the opening of one of Nature's holidays! The brown waters of the Amstel rippled and sparkled in the sun; the trees on the banks of the Grachts had all their green surfaces gilded; and the long spangled blue or red pennants of the crafts beneath them, with their shining sides, and glittering brass-work, had all an aspect of festivity. It was a day to idle in green woods—to seek materials for a "*hortus siccus;*" or with a favourite poem for companion, to stroll by rippling streams, and commune with its pages—downright setting to work was out of the question; and as nature never makes woods in the Netherlands, but man has at Haarlem, we resolved on letting our wishes have their will for once; and half-an-hour after this decision found us in the elegantly fitted up "Ferste Klasse Watchkamer" of the railway station. In a few minutes more we were on our way to Haarlem. In this country, even railroads are more pacific in their characteristics than in others; they neither break down hills, tear up trees, pierce passages under cliffs, or fill up valleys. Affected by the aspect of the soil, they keep "the even tenor of their way," through level prairies, and flowery fields, or skirt the "zee-dykes," without committing other devastation than the spoiling of an osier bed, or the bruising of a promiscuous willow—groups of sleek-skinned spotted cows stand still, and stare upon the train in passing, and peasant women with snowy caps, full blue petticoats, calico jackets, and wooden shoes, or "klompens"—remind us in the absence of the houses, of what our Catholic conveyance might make us forgetful of, that we are still in Dutch land. In leaving Amsterdam, as in approaching it, the tall black steeples, the peculiar construction of which is said to have been introduced by the Spaniards from the Moors, with the crowd of windmills in the vicinity have an extremely curious effect; but this view is soon exchanged, for a vista of vessels' sails on the opposite side of the zee-dyke, which forms on this hand the confines of the "Zuider Zee;" by-and-by we perceive on the other, the broad expanse of the Lake of Haarlem, the draining of which has commenced within the last two or three years—and three steam engines are employed in the gigantic undertaking which, if successful, will yield a surface of seventy square English miles, and add a new province to Holland. At present the rate of drainage is said to progress at the rate of an inch a day, (which is, however, affected by rains, and subterranean springs;) but, even at this rate, it is said that in two years the plough will be running over its surface, and the *Haarlem Mer* be but a legend of the Netherlands. The train runs in between garden walls, fringed with the favourite linden trees, and a balmy air, light and ambrosial with floral perfume salutes us on alighting from it. Well might old Evelyn designate this a "*delicate town*"—its lime-tree scented streets, exquisitely clean pavements, and intersecting canals of running water, with the beautifully clean appearance of the houses everywhere, renders his refined praise as proprietous now, as at the time it was written. Added to which all that he noted in it, as worth seeing, still remains, and very curiously almost in "statu quo," as he describes them. One addition has however been made, a very interesting one, and his inquiries about the *printing-house*, "the invention whereof is *sayd* to have been in the town," would now be answered by the statue of Laurence Coster, in the market place, crowned after long centuries of injustice and neglect, with the universally acknowledged fame of having been the discoverer of typography. The statue stands under the shadow of the old Cruciform Church, which though dating only from the fourteenth century, exhibits in the simple purity of its circular pillars, and elegantly pointed ogives, one of the most beautiful specimens of its peculiar style of architecture extant. To hear the magnificent organ is still, as in the time of the author of the "Sylva," the principal object of visitors to Haarlem, and for this purpose it plays two or three times a week. "Not in divine service" (as he remarks,) "or so much as to assist them in singing psalms; but only for show, and to recreate the people while the Burgomasters are walking, and confering about their affairs." Strange immutability of fashion in the Netherlands! Our visit presented to us precisely the scene of two hundred years since. The elevated seats, and a sprinkling of chairs in front of the organ, were occupied by strangers, amongst the male portion of whom you could detect the English, by their taking off their hats—a ceremony which the Calvinists do not affect, even during divine service. But in the nave and side aisles, a crowd of beaux, military officers, merchants, and ladies, kept moving to and fro, presenting all the features of a fashionable promenade, in the minor details of smiles and bows, conversation and flirtation—reminding us of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in the olden times. Even the models of the "two ships completely equipped, in memory of that invention of saws under their keels, with which they cut the chain before the port of Damietta," are hanging still near the west window, and represent the vessels in which some crusaders sailed from Haarlem in 1249. Doubtless devotion, as much as the desire to perpetuate their performance, induced the placing of these votive ships in the cathedral; just as we find the voyagers of France, and other Catholic countries, offering to this day miniature craft in sign of gratitude. It is likely, however, that the curious invention they illustrate saved them from sharing the general fate of church ornaments, when the Reformers took possession of it on the first day of the year 1580. But to return to the organ, which has so long enjoyed the reputation of being not only the largest, but the best in Europe, that our private deviation from this opinion will read like a downright heresy of judgment. It is

certainly a magnificent instrument, and with its 500 metal pipes, the largest of which are 48 feet high, and fifteen inches square, nearly fills up the eastern end of the church, which is so finely adapted for the conveyance of sound, that if we had not had our prepossessions, it must have realised the description of its effects, now bursting into magnificent thunder peals—now dying away into the most exquisite falls; and anon by brilliant, gradatory passages, moving into the most delicate harmonies, and raining down as it were, all the resources of melody which its sixty-eight stops places at the disposal of the performer. But for all its wondrous power, we could not help thinking *that* in the "Oude Kerk" of St. Nicholas, at Amsterdam, superior in richness and softness of tone. To be sure we heard it under peculiar circumstances, the only auditor standing unconscious of the presence of another being in the fane, beside the glorious grave of Vander Hulst, and thinking of anything but music; when like a gentle giant, and not to terrify us—the master-hand that touched it, conscious of its own powers, and that of the mighty instrument, woke up its passive breath, like dream-heard fairy music at a distance; and loudening it by degrees, the notes that emulated in liquid delicacy those we have heard compressed within the compass of a lady's seal expanded into gigantic harmonies, rolling and reverberating amidst the silent aisles—and while we stood enrapt, delighted, and with that indescribable feeling of half-faintness, with which too great deliciousness of sensation affects us, the musical magician—could he have divined our country?—burst into the opening bars of "God Save the Queen!" introduced by the most beautiful variations, and ravished away in the same exquisite amplification of harmonic notes—and so broke the spell by tears. After this, the Haarlem organ failed to affect us with that impression of its superiority, so much and generally insisted upon. The interior of the church, like all the Calvinistic places of worship, is remarkably plain; there is of course no altar, and the walls are white-washed, a simplicity in strong contrast with the marble, and gilded grandeur of the organ, and the handsome, oak-coloured roof of pannelled timber. At the opposite end of the "Grand Marche," (as you leave the cathedral,) stands the "Stadthuis," a fine building,* in which the two first printed books, and the first painting in oil, by Eyck, 1437, are preserved. The primal offsprings of Coster's art are very curious, the words being printed entire from the block, and not with single letters. And Eyck's extraordinary production, the parent of a school now so popular, after having been sold during the siege of Haarlem, in 1572, for a few stivers, is now valued at the monstrous sum of £2,000; but then it is unique. Near the "Stadthuis," or town-hall, stands a remarkable looking fabric of red brick, picked out with white, with grotesque roof and windows—it was formerly a civic building of some importance, but is now used as the butchers' market-house, and this, with Coster's monument, renders the "mart" the general focus of interest for visitors. As we passed hence through the quiet streets, on our way to the gardens and "Bois"—with the trees in the full leafiness of July, glassed upon the cool looking "grachten," and the bright sunshine lancing its rays through them, and reflecting upon the little mirrors, diagonally placed on the outside of each window, all that was passing in the "gracht;" our attention was drawn to a small oval serviette of white lace, hanging on the outside of a door in the place where the knocker appears in England—with a border neatly plaited round it, except for a small space at the sides, where it was plain, and with a pink binding underneath. This custom, which is nowhere seen out of Haarlem, and is as old as the siege of the town by the Spaniards—is used without reference to rank, wherever an accouchement has taken place, and had its origin as follows:—During that memorable period in 1572, a lady of the town, named Vrenau Simons Hasselaar, armed and placed herself at the head of 300 other young girls and women, to assist the garrison in its defence, and so reanimated the drooping spirits of their townsmen, by this display of courage and devotion, that it was not till they were dying of famine, that the inhabitants surrendered—and the Spaniards took possession of the town. Touched by the heroism of these women—for those were not the days of softer sympathies—the Spanish general commanded, ere his army marched in, that wherever a woman lay in her confinement, a white cloth should be bound upon the hammer head, which was then used, and that *that* house should be respected. In commemoration of this event, and since bells only are used in Holland, and hammer heads have gone out, their place on such occasions has been superseded by the ornament we have described, and which is varied by the interposition of a piece of white paper at the top, when a girl is born, or by being lined with black, if the family are in mourning. We had the pleasure of seeing no less than four illustrations of the practice on the occasion of this day's visit, one of which was a case of twins, and had two of those interesting remembrances hanging side by side. Were we to do justice to the courtesy and intelligence of M. Van Eden, the florist, whose gardens we had the good fortune to be shown; we should have no space left to take our reader with us to the wood, and shall therefore briefly mention that though too late for hyacinths or tulips, the most beautiful exposition of "gladiolus" awaited us with some splendid varieties of late-blowing lilies, and the exquisite "gloxinia tubiflora," a new species we believe. The vast magazines, filled only with the roots of hyacinth, afford a magnificent idea of the appearance of the vicinity of Haarlem, during the season of their blowing. More than 100 English acres of land is engrossed in their cultivation, and more than 800 kinds of double flowering, and 400 single varieties are in the possession of the florists. They are placed in the magazines on wooden stages, tier above tier, and are all marked according to their several descriptions. The export season had just commenced, and vast quantities were being packed for America and England. From the gardens, we started for the Bois, which is entered by a handsome gateway, with a wide and beautiful avenue leading past the front of the palace, a handsome plain building, with a number of violet-tinted windows. Here we may not now stop to discuss the pictures, the greater number of which, *entre nous*, are those that neither Amsterdam nor the Hague thought worth their keeping. At a little distance from the palace, with flowers around them, and parterres in front, appear a number of long one-storied buildings, full of windows, scattered here and there amongst the trees, the summer rendezvous of the different societies into which the good people of Haarlem, as in other parts of Holland, divide themselves. Some are concert-rooms, some *salons de bal*, and in others, billiards are permitted, and a little beyond these *salles de réunion*, the paths diverge into delicious drives and sylvan alleys, under the shade of magnificent elm, beech, pine, plane, or linden trees, as the lime is here called. Everyone must have remarked, in Holland, the height to which trees attain, and this is scarcely more remarkable at the Hague, than in the forest of Haarlem,—but, oh, how different from our own Epping or the gentle savageness of the New Forest—here there are no wilding spots of Nature's making, the close delicate short turf, the shading of the trees, the smooth sandy paths, that look as if the roller had but just passed over them, and the unchanging flatness of the surface, all show its artificialness, but as a park it is magnificent; and then the shade, and the soft green lawns on such a day as this was,

* The ancient palace of the Counts of Haarlem, part of it built in the eleventh century still exists.

with the honey-scented blossoms of the lime-dripping perfume as we passed, and the sunshine making "a chequered shadow on the ground," under the long-drawn aisles of beech and elm trees. All was delicious, odorous, and refreshing, and here receiving tenderness from its situation, deep amongst the summer boughs, and (it may be) upon the very site of his sweet labours, rises another monument to Coster, in the wood, a square block of stone,* surrounded with an iron railing, and bearing at one end the arms of Haarlem, and on the other that of the Costers, with an inscription on the front in Dutch, which the Latin we have transcribed, from the reverse, is a copy:—

Laurentio
Jan. F. Costero,
Typographiæ
Inventori,
Cons. Et. Senatus, Civ.
Harlemensis,
Poni Curarunt,
Fest Sacc, IV,
CIↃIↃCCCXXIII.

On the top of the monument are placed four angular blocks with their broad surfaces turned outwards, and the angles meeting in the centre; these are severally carved with the letter A, a beech tree, a lamp, and a serpent with its tail in its mouth. It is a sweet story that of the Haarlem magistrate walking daily with his children in the wood, and alternately playing with, and teaching them, now orally, and anon by drawing letters and figures on the sand. Every day, however, the wind or treading feet obliterated these characters, and in order to save the necessity for so frequently renewing them, he bethought him of cutting them on wood; that which he made use of for the purpose was a branch of a beech tree, and on one occasion not having quite finished carving a letter, when they were obliged to return home, he wrapped it in paper, and put it in his pocket, intending to finish it next day. When however, he returned to his task, he found to his surprise the imperfect letter fairly copied on the paper, and this simple circumstance, it is said, first gave the idea of the great art, of which the fond teacher was the type, as well as worker out. Henceforth he neither graved figures on the sand, nor cut single letters in wood, but worked off whole words by means of blocks, and before his death in 1439, had printed, as we before said, books. As the wood was entirely cut down in 1426, his conception of the art of printing is supposed to have occurred somewhere between 1420 and 1425. It was afterwards replanted.

Shortly after his death, upon the first Sunday of the new year, while the family were all at prayers at the cathedral, a servant who had surreptitiously obtained some knowledge of the process stole all that was portable of his master's printing apparatus, and set off to Leyden, where finding himself pursued, he fled to Antwerp, and hence the German claim to the invention. It is, however, now allowed on all hands, that in the person of her ancient magistrate, Haarlem may lay claim to the distinction; and we find, not many years back, a congress of printers, many of whom had crossed the Atlantic, for that purpose, meeting within the precincts of his birth-place, to do honour to the memory of their founder. Myths of eternity, and light, the serpent and the lamp, are fitting emblems for his monument. While the beech tree, and the letter, (it is curious that the art should have come into the world teaching) recall those incidents that purified the discovery from the first, and associated it for ever with the the forest of Haarlem. We have a notion that the love of flowers and printing go together; so let its hyacinths recall the memory of the old man done in stone in the market place of Haarlem, and teach the universality of its claim to be considered the nucleus of the world's enlightenment. We could still dwell fondly on the sweet day passed there, but must leave its flowery fields and leafy wood for drier subjects.

* It is six feet square and eleven feet high.

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind!
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast on your way!

Although ye may not gain at once,
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work,
Plod on, and do not tire:
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array,
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done—
Then DROOP NOT on your way!

JOHN BARNES.

THE SUSPECTED SERVANT.

UPSTAIRS and downstairs—cleaning and scouring—answering the bell and washing-up—cooking and running errands—mending fires and scrubbing floors—darning stockings and watching the baby,—what with one thing and another, poor Betty Clason's head was kept in a state of constant pucker and bewilderment.

"I'm so bammed and shoggled," she would say—"so fridged wi' th' heat, and so fratched wi' th' bairns scrawnin up my back, that I could find i' my heart to sink right daan through th' earth. But never mind; we mean't be downhearted, so here goes again,"—and she sprung up to answer the bell, which sounded like a fury from the back-parlour upstairs.

Betty was a country-bred girl, born in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, in sight of hedgerows and trees, and plenty of beautiful green fields. She was one of a large family of children, most of them girls; and as her parents' means were only those of labouring peasants, she and her other sisters were sent out to service, as they grew up towards womanhood. She found a place as maid-of-all-work in a tradesman's family, in a manufacturing town, and had now been some two or three months in her situation. The damp cellar-kitchen, with the top of the kitchen-window only level with the street without, enabled her to discern but a small portion of the lower extremities of the passers-by through an iron grating. This place, in which she spent a great part of her time, was very unlike her past life at home, in the fresh open air of the country. The early hours at which she had to be astir, to get the fires lit and the rooms tidied before the family were up, suited her well enough, but the late hours were almost more than she could bear. The work was hard, though that she was prepared for; and it was of all kinds, for she combined in herself the varied functions of cook, housemaid,

and nursery maid; yet she did not find fault with this, as she was willing to gain experience, and was anxious to work her way up from this humble beginning to a better place, as her sisters had done before her. What was the hardest thing of all to bear was, not the work, not the late hours, not the unceasing variety of her labour, but a more trying thing still,—it was the inequalities of her mistress's temper.

Mrs. Stinson was not very amiable; and her husband knew it, as well as her children. Probably, she had had many things to fret her in her passage through this world, not the least of which was, the having to bring up a large family on very narrow means. They only know, who have had the bitter experience, how very unfavourable is the daily habit of scraping and saving to make the ends meet, and that very imperfectly, to the growth of a happy and contented spirit. Mrs. Stinson, however, made no effort to overcome or to check the fierce outpourings of her temper when anything went wrong. When the scanty profits of her husband's business kept the house barer than usual, and the girls were kept out of their summer things past the usual time, Betty, the servant, was not without reason in complaining that her mistress vented her disappointment on *her*. How could *she* help it? What need for the mistress to come down and "thrump" *her?* Nor was Betty without her bit of spirit, though she was a good girl for all that. She would not be "put upon;" she would stand upon her "rights." So a kind of feud arose between the mistress and servant, and Betty had thoughts of "giving notice," only she "so dearly loved that little pet of a Mary Ann, that she could not bear to part from her." And so Betty's warm love for the little innocent kept her in the household a little longer. But an event occurred which determined Betty on taking a decided step at once.

Betty was a good-looking, rosy-cheeked, healthy girl, and possessed a handsome figure, on which she bestowed some extra-care on Sundays, when it was her "afternoon out" On these rare occasions, she rejoiced to take a stroll along the road which led towards her home in the country; she delighted in getting even a few steps nearer to it, and when she had reached a lofty rising ground which commanded an extensive view of the champaign country towards the east, she would sit down on the grass and gaze at the far-off clouds which were sailing away so peacefully there, and looking down with their silver lining upon her happy home. She would think of what Dick and Johnny were doing, of father sitting by the cottage-porch reading The Book, and little Barbara asleep on her mother's knee; then of the kine lowing in the lanes, and the sharp bark of the sheep-dog ringing through the meadows. From such delicious thoughts Betty would withdraw herself back to her daily cellar-life in town, and, with a deep sigh, she would rise from the grass, and plod her way wearily townwards.

On such occasions, she was frequently accompanied by a neighbour's servant, who came from the same district as herself, but she frequently took her afternoon walks alone, and enjoyed them not the less on that account, as she could then better indulge in her own free thoughts without interruption. On one of these latter occasions, when Betty had got beyond the outskirts of the town, she chanced to look behind her, and who should be following her, as she surmised, but one of the young Stinsons—a young man of about twenty—a rather wild fellow, and whose attempted familiarity with Betty on several recent occasions had contributed to give her a thorough dislike for him.

It is not at all unusual for young men to indulge in familiarity with the servants of their own household, or with the servants of neighbouring households, in a way that neither considerations of honour, decency, nor good feeling of any kind can justify. A girl with good looks is marked out by them for their attentions, and they seek interviews with her by stealth, well knowing that the intercourse which they seek is of a kind that they cannot hold honourably, and in the face of day. The girl is poor and dependent, is removed from the protection of her parents, and from their watchful care; and she has not been so educated, generally speaking, as to withstand the honied flattery and the pretended love of those who are better educated, and in a higher position than herself. The position of such a girl is one calling for the respect of all true minds; and no young man of proper feeling, no really gentlemanly person, would venture to demean himself, or to insult her, by venturing to intrude his dishonourable addresses to one so circumstanced. Yet the practice is, we regret to say, by far too common throughout society; and many are the unprotected girls who are dishonoured and ruined by men who would, perhaps, in the ordinary intercourse of life, feel disgraced by cheating, lying, or other much less venial practices.

Betty walked on; and still casting her eyes behind her from time to time, she saw the young man following her. She quickened her steps, and he gained upon her. She had now reached the stile, over which she usually passed into the field-path towards her favourite seat; she resolved, however, this time, not to quit the highroad, along which occasional stragglers were still passing, but to turn back and proceed straight homewards. Her young master was by this time close to her heels, and she met him full in the face as she turned round. She averted her head, and thought to pass him without any recognition; but he stood in her way, and addressed her—

"A fine day, Betty; you come this way a-sweethearting, I suppose?"

"Oh no, Sir; I assure you I am on no sichin errand."

"Well, but surely you won't refuse my company a bit; come across the fields by this stile here" ——

"Nothing of the kind, Sir; I am going home."

"Oh, but I don't think I'll let you." And he took hold of her hand.

"Let me go, and think shame of yourself, Sir. What would your mother say to this?"

"Come, Betty, don't be so cruel; you don't know how I love you."

"It's all stuff and nonsense, Sir, and I'll hear no more of it."

And she walked on quickly. Fortunately for her, some pedestrians from the town appeared coming up, and the young man skulked across the fields.

The fellow was not, however, satisfied with this rebuff, but commenced a series of petty familiarities in the house, which caused Betty only increased disgust; and she determined to give her mistress notice to leave.

"What do you say, woman? You are going to leave! Well! things are coming to a pretty pass with servants now-a-days; nothing's good enough for 'em. I suppose you want to be a fine lady, eh! Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I shouldn't wonder if ——; but, for that matter, I'll keep my mind to myself. Ah! we shall soon see the end on't;" and Mrs. Stinson flung out of the kitchen full of anger.

She was secretly sorry, however, that Betty was going. The girl did her work, and was always willing, She bore taunts, and did not "speak back"—a virtue which Mrs. Stinson's experience taught her was not very common. She had had her trials in this way, poor woman, as what mistress of many servants has not? But Betty was determined to go, and no kind words would now induce her to remain. Nor could she tell her mistress the reason of her going; this, she thought, would only "breed mischief;" so she kept her counsel to herself. A tidy girl like her need not be without a place; and she shortly secured one in the family of Mrs. Dimpster—of whom more anon.

The baffled Master Stinson had something more than meanness in him: he had spitefulnes, sand a cruel, selfish

disposition. As he had been repulsed by Betty, he determined to wreak his vengeance on her in some way. It is easy for any member of a family to excite and keep alive suspicions against another member of it, and especially against a servant, who has no one to speak for, or defend her. It was a month's cruel torture for Betty, but she bore it as well as she could, and her period of service with Mrs. Stinson was rapidly drawing to a close.

Her box was packed, her things all laid away, and it only remained to be locked up and carried away to her new place. Her wages were paid, she had kissed her dear Mary Ann, and shed some sweet tears over her; she patted little Dandy on the back, and bid him "good morning" cheerfully, and was ready to go, when a voice from upstairs called to her—

"Betty, where's those silver teaspoons? I cannot find them anywhere about here?"

"Directly, ma'am! The spoons? Oh, I washed and laid them by, as usual. You will find them all, as I laid them, on the parlour shelf."

"Come here, and look for them, then."

Betty ran and searched: the spoons were missing, and could not be found. Upstairs and downstairs—kitchen, parlour, and sleeping-rooms—all were ransacked, and no spoons! Poor Betty! She went downstairs again, this time crying. An anxious foreboding filled her heart. Some sorrow impended over her: she was filled with fear and trembling. The mistress followed her.

"Betty, I don't understand this; they were never so missing before. They must be found before you leave the house; go, make another search."

Mrs. Stinson again went up-stairs; her son was in the parlour, scowling with gleeful malice.

"Ah!" said he, "I always told you how it would be with that girl. I never liked her looks; she's a rare gallows bird, you may depend on't."

"For shame, Alfred; I wonder to hear you speak so. I am sure it is only an accident; but I don't know; I hope all for the best: what can *you* know about it?"

"Hem! You'll never see your spoons again, if you once let that girl leave the house; depend upon it, *she* knows all about them."

"What *do* you mean, child?"

"I mean that; but you will find out for yourself *if you search*"——

He left the room; but he had roused Mrs. Stinson's worst suspicions, and he heard her steps rapidly ascending the stairs towards the attic, which was the girl's sleeping-room.

He himself descended to the kitchen, where Betty sat crying, and helpless; little Mary Ann sobbing at her knees.

"I'm afraid you are in for it, Betty," he said; "but I can set all right, if you'll only say you'll be friends with me," and he approached to put his arm round her.

"Keep off, Sir, I'll have none of this. If you know anything of these spoons, I hope you'll tell me at once, and not think of ruining a poor girl."

"Well, say you'll be friends with me," and he again drew near.

"Have mercy on me, Sir; I never did you any harm; I never was anything but your friend: but no, keep back, I can have no love-making from you."

The young man furiously cursed her, and left her with his imprecation ringing in her ears.

Mrs. Stinson's steps were now heard hurriedly descending the stairs alone, and Betty ran up to commence her search anew. But she was met in the face by her mistress.

"So! I have found them at last," said she, holding up the spoons—her eyes looking daggers.

"And where have you found them, ma'am?"

"Where *you* put them, of course—*in your box!*"

"Oh, I'm sure *I* never put them there. I know nothing about it. I fear," she said, (a sudden light flashing upon her) "it must have been done out of spite against me."

"What *do* you mean, girl?"

"Why, ma'am, I fear it's some of your own son's doings!"

"Impudent hussey; this to my face! Alfred! d'ye hear the woman? Haste thee, lad; run for thy feyther. A bonny jade, indeed! I'll teach thee better how to behave thysen in thy next place."—(To Alfred) "Fooil! what art tha girnin at! Go for thy feyther directly, d'ye hear? and tell him to fetch a p'liceman wi 'm."

"What for? what for!" almost shrieked Betty.

"What for? Nobbut to take and put thee where we'll find thee again—i' prison."

"Stop a bit, stop a bit," said a working man, in leathern apron, advancing into the passage from the street-door, around which the children and neighbours were now collecting to listen to the well-known eloquence of Mrs. Stinson. "Stop a bit, my lad, or if thou go for a policeman, and if he take anybody to prison, happen it may be thysen" ——

"And what business have *thou* with this, man?" asked Mrs. Stinson. "Thou'd better keep thy breath to cool thy own porridge."

"I'll tell thee soon eniff what I gotten to dew in it," said the man. "I seen *him* (pointing to Alfred) put them spoons i' this young woman's trunk; I seen him wi' my awn een, as I war agate o' fettlin th' haas rigg.* I be a slater, you see, and wor sent by th' landlord; so as I wor ovver th' sky-leet, I seen soomat pass aneath me i' th' chawmer; and who should it be but this here felley; your son, be he, ma'am? A bonny devvel *I* reckon! So now, lad, tha may go for thy feyther and th' p'liceman, and I'll go wi' thee to th' Court-haas!"

Poor Mrs. Stinson was overwhelmed; and worst of all, the neighbours round the door were, by this time, listening to the exposure of her son's infamy; for the honest slater was not sparing of his voice on the occasion, and had almost waxed eloquent.

"Oh, Alfred!" she sobbed, "to bring such dishonour on thy poor mother. Come in to th' house directly."

And they retreated into the back-parlour, the slater saying, "Ta, ta, ma'am." Turning to Betty, he said, "Nah, barn, can I dew owt for thee? For sewer, an' I couldn't feshin to see a poor man's daughter wranged i' this way, an' you see I gi'en them a bit ov honest truth like."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you, from my heart;" and she warmly wrung his hand, the slater dashing a tear off his cheek with the other.

"Could you help me down wi' my box, if you please?" she asked.

"Aye, that I will for sewer!"

So, in another minute, the slater was heard heavily descending the stairs with a trunk; and the girl followed with a band-box in her hand; and then she proceeded forthwith to her new place with Mrs. Dimpster.

It is not every poor girl that gets off so easily. Much injustice, not always so flagrant, or so intentional as the above, is done to servant-girls, in households where a ruling principle of honour does not prevail. The proceedings in our public courts occasionally bring to light instances of conduct quite as heartless and cruel as that we have described. At the late Easter Middlesex Sessions, a case was tried of a similar character. A girl had been taken up and imprisoned, on a charge of stealing a victorine, spoons, and other articles, from her master. It turned out that the master's son had shamefully conducted himself towards the defenceless girl, and the family had vamped up these charges against her, for the purpose of being revenged. The girl, however, was happily enabled

* Mending the roof.

to disprove all the charges, and recovered damages for the false imprisonment and injury she had sustained. In no well-ordered house could such things be; but, unfortunately for servants, all houses are not well-ordered, and hence an amount of concealed unhappiness, misery and injury is sustained by many of this class, which surpasses all powers of description.

"TRY AGAIN."

TRY again!" that simple sentence
Hath a strong and earnest power;
As a household word familiar,
Even from our childhood's hour.
Then, in truth, we might have murmur'd
At the oft repeated strain,
When to master tedious lessons
We were urged to "try again."

"Try again!" we liked it better
When we found the plan succeed;
Found that *winning* followed *trying*,
This was a sufficient meed.
Victory would lose its triumph,
If it were not earned by pain;
And the moral conqueror's watchword
Is the motto—"try again."

"Try again!" faint souls and fearful
Striving makes the spirit strong;
With the bravest of life's victors,
You will win a place ere long.
"Try again!" bold hearts and fearless,
Shrink not at the passing pain;
You have borne too much already,
Not to trust, and "try again."

"Try again!" from youth to manhood,
From full prime to age's night;
Life in every phase has trials,
Fields to win and foes to fight.
For a time our hearts may falter,
But the onward path is plain;
Disappointment must not daunt us,
Let us hope, and "try again."

ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

A CURATE'S STORY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING OF CLOUDS.

ANXIOUS as I felt to know the state of the blacksmith's daughter, I yet forbore to visit her until I had had an interview with the young squire; for nothing could be more plain to mortal perception than that I should be much wiser on the matter after that had taken place, and justified as well as qualified to offer some practical advices to the parents. I tried to eat a breakfast, but I had no relish for it, and watched the passing of the time with nervous anxiety.

Just before ten, I arrived at Burnham Lodge, and was ushered into the library, where I found Charles seated alone. He looked sad, and had evidently passed a sleepless and troubled night. The broad, noble freshness of the English gentleman was shadowed with desponding gloom. We were seated, and I was prepared to hear what he had to communicate. He sat for a few moments looking me full in the face, and evidently considering how he could best impart to me the matters which pressed so heavily upon him. There was a tear starting in his eye, and an ineffectual effort to speak showed how much he was moved by the intensity of his feelings. Seeming to be conscious that his feelings would carry him away, he made a bold effort and subdued them, and in a calm, manly tone, proceeded to unfold to me the troubles of his bosom.

The substance of his story was as follows:—

Some six weeks before, he had stopped at the forge to have one of the shoes of his horse refastened, in consequence of the animal having stumbled, and thereby loosed it. While waiting in the shed till the shoe was adjusted, he caught sight of Ellen, and her simple beauty and modest grace made a momentary impression on him. He departed, and, as he rode along the road, his thoughts reverted to the gentle girl, and in the sanguine and generous intrepidity of his character, he had determined on seeing her again. A few mornings after this, he chanced to be riding over the common, and met her gathering flowers, beside the green pond. He dismounted and, fastening his horse to a stump, went towards her, and sought to engage in conversation with her. The girl, however, was diffident and shy, and it needed much skill, on his part, to assure her that he had no sinister motives, and to engage her simple and artless confidence.

He appointed to meet her the next morning at the same place; he did so, and thus, in the course of a week, they were deep in plighted troth. From some strange bashfulness or hidden feeling, in which both participated, although without any definite understanding, the new relation which had grown between them had been kept perfectly secret, and had continued so till within two days previously. But, by some accident, one of the domestics had become acquainted with sufficient details, to represent to Charles's father the strange compact in which he was engaged, and which would explain the son's unusual punctuality in taking his morning ride. The father knew full well the intense sincerity and largeness of heart of his son, and deemed it prudent to have an interview with him on the subject. Charles attended his father, in obedience to the summons he had received, and learned, to his own disgust, and to his father's disgrace, that if his interviews with the blacksmith's daughter were merely for the purpose of leading her into vice, and of making her a victim to base designs, he might cheerfully pursue his course, and exercise his best skill to rob her of her virtue; but if he had any idea of marriage with her, he might hope for nothing but the suffering which such a vile idea merited. Charles had listened to his father, and as the old man, in cold blood, sanctioned and encouraged the practice of an act so loathsome and abhorrent to the young man's mind, he involuntarily offered a prayer that his parent might but prove to be insane, rather than that, in the light of the reason which God had given him, he should thus sow the seeds of villany in the heart of his own child.

The new sympathy which had been awakened, like a sacred fire upon the altar of his generous heart (for this was the first kindling of passion in his bosom), made his cheek flush with shame and indignation, and he rashly upbraided his parent for the baseness of his thoughts; he called to his memory the virtuous beauty and maternal affection of the mother, whose sacred ashes were now sleeping within the walls of the old church, and who had loved her husband and her only child with that earnest devotion, which makes the name of woman an emblem of all that is gentle and benign; he called the white hairs upon his father's head into contrast with the blackness of his heart; he reminded him that where sickness, and imbecility, and years met together, that prayer and penitence were fit; and that he, whose brow was furrowed by age, and whitened with the snows of time, could better make peace with his God, by words of kindness and of love, than by seeking to instil into the heart of an only son, whose hope it had ever been to comfort and console

him by the good offices of filial affection, the blighting curse of base and profligate desires.

He had thus rapidly spoken under the influence of deep feeling and insulted love, and had incensed the old man to such a choking fit of passion that he seemed like to breathe his last. He foamed and cursed him. He charged him with insolence and ingratitude, and told him that he would rather see him fall dead at his feet than destroy the dignity of the family of Burnham by a marriage with a beggar. He himself had not hesitated, in his youth, to sacrifice innocence and virtue, when it came from humble stock; and if he the son could scruple to do so, if chance should throw a victim in his way, the greater idiot he, and the sooner he confessed himself a fool the better.

As the young man related these things to me, the genuine warmth and purity of his heart seemed to utter itself in every word; he had not yet been corrupted with the cold and hollow ways of the world, and his retiring and thoughtful habit had kept him a stranger to thoughts and passions by which many have embittered their days; and for which, in the solitude to which all men are constantly returning, they have suffered inexpressible pangs.

His expostulations and endeavours to conciliate his father were all in vain. Family pride was the predominant feature of the Burnham family, and the thought that the Norman purity of their blood was to be marred by a marriage with a plebeian, exasperated him to the terrible malignity of a fiend. His passion cooled, but only to be succeeded by a more deliberate and cruel determination. He coldly threatened his son that unless he at once placed his affections on the eldest daughter of Sir Walford Manning, of Challow Park, whose family and fortune were suitable to his own, that he would destroy the deeds on which rested the family title to the estate, and leave him at his death a beggar. Charles believed this to be a mere unmeaning threat, and felt assured that, hardened as his father's heart might be, he would never carry such a wild determination into effect, and even if he should, he felt that the principles of truth and justice were of far more value than parchment or estate; and while within his own breast he had the calm satisfaction of a pure love, and undefiled virtue, that even that should not make him sacrifice the dearest hopes and most cherished aspirations which had ever had birth within him.

Thus the matter was left, and he deemed it prudent not to visit Ellen until he could convey to her a brighter hope than that which dawned upon them now, and had briefly communicated to her what had transpired, by the hand of a faithful domestic.

He was now extremely anxious to have my advice in regard to the communication of what had transpired to the honest blacksmith and his wife. I cheered him and consoled him, for I sympathized most deeply with the fresh and manly dignity of his love; and undertook to communicate with old John and his wife, and to become the general confidant and mediator for them all.

I left him about mid-day and betook myself to the blacksmith's. Things had improved since yesterday, for Ellen was up and sitting with her parents at the open window. She was pale and anxious, and seemed struggling to put on an aspect of cheerfulness, to mitigate the sorrow of her devoted parents. I seated myself beside her, and felt a strange thrill pass through me as I gazed on the pure and fragile beauty of her features. She reminded me of some of the gentle creatures of the fairy world, and a train of sad, though sweet, poetical associations passed through my mind in the few minutes that I sat thus absorbed in contemplation. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and old John led me away quietly, and when we had entered the lower room, he expressed his gratitude for the kindness which I had shown in taking so much interest in this painful affair; and then related what had transpired since my last visit.

"It be just as I thought, sir," said the honest fellow, "Nelly's told us the plain truth, and a sorry matter it is, both for her and us, I can assure you, sir. The girl sets her heart upon the young squire, and what can be more ridiculous than that? She says he's promised to marry her, but it's a very unlikely thing for him to mean it; rich men's sons don't so readily fall in love with poor men's daughters, however pretty or virtuous they may be, 'cept to rob them of their virtue and then leave them to neglect and forgetfulness. No sir, besides we all know what a proud and violent man the old squire is, and he'll never encourage a marriage which would disgrace his family name. No sir, young Charles is a fine open-hearted fellow, but any honourable intimacy with my girl is quite out of the question."

He then placed in my hands the letter which I had seen peeping from the basket, and which it appeared had been the cause of Ellen's sudden grief at the breakfast-table; for while sitting at the meal, her eye caught sight of it, and the painful news which it contained, and the fear that her parents would discover it, so heedlessly had she placed it in her basket, caused a flood of sorrowful emotions to overwhelm her, and for the time to deprive her of consciousness. I opened the letter and read the following:—

"DEAREST,—It is as I expected. My father knows of my affection for you, and is determined that I shall not marry you. I love you, and will not forsake you, come what may. My heart is filled with sadness, but hope gives comfort to the fond and true.—CHARLES.

"I will send William to Willow Corner to-morrow morning with a letter for you."

I then assured old John of the honesty of Charles's motives, and related what had just transpired between myself and him at the lodge. The romantic force and truthfulness of feeling evinced by these young lovers called forth all my sympathies, and I spoke in earnest and hopeful words to the good old man, and bid him look up for help to Him who watches over all his children, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground. I then went back and in a few quiet words conveyed to Ellen and the wife an account of my interview with Charles, and, assuring them that any service that I could render in offering advices or conveying communications would only make me feel grateful to them for their confidence, departed.

In the evening the young squire visited the blacksmith, and expressed his determination to set his father's threats at defiance, and to make the gentle girl his wife. He was cheerful, and new life seemed to live within the blacksmith's house, and noise and laughter again rung from the shedding, as it had been wont. And so some eight or ten days passed, and the lovers met, and were—as all true-lovers ever are—heaven to each other. The simplicity and artless beauty of the girl, and her retiring and unobtrusive manner so twined around his heart, that her love became the sole desire of his soul, and in the mutual exchange of their pure sentiments, the two were supremely happy.

There are few summer-days without a cloud, and it is the bitter experience of all, that when hope shines brightest on the passing hours, that the grim shadow of sorrow is seldom afar off; and so it was to them. The truth of fate and of events came like gall or wormwood in the midst of their rosy dreams of joy, and the piercing pang of their greatest sorrow gathered itself up into one fatal word—a word which fell upon their souls like a thunder-clap, and whose after-echoes rung a knell within the walls of their hearts,—that they must part!

I cannot find language to depict the cruelty of the father of that noble-hearted youth; nay, I cannot even understand the savage wickedness of his hollow soul, as

evinced in the arrangements he had made, and the cruel desire by which they were prompted, in thus tearing asunder the two young hearts, so budding into warmest and ennobling love; he, firm in the upright consciousness of the sacred feelings which he cherished; she, steeped in the full current of her fond affection, her bosom swelling with ardent hopes, and filled with that tender joy, which made her more an angel than a woman, and clinging fondly to him, as the fragile ivy clings around the oak.

But it was true, and they must part. The old squire had extensive estates in the West Indies, and, without intimating his intention to his son, had made arrangements for him to proceed thither to superintend the culture of the plantations. There were but two days, and he must then leave his native shore, and all upon it whom he loved. He struggled hard with his feelings. He felt that if, in the just course of events, it had been his lot to leave his home and all he held so dear, that he could do it cheerfully—but when he reflected that this sprung from a cruel father's turbulent and tyrannic will; that it was prompted by a cruelty so abhorrent as to make the human form his father bore a foul blot upon this lovely world; and that its sole object was to blight his dearest hopes, and to shiver his heart, like a frail wreck upon the soundless deeps of despair—his grief was more than he could bear, and, in the utterance of his woe, the man became a child.

But to disobey? No; duty and obedience to a parent had been the earnest teaching of his mother; and the sweet consciousness of her maternal care made him feel, that to meet his father with a refusal of obedience would be an insult to her name and memory. He expostulated, entreated, on his knees; but his parent was inexorable, and met his supplications with a withering scorn. I waited on the old man myself, but only to meet with insult. I then assembled a number of the most wealthy and influential of his neighbours, by all of whom the son was revered most deeply; but, on this occasion, we were denied an audience.

The lovers met, for the last time, in the lonely solitude of midnight, and exchanged their assurances of devotion, with the stars to witness their love, and He who made the stars to hear their parting words of anguish. She flung her arms about his neck in the wildness of expiring hope, and while she pressed his head to her throbbing bosom, the large round tears rolled down their cheeks like scalding currents from the burning fountains of their hearts, and their yearning souls mingled together in the holy communion of prayer; and in that deep silence, which is more eloquent and more sacred than words, they committed their plighted love in confidence to God!

* * * * *

The ship sailed, and there were many sad hearts in the lovely village of S——, but none so sad as those beneath the blacksmith's roof. For some time afterwards, Ellen's health had been in a state of uncertainty, and the anxieties of her parents had had few intermissions. She grew better, however, and took her acustomed walks, and met, wherever she turned, with consoling words and sympathy. The whole village had been kept in a state of excitement during the occurrence of these rapid and melancholy events; and so much was the young squire beloved by the poor, that tears were shed for him elsewhere than at the smithy. Although the father's proceedings had been carried on in secret, and the communication of his brutal intention had been withheld from Charles until within a very brief time of his departure; yet, when that had arrived, the news spread rapidly through the village, and was the theme of universal regret. So hateful had the old man become to the villagers, and so deeply were they interested in the sacred compact of the two young hearts, and the broad generosity of Charles, making lowliness of birth no obstacle to the expression and growth of the noblest feeling of humanity, that no opportunity of increasing their sympathy was lost, and, by all the means which they possessed, they made known to the old tyrant the disgust which his treatment of his son had elicited.

And that old man sat, in his isolated pride and loneliness, like a bald tree in a sandy desert, dreary, solitary, and alone. There were no fond hearts beating for him, there were no tears shed to water those sweet flowers of affection, whose fragrance makes even the sandy desert sacred, and sheds beauty and perfume, and the sweet atmosphere of love, wherever they may grow. There were no ties of sympathy and filial duty around him; there were no hearts clinging to each other around his hearth, and none of those hallowed and poetical effusions of feeling, which, wherever they come, make up that dear temple which we call a home; and whether upon the rocky mountain or the silent sea, infuse light, and life, and joy into the souls of all. No! he was like a hollow tree, rooted in a barren sand; his blossoms torn from him, his leaves perished, his branches riven and shattered, exposed shelterless to the hot simoom and to the scorching sun; and there cracking and splintering, without pity or regret, he stood in the burning desert of wasted hope which he himself had created.

The lovely girl had somewhat recovered from the shock which the late sad events had occasioned, and to those who knew her not she appeared as cheerful as before. I was the mediator between her and her absent lover, and conveyed each arrival of intelligence and each missive which he sent her; and I knew that although she was calm and resigned, and had still the hope of again seeing and being wedded to him she loved so well, that she was yet a prey to silent grief, and the smile of tender feeling which played upon her cheek was indeed wedded to a deeper anguish of heart.

Letters, however, were hopeful; Charles had arrived safe at the port to which he was sent, and had entered on the duties entrusted to him with a firm determination to discharge them faithfully. He now looked forward to the attainment of his majority, when, without sacrificing the dictates of his conscience, he would be able to choose that course of life, and to claim that partner for his bosom which his best feelings and sentiments suggested. And thus two years passed on, and although wide seas separated them from each other, they felt that their hearts beat in unison, and that their souls were, in the hands of God, united in the truthful pledge of fondest love; and that while their bosoms were altars of sincerity and affection, that His watchfulness would protect them, and His fatherly care ensure their happiness hereafter, if not in this world, then—in the better one above.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE FROM HIS CLOISTER.

Place aux Dames! Ay! and *place* for a great deal more besides: you won't let me finish. It is a summer morning when I write this from my tranquil cloister, under a calm sky, (dressed like Amanda, in equal parts, blue and white,) and the orgasm of love-making is strong upon me. And so I say again, *Place aux dames! Place* for chestnut ringlets! *place* for hazel eyes and cherry lips! *place* for peach-like complexions and filbert-shaped nails! *place* for pink bows (your only true-love-knots!) and friable parasols—Omphalean distaffs in the hands of our modern sons of Jupiter! *place* for modish aprons and variform neckatees! *place*, in fine I would say, for the whole artillery of woman's charms! *place* for all the philters, spells, elixirs, witchcraft, conjuration, and mighty magic used upon a noble army of cavaliers by the *dames! place* for the stricken squadrons—the bleeding soldiers of whom

they make such wholesale carnage! And *place*, lastly, (if you can make a few inches room), for a pilgrim of love, who desires to report progress from time to time in these columns!

A Pilgrim of Love! That's me! This one! Not a "horrid fright," dear Amanda—an "odious creature," in a coarse habit, with a scallop-shell in his hat, a staff in his hand, and "paters" and "aves" for ever on his lips; not a shaveling of this description, but a pattern pilgrim—a *monachus* without the *cucullus*—a sort of Spanish cavalier, a Dorimant in a lounging-coat and felt-hat; with a bow to his opera-tie, in size and shape reminding of a horse-pistol, and a splendid bead-roll of Christian-names of women; a palmer, jogging on by the primrose path of courtship to the Mecca of matrimony, but not arrived there yet. Emphatically, not there yet; "unappropriated" and "in excellent preservation!"

One, too, who has been very impressionable by the other sex from his youth up. As has just been observed, this present pilgrim might form a somewhat tedious bead-roll of Dulcineas, beginning somewhere about Mary Ann, and concluding, or, rather, continuing up to this date, with Margaret. I will not go so far as to say that, when habited in a tunic, a cap and feathers, and a sash, and altogether impressing, as considerably swashing and brigand-like in my general effect, I used to be placed on pew-benches at church, I was conscious of any very violent attachment for any of my contemporary companions of the opposite gender, in white frocks and fancy straw hats; but this I will affirm, that when of riper age, in the same sacred edifice, I had the opportunity of making my observations from over a lay-over collar, I soon acquired the habit of directing a somewhat too exclusive and undivided attention to those parts of the gallery occupied by the ladies' schools, and also of selecting individual members of such schools, to be especial cynosures of my eyes during the publication of the banns.

To these early indications succeeded in rapid course a series of Platonic adorations of numerous young ladies, who shone behind the counters of my native village. Now, I was the inamorato of the sylphide tenant of the miniature baker's shop, whose fair ringlets suggested the barley-sugar sticks in her own confectionary glasses, and of whom I became a regular client, paying my hebdomadal half-crown for a daily Abernethy biscuit and bottle of soda-water. Now, the heroine-looking girl, at the circulating-library, transfixed me with the sweetness of her smiles, and the cogency of her criticisms; and now, presently again, I was bartering my silver for gossipry and cigars (not to mention a little contraband traffic of blushing and ogling) with the clear-complexioned, German-named *brunette*, of the dazzling teeth, and breath (as she often assured me, and as inevitably resulted from her position) redolent of tobacco.

Then, after that, the moon began to look down upon me on summer evenings describing *andantino con expressione* movements on the area-railings of Saccharissa's abode; or engaging Italian boys to play up popular tunes before Stella's door; or repairing to trysting-trees, and looking anxiously for a divers-coloured riband, or other previously-concerted cabalistic token of Gill's state and intentions; while the sun no less failed to have his eye upon me sometimes, when I left our florist's *plus* a camellia, and *minus* eighteenpence; or dropped into our post-box the poetic lucubrations in which I "trow"ed, "wis"d, "wot"ed, and "ween"ed, to so overwhelming an extent about my respective inamoratas. And then, I might be considered to have vindicated my "young man"hood, and to be fairly in love. Not, however, with the marks which Rosalind tells signify the situation—"a beard neglected, hose ungartered, sleeve unbuttoned, shoe untied, and everything about [me] demonstrating a careless desolation." I was no such lover. I sacrificed to the Graces unremittingly. My toilet of beauty (during the time of my being tormented in my hottest flames) comprised *bâtons pour les dents* in every variety of pattern and bristle; bottles and boxes, with the Government stamp affixed, in considerable force; a numerous presence of pocket perfumes and fragrant essences; and a mighty host of anything and everything that was "*de Paris*."

Oh! what a wonderful passion this same love is, affecting us all equally, king and keysar alike! What a pleasant dispensation, that in the same way as in your almanac, the gardening directions for June suggest the supplying of tall-growing plants, with straight and strong stakes; so love-making necessities, for the same month, indicate as unmistakeably a parity of proceeding to be gone through by those fair flowers, the young ladies, and their natural stakes and props, the young men! What a charming thing it is to make personal experience in the actual dance of life of an occurrence common enough in the acted ballet—a mortal's love for an immortal; how glorious to deify one's sweetheart—not to prosecute a love-suit with Margaret, but to "adore" an "angel!" How complete the apotheosis! We may well pardon love for sometimes making a fool of a man, when it always makes a goddess of his mistress.

I am sure this present peregrinator's intromissions with the realms of Cupid, are amongst the most agreeable incidents of his life-journeying; the third of the "Seven Ages" strikes my fancy, as by far the most attractive of the player's acts on the stage of the world. What an inspiring thing it is to have a girl, pretty, amiable, and intelligent, "in love with and beloved by" you, as they say in the "Persons Represented" of the old comedies! How exhilarating to be the sole male usufructuary of a pair of lips that pique you into kissing them, while they profess not to like kissing, and then compel you to close them with more, from calling you "tiresome" and "a pest;" how enchanting to know that there are a pair of bright eyes, into which you may look as freely and for as long as you wish, without fear of coming to the end of their cargo of smiles; how inexhaustible the phases of their appearance,—now arch and coquettish, now calm and assured, and now melting with the ruth of a Beguin! How pleasant to notice the graceful fingers of the fair, soft hand, occupied in picking the leaves off a flower; how delightful to claim the right divine of disarranging just a little the fine silk hair (privilege enhanced by the opportunity of witnessing its being "smoothened" afterwards!); how nice to twine the arm round the compact waist, or (arrangement no less satisfactory) to circle with it loosely the whole shape. In fine, how *entraînante* the whole *niaiserie* of love. It's worth a great sum to an ordinary swain to have a shepherdess solicitous for his welfare, interested about his whiskers, and holding opinions in reference to his waistcoats (in conformity with which she could not unfrequently "pinch that tailor") and is of infinite value to have a little face from out a frame of blue lining, and straw bonnet, enquire of you, feelingly, "why d'ye smoke so?" or accompany a permission granted for the refreshment of a stimulating glass of ale, with the remark, "you don't want it, you know." It's absolutely priceless to have a "good little girl," who "can't be at the trouble" to mark more than one initial on her own pocket-handkerchiefs, of her own accord mark your whole name at full length on yours; and to know that the same wonderful little character dresses herself with close attention to the colours you "like her in," and perhaps, in-doors, constantly wears a short, white apron, all flounce and furbelow, because you have passed a favourable criticism on the garment.

Then the—what I may call, with some propriety, the *love's entertainment* part of the business—the pleasure taken with your ladye-love—how enjoyable that is! I have a lively recollection myself of taking Emma on one occasion to see "Richard the Third," and shall always remember how, during the assassination of Mr. Diddear,

as the sixth Henry, that dearest of charmers, while she told me to tell her when it was over, turned her head into my waistcoat, dropping her fringed eyelids like portcullises against the invasion of so saddening a spectacle. And I do not forget either, that Mary Ann, keeping a seat for me with the assistance of a young friend, found the company assembled to witness the polyphonic efforts of Mr. Love very "contrary," nor that she afterwards told me, she considered that ingenious gentleman "very amusing." And how agreeable the giving love-toys, and, necessarily before giving, the buying them at the shopkeeper's! I like to recall my spooney exultation over purchasing a two-and-ninepenny neckerchief for my first "young lady" amid the bewildering bustle, and in the spacious shop of Muckrake, the eminent draper, in the Churchyard. It pleases me to think of the shopwalker familiarly expressing approval of me, by squeezing my arm, and recommending to my special notice one handkerchief, because it had a pattern of "heartsease" all over it. But most delightful of all, how genial and fresh the conversation of our "young ladies!" I know with me it always acts like the Indian weed did with Charles Lamb, as "a solvent of speech" (I don't forget the weed either); and my lips thus loosened, I please, for an agreeable rattle, those pleasant little people who are proverbially capable of being "tickled with a straw."

During my whole course of love, I have ever felt a great sympathy and attachment for the conversation of young ladies. I find their talk a scaturient source of solace and pleasure to me. It is not very long ago that I was in a railway carriage, on a fine Sunday evening, with a pair of young people: young man, like the junior hand of a country grocer or draper; and young lady, very pretty, and like to cause her lover considerable uneasiness, by the freedom of her manner and the affability of her bearing towards the fellow-passengers, consisting of a crabbed elderly gentleman and myself. Presently, the little chatterbox's tongue began to run on the weather and she observed, half to me, that she always knew when to expect rain, by the pointing of a weathercock, visible from her bedroom window, and which had that morning indicated for wet. Upon this, the veracious Aristides in the corner, with much haste, took upon himself to inform her, "But it has *not* rained to-day!" and the poor little thing, getting no help from the slow parts of her companion, might have been somewhat embarrassed, if I had not invoked a *Deus ex machinâ* of woman's logic to relieve her difficulty, and made grave asseveration,—"then it *ought!*"

But to quit this light strain, I may give my opinion, that most of the pretty girls, whose company I have from time to time kept, have done me incalculable good, by the innocent little homilies they have read me at intervals on ethics. I have always been ready to accept good preaching, although not proceeding from the pulpit; have always considered "Comus" to be one of the finest sermons ever composed; and the short and scattered sayings of the layman, "Trim," to rank among the most ambitious of religious discourses. Viewed in this way, how gracefully has the doctrine of the duties of life appealed to my convictions, when dropped in soft cadences from vermilion lips! With what benefit have I heard woman's reason employed on the spending of Sunday—on amusements—on home obligations, &c.!

But my rapidly dwindling space, as I should call it were I a professed author; instead of which I do say, being a Pilgrim of Love, my closely nearing appointment with Margaret warns me to conclude. Perhaps (who can tell?) my next may enter, in some detail, into what passed at the interview

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We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.

THE CURSES OF POVERTY.

While the advance of science, and general mental cultivation, has done much for the middle and upper classes of society, has diminished their liability to disease and suffering, and ensured their comfort, it has done comparatively little for the humbler classes. The proofs of this are thickly strewn upon all sides; but the fact cannot be more emphatically stated than in the words of a recent article in the *Times*, upon the subject of emigration. This writer alludes to the tearful parting of friends, the broken heart-ties, the suffering of the passengers, the uncertainty of success, amid the wilds of a new world; but, nevertheless, comes to the conclusion that emigration is at once a bold and prudent venture for rich and poor, because here, professions and trades are overcrowded, and there is as much uncertainty of success as anywhere; and, above all, because *there is no crime, sin, humiliation, suffering, or disgrace, which may not enter into the lot of an ordinary British labourer*. What more than this could possibly be predicted of the veriest savage—of the African making war, for the sake of prisoners to sell as slaves—of the Indian scalping a fallen foe—of the Malay living by piracy and murder? The assertion may possibly be a little strained and exaggerated for the sake of effect, but there is no doubt that it points truthfully to the condition of those whose stout arms and patient industry are the only foundation for the prosperity, comfort, and luxury of their more fortunate fellows. Surely it is time that civilization did something towards lifting above the lot of the barbarian those whose energies have made civilization possible.

EFFECT OF EDUCATION.

In a printed sheet of the assiduous, much-abused, and truly useful Mr. Chadwick, containing queries and responses from far and near, as to this great question, "What is the effect of Education on working men, in respect of their value as mere workers?" the present Editor, reading with satisfaction a decisive unanimous verdict as to Education, reads with inexpressible interest this special remark, put in by way of marginal incidental note from a practical manufacturing Quaker, whom, as he is anonymous, we will call Friend Prudence. Prudence keeps a thousand workmen; has striven in all ways to attach them to him; has provided conversational soirées; play-grounds, bands of music for the young ones; went even "the length of buying them a drum;" all which has turned out to be an excellent investment. For a certain person, marked here by a black stroke, whom we shall call Blank, living over the way,—he also keeps somewhere about a thousand men,—but has done none of these things for them, nor any other thing, except due payment of the wages by supply and demand. Blank's workers are perpetually getting into mutiny, into broils and coils; every six months, we suppose, Blank has a strike; every one month, every day, and every hour, they are fretting and obstructing the short-sighted Blank; pilfering from him, wasting and idling for him, omitting and committing for him. "I would not," says Friend Prudence, "exchange my workers for his, with *seven thousand pounds to boot*." Right, O, honourable Prudence; thou art wholly in the right. Seven thousand pounds even, as a matter of profit in this world, nay, for the mere cash-market of this world! And, as a matter of profit, not in this world only, but in the other world, and all worlds, it outweighs the Bank of England! Can the sagacious reader descry here, as it were, the outmost inconsiderable rock-ledge of a universal rock foundation, deep once more as the centre of the world, emerging so, in the experience of this good Quaker, through the Stygian mud-vortexes and general mother of Dead Dogs, whereon, for the present, all sways and insecurely hovers, as if ready to be swallowed.—CARLYLE—*Past and Present*.

SPEAK LOVINGLY OF WOMAN!

Speak lovingly of woman;
In her do thou confide;
See not her imperfections,
But only virtue's side.
She is the weaker vessel,
More liable to fall;
But man, of sterner nature,
Does he not sin at all?

Speak lovingly of woman,
The mother of our youth—
The maiden of our after-time,
Array'd in garb of truth:
A treasure richer than the gem
That gleams in foreign land—
More beautiful than brightest flow'rs
Produced by Nature's hand.

Speak lovingly of woman,
The sharer of our wealth—
An earthly angel—who says nay?
In sickness and in health.
When cold Misfortune o'er us flings
His clouds to scare repose,
Her voice is heard in sympathy,
'Tis woman's tear that flows.

Speak lovingly of woman,
Though sin may lead astray;
The streamlet that is wand'ring
Far distant on its way,
May perhaps return with vigour
And gladness to its rest,
While, as before, calm moonbeams
Will glimmer on its breast.

Then, speak of woman lovingly,
And show thyself a man;
How vigilant full many are
Another's deeds to scan!
'Tis woman in affliction cheers
With comfort from above;
'Tis she who shares our joy and grief,
And BLESSES with her love!

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

RETIREMENT.

A man who can retire from the world to seek entertainment in his closet has a thousand advantages which other people have no idea of. He is master of his own company, and his own pleasures, and can command either the one or the other, according to his present circumstances or temper. All nature is ready for his view, and all ages of mankind appear at his call. He can transport himself to the most distant regions, and enjoy the best and politest company that ever the world afforded.

CULTIVATE TASTE IN THE YOUNG.

It is of great importance that the young should be encouraged in the pursuit of objects, whether of instruction or amusement, which are in accordance with good taste. If this feeling be encouraged, the best results may be expected; it will deter them from following any coarse or ill-regulated inclination, and will give an elegant and enlightened bias to their minds. The improvement of taste seems to be more or less connected with every good and virtuous disposition. By giving frequent exercise to all the tender and humane passions, a cultivated taste increases sensibility, yet, at the same time, it tends to soften the more violent and angry emotions.

DIAMOND DUST.

TRUE merit, like deepest rivers, makes the least noise.

RAILLERY is more insupportable than wrong, because we have a right to resent injuries; but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest.

LET those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

HE that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

SINS are like circles in the water, when a stone is thrown into it; one produces another. When anger was in Cain's breast, murder was not far off.

IT is less difficult to feign the sensations we have not, than to conceal those we have.

QUARRELS would never last long, if the fault were on one side only.

As charity covers, so modesty prevents, a multitude of sins.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence.

How certain the man of a weak head, a bad heart, and great fortune, is to obtain the attention which needy merit is a humble competitor for.

LUXURY consists in gratifying every appetite and desire as far as possible, without pain or injury to ourselves; morality adds—or to any other person.

FABLES give human intellects to brutes, in imitation of Nature, who sometimes gives brute intellects to men.

HOPE is happier than fruition, because we have not yet ascertained its limits, counted its gifts, or found time to question and discredit its promises.

ART rejoices in her own labours, because the energetic mind requires exercise; and such works are the reflections of its thoughts, its capabilities, and its virtues.

YOUTH—a magic lantern, which surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever be their nature.

IMMORTALITY—drawing in imagination upon the future for that homage which the present refuses.

THERE are some people in the world who seem to have especially studied the amiable art of casting a damp over the feelings of their friends—to whom it would appear that the very tones of happiness or enjoyment convey offence, if one may judge from the eagerness with which they hasten to repress them.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN OWEN CLARKE, (of No. 2, Canonbury Villas, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex) at his Printing Office, No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London, Saturday, October 19, 1850.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

No. 78.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1850. [PRICE 1½d.

THERESA.

A TALE OF LIFE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

I HAVE seen a flower, the cherished gift of one loved and even adored, regarded by the tender object of so much affection, with a reverence little short of worship. I have seen that same flower, falling unwittingly into other hands, looked upon as but a few faded leaves and cast away with contempt, or at best thrown beside other things of equally little importance. So in life. Beings to some—the light which shines on earth, the one little twinkling star that spangles the dark curtain of existence—the rose which perfumes the path of ordinary mortality—to others are but links in a vast chain, or humble stone of a huge edifice, an atom on the sandy beach of time.

Theresa was but seventeen, nay scarcely that, when her heart was won by Paul Chenier, the son of a poor fruiterer, where the young bonnet-plaiter took of a morning her humble bowl of hot milk, with a slice of bread, the breakfast of many hundreds of hard-working girls in the busy city of Paris. Pretty, gentle, unprotected, an orphan, Theresa gained the affection of Paul as much perhaps because he saw her alone and unloved, as from her outward charms; speedily too did Paul reason that so industrious, economical, and persevering a little workwoman would be an excellent wife for one whose fortune was wholly in his honesty and labour, a reason duly appreciated by his parents. But the Empire and its bloody wars was draining France of all her youth, and Paul dared hope nothing for the future, until the fatal hour of the proscription was passed. This, however, prevented not their being lovers, and many an hour was spent in happy calculations on what might be, in arranging the details of their future little household, and in vowing both fidelity and affection. Such dreams are, perhaps, in life the most fascinating and delightful; for bright though reality be, the shadow is always brighter than the substance.

Stern was the aspect of fate then, when the inevitable hour came round, and assigned the young man to the barracks of a regiment of lancers. Their dreams, their sunny visions of the day, which young love fixes in deep colours on the tablet of hope, their pictures of felicity—no Florian more sentimental than they—which in the gush of heart had known no bounds, were all swept away by the fatal number that issued from the urn. As usual, the strongest proved the weakest, and bitterly did Paul curse the cruel fate of war, while Theresa strove, with aching and bursting heart, to comfort and console. There would be peace, she said, and the vast armies which the awful ambition of one man had brought to life would be diminished, and how faithful, how true would she be, until the soldier returned to claim his bride. All mean when they make such promises, to keep them, but human nature is weak, and time often obliterates the memory of the strongest vows. But Paul believed the young and innocent being who promised to be constant to his memory, and donned his gay apparel with something of a light heart.

It was a bright and sunny day when the recruits departed to join their regiment, decimated by horrid war, that great moral stain on humanity; and Paul, she shuddered to think, was soon to fill the gap left by some death-winged ball. But none of her harrowing grief was shown, as long as her soldier lover was in sight, for her whole soul was bent on his leaving with hope and courage in his heart; she even smiled at his handsome mien, at his gay and gaudy garb, told him not to forget his poor bride when he became a Marshal and a great man, and sent him on his way rejoicing, for he knew that his memory was dearly prized in his native land by at least one human soul. Rich treasure of woman's love, which God gave unto man as the noblest and brightest proof of his own effulgence!

But when the last lagger of the troop filed through the barrier, Theresa felt her utter loneliness. He was gone, that prized, that knew, that smiled upon her; he whose rose, whose flower she was; and amid all that crowd not one left to sympathize, to know, to comfort her. She too felt that solitude of soul, that utter desertedness in the midst of a vast city, always so forcibly experienced by the unfortunate. To those around, she was but one poor fellow creature, for whom little active sympathy was felt, whom no one would openly ill-use, but to whom few would offer a kind word—the manna of the human heart, that has saved more from crime and death, than all the harsh advice which wisdom can offer. Angry at the noise of the busy town, Theresa hurried away to weep with all the energy of grief and despair at home.

From that day commenced a new existence for the straw-plaiter. No more evening walks when work was done, with him who made all places bright—no more reading while she worked—no more plans of domestic felicity. Days, weeks, months passed away, and winter went, and summer came, and winter chilled again, and no tidings of Paul. Theresa was quickly budding into full womanly beauty. She need no longer have been solitary, for plenty now sought to make her acquaintance, but with the exception of the parents of Paul, all received such cool receptions, as soon to tire their patience. She continued poor, for her employment was very irregular, and a little pang would sometimes cross her heart, as she saw others so neatly dressed, while she was mean and shabby; but then she knew that she was at all events good and pure, and this is a noble consolation to the mind of a true woman.

In the same house with Theresa dwelt one Etienne

Magloire, a middle-aged man, and a hosier well to do in the world. He was not far from forty, and yet was still a bachelor. Somehow or other, the idea of marrying had not occurred to him, or doubtless he would long before have tasted wedded bliss, being just the man a true Parisienne likes for a husband; quiet, good-tempered, well-off, and taking the world in the easiest manner possible. M. Etienne slept near the top of the house, at a distance from his shop, though for years he had planned taking the *entresol*, or the apartment between the ground floor and the first. But though the plan was ever floating in his head, it was never carried out. Theresa and M. Etienne often met and, as near neighbours, spoke. About two years after the departure of Paul, just as the young girl was in the very first burst of womanhood, and when her beauty had really become remarkable, M. Etienne began to pay more particular attention to his fair neighbour. He sighed and threw out hints about his unhappy state of single blessedness, he shook his head, and regretted what a fool he had been not to have known his own mind in earlier days. But Theresa either laughed or did not seem to understand him.

One morning, M. Etienne left his shop in the charge of his boy, and walking deliberately upstairs tapped at the young girl's door. Theresa asked him in, and was not a little surprised to see him in his Sunday clothes, and with a grave and serious cast of countenance. She sat down quietly, expecting the hosier had some advice to ask of her.

"Mademoiselle," said M. Etienne gravely, "I have come here with very serious intentions. After due deliberation, I have resolved, if I can gain your consent, to make you Madame Magloire."

Theresa looked at him with a puzzled air, as if she doubted the truth of what she had heard; but there was something in the worthy man's countenance, which prevented her smiling or doubting.

"M. Magloire," she said, "I am very sorry, but I can never be your wife."

"How so?" replied the astonished hosier, who could not understand how a poor young girl could refuse the hand of a man who could give a comfortable home.

"I am very much obliged to you, neighbour, for your kind offer, but I can never be your wife. You seem a good and frank person; if you will allow me I will tell you why."

"I should be very glad to know," said M. Etienne Magloire, in a deeply disconsolate tone.

"You shall know all," continued the young girl, and for the first time for two years she poured out all her feelings. She told M. Magloire everything, her first affection for Paul, their intended marriage, his being drawn for a soldier, and then his departure, with, worst of all, his silence.

"But—but—" put in M. Etienne, gently, "if he has not written, it is that he has forgotten you, or, or—"

"Speak out," said Theresa, calmly, "you would say, that he is perhaps dead. No! he has not forgotten me, and he is not dead. Something tells me he will come. M. Etienne, if you knew all that this poor heart has suffered during two years, you would feel that consolation was but just, and consolation will come."

"But if he should never come, what will you do then?"

"M. Magloire, you are a kind and good man, you know my feelings; well, should he prove untrue and forget me, and I have the proof of it, *I will marry you* as a companion and a friend in whom I can put confidence, and who will protect me from the insults and sneers of the world."

"You will marry me?" cried Etienne, in a loud and joyous tone.

At this instant, by one of those strange coincidences, which happen often in real life, the door was hastily opened, and a tall, handsome man, in a rich uniform, stood on the threshold. He gave one glance at Theresa, a furious look at Etienne, and then dashed a paper at their feet. Theresa shrieked and fell lifeless, but the soldier heeded her not. He turned away, and rushed like a madman down the stairs.

"Where is he?" cried Theresa, rousing herself.

"Gone like a rocket," said the bewildered hosier.

"Oh, M. Etienne," said the weeping girl "what have you done?"

"What have I done?" asked Magloire, wildly.

"Read that," answered Theresa, handing the paper which Paul had thrown at her feet, to the hosier to read.

It was a permission, signed by Napoleon's own hand, for Lieut. Colonel Paul Chenier to be married, with two months' leave of absence. Some highly complimentary remarks were added, relative to his conduct.

M. Magloire began to tear his hair like a madman. He was too sincerely attached to the young girl, not to regret the fatal blunder, which had sent the hasty soldier away, doubtless to join his regiment, and seek an early opportunity of being killed. Theresa cast herself on her bed, and gave way to a passionate flood of tears. M. Etienne would have spoken, but words were vain; and mechanically holding the paper in his hand, he went down stairs.

A bold resolve then entered his mind, which was no sooner conceived than executed. Dressed as he was, he called a *fiacre*, and drove away to the Minister of War. As he entered the court-yard, he saw an officer stride hastily across the threshold.

"M. Paul Chenier," said the breathless hosier.

"Sir," replied the officer, haughtily.

"Allow me, Monsieur l'Officier, to tell you that you are a dolt, an ass, an idiot, and not worthy of the single-minded love of such a girl as Theresa."

"Why, you impertinent old *pekin?*" said the other.

"Do you see this paper, M. Paul Chenier," continued the hosier, working himself up into a passion. "No! hands off until you hear me. I have a story to tell, which will make you look pretty foolish, young man. Don't frown at me, I don't care for your big looks, no, not one *liard*."

"If we choose a less public place for our interesting interview," exclaimed the young officer, quite astounded and checked by the audacious volubility of the man of cotton.

"There is my *fiacre*, will you accept a seat in it?"

The officer smiled grimly, and they both entered the shabby old carriage.

"Back home," said the hosier.

"I am sorry,—" began M. Paul.

"And I am sorry, too,—" interrupted M. Magloire, and then, without further preface, he told his story. He narrated Theresa's exemplary life for two years, her grief, her patience, her undying faith, his own casual acquaintance, his love, his declaration, and every detail of the morning's conversation.

"How slow the fellow goes," said M. Paul emphatically, when he had done. "My dear M. Magloire, what can I do to reward your kindness?"

"Let me give away the bride."

"M. Magloire," replied Paul gravely, "it shall be done, and your name shall follow that of the Emperor upon my marriage contract."

"The Emperor!" cried the hosier, opening his eyes half in alarm half in delight.

"Aye—but here we are. Go up quickly and prepare her for my visit. Say all to obtain my pardon."

M. Magloire got out, muttering "The Emperor," between his clenched teeth. He hurried upstairs, tapped at Theresa's door, and entered. She was seated at her

window gazing out upon the blue heavens, wrapped in deep thought.

"Victory! victory!" cried Magloire, dancing round the room.

"Said I not he would come?" replied Theresa, rising with panting heart and radiant face, to be clasped next instant in the arms of the happy and fortunate soldier.

Paul Chenier had resolved from the first to win fortune with his sword, and to let his parents and mistress hear of him only when success crowned his efforts. On several occasions he distinguished himself under the Emperor's own eye, and at last, at the battle of Austerlitz, before which he was a lieutenant, received his promotion. The cross of the Legion of Honour was offered him; but he told his story, and asked for a permission to marry instead. The Emperor, with a sardonic smile, which he could assume often when amused, gave both; and in a few days after the scene above recorded, Theresa was Madame Chenier. Paul found her a noble wife, and often felt shocked to think how a hasty appreciation of her conduct might have ruined so much happiness. Magloire remained single, but when after the negotiation General Chenier retired to his well-earned property, he became the factotum of his old friends, and the indefatigable nurse of a little blue-eyed Theresa of five years old.

OLD MAIDS.

We believe that those who know the world will agree with us that it is a place brimful of prejudice; not only brimful indeed, but running over; and considering the fact that wherever there is the smallest space unoccupied in the world's mind some prejudice or other manages to creep in, and fill it, we almost wonder how it is that virtue holds its ground so sturdily as it does.

The worst of these prejudices is that their weight generally falls upon those least able to bear them. The burden is distributed very unfairly and unevenly. The weakest are crushed under them because they are weak, and the strong are left unloaded because they are strong. If these prejudices acted only against the rogues and the fraudulent, we should have nothing to say against them; the higher they were piled up, the more they would discourage roguery and fraud, but even here the idea would be borne out that the weakest are the most heavily taxed, for the successful rogue has not mostly so much prejudice to encounter as the unsuccessful one. The man who fills his pockets by successful arts, escapes the hand of the law, and laughs at the world, and may some day come to be respected and admired. Prejudice sits but lightly upon his broad shoulders; but the defeated rascal, convicted at the bar of a criminal court, has lost all chance or hope of retrieving his position, for prejudice weighs him down as though a mountain was pressing him to the earth.

But it is not only against the faults of men that prejudice is directed, it tells with equal force against their misfortunes. There is a prejudice against a threadbare coat, or a shabby hat, or an empty purse, which attaches itself firmly to the owners of these ill-favoured articles; though we suppose they are not more enamoured with the condition of their wardrobes, or the state of their exchequers, than the rest of the world, and would willingly put them upon a better footing if they found it possible to do so.

Among the worst of prejudices, is that which shows itself against that unfortunate class of the community whose descriptive designation stands at the head of this article. There is no class which has been more plentifully bespattered with the world's ridicule, abuse, and dislike than old maids, and we think this is one of the prejudices which needs to be put down as soon as may be.

Old maids have been the butt for a very large pro portion of the arrows of satire which have been sho from the bow of ridicule from time immemorial. W hardly know, indeed, what our caricaturists, and satirists and fiction writers would have done without them. Ol maids have been a constant theme, a permanent fount o inspiration for these gentlemen. To serve their purposes they have figured in all the ridiculous or disagreeabl positions into which women can well be introduced. I you happen to see an engraving of an old sour-faced lad in close companionship with a pug dog, two cats and parrot, you may be sure that it is meant for an old maid If you happen to hear of an ancient dame who occupie her whole time in scandalizing and damaging the fai fame of her neighbours, be certain that the story is fate to end with the circumstance that she is an old maid. I you read of a prude, who is so squeamish that she canno bear to hear of the slightest friendship between the sexes you may at once make up your mind that she belongs t the sisterhood of old maids. If you are told of a guinea visaged skinflint who starves a pauper servant girl, an works her to death, the chances are twenty to one tha it is an old maid; and if in perusing a sentimental nove you are introduced to a sharp-eyed, vinegar-minde duenna, who acts as a constant wet-blanket to a pair o fond, but embarrassed and despairing lovers, the autho will scarcely so far venture to outrage the unities an established proprieties of fiction, as to make her anything else than the affectionate young lady's aunt, and an ol maid to boot.

And yet, after all this, the old maids are not such very bad class of persons. They are ridiculed and des pised more for their misfortunes than their faults. The are quite as worthy as the old bachelors, whom the worl generally looks upon as quite a respectable and estimabl set of old fellows. If celibacy be a fault, the men, we are confident, are far more to blame than the women. Th gentlemen usually do much as they like about getting married. They have far more opportunity of putting of the state of single blessedness than the ladies. They may, it is true, find a coquette here, and a flirt there and be jilted in another quarter; but that does not ofte break their strong hearts, and the road is still open t them. They never need despair; refused ninety-nin times, they may succeed the hundredth. They hav nothing to do if they want to change their condition, bu to go on asking, and like a beggar in search of a penny they will be pretty sure, in the long run, to find some cha ritable-minded person to take pity upon their forlorn an destitute condition. If a man then continues single, w may fairly presume that it is because he chooses to con tinue so.

With the ladies, however, the case is very different They are not the seekers, they must wait till they ar sought. They cannot ask the gentlemen, but must si patiently till the gentlemen choose to ask them. Bot the established customs of society, and the natural deli cacy of the feminine nature usually prevent women fro making the first advances. We are aware, indeed, tha the ladies are said to have more power in leap-year, than a any other time, and that they are then justified in puttin by their blushes, and bringing a bashful or backwar swain up to the proper point; but we suppose that th power, if it be in existence, is very seldom exercised, an that the fact of its being leap-year would be a very smal excuse for what the world would not fail to designate a most unfeminine boldness.

Really we think that old maids ought to be pitie rather than disliked or despised, and that their unpro tected condition ought to shield them from, rather tha expose them to, the prejudices of which they are mad the victims. No doubt if we could get at the real senti ments of the great majority of old maids, we should fin that their celibacy has not been the result of choice, bu

of necessity, or if not exactly of necessity, of feelings which ought to command our admiration and sympathy. Of course, there are some unmarried, elderly ladies, whose prudery or coquetry in their younger days has prevented them from what is called settling advantageously in life, but far oftener, higher virtues and imperious necessities have kept old maids single. Of course, and in this their decriers bear us out, some old maids are plain, not to say ugly, and therefore they have not found wooers. They may have good, feeling hearts, and powerfully cultivated minds, but their teeth may be irregular, or their eyes dim, or their complexions bad, or the small pox may have scarred and seamed their features, and men looking for beauty have turned away and left their warm hearts to wither in their loneliness. What right have we to despise old maids for that? Why should we satirize or ridicule them on that account? What reason have we for converting that which should prompt us to pity and sympathy into an excuse for malice? We might as well visit our displeasure upon the dumb, or the deaf, or the blind, because they cannot converse, or see, or hear, as upon old maids whose faces have frightened the men away.

But some old maids have been beautiful. We know more than one who still bear about them the evident remains of great personal attractiveness. What then kept them single? Sometimes, no doubt, their own faults or follies, but oftener circumstances over which they had no control, and the endurance of which reflects honour upon their character. For example, (and most likely the experience of our readers will fully bear us out) some are the daughters of decayed gentlefolks—girls who were brought up in comfortable, perhaps luxurious homes, whose minds were delicately nurtured, and whose education was sedulously attended to. Their poverty has kept back those of their own rank, who, educated in a money-loving world, look for fortune, as well as beauty and accomplishment with a wife, and they have been left to the alternative either of marrying out of the class in which they have been brought up, or sinking into old maidship. We should be the last to encourage any foolish conventional notions of birth and rank, which so often prevent marriages of pure affection; but we can sympathize with the feelings of an educated woman, and applaud her motives, when, debarred from an alliance in what she has been brought to consider her own class, she shrinks with dread from the idea of taking a partner for life, who has been brought up in a different sphere, and in whom she cannot perceive any of that correspondence of sentiment or congeniality of taste, which she thinks essential to make her future life happy. Such motives demand our respect rather than our ridicule.

There are many old maids, too, whom the high and holy prompting of parental affection have made so. Many a girl, the only child of an otherwise lonely parent, the sole prop of a widowed father or mother, the solitary light of a fast decaying life, has given herself up with the noble devotion of woman, to cheer the last hours of those to whom she owed her life. Living apart and secluded from the world, her beauty has not shone in the ball-room and the social circle, her virtues have been too silent and hidden to attract attention, she has not been brought into the sphere where affections spring up; and if perchance she has, her affections have been so engrossed by the solitary invalid at home, that no other love has been able to creep in there; or perchance if she has felt her heart throb with a new and nameless feeling she has, impressed with a noble sense of duty, smothered it, sacrificing all to the voice which told her that it was her place to give up all to the task of smoothing and cheering the last hours of those to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of blood.

Many, too, of the old maids whom the world points at, and who are walking the downward path of age, without a friendly arm to assist their feeble steps, have been young, and rich, and beautiful, and have loved as fervently and well as any of those who are basking in the warmth of family affection. Some of them have loved below their station, and the world's prejudices for rank and wealth, acting upon their parents, have barred them from becoming happy wives; others have loved too deeply to love more than once, and after seeing the lifeless form to which they clung so fondly, placed in the cold earth, have been unable to shake off the memory of the dead, have felt that their hearts were buried with them, have turned away widowed in spirit from the merriment and light-heartedness of their companions, and never felt a wish to fill up the void which was once so pleasantly occupied; and others loving and loved again, have been forbidden by prudence to take upon themselves responsibilities which they could not properly provide for, and nobly abstained from gratifying their feelings at the expense of the welfare of infants yet unborn.

Such women as these do not merit dislike, or ridicule, or contempt. They have been actuated by the noblest feelings of our nature, they have shown in their best light devotion, patient endurance, and unselfish self-sacrifice. They have nursed parental affection, undying constancy, and a wise prudence, and deserve to be treated with that sympathizing, respectful affection which is due to forbearance, and grief, and heroism. Subtract such women as these from the class of old maids and there will be very few left to bear the lash of the satirist, and even that small remnant deserve consideration from the fact that their faults are more harmless than faults generally are, and their wrong doing inflicts suffering upon them alone.

Upon the salient points of the character generally assigned to old maids, we would offer a defence for them too. They are said to be addicted to scandal, and to nourish an unnatural sort of fondness for pug dogs, cats, and parrots. It does not, however, seem to us that the old maids monopolize the too prevalent taste for scandal. Wherever half-a-dozen women assemble round the tea-table, or for that matter, wherever as many men draw their chairs round the same convivial board, whether they be married or single, their neighbours too generally form the subject of their discourse, and we are pretty sure to hear the history of the last *faux pas*, or the details of the latest rumours of their respective circles. This is a vice which does not belong exclusively or even mainly to old maids or old bachelors, it is a vice of ordinary society; and though the unmarried no doubt have their share of it, by virtue of their being mortal, the married are not in a position to throw stones at them upon that account. Indeed, and they say we should speak of people as we find them, the greater number of gossips of our acquaintance are married folks, who having brought up a family and got their children "off their hands" feel a lack of occupation, and fill up their leisure by minding their neighbours' business in order to make up for having but little of their own to attend to.

As to the love of quadrupeds and feathered bipeds we make the satirists a present of that feature, and leave them to make the most of it, begging them to remember when they do use it, that if it be a failing, it is a very harmless one; and that the human heart, unless thoroughly careless and hardened, must have something to love, and we had rather see it expending its affection upon dumb brutes and talking birds than not see it exercised at all. But there are other old maids who in our eyes would redeem ten thousand such foibles as these, and everybody, too, knows some of them; the old maiden aunts round whom the children cluster for picture-books and ginger-bread, who are looked for so anxiously by the nephews and nieces at festivals, and merry-makings, and holidays, who are so much themselves children at heart that they attract children wherever they go, and show

what fond mothers they would have been by the affection they lavish upon the offspring of others.

In short, we have a great respect for old maids, we think the world uses them very ill, and makes its ill-usage and neglect the pretext for ridicule and dislike; while they, although of course they have their faults, for the most part bear it with a patience and endurance which should win esteem, and often requite it with an affection and devotion to the wants and infirmities of others which entitle them to sympathy and admiration.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS GOLD.

"Why am I now so sad? Why so cast down?
Is it because thou art not what thou seemed?
Or are thy charms too closely viewed by me,
And thou art not that Gold of which I dreamed?
For I was ever taught, when but a child,
That Happiness by thee alone is bought;
And thus, amidst my youthful days, too oft
To thee was turned the ill-directed thought.

"In search of thee I left my early friends—
I've sacrificed all else—I've broken ties
Which once could bind me to a happy home,
And which, alas! I knew not how to prize.
Gladly my treasures would I now resign—
Yes! thee forsake!—to purchase all those years
Wherein I've gained what I had sought with toil,
And which, not Happiness supplies, but Tears."

"Ungrateful man!" cries Gold; "the fault is yours
That I am not a source of bliss to thee;
Why hold me thus, with avaricious hands,
Unwilling from your sight to let me be?
But I have power to make thee happy still,
If from the past you will a lesson take:
Wed Charity! I'll then a *servant* be,
And not the *slave* that you have tried to make!"

E. A. N.

A CURATE'S STORY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

AFTER CLOUDS—SUNSHINE.

It was a quiet spring morning when the season of freshness was blushing into the softened verge of summer, and the fields were lying placid in the sunshine, like unruffled seas of emerald and gold. The gardens were foaming with rich blooms, and the orchard trees were like huge piles of snow. There was fragrance in the air, and a holier fragrance in the heart, induced by the joyous promises of a fruitful summer, as betokened in the growing beauties of the fields, which made it indeed a sacred thing to live; and a still more sacred thought to contemplate the grand workings of Nature for our common joy and sustenance, under the guiding hand of the great Father of humanity, and the ruler of the earth and sky. All things were in promise, and the very air, in its rich redolence of perfume; and the broad green earth, in its plenitude of loveliness; seemed to pulse together in the exuberance of their beauty, and under the living garniture of buds and flowers to draw new hopes of peace and love, and to bound with gladness in the growing lustre of their full fruition, and the renewed beauty of their budding bloom.

I had been walking early, as was my wont, and stopped, as I had done many times before, to take breakfast with the blacksmith and his wife and daughter. We were sitting with the window open to enjoy the rich aroma of the fields, and the lovely prospect of the sunlighted woods and meadows. Ellen had taken her accustomed morning walk, and had brought home with her a basket full of the loveliest flowers. She always visited the green hollows on the common which had been the trysting place of her and Charles, and always culled a few flowers from the border of the pond, and kept them in a vase beside her all day long, and replenished them on the morning of each new morrow.

We had spent many merry mornings together, and the hopeful nature of each letter that had arrived from Charles inspired us all with confidence that the time was not far distant when the hands and hearts of that truthful pair would be united in a holier bond than the mutual assurances by which—although far separated—they still clung together. "They'll make me turnspit, and wife they'll make thee dairymaid," said old John, as he chuckled with laughter, and enjoyed a joke at his daughter's expense. "But that's a noble thing of the boy too, to send the money for the girl's teaching; why Nelly, you'll shame the old maid who keeps the boardin' school, Miss Willis over the common; they say she knows everything but how to get a husband, ha, ha!—you'll teach I how to make a horse-shoe, and mother how to darn a stocking; the boy's got a big heart, and God bless him, though the old squire wouldn't like to know it."

The letter which had been received the day before contained an order upon a banker in London for a sum of money to be expended in providing Ellen with a course of instruction, to fit her for the sphere she was to occupy after their tried hearts had been united, and I was commissioned with the superintendence of her education. There was also a sum for the use of old John, accompanied with a promise that his grey hairs should not be associated with painful toil when the resources of Charles were sufficiently enlarged to enable him to afford rest to the aged feet of the parents of his "gentle dove," as he termed her in the letter, "and although the sultry sun of a tropical clime has browned my features and somewhat changed my form, my heart is as truthful as ever, and in a few months I shall leave this island of fruitfulness and slavery to return to a shore where the sun shines less brightly, and where the fields are less luxuriant, to greet a brighter sunshine than any which is here, and a richer fruitfulness than any known in this land of natural exuberance and human tyranny—that fervid light which can make any spot a place of beauty, and which, when it sheds its hallowed ray upon the path of life brings forth the tender flowers of affection, and makes that fruitfulness of higher sympathies and feelings which cluster round the heart like gentle blossoms of love, and sanctify the spot—cloudy and cold though it be—wherever they have their birth."

The interest which had been excited for the prosperity of the youthful pair had never subsided, and in my walks through the village I was every day greeted with anxious inquiries respecting the health and good fortune of Charles; and the seat which Ellen occupied at church was considered a more sacred precinct than any beneath the ivied roof of the ancient temple, where rich and poor knelt together in humiliation and prayer. My sermons were often tinged with the events which had transpired during the week, as, I believe, every earnest preacher's words must be; and I had often enlarged upon the sanctity of the higher sentiments of our nature, and the sway which they should be allowed to have over the passions and morbid pursuits which embitter the days and hours of our actual life. Some three months after the receipt of the letter containing the instructions for me to follow in regard to the education of Ellen, I had preached with unusual warmth and eloquence to my little flock, and as the golden sunlight streamed through the rich sheets of stained glass, and lighted up the ancient sanctuary with a calm and holy radiance, which stole insensibly upon the hearts of all; I hushed the souls of my hearers into a devout attention to my words, I sought to typify, by means of a contrast between the crumbling stones of the church and the fresh living beauty of the

sunlight and the fields, the eternity of all that is pure and good, and the transient vanity of sordid interests, and the petty hopes of those with whom the soul is dead; and as my little flock were absorbing word by word, and drinking into their very hearts the simple illustrations I had chosen, the devotional countenance of Ellen caught my eye, and her fate shaped itself into my discourse. "Thus," I said, "as all the earthly things to which man's energy and hopes give birth crumble and pass away, even as the moss-covered stones of this venerable pile, while all the nobler aspirations of his bosom grow onward into new strength and regenerative beauty; as the flowers of the field and the golden sunlight of God which now falls upon us with its sheen of love and benediction; so they whose brows are furrowed with the scars of evil conscience, and whose hearts are black and hollow with the canker of their own wicked deeds, have nothing but the bitterness of remorse for their doom. And when Time has heaped his snows upon their heads, they, having built only temples of wickedness and vanity, and not sanctuaries of peace and love, will see them crumble and fall asunder, as do all the things of time, and have nothing left them but the ghastly ruins of their blighted hopes, and the dread of meeting that Judge who sits beyond Death's leaden portals, and who has commanded us to choose the blessed principles of charity and love as the foundation for our temple of life, and to lay our hearts in purity as a sacrifice upon its sacred altar; while they, who in the bonds of a pure affection, and a trusting faith in one another and in God, will see their hopes living and budding around them into new joys, as the sunlight of each new dawn, and the flowers of each returning spring; and the blessed sunshine of God's love will keep a higher promise living in their hearts, and the growth of their pure affection will still continue despite worldly gloom and sorrow, and the wreck of those anticipations which they had held most dear."

I knew not then the painful intelligence which was on its way respecting Charles, for on the next morning letters arrived stating that a plague had broken out in the island, and that Charles was one of its victims. The pestilence was of a most rapid and fatal character, and strangely, though perhaps justly—for Providence watches over all events—its ravages among the white population were more terrible than among the slaves. These sudden epidemic visitations are not at all unfrequent in the low damp soils of the tropics, as a consequence of the effluvia from wide districts of marshy land, and only upon such land can enormous profits be obtained by the system of slave tillage. The letters were official despatches from the authorities of the island to all the friends of the rich planters who were attacked, and from them we learnt that young Burnham was in so dangerous a condition of yellow fever as not to afford hopes of recovery. This melancholy intelligence was a new sorrow to the old blacksmith and his daughter. I feared that Ellen's grief would rend her heart or deprive her of reason; in truth, I felt it deeply myself, but I hid my sorrow in my bosom, and comforted those who had greater cause for tears, as well as my Christian faith suggested.

It was now high summer, and the full tide of beauty in the leafy woods, and the exuberance of fruits in the fields, contrasted strangely with the winter which had set upon our hopes, and the blight which seemed to hover over the affections of that lovely girl. I passed many anxious nights pondering on what might be the issue of all these events, and felt myself as much involved in doubt and perplexity as did old John, the blacksmith. My visits to the smithy were more regular and frequent, and day by day I saw the weak frame of the girl sinking under the weight of her emotions, until she was again laid on a bed of sickness, and her life despaired of.

On the Sunday following that in which I had almost unconsciously referred to her in my sermon, she was in a most dangerous condition, and tears were shed for her beneath every roof in the village. And how felt that old man whose wickedness of heart had brought all this about? He relented, but he felt that it was too late. Remorse filled his soul to the very brim, for the last prop of his proud family was now lopped off by himself. He felt that the death of his son was certain, for when these visitations come under burning suns, upon wet marshy grounds, they spare none, but sweep away all who lie in their desolating march! Yes, he felt that his son would die in a foreign clime whither he had sent him to gratify a vain ambition, even at the expense of a feeling the most sacred that can animate the bosom of humanity; and he asked himself the value of all his schemes, the value of his cold cruelty; he contrasted the suffering which he had caused with the hollowness of its object, and even that was not to be realized. He thought of his son's parting words of sorrow, of his supplications on his knees, of the gentle face of his wife, which flashed upon his memory even when cursing her devoted son; and as these things rushed through his mind like a torrent of fire, searing and scorching his aged brow, he fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy from his God.

He went to rest, but there he lay like a rotten ship upon a boiling sea; his parched lips and fevered heart seemed to scorch him up like a withered reed amid the fervour of a July noon. The full tide of his own bitter scorn was now turned back upon himself, and the scorpion stings of guilt feasted on his soul. Again and again the image of the gentle girl came back upon him, and the true devotion of his boy came upon his memory too, but there was no hope within the sultry desert of his heart, and he wailed and moaned like a child. Lost were all his vanities and aims; lost were all his hollow pomp and pride; lost, shattered, were his deep laid schemes; and the consciousness of this made his heart, shrivelled and hollow as it was, now shrink still more within him, as the knell of remorse rung within its walls. His body was as a tomb, for his soul had long gone out of it, and he knew in all its grim reality, the inexpressible anguish of despair. And now a cold, spectre-like thought came upon him, like a cloud creeping out of darkness, and as it loomed upon him with its ghostly terror, he believed himself a murderer, he had murdered his own child; he had torn him from the object of his love, and in the mad infatuation of his vain ambition, had sent him to a deadly clime where every breath was poison, and there upon a shore were there were no kind voices to greet him in his last hour, his son must die. His brain reeled as the death-like picture came before his eyes, and in the depth of his despair his reason left him.

The next morning the bell tolled for Charles Burnham, Esq., of Burnham Lodge, who had died in the night of apoplexy.

* * * * * *

Ellen grew better, and her elastic spirit once more conquered, and the hue of health came back upon her cheek. But she was pensive, and her young heart seemed crushed with the weight of its affliction. I would that I had power to describe the amiable beauty of her character, and the loving gentleness with which she greeted all who met her. The elderly dames of the village were as much interested in her history as the timid girls whose affections were just budding into womanly love. I know indeed that Ellen suffered much more deeply than her looks or words betrayed, but her devotion to her parents made her struggle hard to conceal the feelings of anguish which dwelt within her bosom.

So it was, and after eight days had elapsed from the death of the elder Burnham, his body was consigned with pomp and splendour to the great vault beneath the grey old church. Such a grand spectacle as this funeral had not been seen in the village for many years, and the cavalcade of plumed horses and carriages attracted the

villagers and created a great sensation. The sumptuous coffin was lowered into the vault with solemn rites, but not a sigh was heard, not a tear was shed. On the Sunday following, I preached upon the vanity of riches, and touched almost unconsciously on the splendour of the recent funeral, and sought to impress upon my hearers the importance of a life of duty and of love, and the hollowness of pride and ostentation. I told them that one deed of kindness was more acceptable in the sight of God than all the outward show and gilded vanity of wealth, and that they who went with grey hairs to the tomb must rely for mercy at the judgment seat, not upon the plumes and ceremonies of fashion, but upon the good offices with which they have sanctified their lives; while they whose lot might be lowly, and who were laid in humility beneath the grass and the flowers, would need no marble to endear them in the memories of those from whom they had parted here, and no costly ceremony to aid them when they went before their God, to whose bosom they would be dear, if their lives had been sweet currents of good deeds, and words of gentleness and love. I saw the eye of many a fair damsel, and, here and there, that of an aged man glistening with a tear; but I cannot say that it was for him whose body had been just laid within the sacred shadow of the church, in truth, I should think not.

Time passed on, and uncertainty as to Charles's fate weighed heavy upon us. At last we were greeted with the joyful tidings that he had, although upon the very brink of death, and after his medical attendants had pronounced his case as hopeless, entirely recovered, and was on his passage home. At last he came, and became acquainted with the news of his father's death, before he reached the village. The morning which brought him was a morning which I shall never forget. We were all in a state of extreme anxiety and watchfulness. I betook myself to the blacksmith's, and sat with the little family in the best room ready to receive him. At last the sound of rapid wheels and clattering hoofs was heard, and our hearts leaped and thumped within us. A post carriage came wheeling round the clump of fir trees at the further end of the village; and the inhabitants, being aware of his expected arrival, ran out in crowds to greet him. There were loud huzzas ringing in the air, and, as he sat with a heaving heart within the carriage, he was loaded with congratulations, and the poorest of the crowd lifted up their hard labour-stained hands to implore a blessing for him.

The tears fill my eyes when I think of the greeting which he met when he came to the smithy; it would be hopeless to attempt to depict the wild passion with which the two young lovers greeted each other, how they mingled their tears upon each other's cheeks, and how old John and his faithful wife wept with them. Charles embraced me as a brother, and sobbed upon my neck like a child.

But there was an act of duty which he did not forget; his father had passed into another world, and when evening came, and the tumult of his arrival had subsided, I went with him to the church, and we stood above his father's grave in the mellow twilight, and prayed together. We then repaired to the lodge, where the domestics welcomed him as all others had welcomed him; and he then assembled all together in the great dining hall, and thanked them for the kind reception they had given him, made a few impressive remarks upon the melancholy event which had transpired recently within the walls of that house, which now welcomed him as a home, and with a thankful heart went to his rest.

Two months passed away, during which the villagers experienced the blessings which wealth may confer when it is united to sincerity and warmth of heart, and were taught that benevolence and love was one link whereon riches and poverty might meet each other.

It was a fair and golden morning in the sweet autumn-time, when flocks of wild birds were hovering about in the brown corn-fields, and the elms and maples were dressed in rich liveries of russet and gold, and all the signs of plenty were to be seen around, that I was called to officiate as priest, to join in holy wedlock the noble-hearted Charles Burnham, with his lovely bride, the blacksmith's daughter. There was a troop of village maidens dressed in purest white, walking in procession to the church; there were old and young, weak and strong, the rich and the poor, all thronging within the ancient walls to witness this much-looked-for event. And when the two approached the altar, he with his noble breadth of countenance, she with her gentle and fairy-like beauty, I was almost too weak to call a blessing on their heads. And the soft sunlight streamed in rich broad bands through the ancient windows; and the shrine wherein youth, and beauty, and age, and decrepitude were now assembled in breathless silence to witness the most sacred of ceremonies, seemed more consecrate and holy than before, and its very walls and pillars, crumbling into dust, seemed to invoke the benediction of the Most High. It was a trial for me, as it was for them, and my voice faltered many times ere I had accomplished the reading of the service. Before it had concluded, she fainted in his arms, and the old church became a place of weeping.

I forbear to speak further in detail, for my story is at an end. I will not further allude to the acts of kindness by which the young squire endeared himself to the hearts of the poor and needy, all of whom called on God to bless and prosper him. Nor can I do more than suggest the happiness of my good old friend John, and his wife, when comfortably located in a snug cottage near Burnham Lodge, with the consoling conviction that their daughter had been united to a man who, though rich and powerful, yet possessed a heart; and whose real nobility of character taught him the immeasurable value of love and virtue, whether they took lodging in the breasts of the wealthy or the poor. Suffice it, that there was more happiness in our little village of S—— for many years after the wedding, than it had known for many years before; and that, although tears were shed within the time-honoured pile on that sweet autumn morning, they were tears, not of sorrow, but of gratitude and joy.

SHORT NOTES.

SIGNATURES.

We do not know anything much more provoking than, after reading a letter, written in fair, round characters, from the "Sir" down to the "Obedient Servant," to come at the finish upon some caligraphic puzzle, intended to represent the proper names of the writer, but as unintelligible as the Chinese characters on the outside of a tea-chest, or the hieroglyphics on the sarcophagi in the Museum, or the stones recently disinterred by Mr. Layard at Nineveh. For all you know, your correspondent may rejoice in a Hindoo, a Tartar, or a Russian cognomen. He may have initials, or Christian names, or surnames, or he may not. He may be ashamed of his designation, and wish to remain incognito, or he may be hoaxing you. At all events, if you want to reply to him, your only resource is to cut out his unreadable signature, paste it upon the envelope of your answer, add the address, and leave it to the ingenuity of the local postman, who, if he fail, will inform you through the Dead Letter Office. If the evil arose from inability, we should recommend schoolmasters to give young John Snooks that appellation as a frequent copy; but that is clearly not the case, for very often (in consequence, we suppose, of the practical inconvenience of these grand, flourishing, many-capitalled, huddled-up, illegible signatures), the writers, for fear of mistake, inform you, in plain letters, that their names

are so and so. This puts one strangely in mind of that amateur painter, who found it necessary to write beneath his picture, "This is a cow!" and is about as sensible a proceeding as a man going to a masquerade, completely disguised, but with his name upon his back. Still, if men will have foppish signatures for show, we shall be glad to compound for the folly, by the interpretation for use (plainly written) being sent at the same time. We puzzled ourselves for some time as to the cause of this rage for hieroglyphics, without being able to assign a sufficient reason. We could see the motive for a signature that could not be read, to a slanderous epistle; and could understand it upon a dishonoured bill; but in ordinary correspondence, involving no responsibility, it was long as unintelligible as the signatures themselves. At last we saw a sheet of autographs, and then a little light shone in upon the mystery. Yes, that was the secret. Most of our great men wrote shocking hands; and, just as we knew a man once, who spoilt a tolerably good-looking nose by twitching it about in imitation of a very talented and learned law lord, in the hope, we believe, of getting credit for some of that noble lord's mental characteristics; so these mysterious signers spoil their writing in soaring imitation of those men on whom Fame has set her stamp. We suppose it is part of the price we must pay for genius, but it is very inconvenient; and as something towards a remedy, we beg to assure all whom it may concern that Byron, Shelley, Newton, and other great worthies, are *not* admiringly remembered because they wrote badly, but because they did great things really worthy of imitation, and that the printers of their day would have thought them greater if they had written more plainly. For our own part, if any one were to send us a sonnet equal to one of Shakspere's, but written "*à la signature*," we should, in despair, consign it to the waste-paper basket, and the world would lose a treasure; and if only the name was incomprehensible, then he would be in danger of being deprived of the fame due to him.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

If we were asked to point out an important sign of the times, we think we should, in preference to any of the great political events which are engaging the attention of men, indicate the late reception of Jenny Lind at Liverpool, because it developes what is far more important than outward political changes, a revolution in the feelings of the people themselves. It was a wonderful sight, in one of the most commercial cities of the most commercial empire in the world, to see the marts deserted, the ledger shut up, and the warehouse locked, because a sweet voice had arrived to charm the busy people of Liverpool; and it was wonderful too to behold the door of Jenny Lind's place of abode, surrounded by eager crowds, waiting patiently for hours to catch a sight of the enchantress as she stepped to her carriage, and to see the vast mass follow after the vehicle, and mingle with another multitude assembled at the place of their idol's destination. We need not go many years back to the time when the presence of Royalty itself would scarcely have sufficed to raise such a feeling; and then the outward trappings and show, the prancing steeds, the gorgeously liveried menials, the glittering soldiers, and the long procession would have had their share in attracting the gazers, and have divided, with the elevated being on whom they attended, the acclamations of the vulgar throng: but here in the case of Jenny Lind, there is nothing in the plain chariot and the neat subdued dress to catch the eye—the whole manifestation belongs, in its entirety, to the gifted woman herself, and is a spontaneous tribute of admiration to her divine art. Nay, we question even if the presence of Majesty itself, with all its accessories, would have necessitated such a request as that conveyed by the authorities of Liverpool to Jenny Lind, that she would embark on board the vessel destined to convey so precious a burden to the expectant Western world, two hours earlier than she intended, for fear that accidents might arise from the multitudes eager to catch a glimpse of her departure. What is the meaning of all this? Is it that, in the hearts of the people, mere power, and rank, and wealth, are beginning to lose ground in comparison with genius and goodness—that conventional nobility is to yield its glories to the nobility of nature—that men are becoming more ready than before to elevate the beautiful ideal over the gross real—to recognise the inner worth rather than the outward show? We earnestly hope so, and perhaps "the wish is father to the thought," but if it be true, then this spectacle of the lust for gain yielding to the love of art, is a hopeful symptom of the people's progress towards true intellectual civilization.

NATIONAL SONGS.

It is high time that such of our national songs as glory in the sanguinary victories won in war were abolished, and peaceful lyrics written to their tunes. That one, for instance, in which Britannia is called on to "rule the waves,"—of course, by means of the guns of three-deckers and frigates vomiting forth their broadsides of cannon-balls, shells, and grape-shot. Such lyrics are pretty sure to be reciprocated in a similar spirit by other nations; and so, in opposition to "Britannia Rules the Waves," we have the following American effusion, "Columbia Rules the Sea," which, though not destitute of poetical talent, embodies the frightful spirit of hostile national rivalry:—

NATIONAL SONG.

"COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA."

BY JOSIAH D. CRANNING.

The pennon flutters in the breeze,
The anchor comes apeak;
Let fall! sheet home! the briny foam
And ocean's waste we seek;
The booming gun speaks our adieu,—
Fast fades our native shore,—
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,—
The billow's maddened play,—
Now climbing high against the sky,
Now rolling low away;
While Yankee oars bear Yankee hearts
Courageous to the core,
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore.

We'll bear her flag around the world,
In thunder and in flame;
The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles
Shall form around her name;
The winds shall pipe her pæans loud,
The billows chorus roar—
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore.

Is there a haughty foe on earth
Would treat her with disdain?
'T were better far that nation were
Whelmed in the mighty main!
Should war her demon dogs unchain,
Or peace her plenty pour,
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore!

We suppose most Englishmen will assure our American cousins that it will be many years before "Columbia rules the sea," and before "haughty foes" are "whelmed in the mighty main;" but the truth is, that we want all such feelings of ferocious rivalry totally forgotten. If the waves are to be ruled, let it be by peaceful science and commerce; and if flags must be borne around the world, they should flutter not amid "thunder and flame," but on errands of kindliness and mercy. The only rivalry between good men should be, the rivalry to confer the highest benefits upon their fellows, and then, though power and glory might be as eagerly sought after as ever, their results would be blessed instead of execrated. There was more true glory won by one disarmed American ship of war bearing food to the famine-stricken Irish, than was ever obtained by the wanton sacrifice of life in battle; and the

men who "dare the tempest's wrath" and "the billow's maddened play" on such errands, are more truly heroes than those who "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and, if they perish, are covered with a more radiant and enduring pall of glory than ever shrouded the brave, but sanguinary and destructive warrior. We would rather be "the bearer of a hundred blessings," than "the hero of a hundred fights."

EACH TO EACH.

On the undulating air
On a Summer's morn,
Gladsome things arise in prayer—
Joyful things are born.
And the Lily thus doth sing—
"Trembling Dew-drop, loving thing,
Do not leave my quivering brink
Till my fill of love I drink.
In my bosom thou shalt lie,
Till the mighty God on high
Calls in answer to thy prayer,
And exhales thee into air!"

Saith the Mountain, old and hoar,
To the wandering Mist—
"Since the Earth her mantle wore
Thou and I have kiss'd.
Thou hast breathed upon my brow
Lovingly, as thou dost now;
Thrown thy streamy arms abroad,
Moistening my heathy sod;
Thy most bountiful supplies
Circle in mine arteries.
Gentle Mist! lie near me still,
And my thirsty streamlets fill!"

From all things arose a sound
Framing into speech—
"Laws eternal hem us round,
Binding Each to Each.
Parchèd ground and falling rain,
Sunny gleam and ripening grain,
Cloud to cloud, and earth to skies,
Answer in deep harmonies.
Not a thing but gracious Fate
Gives its echo, and its mate;
And the subtlest influence runs
From all planets to all suns!"

Saith the rich man, haughtily,
To his lowly brother—
"What! the chains 'twixt thee and me,
Link us to each other?
Weave thy web and sow thy corn,
For these duties wert thou born;
With my silver and my gold
I have bought what thou hast sold
Go! I like not these wide cries
Of thy woes and miseries!
Plough thy land and garner food,
But forget this '*Brotherhood!*'"

Saith the poor man, with a tear,
To his haughty neighbour—
"Why doth God allow thee here,
To devour my labour?
Thou dost neither toil nor spin,
Yet dost suck the honey in.
I must, yearly, plough and sow,
And to thee the fruits must go!
Preachers say, "Each to the other
Is for ever joined—a Brother;"
But no bond nor tie I see
That exists 'twixt thee and me!"

But, while thus they sit apart,
Separate and cold,
God, who made the human heart,
Form'd them of one fold!
From the fever'd breath of one,
Tiny atoms forth are gone,
And with unseen, unfelt blow,
They will strike the other low!
If there come a clouded time,
Sweeping down the weak to crime,
Most unerringly there fall
Shadows on the souls of all!

Be no longer, thus, apart,
But come, Each to Each,
With a sympathising heart
And a loving speech!
Ye have been, for ages long,
Doing each, the other, wrong.
Eye to eye, and palm to palm,
Life were one thanksgiving psalm!
God made each to help the other—
Each to be a friend and brother!
Soul to soul, and of *true speech*,
God hath bound ye Each to Each!

MARIE.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY "NO!"

PAUL TROTTER was a man who was everybody's friend but his own. His course in life seemed to be directed by the maxim of doing for everybody what everybody asked him to do, even to the extent of impossibilities, but in which of course he failed. Whether it was that his heart beat responsive to every other heart, or that he did not like to give offence, or that he "could not be bothered" to resist importunity, we could never precisely ascertain; but certain it is, that he was rarely or never asked to sign a requisition, to promise a vote, to lend money, or to endorse a bill, that he did not at once comply. He couldn't say "no;" and there were many, who knew him well, who said he had not the courage to do so.

I knew him when a mere boy. He was then the scape-goat of the school. Every mad-cap trick which came to the master's ears, was fathered on Paul. One day, a gross caricature of the master, drawn with chalk on the black board, met his eyes on entering the school-room when least expected. "Whose trash is this? Is it yours, sirrah?" bellowed the algebraic Triton, turning to a quaking youth with chalky fingers, suspiciously near the black board. "No!" was the bold answer, and he looked in the direction of little Paul. "Then, it was you, scoundrel!" Paul could not say "no;" of course he was thrashed as usual—for there was little mercy shown in that school, as in most other schools in our younger days.

Another time, when some of the boys, among them Paul, were out at their usual forenoon interval, the master's big dog came bounding into the school-room with a great tin-pan tied to its tail, and flew along the passage between the forms, where the master was flourishing his cane over the heads of his trembling infantry; the dog caught him under the legs, and canted him over in an instant, his heavy body falling between the dog and the pan. You may conceive the howling of the dog, the consternation of the pupils, and the tremendous indignation of the fallen pedagogue. Of course, the mischief was fathered on poor Paul, and as he couldn't say "no," or, at least, said it as if it were unnatural to him, or untrue, he suffered as usual.

Any idle truant who wanted a companion, and asked Paul to accompany him, was sure of his acquiescence. He was sent on all imaginable errands; to a bookseller, to ask if he had a copy of "The History of Adam's Grand-

father;" to a grocer, for a penny-worth of "dove's milk;" or to a saddler, for some "strap oil," which generally brought him a warming. He would be presented with an egg, which, on being deposited for safety in his breeches-pocket, his tempter would "squash" forthwith by a blow, and then Paul had to dig out the remains from amidst penknives, whipcord, and marbles. Once, a doctor's-boy tempted him to rub his cheeks with cantharides plaster, to "make the hair grow;" but after a night's smarting which Paul suffered patiently, in hope of the results, what was his surprise, on contemplating himself in the glass next morning, to find a crop, not of whiskers, but blisters!

But he grew out of jackets and buttons, and left school to enter the world, where the consequences arising from saying "yes" and "no" are more serious than at school. Paul's infirmity accompanied him. He was importuned—as who is not?—to do this, that, and the other thing, for the advantage or the pleasure of others. He had not the heart to refuse. A party of pleasure was proposed—Paul could never say "no" to this. "Shall we have a glass of something short this cold evening?" Paul was unanimous with the proposer; and, on these occasions, Paul's habit of acquiescence not unfrequently led to his being selected as the paymaster. Often he promised what he could not perform,—for instance, to be in two places at the same time, for he could say "no" to neither solicitation; and he began to have a bad name: his friends said they could not rely upon him—he was not a man of his promise. He promised too much; he promised to lend money before he had earned it; he promised to go to the theatre with one party, and to join an evening party elsewhere on the same night. He refused nothing—couldn't say "no" to any solicitation.

His father left him a snug little fortune, and he was at once beset by persons wanting a share of it. Now was the time to say "no," if he could; but he couldn't. His habit of yielding had been formed; he did not like to be bored; could not bear to refuse; could not stand importunity; and almost invariably yielded to the demands made upon his purse. At one time it was a baby-linen providing society, at another an association for the prosecution of crimps; now, a subscription for a monument to some deceased railwayman, or some great stump-orator (no matter what his politics); and again a joint-stock company, for the supply of sweet milk for the metropolis; or it was a new theatre, or a temperance-hall, or a chapel, or a charity ball for the Poles; had it been a gin palace, be sure you would have seen Paul Trotter's name in the list of patrons and subscribers.

While his money lasted, he had no end of friends. He was a universal referee—everybody's bondsman. "Just sign me this little bit of paper," was a request often made to him by particular friends. "What is it?" he would mildly ask,—not for the purpose of raising any objection, far from it, but simply for information—for satisfaction; for, with all his simplicity, the honest creature sometimes prided himself on his caution! "One must not sign every bit of paper presented to him," he would observe on those occasions. And yet he never refused—not he. "O! it is all right; one cannot refuse such little favours to a friend;" and he signed. Three months after, a bill for a rather heavy amount would fall due, and who should be called on to make it good but everybody's friend—foolish Paul Trotter! Many a time he thus burnt his fingers, but never learned wisdom from his losses.

At last, a maltster, for whom he was bondsman—a person with whom he had only a nodding acquaintance—suddenly came to a stand in his business, ruined by heavy speculations in funds and shares, and Paul was called on to make good the heavy duties due to the crown. It was a heavy stroke for Paul, and made him a poor man. But he never grew wise. He was a post, against which every needy fellow came and rubbed himself; a tap, from which every thirsty soul could drink; a flitch, at which every hungry dog had a pull; an ass, on which every mischievous urchin must have his ride; a mill, that ground everybody's corn but his own: in short, a "good-hearted fellow," who couldn't, for the life of him, say "no."

In his better days, Paul was a borough voter. An election happened, and one day a smirking agent, accompanied by a candidate for Paul's suffrage, marched into his office—"I have the honour to introduce you to Sir Ralph Wheezlepiper, Baronet, a candidate for the representation of this ancient borough in Parliament." A low bow from Paul, and ditto from the Baronet. "He is a friend to all good measures, of all large and beneficial plans of reform, and an enemy to all abuses and corruptions in Church and State. Knowing your opinion, I have no doubt we shall have the honour of your support at the approaching election." Paul rubbed his hands—"I shall have the greatest pleasure—I am quite in favour of the principles which you have just stated, and shall be glad to have the honour of recording my vote in favour of Sir Ralph." A hearty shake of the hands, a few commonplaces from Sir Ralph, an entry made in the little agent's canvassing-book, and the worthy pair marched out, with loud huzzaing from the attendant partisans.

But Paul's trial was to come. Scarcely had the first candidate left, but the second made his appearance. He was the chief banker of the town, and Paul did business at his house. Paul's unresisting compliance with his friends' requests had rendered his circumstances less easy now than they had been,—and who does not know how good a thing it is to "stand well with one's banker," and have a friend in him? This candidate was a man difficult to refuse, and Paul, in his heart, wished that he had come first. He professed himself to be a friend to "our glorious constitution in Church and State; in favour of all measures calculated to promote the good of the country, and opposed to the destructive principles now afloat, and which threatened ruin to our most cherished institutions." Paul, after cordially agreeing in the soundness of these views, was solicited for his vote, and—he could not refuse! Who would to their banker? Besides, Paul quite approved of the views summarily expressed by him. Thus he was pledged to vote for both candidates, simply because he could say "no" to neither.

This election was a terrible trial to Paul. He was beset by the friends of both candidates, and so entreated and canvassed, so argued and expostulated with, that he found himself under the necessity of making a short summer tour until the election was over, and when he returned, found that he had been burnt in effigy by both sides.

Paul came to a sorry end. He breathed his last in the workhouse. The many friends, to whom he never could say "no," did not look near him. They who had beggared him had scarcely their compassion to give. "Ah! it has just happened as we thought it would: he was never done throwing away his money: why couldn't he have refused to sign that maltster's ugly bond?" This was all their sympathy.

It is of great importance to a man's peace and well-being that he should be able to say "no" at the right time. Many are ruined because they cannot, or do not say it. Vice often gains a footing within us, because we will not summon up the courage to say "no." We offer ourselves too often as willing sacrifices to the fashion of the world, because we have not the honesty to pronounce the little word. The duellist dares not say "no," for he would be "cut." The beauty hesitates to say it, when a rich blockhead offers her his hand, because she has set her ambition upon an "establishment." The courtier will not say it, for he must smile and promise to all.

When pleasure tempts with its seductions, have the courage to say "no" at once. The little monitor within will approve the decision; and you will feel virtue grown stronger by the act. When dissipation invites you, and offers its secret pleasures, boldly say "no;" if you do not, if you acquiesce and succumb, you will find virtue has gone out from you, and your self-reliance will have received a fatal shock. The first time may require an effort; but you will find your strength grow with use. It is the only way of meeting temptations to idleness, to self-indulgence, to folly, to bad custom, to meet it at once with an indignant "no." There is, indeed, great virtue in a "no," when pronounced at the right time.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE FROM HIS CLOISTER.

SECOND ARTICLE.

"Before I begin—Sir, my service to you—Where was I?" as Goldsmith's Muzzy Club member says. Why, with your black cowl (a spring hat), your hairy gown (an Alpaca Oxonian), and your pilgrim staff (a bamboo cane), setting off from your cell (delightfully-situate eight-roomed cottage), that glistened through the lindens (hollyhocks), for the trysting-place where you were to meet your "fayre ladye," interjects the reader. Very true, Amanda, so I was; and late into the bargain. To this fact, manifested to every passenger by the haste I was making, I suppose may be attributed the other fact, that so many deputations waited on me for the purpose of being obliged with a light from my cigar, or favoured with a direction of their way to a long distance off, and then thanked my Pilgrimship and withdrew. Also, that so many tray-bearing butchers' boys and basket-shouldering bakers' lads, whom I evinced a disposition to "foul," ironically thanked me, Master,—I presume, for the preference shown.

However, at last, the pilgrim-errant, somewhat jaded and *chiffonne* it must be owned, but yet looking properly pale and poetical, reached his goal where his precious little guerdon was already awaiting him. The jewel of my heart was looking into a jeweller's window. I imagine she knew me by my step, or the smoke, or else saw me in the pane; for she threaded my arm with her tiny yellow-gloved hand without turning round, and, after satisfying my scruples on the score of how long I had kept her waiting, showed me some brooches, and shawl-pins in the window which had attracted her attention. The Pilgrim, whom a large experience in similar cases has convinced that non-punctuality, in point of fact, being a few minutes behind-hand, is the soul of business in these matters, was not surprised at shortly finding himself leaving the jeweller's shop, with Margaret on his arm; his soul's mistress, having in addition become mistress of a small bouquet of ivory flowers (which ornament bore a striking resemblance in every respect, except size, to an intagliated pat of Dorset butter); and his Pilgrimship having been a loser of eight and sixpence by the transaction. Yet, not a loser either; for the trinket once released from its pink wool and cardboard box, and fastened in the corsage of my Peri, the most austere and churlish of hermits must have admitted the prettiness of the spectacle to make a pleasure cheaply gained by eight and sixpence several times told.

But, all this while, I ought to be noting down with stenographic speed what passed in dialogue between my Houri and me. Let those who can, do so. I forget all particulars after the scene is played out, though I relish the performance to the utmost. I am so franticly Quixotic, so *chevaleresque*, when out with that girl, that I can't half recall words and actions afterwards. In virtue of my great spirits and lavendered handkerchief I have compared myself at such times to the grocer's four-shilling Souchong, advertised to "contain a good portion of the odorous and volatile principle"!

I recollect, of this occasion, that the evening was splendid: Margaret says, whenever she wants it not to rain, she always tells her brother to take his umbrella, and then it's sure to be fine; and *I* am prepared to state that she always "wants it not to rain" on my assignation-days. That she told me how, on her way to meet me, her father had stumbled up against her, and not recognised her, had apologized with, "I ask your pardon, young lady;" and how, at her return, she should interrogate him as to "Who was that young lady whose pardon you begged this evening, father?" That (for she will have her own way, as she says,) she made me go on some grass to read out to her a placard, posted on a tree, relative to an excursion, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," (to High Beach), to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul, (tickets 2s. each,) to be made in spring vans by the "Happy Few," a company, their every individual having come to the determination—

> "Let the world jog as it will,
> I will be free and easy still,"

that were collectively resolved it should be no fault of theirs if the entire day were not made one of "Jollification." That my little Angelica was especially amused about one of the *paratis parandis* mentioned in the bill: to wit, an allotment to each passenger of—

> "A lass, with an instep high
> A laughing cheek, and a roguish eye;'

and that we were both very good humouredly merry over the whole announcement; neither of us being afflicted with that *façon de penser* which makes my tartufish acquaintance, Miss Acetate, connect so inseparably *cheap trips* with *a fallen set*. That Mademoiselle told me she had seen somebody "so like me" a day or two before. ("Still harping on my daughter!") That when I asked her what she thought of the death of Sir Robert Peel, she replied, "There were many worse than him;" adding, that I ought to wear a mourning band round my hat for the loss. That, when I endeavoured to explain away any necessity for my doing so, inasmuch as my hat itself, she is always in the habit of calling (I don't know why) "the severe bereavement," she found such excuse more plausible than cogent. That she wore her scarf almost as low down as she would have carried a skipping-rope, thereby displaying her faultless *tournure* to a really aggravating extent. Finally, that just as, at parting, I was remarking to her on a singularly picturesque sunset, she asked me in the archest of tones, "Was I an admirer of nature?" and that, when, naturally enough, in the answer I returned to this *espièglerie*, I attempted to establish a connection between being an admirer of nature, and of Mademoiselle my mistress, she disapprovingly (?) observed that she saw I knew how to flatter.

And this is almost the sum that is remembered by me of the quantities of love that were looked and spoken, on the evening of which I write. But when I had bade good-by to my magnet—my lodestar—then, as I walked home without that little hand lightly settled on my arm—home, solitary, to my peaceful cloister, there passed before the eye of my imagination, like the apparitions that rose at Macbeth's call, many, so many, incidents, little speeches, friends, and relations, connected with Margaret.

First, I thought of that brother of hers, (she has no elder sisters or mother, and if the pilgrim were not afraid of being burnt in effigy for making the avowal, he might, perhaps, be induced to own that he considered the absence of those duenna-like relations in the light of an advantage), first, I thought of that brother, as I have often seen him, in his quality of junior clerk at a banker's, making a Laocoon of himself with a long chain and a large bill-case; then I perpended my little charmer's character of him, that he seldom went out,

except to see his young lady, and wondered whether I should ever attain to the distinction of such dial-like loyalty to one mistress myself; then I thought of that forlorn shepherdess and heroine *en second* Rosa, Margaret's "young friend," who sometimes accompanies us on our strolls, and whose "young man" there is reason to apprehend belongs to the number of fickle swains: how her health was delicate, how Margaret allowed her no peace if she ever saw her on damp grass, asserting that she (Margaret) was healthy, but with Rosa the case was different. And then, at last, or all along, perhaps, would be the more correct expression, I thought of my *beaute sans seconde*. I thought of how beautiful she looked, almost the first time I saw her, when I was walking her out during the time of the chartist riots, and a few chartists or street-singers (I don't know to this day which), made some noise a great distance off which frightened her as much as if every chartist were an ogre or a giant at least—a Cormoran, or a Blunderbore, out of the story-books; and she, as yet, knew me not for a Jack the Giant-killer of modern times. I thought of how irresistibly love-inspiring she looked when she recited to me last that dozen lines of truest poetry, in which the dejected Imogen laments the circumstances attending her husband's banishment,—

"I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing."

I had got her to learn this by heart for my pleasure, in return for the many speeches out of Shakspere and Milton, which, when I am in good voice, and in command of the play-house properties of a dagger, sword, and poisoned bowl, (parasol, stick, and felt hat), I sometimes spout to amuse her. I thought of my unparagoned mistress's little face, as seen on week-days, surrounded by a faint halo of pale blue or pink bonnet-lining, and on Sundays, set in a structure of white silk most elaborate in its art; of that little stray lock of her ebon hair that always shows out refractory, siding with neither parting on her fair brow, and in allusion to which I often call her "Riquet;" of that witching way she has of momentarily constricting her small mouth when she finds herself being looked at admiringly by young men at church; of those numberless dilapidated old "Literary Amaranths," "Affection's Gifts" and "Friendship's Offerings" of which she has such a store, and all of which she has so industriously read through. I thought of her medical knowledge; of her immediate production of court-plaster for the relief of a cut; of her instant application of a street-door key for the stopping of a nose-bleeding; of her dexterous surgery upon your eye, when you have got anything into it, with a hairbrush-bristle, and a pocket-handkerchief, in utter supersession of the previously required Mr. Carboy, and shilling fee. I thought of her as a waiter, head, share, or single-handed, for attentiveness to comforts; and as a Mrs. Rundell, or M. Soyer, for domestic cookery.

After, I mused whether my love for this little creature was only an *amourette*—a passing attachment, or whether it was fated to be the cup of Nepenthe, to end my bachelor sufferings. And thereupon—as many a wiser man has done before me—turning for consolation to the Nicotian weed, I found my cigar become augur. First, a golden circle, and then, the ashes knocked off, an orb of fire—what could these be omens of but a ring, and a sovereign, its other self?

At any rate, the doughty Pilgrim so interpreted them; which was probably the reason that when, having reached his cloister, he cast himself wearied upon his rushy couch (feather bed), he dreamed so much to the same effect. Methought I was walking alone one evening in a sequestered spot, that appeared sufficiently countrified but which I knew to be within easy access of the city, and that I paused before a "desirable villa residence," to look at the magic-lantern reflection on the holland blind of one of the windows, of a cage containing a bird, whose head was hid under its wing. I was suddenly transported into this apartment, where the bird and the light were. A bookcase occupied two sides of the room, and was filled to its utmost capacity with volumes, many of which, from the "J" (to indicate Vol. I.), I noticed on their backs, I concluded to be old. At my entrance a sunshiny little Seraphina, leaving the work she was engaged upon, bounded into my arms, and put a soft cheek up to be kissed. And it was the sudden delight of kissing my soul's idol, the celestial Margaret, (for she, I dreamed it was) that awaked me from my sleep.

Heigh-ho! as I look over this rhapsody, I find the tune go very matrimonial; suggest Hymen rather than Cupid. I wonder, if this Pilgrim writes again, whether it will be from Mecca's holy fane!

MY BOYISH DAYS.

My boyish days, my boyish days,
Were happy days for me,
Then tripped my life all joyously
In childish mirth and glee;
I had no cares nor sorrows then
To home within my breast,
Nor ghostly dreams nor fantasies
To mar my peaceful rest.

I gambolled down the mountain's side,
And revelled in the glen,
And skipped on merry feet away
From haunts of churlish men;
Oh yes, in truth, my heart was light,
My life was glad and free,
My boyish days, my boyish days,
Were happy days for me.

But now grim shades around me press
To mock my waking pain,
And when I seek Sleep's soft caress
They haunt my wearied brain;
And if upon the green hill's side
I'd set my spirit free,
Sweet Memory's voice alone can bring
My boyish days to me.

My life-spring then, in sparkling joy,
Came bubbling from its well,
And to its stream, a happy boy,
I sought my joys to tell;
But now 'tis choked with sordid cares,
And weeds grow on its shore,
'Twill never flow so fresh and fair
As in the days of yore.

'Twas Spring-time then, and rosy buds
Around my heart were clinging;
'Tis Summer now, and yet alas!
Their flowers are not upspringing.
They drooped and died before their time,
Nor flung their odours free;
And died with them my boyish hopes,
No more to live for me!

Then, fare ye well, my boyish days,
Yes, fare ye well for ever,
For in my heart the songs of home
Will echo never—never;
And yet I'd not be very sad,
But let my soul go free,
For Memory yet shall sometimes bring
Those happy days to me.

J. SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

NOTHING like success in this world; what dirty bread it will butter. Nothing so miserable as failure; what heroism it will blacken.

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.*

BY ELIZA METEYARD (SILVERPEN).

The class of books for the young has undergone a remarkable improvement of late years; they are altogether of a superior character to what they used to be. For some time there was a rage for *useful* books, containing a great store of facts, relative to science, history, geography, and such like; then came *religious* books for children, in which they were taught to dogmatize before they had begun to think. *Interesting* books have also had their turn, yet even these were too usually made to serve some utilitarian purpose. Then there was a reaction in favour of fairy tales, and Felix Summerly revived "Goody Two Shoes," "Fortunatus's Wishing Cap," and all the other juvenile romances.

This reaction was wholesome, but still children required a better description of books than those of the "Goody Two Shoes" school. We have an impression that children have much of the feeling which is usually termed poetical. Their temperament is essentially such; they are ever bodying forth the form of things unknown; and are ready to attribute life and feeling to almost every object surrounding them. When the little bud of humanity puts forth its leaves and unfolds its blossoms, it is to a world altogether new. The child does not analyze nor discriminate. It sees, feels, and fancies. Its mental existence is in a land of dreams; it revels in the wonderful and beautiful. And what is this but the temperament of the poet? The great point then, we hold, is to develope and educate this faculty aright, making it instrumental to the higher culture of the mind and heart.

Perhaps the most delightful book for children which could be cited, is Carove's "Story Without an End," a poem of a high order, yet so exquisitely simple and beautiful in its ideas, so pure and lovely in its spirit, so graceful and attractive in its story, as to be intelligible and appreciable by even the youngest and least instructed child. We have never known a young reader who has read this book, but has been delighted by its artless beauty; and children, we may remark, have an eminent appreciation of moral, as well as physical beauty. Affection, goodness, and truth are all beautiful, and children love them, unless, through bad culture and management, they have been decoyed into unlovingness and falsehood. In loving truth they love beauty, together forming the basis of all earthly good and excellence, and the golden seal that sets the stamp of Heaven on the things of earth.

Mrs. Howitt's books entitled "The Child's Year," and "Our Cousins in Ohio," were the first of a new class of writings, calculated to be of great service to youthful readers, and Miss Meteyard has furnished a third of the series, in her "Doctor's Little Daughter." Here we have the experiences of the child's life, told in language easily intelligible to the young. What is more delightful than autobiography of all kinds—of children, as of grown men and women? How full of novelty and wonder is the child's life; how deep and abiding are the first impressions made upon its young nature; how beautiful are birds, trees, flowers, pictures, and all lovely things! To the old, they are, perhaps, very trifles; but to the child they are a world of never-ending wonder.

"The Doctor's Little Daughter" tells her own story; it is, we believe, a genuine autoblography—a record of life seen through a child's eyes; "full of freshness about fields, and woods, and mountain streams, and lonely hills, and country churches, and their mossied, flower-clad graves." It is a picture of a home and a happy family—of much love and some sore trials; of fresh gladness and sharp grief; of many childlike adventures and experiences, told in a way that cannot fail to prove most interesting to children everywhere. We have the amiable Doctor, his study, and his surgery; the romping boys, and old Bob the cat; greenhouses, gardens, and the old horses Whisker and Ball; child's dreams, child's frights, and child's joys; and delightful child's excursions into the beautiful country. Here is a snatch of one of the latter, in the course of a visit to a gentleman's grounds:—

"She was soon off with her little companions down the glade towards the woodland; in this woodland it was indeed cool and dim, and seemed so very silent, and far away from all living things, that the children took one another's hand, and did not speak a word as they went slowly on, with hushed steps. At last Alice stopped suddenly, and raised her small hands, 'What a beautiful noise I hear! why, what can it be? It makes me sleepy whilst I listen.' The little boys laughed, as if at her innocent surprise; 'Oh, it's nothing, we don't hear anything; it's only the meeting of the waters. But come and see, it's nothing.' They took her hands again, and turned down a narrow forest path, very cool, very shadowed, at last ceasing to be a path, but only sward amidst the wide-apart trees, and from thence coming out all at once upon a scene which made, from sheer surprise, Alice's breath short and thick. She, and the little boys, stood in a great patch of sunlight let in by the opening branches of the trees, whilst before them lay outspread the thick gloom of woods, shadowing a deep, dark, narrow river, that crept out from the stillness of the woods like something of night, willing to steal on its way unnoticed and unseen. It was made deeper and more troubled by the trees on the opposite bank sweeping gloomily over it, and sending their thick, snake-like roots half-way across its bed. It rolled on thus darkly for a few paces, then all at once, as if by a new and hidden impulse, it shot over and between some rough, rude, lichen-covered blocks of stone, and glided at one bound, all sparkling light, all swift, all changed, into the sunny, rapid, limpid waters of the magnificent English river Alice had seen that morning in her journey. This was the 'meeting of the waters.' Not a cloud, or a speck of one lay on the great river; not a shadow on the meadows, or still uplands beyond; this river, like the course of a good life which has triumphed over evil, calamity, and wrong, by the might of honest self-help, sped onward a beautiful sign of God—his mercy, his goodness, and his love!"

We cannot tell all the adventures of the little child—of her life at school, and the awe inspired by her severe quaker teacher—of her illness, and the dreams which then haunted her pillow—of the insane, yet amusing old gentleman, whose acquaintance she made, who tamed a huge old perch so that he had fitted a silver ring to its snout—of a yachting along the beautiful river and into the sea beyond—of her uncle, the navy lieutenant, who was a very "Uncle Toby" for kindness—of Will Shakspere, the forecastle-man of the Eurotas, who came a-begging to the house, and was sent so happy away—of her unhappy visit to a hard uncle and aunt, when her little life was made so wretched by unkindness and harsh treatment—of the Catholic priests' chantings of the Psalms to the old Gregorian tune, which sent a thrill of mingled melody into the child's heart—of her varied life among the birds and butterflies of the fields—and of her happy return to the dear home—for the story is a long one, and full of incidents, which we can scarcely venture to extract without risk of spoiling. So much depends on the atmosphere of a book, if we may so speak, that an extract looks comparatively meagre and uninteresting when taken away and transplanted from its own place. There is one sad and gloomy event in the story, told with great power, which must have thrown its dark shadow for

* The Doctor's Little Daughter, the Story of a Child's Life amidst the Woods and Hills. By Eliza Meteyard. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

along the child's future life:—the father, ruined by the untoward issue of a long law-suit, rushing from his home in the winter's night, and leaving the children to grief and anguish, increasing to agony as his return became protracted and almost hopeless. But at last he does return, and then such joy! Beautiful are the wanderings of the child and her father among the old battlefields, churches, abbeys, and Roman sites of the neighbourhood. There are passages towards the conclusion of the story which remind us of Dickens's little Nell, in the far-off country church, and are certainly not inferior. The whole story is told with a most touching grace, and a golden glow of poetry pervades it. The fine designs of Harvey which illustrate the book, add greatly to its attractiveness, and we cannot entertain a doubt of its becoming one of the most popular volumes in the "Children's Library."

Lessons for Little Ones.

LOITERING LAZY, AND HER FAIRY GOD-MAMMA.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl, who was so very idle that she used to be called "Loitering Lazy." Even play seemed to be too great a trouble for her; and if her mamma called her to read or say a lesson, she would stand lolling, first on one foot, then on another, writhing about, pushing up her shoulders, and yawning so wearily, it was quite unpleasant to look at her. And yet she was a pretty child, with large blue eyes, and curly, flaxen hair; but her heavy, discontented looks, quite spoiled her beauty.

Lazy was one day more indolent than ever. Her mamma first sent her to take a good run in the garden, hoping that would freshen her up a little; but on she sauntered, too idle to enjoy the gay flowers and cheerful sights of a bright summer morning, and when she came in to school she was more tiresome than ever. If she worked, she held her sewing so awkwardly, her needle was always unthreading; she smeared her copy, and rubbed out her sum till her slate was quite greasy. Idle people always take the most trouble in the end, for they will not do a thing at once, however necessary it may be; and Lazy, because she would not take pains to think, said her lessons so badly, that her mamma became quite angry, and sent her to her room in disgrace.

Now Lazy was an affectionate little girl after all, so she was very sorry, and cried bitterly at having displeased her kind mamma; but she did not see how she could help it, for she did not think it was possible to correct herself of her faults. "Oh dear," she cried, "I wish I were not so stupid; I wish my lessons were not so hard. Oh, God-mamma, won't you help poor little Lazy?"

"What do you want, my child?" asked a small, soft voice, near her.

Lazy raised her head, and saw a tiny figure in the room, but so light she could hardly look at her.

"I am your God-mamma," the stranger continued; "some people call me Knowledge, others Power, and my mother's name is Industry. Now tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I cannot learn my lessons," Lazy answered. "I hate them, they are so hard; why must I learn them? why can't I do without work?"

"No one, no thing is idle in the creation," said the Fairy.

"Papa never works or learns lessons."

"Come with me, my child, and you shall learn how we all toil in our station."

The Fairy took Lazy's hand, and in a moment they were through the air, and in a corner of papa's counting-house. Papa did not see them, he was so very busy writing letters; and the Fairy pointed to his big ledgers, full of hard sums.

"There," she said, "that is your father's work. Now he is a man; when he was a boy he learnt this, or he could not buy you clothes, and food, and toys; and see how busy these men are packing goods and drawing carts; they all work."

"Well, the Queen does not, God-mamma; she rides about, so smartly-dressed, in a beautiful carriage: make me a Queen."

Off they went again: the next instant they were in the Queen's parlour. The table was covered with papers, and the Queen was listening to some great gentlemen, who were talking very seriously to her.

"We find no idleness here, Lazy," said the Fairy; "all these papers must be signed; the Queen has a great deal to do before the day is over. You did not know what these gentlemen were saying; they were talking French to her; and by-and-by she must see Germans, and Italians, and Spaniards, and speak to them all. Come on a little farther."

So on they went, and they came to a tall building, whose walls seemed almost made of windows; this was a factory, the Fairy said, and when they entered it they found the large rooms full of machines, and children employed in all directions. The air felt hot and stifling, and the little workpeople seemed quite tired.

"Poor things! what a hard life," said Lazy. "I'm sure I pity them."

"Wait a bit," the Fairy replied.

As she spoke a great bell rang, the factory gates were opened, and all the people poured out to rest themselves, and eat their dinners. Both the boys and girls began to jump about, and shout, and have famous romps in the fresh air.

"Look, Lazy," said the Fairy, "how those children enjoy themselves now work is over; see, that little girl has gathered some common flowers by that ditch, how delighted she is with them. You could find no pleasure in your pretty garden, you were too indolent—you never had such a fine game of play, for you never learned it. These children will work again at the factory, and this evening they will go to school for an hour or two; but see how bright and happy they are now, they have worked—they have done their duty. Now I will show you how even the wicked and idle work, and how they are rewarded."

Then Lazy found herself in a dirty noisome room, where an ill-looking old man was instructing a set of boys how to pick pockets and open locks; he had some trouble in teaching them, and swore, and struck at them till Lazy was frightened.

"Now, these are idle children," said the Fairy, "yet still they are obliged to exert themselves. Here is their punishment."

They were now in a prison, and Lazy saw the boys at hard work, but there was no romping in the open air afterwards, and she heard that some of them were to be flogged; she thought the factory children much happier.

Now the Fairy again caught her up, and they went to visit a savage tribe in Australia, who pretty nearly lived without work. They had no books, their children had no lessons to learn, but then there were so few words in their language, that their mothers and nurses could not tell them any pretty stories, or sing them to sleep; they seemed rather to run about like wild beasts, while their parents basked in the sun. They were nearly naked too, and as they did not know how to grow corn, they had no nice loaves and cakes, but lived on a few herbs, and just what animals they could catch. Their food seemed very disgusting, for they did not know how to cook it, neither could they build any houses, so, though they were very happy in fine weather, when winter came they were starved with cold and hunger.

"Would you like to be these people, Lazy? they have no lessons."

"Oh! no, no, God-mamma, indeed I should not!"

"We have not done yet though, I must show you more; come and see the beavers."

Again they went through the air, and now they landed in North America; there Lazy was delighted to see the little creatures building their homes across a stream, working away like masons, and using their flat tails for trowels. It was indeed a curious sight, your mamma or aunt will tell you more about it.

"Oh, this is funny!" cried Lazy.

"I have more wonderful things for you, Lazy. You have heard of the busy bee, and the industrious ants; let us see how the wasps live."

And now they saw a wasp's nest. Such a bustling place, as it was! with more than a thousand cells, some were fetching honey to feed the young insects, others were clearing out the place, others were builders, and flying in and out with materials, all were busy, and all seemed happy.

"Now we will look at the birds, Lazy." So they flew from one bird's nest to another; some had nestled down on the ground, others were up in the tops of the high trees; some, like the woodpeckers, had chiselled out a home with their bills in the wood of the tree, but all had worked, and now they were flying about in the sweet blue sky, teaching their little ones to do the same, or feeding them, but singing so joyously the while, that even Lazy's idle ears were delighted.

"Work, work everywhere you see, my child," said the Fairy; "but yet there was happiness everywhere also, except where we saw idleness and ignorance. I could take you down, down into the depths of the earth, and there you would see the wonderful works that go on beneath us, how the waters rise for our benefit, how coals, and metals, and jewels are made for our good, waiting till we dig them up for use. I could take you up in the clouds and show you how they gather up the evening damps, and turn them into dew and rain to water our fields, but I think you have seen enough for one lesson. Now try to overcome your natural idleness, and then God-mamma Knowledge will always be with you; if you do not amend, never hope to see me again."

The Fairy disappeared, and Lazy found herself once more in her own little room. She did not however forget the lesson she had had, but in due time became an industrious, active, merry little girl; no longer known as "Loitering Lazy," she lost that name, and is now called, "Bright Busy," or Bessie.

Little children now have no fairy god-mammas, but still there are many who dislike lessons and work quite as much as Lazy. It is for them my tale is written, they have only to apply themselves a very little, and they will soon find themselves so happy, so very happy. Knowledge, too, will then come at their call, and will show them many fine sights much more wonderful than those Lazy saw; but they must not forget that Knowledge is Industry's daughter, and never comes except where she has been.

A TERRIBLE WORM!

A gentleman in America has described a dreadful worm which infests his part of the country. "It is," he remarks, "of a dead lead colour, and generally lives near a spring, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eye of the patient becomes red and fiery. The tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character ensues. The name of the reptile is the WORM OF THE STILL."

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

'TWAS a goodly pile of ancient stone,
And it stood in frowning grace,
Telling of many ages gone
O'er a proud and ducal race.

It held a famed and countless store
Of rare and matchless things,
That gave strange legendary lore
Of battles, feasts, and kings.

Dark pictures (gorgeous, choice, and old,)
Were kept with hoarded care;
And tap'stried walls, and chaliced gold,
And armour suits were there.

It held all beauty, great and grand,
That riches could bestow;
And people came from every land
To see the raree show.

The golden rays of the harvest days
Lit up this pile of state,
When a score of wanderers took their way
Through the heavy portal-gate.

There were hearts and brains of every sort
To form this gazing crowd;
The child who skipped in listless sport,
And the old man, bald and bowed.

The player, the poet, the layman and priest,
Were among the motley band;
And fair young girls, with glossy curls,
And the toiler with work-stained hand

Up marble steps they slowly went,
Staring at ceiling and floor;
Now at a silver image they bent,
And now at an oaken door.

They stood in the room, where a monarch's crown
On its velvet bed was seen;
But the child full soon was looking down
At the deer on the forest green.

And the player and poet followed the child
To the oriel window pane;
And they spake with joy, like the noisy boy,
Of the sight on the grassy plain.

The battered rim of regal pride
Was left by every one,
For the sake of the hill-turf, free and wide,
And the wild deer, fleet and dun.

They were ushered in to a monarch's sword,
That was great in soldier story;
But the old man smiled, and the restless child
Proclaimed a fresher glory.

"Look, look!" cried he, "come here and see
How the boughs are swaying about!"
And they turned from the rusted blood within,
To the dancing leaves without.

The layman, the priest, and all in the throng,
Turned off from the warrior's blade,
And stood at the window, wistful and long,
To watch how the oak tree swayed.

They stood again in the banqueting-hall,
Where pictures, coldly dim,
Of dukes and princes, hung on the wall,
Like goblins, dark and grim.

They gazed for a time on faces so dread,
That the living began to shiver;
When the poet cried, as he turned his head,
"Oh, look on the beautiful river!"

And they stood again at an open pane,
And every form kept there,
To look at the tide, as they saw it glide,
And the landscape soft and fair.

And the child began to ask the man
With worn and wrinkled face,
"If he did not think that the river's brink
Would be a nicer place?"

The maiden said, "The castle pile
Was somewhat dull and dreary;"
And the toiler owned, with dreamy smile,
He was growing rather weary.

And down the marble steps they passed,
And through the portal span,
To where the river, bright and fast,
Like molten diamonds ran.

And there the child, with mirth half wild,
Hugged lilies to his breast,
And shouted out with dancing glee,
"I like this place the best!"

The player and the poet laid
Upon the bank for hours,
And laughed like babies, while they made
A wreath of forest flowers.

The old man and the maiden roved,
And woo'd, and vowed sincerely;
For Youth and Age declared they loved
The Summer sunshine dearly.

The toiler wandered for awhile,
Then, leaning on the sward,
Thought the green blade of the peaceful shade
More blest than the blood-dyed sword.

All lingered there till the sun was lost,
Then took their homeward way,
Talking of all that had charmed them most
On that bright holiday.

And the regal crown with its battered rim,
The tattered chairs of state,
The relic paintings, black and grim,
And the massive portal gate,

Were scarcely noted by passing words;
But every voice was high
In praise of the river, the trees, and the birds,
And the gorgeous harvest sky.

They forgot the warrior's noble rank,
And the cost of the guarded gem;
But they knew the shape of the river's bank,
And the girth of the old beech stem.

And thus, methought, does Greatness flit,
And the shadows of Fame depart,
And thus does Nature ever sit
On the throne of the human heart.

'Tis thus man turns from crowns and kings
To the sunlight and the sod,
And yearns with instinct to the things
That tell the most of God!

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

LAZINESS grows upon people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in chains.

A RUSTY shield prayed to the sun, and said, "O, sun! illume me with thy ray;" the sun replied, "O, shield! make thyself clean."

THE most sober flower will often blossom from the bud that has danced the most lightly in the sunbeam.

CIVILITY, that has no soul in it, is but a mockery.

IT is want of judgment not to see danger; but stupidity, or rashness, not to fear it.

IN all Life's doings there are circuitous paths; and nine times out of ten, when a man seems to be doing one thing, he is doing another.

THE young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love.

A FOOLISH consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

THE greatest difficulties are always found when we are not looking for them.

LITTLE things are not valued but when they are done by those who can do greater.

THE legitimate end of Fiction is the conveyance of Truth.

OF any art universally practised, the first teacher is always forgotten.

THIS world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

MANY are great because their associates are small.

MODESTY doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.

No people are so truly proud as the modest.

IMAGINATION—an atonement for the miseries of reality.

SOME men are good company for half-an-hour, others for half-a-day, and others for their whole lives.

THE more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

IT is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

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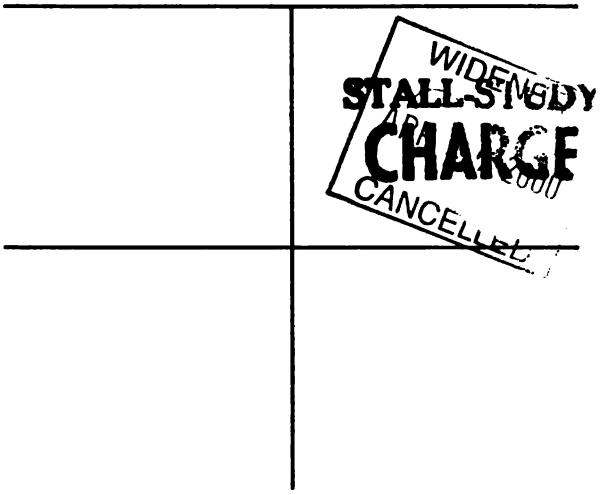
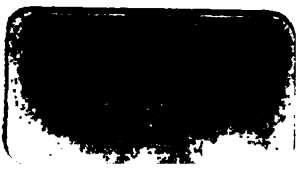
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